



# Crane Chatter

Three Cranes Grove, ADF

Volume 1 Issue 3



## A Word from Our Senior Druid

Since the last issue of "Crane Chatter," the Grove has taken an interesting journey. We started in late June with ComFest right after our Summer Soulstice ritual. We celebrated the summer with gusto, and moved into the autumn as the sun descended.

With this came two more High Days, Lughnassadh and the Autumnal Equinox.

The rites couldn't have been more different.

Lughnassadh was one of those rituals where everything seemed to go wrong.

It happens to the best of working groups, and it seems that it was about time for Three Cranes to have a

wakeup call like this.

Strangely, though, one of the Grove's highest points in ritual came at the end of the same month, at the PCCO festival, Summerset, where we led the main ritual. With these two rituals as bookends to a month of wondering where the Grove was going, we realized that we needed to make a choice regarding our rituals.

Of course, we could continue down the road we had been on, which would find us doing the same basic rituals in the same ways. After the preparation and work we put into the Summerset Rite, however, we realized that we needed to change some very fundamental things about how we do ritual.

While we're still working through some

of the changes we want to make, and still talking about how to make (and whether to make) others, some were in place for the Autumnal Equinox. Given the reaction we received regarding that ritual (our third anniversary), it's fairly obvious that we've made some good choices. The difference between the Lughnassadh Rite and the Equinox Rite was simply amazing. It was obvious from the feeling of the rite and the omens that we were finding our way closer to the Kindred.

As the Grove works to move closer to the Gods, Nature Spirits, and Ancestors, though, we also seek to become closer to  
*(Continued on page 2)*

## Mark Your Calendars: [Check www.threecranes.org](http://www.threecranes.org) for Updates & Details

### Rituals: Samhain

Sunday, October 30

Blacklick Woods metropark

5:30 social/6:30 rite

### Saturnalia

Saturday, December 17

location & time tba

### Business Meetings:

Fourth Thursday of each month—  
Columbus Metropolitan Library,  
downtown (3rd floor meeting room)

### Liturgy Meetings:

Third Thursday of each month—  
rotating locations

### Community Service:

Clinton-Como Park Cleanup  
(dates/time tba)

### Select Festivals & Events:

**Chenille Canopy Regional  
Women's Retreat**

November 11-13

Pittsburgh, PA

**Walking With Fire:**

An Eastern IE

Conference

November 23-26

Salzburg, Austria

## Senior Druid (cont'd)

(Continued from page 1)

each other. The Grove is many things to many people, but one thing that we want to build is a stronger connection to our Grovemates.

As we enter the new year with Samhain, one of the goals I have for this

Grove is to make each ritual better than the last. This means an increase in planning, work, and time, but the rewards will be quite worth it.

So with another year ahead of us, let us join together in praise to the Kin-

## Samhain (by Anna Messinger)

standing at the edge of a corn-field,  
a lone child squints into the blinding sun.  
she raises her hands to the sky,  
palms up,  
fingers outspread --

mimicking the edges of six dark wing-tips circling slowly above her.

she does not know what it means  
to honour carrion creatures.  
she does not know why she desires  
to speak to those who devour the dead.

but she does not think to ask it,  
she is wise enough to listen  
but not enough to fear;  
she finds herself shadowed by chthonic angels and reaches out in a wordless salute.

this,  
this is what samhain is:  
vultures in the noon-day sun.

we fear and do not fear,  
know and do not know.  
we look at death as a black silhouette  
against a blinding backdrop of sky.

with noses scrunched,  
we briefly strive to pull back the curtain  
of sun, seeking not what lies behind it  
but rather that which is outshone in front.

is it death that soars there?  
have the winged lords of carrion  
tasted the blood of our ancestors?

we fear and do not fear,  
know and do not know.  
so we shield our eyes to see them better,  
we move our hands in an accidental gesture  
of kinship, honouring the last great gods  
of the dead and the memory of ancestors  
deep in our bones.

is it there more behind the sky?

this is samhain:

## Lament (By Jenni Hunt)

I've known stones like Hughes  
knew rivers.

I've known barrows older than history;  
sarcens raised as testament to and home  
for the Gods and Goddesses of my ancestors.

My soul stirs with the fluttering  
consciousness of past lives and ancient times  
when the Earth and Humanity were as one  
with another.

I danced 'round the luminiscent  
standing stones of Lewsian at Imbolc  
where the awakening Goddess was a tangible  
presence.

I understood the language spoken  
by those granite giants as they accepted  
the sacrifice of our remaining harvest  
and promised fertility for the coming year.

I gazed upon the moss-covered  
cairn at Cnocan na Gobhar,  
sinking into its lush vegetation  
at Beltaine and reveling in nature's  
fecundity.

I stood on the brink of reality at  
midnight of Samhain amongst  
the symmetry of Cairnholly, embracing  
the souls of loved ones who had passed  
beyond the veil between this world  
and the next.

I sat in the shadow of the Rudston  
Monolith at Winter Solstice,  
listening to the Earth mourn  
the slaughter of her children  
when the New Ones came to  
dismember us from Her.

I've known stones:

Stones still inhabited and loved by  
the Ancient Ones,

Who now are alienated from all but  
a few who still listen for their  
wisdom, while they remain  
watching over the souls whose  
bones rest at their feet.

## Hospitality in Action



We Cranes can be very giving, and the collection of non-perishables we collected for foot pantries demonstrates just how devoted to the virtue of hospitality we can be.

Please don't forget to bring one or more non-perishable food items to our rituals. There are far too many people in Central Ohio who go hungry on a regular basis. Please give what you can.

(Get it? Give what you CAN! Oh, I kill myself sometimes...)

# Whose Outsiders? (Part I) (By Jenni Hunt)

The plastic sheet covered in red, yellow, green and blue dots was spread on the front porch, spinner poised and ready. Silvanus, the deity invoked in ancient days for protection from the dangers of the wilds, was called upon to emcee the party.

Offerings of wine, TireBite ale, a plate of “sliders” (the greasy, onion-sauteed, mini-burgers from White Castle that you don’t dare eat in any quantity or frequency), and the ubiquitous golden apple were provided to complete the party array.

At Saturnalia 2004, not only did the Outsiders *not* make havoc of our Saturnalia rite; they seemed to be having a better time at their party on the porch than we did. It wasn’t always so...

After nearly a decade of scoting around the country practicing as a solitary Druid; having been a member of three different ADF Groves and Protogroves (and official “friend” of at least one other and frequent guest of a few more); after finally discovering my hearth culture and struggling to adapt Roman religion to Our Own Druidry; after discovering that I have organizational skills that I can use to serve my ADF community; I finally came back home to Central Ohio and settled down.

Just as I returned in 2002, a fresh, young individual was forming a new Protogrove. I was finally home and there was a new ADF group just getting started.

“Kismet!” I thought. Just what we needed, just *when* we needed it!

But there’s just one small problem.

Our Senior Druid’s primary patroness and personal affinity for chaos and danger are diametrically opposite to the path of Roman orderliness and logic that I have been treading for the past several years.

That’s right – a Roman whose SD is a Discordian. If ever I had a doubt, I know now for certain that

“At the edge of the fire there are many eyes, and things that go bump in the night...not always evil or bad just doing what comes naturally...and sometimes they bite”  
- JD, 1/22/05

the Gods have a perverse sense of humor.

I love my grovemates and have felt more devoted to them and Three Cranes than I ever imagined possible, but I have to admit, it’s been a very strange trip.

The first time Mike explained to me that one of his patrons was Eris I started wondering what might be the equivalent of a garlic necklace to keep Her away from me. I started cringing in

earnest when Mike made his Dedicant Oath (invoking You-Know-Who) and still haven’t stopped.

Problem is, as any of the Cranes can tell you, She will not be excluded. Her influence has spread like a virus to all of us – even me, the sedate, orderly, logical Roman among our Grove. We’ve all learned to “assume the position,” which entails, more or less, cringing, ducking and covering one’s head, while muttering aloud or silently, something like “Oh geez, please don’t hurt me.” Sometimes keeping Her appeased even requires groveling. As it did at Saturnalia 2003...

(To be continued...)

# Ritual Omens

## Lughnassad:

1. Have our sacrifices been accepted?

Hagalaz N

(More offerings were made, then)

Uruz N

2. What do the Gods offer us in return?

Dagaz X

3. What further needs do the Gods have of us?

Gebo X

## Autumn Equinox:

1. Have our sacrifices been accepted?

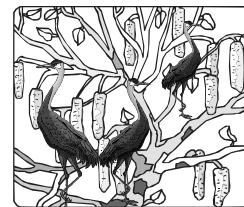
Isa I

2. What do the Gods offer us in return?

Fehu F

3. What further needs do the Gods have of us?

Gebo X



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



## What is ADF?

(from <http://www.adf.org/about/what-is-adf.html>)

The Irish words, pronounced "arn ree-ocht fane", mean "Our Own Druidism", and that's just what Ár nDraiocht Fein is - a completely independent tradition of Neopagan Druidism. Like our sisters and brothers in the other Neopagan movements, we're polytheistic Nature worshipers, attempting to revive the best aspects of the Paleopagan faiths of our ancestors within a modern scientific, artistic, ecological, and holistic context. Like our predecessors and namesakes the Druids, we're people who believe in excellence - physically, intellectually, artistically, and spiritually.

We're researching and expanding sound modern scholarship about the ancient Celts and other Indo-European peoples,

in order to reconstruct what the Old Religions of Europe really were. We're working on the development of genuine artistic skills in composition and presentation. We're designing and performing competent magical and religious



ceremonies to change ourselves and the world we live in. We're adapting the polytheologies and customs of both the Indo-European Paleopagans and the Neopagan traditions that have been created over the last fifty years. We're creating a nonsexist, nonracist, organic,

and open religion to practice as a way of life and to hand on to our grandchildren. We're integrating ecological awareness, alternative healing arts, and psychic development into our daily activities. Together, we're sparking the next major phase in the evolution of Neopaganism and planting seeds for generations to come.

ADF was started by P.E.I. (Isaac) Bonewits, known in the Neopagan community as an author (*Real Magic*, *The Druid Chronicles Evolved*, *Authentic Thaumaturgy*), editor, teacher, polytheologist, activist, priest and bard. He has been a Neopagan Druid for nearly twenty years and has dedicated his life to reviving Druidism as a modern, healthy, "Third Wave" religion capable of protecting and preserving Mother Nature and all Her children.