

Jan. 13th, 2012

News from the Grove

Volume 10, issue 1

Traditions of Imbolc

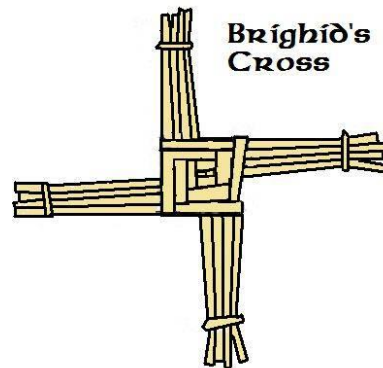


In Our tradition of Imbolc, we bless candles for the coming year. Sometime we may not have all the candles we will need for the year, so we may only bless a few working candles. By doing this we will be spreading the blessings of Imbolc to every candle that we light off of the working candle throughout the year.

Another tradition is to make Brighid's Cross which can symbolize the crossroads where two worlds met, and at Imbolc it is the time when light and dark meet. These crosses can be made out of paper, wheat, or even pipe cleaners for just a few suggestions.

Note if you use plant material, like wheat, you will need to soak overnight to help make it pliable.

From direction on how to make a Brighd's Cross try this website:
http://paganwiccan.about.com/od/imbolccrafts/ss/Brighids_Cross.htm



Now why is Groundhog Day on the same day as Imbolc, well that develop over the years. It all started with one tradition on Imbolc where if hibernating animals emerge to find sunlight and their shadows on February 2, then winter will continue for the full 12 weeks. When German immigrants settled in Pennsylvania they looked for a hibernating animal that would make a suitable forecaster. They chose the groundhog which may have been a suggestion by the neighboring Delaware tribe, who revered the groundhog as a sacred descendant of their Creator. This is just one story of how Groundhog Day came to be.

Reference used:
http://www.goddess-gift.com/goddess_gift_book/Feb05.htm



By: Arawya

Wolves' Call

Yule has passed and the nights become shorter. Through the cold nights of January an intense melodic song can be heard in the distance; the song of the wolf. One lone wolf begins with one low note, slowly one turns into two. She turns her head to the sky to face the one who makes her survival possible, the one who lights the path before her, the one who blesses & protects her; the moon, the Goddess. Her song gains strength and soon she is no longer alone in her melody, others join in to give their thanks.

In our tradition, and some Native Americans, viewed the wolves as sacred, and connected to us on a spiritual level. They were admired for their abilities in hunting as well as their commitment to their pack. They walk with a step so light it cannot be heard, they see with sight as keen as an eagle and they love so deeply they will sacrifice self to protect their own. Most importantly, they know how to overcome, persevere. Their loyalty is such that humans can only hope to find this in themselves.



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Wolves have become one of the most highly misunderstood creatures on this planet. From nursery rhymes and fairy tales to werewolves and stalking man-killing monster films (2011 film "The Grey"), the wolf has been labeled as a vicious killing machine. Reality however, cries a far different story.

Wolves are reclusive in nature, wishing not to cross paths with humans. They do not stalk us or wish us on their dinner plates. They only wish to live and raise their young. Yes, they attack animals, as do we. They are omnivores, as are we. They are not combative with humans, unless we are seen as a threat, unless we draw near to their den, and their young. But the wolves contain something within that truly commands admiration: lifelong love, loyalty and sacrifice.

These are wild animals that should be respected. A vital contributor to our ecosystem, wolves help to maintain the population of many species and especially the vegetation that this planet needs for species survival (Center for Biological Diversity 2011.)

Without the wolf, the elk population alone would consume nearly 80% of the vegetation in Yellowstone Park (Defender of Wildlife, 2010). The battle that surrounds the conservation of the wolves is largely argued against by hunters; stating that the wolves are killing all the game population. Without the understanding that if they eradicate the wolf, they are essentially eradicating not only the wolves but also the species that survive on this vegetation.

This creature has been on this land longer than any one human. It is not the right of any person to decide if a species lives or dies, that is in the hands of Mother Nature. Let's help keep this precious creature of the Goddess with us longer honoring the inspiration behind the January's Wolf Moon.

Compiled by: MaEve DeaAnna



For more information on the protection of Wolves try these websites:

Defender of Wildlife (www.defenders.org)
International Wolf Center (www.wolf.org)

The Demise of the Wolf

*We walk this land for centuries old with many stories to be told.
 Through truth and lore you will hear and some will say that you should fear.
 Yet in silence you should sit and let your soul quiet a bit.
 Close your eyes and just let go; feel your heart begin to slow.
 Look closely now, look into my eyes for you shall see as our lives pass by.
 Faithful are we with one in our heart; pups by are side we will never depart.
 For to us our family is all, and we mean no harm as you hear our call.
 Survival only by means of the hunt and with man we wish not to confront.
 Still many will hide with guns by their side intent to en-snarl.
 Laid by the tree that is old and gnarled.
 Man shall trap and man shall kill knowing not what is our will.
 For those who wish not to hear that which is oh so clear.
 Their eyes are blind they cannot see that our one wish is only to be!
 As they refuse to hear our cries for the truth that underlies*

The wolves' demise.

Ma'Eva DaeAnna/March 2011



Herb Corner

Wolf's Bane

By: MeKailia Nimue

January being the month of the Wolf Moon I have decided to talk about the herb - *Wolf's Bane*. Let me start by saying that it grows freely in Europe but is often added to gardens in acceptable climates due to its beauty. It is a perennial herb growing up to about five feet with dark green lobed leaves, topped with large spikes of violet or a Blue Delphinium shade/style of flower. This plant prefers damp and somewhat shady sites.

Wolf's Bane is also known by several other folk names such as Aconite, Cupid's Car, Dumble-dore's Delight, Leopard's Bane, Monksood, Storm Hat, Thor's Hat and Wolf's Hat. This herb is also known as *Aconium Napellus*, *Arnica Latifolia* and *Arnica Montana* in the horticulture world.

- Famine
- Receptive herb
- Element of Water
- Planet of Saturn.
- Powers of protection and invisibility.

Magickal uses for this herb include it being added to protection sachets and incense. Folk lore says that *Wolf's Bane* was used to guard against Vampires and Werewolves. However it is also said that the Werewolf themselves used this herb to help with their own healing. The seed wrapped in Lizard's skin and carried is said to allow one to turn invisible at will.

****Warning: *Wolf's Bane* is a highly poisonous plant and should NEVER be taken internally or applied to broken skin. This article is just for entertainment purposes only!**



References:
Cunningham's Encyclopedia of Magickal Herbs
The Encyclopedia of Medicinal Plants by Andrew Chevallier.

What Color Rose to Give at

Valentine's Day

If a Rose was name any other name would it still smell as sweet. Yes it would, but what would it mean to give a certain color rose. Here are some meanings behind a rose of different colors:

- **White**~ representing humility, purity and innocence, the white rose - often referred to as the bride's rose - is associated with young love.
- **Yellow**~ In Victorian times it symbolized jealousy, but today it represents friendship, joy and caring.
- **Red**~ symbol for love and romance, and a time-honored way to say "I love you!"
- **Pink**~ as a symbol of grace and elegance, the pink rose is often given as an expression of admiration.
- **Deep Pink**~ says "Thank you". They also express appreciation, admiration, sincerity and sympathy.
- **Peach**~ express gratitude, appreciation, admiration or sympathy. They can also convey sociability and friendship and send the message "Let's get together". A pale peach rose symbolizes modesty.
- **Lilac or Lavender**~ reveals love at first sight or enchantment.
- **Coral** ~ speaks of desire and passion.

Compiled by: Arawyn

The Moon Owl

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Once upon a time, when all Mother Earth's creatures could speak and all that was magical was true, there was a most beautiful white owl with big, round, yellow eyes that sometimes looked a little like Auntie Moon. She lived in the frosty, frozen north. Her feathers were white with dark patches that looked like snow on the stony mountain. She was known as Snowy Owl.



The animals of the far north were very content living in Nature's balance, but Snowy Owl had a feeling that something was missing. She didn't know what it was. Her friends pointed out the beauty of the sparkling blue glaciers. In the cold, dark night they reminded her of the amazing colors of the aurora borealis and the glittering stars. They showed her how the fresh snow sparkled in the sunlight. "I enjoy the beauty I see all around me," she said, "but I still think there is something missing." Snowy Owl was restless.

One day, as she was flying over the frozen land, she heard faint, beautiful sounds drifting on the wind. That's what was missing! The kind of beauty my ears can enjoy! Now, the northlands are very quiet and Snowy Owl has very sensitive ears. She could hear the tiniest sounds that no one else could hear. It wasn't the sound of the ocean waves beyond the ice. It wasn't the sound of the glaciers slowly sliding down through the mountains. It wasn't the sound of the wind in the evergreens. What was it? I will search until I find what is making these beautiful sounds.

She decided to ask Polar Bear. She flew across the ice to where Polar bear was stretched out, taking his nap. She knew he would not eat her because he had just had a big lunch, so she perched on a lump of ice and whispered in his ear, "Polar Bear, what are these beautiful sounds I hear floating in the wind?"

Polar Bear opened one eye and paused and listened. He listened very hard. He listened very long. He even sniffed the air thinking that might help him to hear better. Now, bears have very sensitive noses, but you cannot hear with your nose!

"I don't hear anything," said the bear, "except the ocean waves splashing against the ice, and the glaciers shifting against the stony mountains, and the caribou munching willow twigs. What does it sound like, Snowy Owl?"

"It is a sweet and lilting sound that warms my heart. I will search until I find what is making these beautiful sounds."

Snowy Owl then flew to the frozen tundra to find her friend Caribou. She perched on the ground near where Caribou was munching on a willow twig. "Caribou," She called loudly (because Caribou is very tall, you know), "what are these beautiful sounds I hear floating in the wind?"

Caribou stopped munching and paused and listened. He listened very hard. He listened very long. He even sniffed the air thinking that might help him to hear better. Now, Caribou have very sensitive noses, but you cannot hear with your nose!

“I don’t hear anything,” said Caribou, “except Polar Bear huffing and puffing along the ice floes, the wind whistling through the evergreens and the mountain goats prancing on the stony mountain slopes. What does it sound like, Snowy Owl?”

“It is a soft, bubbly kind of sound that warms my heart. I will search until I find what is making these beautiful sounds.”

Snowy Owl flew to the evergreen forest to find Little Rabbit. She perched on a low tree limb near where Little Rabbit was hiding. “Little Rabbit,” she said quietly so as not to startle her, “I will not eat you today if you can answer my question. What are these beautiful sounds I hear floating in the wind?”

Little Rabbit perked her ears up and paused and listened. She listened very hard. She listened very long. She even sniffed the air thinking that might help her to hear better. Now, rabbits have very sensitive noses, but you cannot hear with your nose!

“I don’t hear anything,” said Little Rabbit, “except Polar Bear shuffling across the ice, Caribou munching on willow twigs and the trickling of melting glacier ice running under the snow. What does it sound like, Snowy Owl?”

“It is a melodious sound, like little bells that warms my heart. I will search until I find what is making these beautiful sounds.”

Now Rabbit may be small, but she is wise. “Maybe if you flew to the top of the tallest tree you might be able to see what is making that strange melody.”

Snowy Owl thought this was a good idea. She flew to the top of the highest tree and looked around with her large, round, yellow eyes. She could still hear that delicate music on gusts of wind, but all she could see were the tops of many trees.

“Maybe if I fly to the top of the stony mountain I could see what is making those beautiful sounds,” she said to herself.

Up, up, up to the top of the stony mountain she flew. The wind blew very cold and steady up there, making the sounds even easier for her to hear, but all she could see from the top of the stony mountain was more mountains! “I need to go even higher,” she muttered. “I will need to think on this for awhile.”

Many days she sat on that mountaintop hoping she could ask the mountain goats what they know about the beautiful sounds, but they were jumping from rock to rock and couldn’t stay still long enough to answer.

Many nights she sat on that mountaintop, gazing at Auntie Moon and thinking very hard. “The Moon is so beautiful! She is so big, and so round and so bright, she must see everything there is to see on the Earth!”



Suddenly, an idea came to her (because if you are quiet and patient, ideas will come to you). “If I fly to the Moon, surely I will be able to see every creature on the Earth and then I will know where the mysterious melodies are coming from!”

Snowy Owl became quiet and patient once more and more ideas came to her. “Auntie Moon is very far away. My journey will take a very long time. I need to be very strong and brave to do this.”

When Father Sun peeked up over the mountains, Snowy Owl lifted her snowy, white wings and started to fly. Up, up, up beyond the clouds she flew. Beyond the wind she flew. Beyond the blue sky she flew, gliding past the stars. Finally, Snowy Owl landed on the big, bright, and beautiful Auntie Moon.


Snowy Owl looked down towards Mother Earth and she could see many things with her big, round, yellow eyes. She could see the stony mountains and the icy glaciers. She could see the evergreen forests and frozen tundra. Snowy Owl could also see Polar Bear and Caribou and the mountain goats and even little Rabbit.

Snowy Owl could also see things she had never seen before! She could see green fields and green mountains and green jungles. She could see birds and animals of every shape and color. But most curious of all, she saw small, two-legged creatures that were the children of humans.

Snowy Owl watched them closely. She watched them play. As she watched, she realized the beautiful sounds were coming from them! She could see their faces smiling and hear their voices laughing and singing! Her heart felt warm as she sang along with the children’s sweet sounds. This made her life complete. All the sounds of her homeland blended with the children’s melodious voices made a great and beautiful symphony for her ears! Snowy Owl was very happy.

She is known as Moon Owl now because she decided to make the Moon her new home. Now she can watch over all the creatures of the Earth. She lives there still and some say if you look carefully when Auntie Moon is full, you can see Moon Owl gazing down on you. She is waiting to hear your sweet laughter and songs.





<i>Sabbat/Event</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Location</i>
Yule Family Night	Dec.16	7pm	Lady BonaDea's House
Yule	Dec. 17	7pm	Small Club House
Imbolc Family Night	Jan. 27	7 pm	To be determine
Imbolc	Jan. 28	7 pm	Large Club House
Ostara Family Night	Mar. 16	7pm	To be determine
Ostara	Mar. 17	7pm	Small Club House

If you need addresses, please call Lady Arawyn @ 419-297-3769

- ★ Remember: family night is for Friends of the Grove and members only, Ritual will start at 8, be there by 7:45 at the latest. (A donation of any amount for guest, Friends of the Grove –donation or bring a dish to share) Bring your own drink(s) ~Thanks!

~Brewing Updates~

- ★ Yule was so magickal with all the children adding their shining light to the ritual.
- ★ Like the newsletter, want more...well to keep the newsletter up we need submissions. Essays, stories, articles, poems and/or events can be sent to Lady Arawyn at arawyn26@hotmail.com ~Thank you!

Birthdays

Lamaria's Birthday is Jan. 15th

Ma Eva's Birthday is Jan. 17th



~Circle of the Sacred Grove ~
Temple of the Old Religion