

Enchanted forest

Magazine

December 2009



**THE ENCHANTED TEAM WISH ALL THE
MEMBERS OF THE FOREST A SAFE AND
PEACEFUL FEASTIVE SEASON.**

**MAY ALL YOUR DREAMS AND WISHES COME
TRUE IN 2010.**

<http://enchantedforrest.ning.com/>

Enchanted Team and Safety Tips

~~Believe In Yourself And Make It Happen~~

OWNER

BREEZE

HEAD ADMIN

SHADOW

ADMIN

KRYSTALLA
MODERATORS
MOONDANCER4
SOARING EAGLE
GOTHIC MISTRESS
CELTIC COYOTE

Just like with any online service, you should exercise common sense when using this site. Below we've outlined some simple guidelines to keep in mind:

- * Create strong passwords and keep them secure, which means you should never share your password with anyone!
- * Adjust your privacy settings so they match your level of comfort and remember to review them often.
- * Be cautious about posting and sharing personal information, especially information that could be used to identify you or locate you online, such as your address or telephone number.
- * Report members and content that violate our Terms of Service to the Admin, Shadow, Krystalla or Breeze
- * Block anyone who sends you unwanted or inappropriate communications and report it to the Network Creator or directly to us.
- * Don't post anything that would embarrass you later. Think twice about posting a photo or other information you wouldn't want your parents, potential employers, college or boss to see.

IF YOU ARE IN ANY DOUBT SEND A MEMBER OF THE ADMIN A MESSAGE AND SEEK FURTHER ASSISTANCE - WE'RE HERE TO PROTECT AND ASSIST OUR MEMBERS AND TO KEEP THIS A PEACEFUL HAPPY SAFE PLACE FOR ALL



The New Enchanted Radio

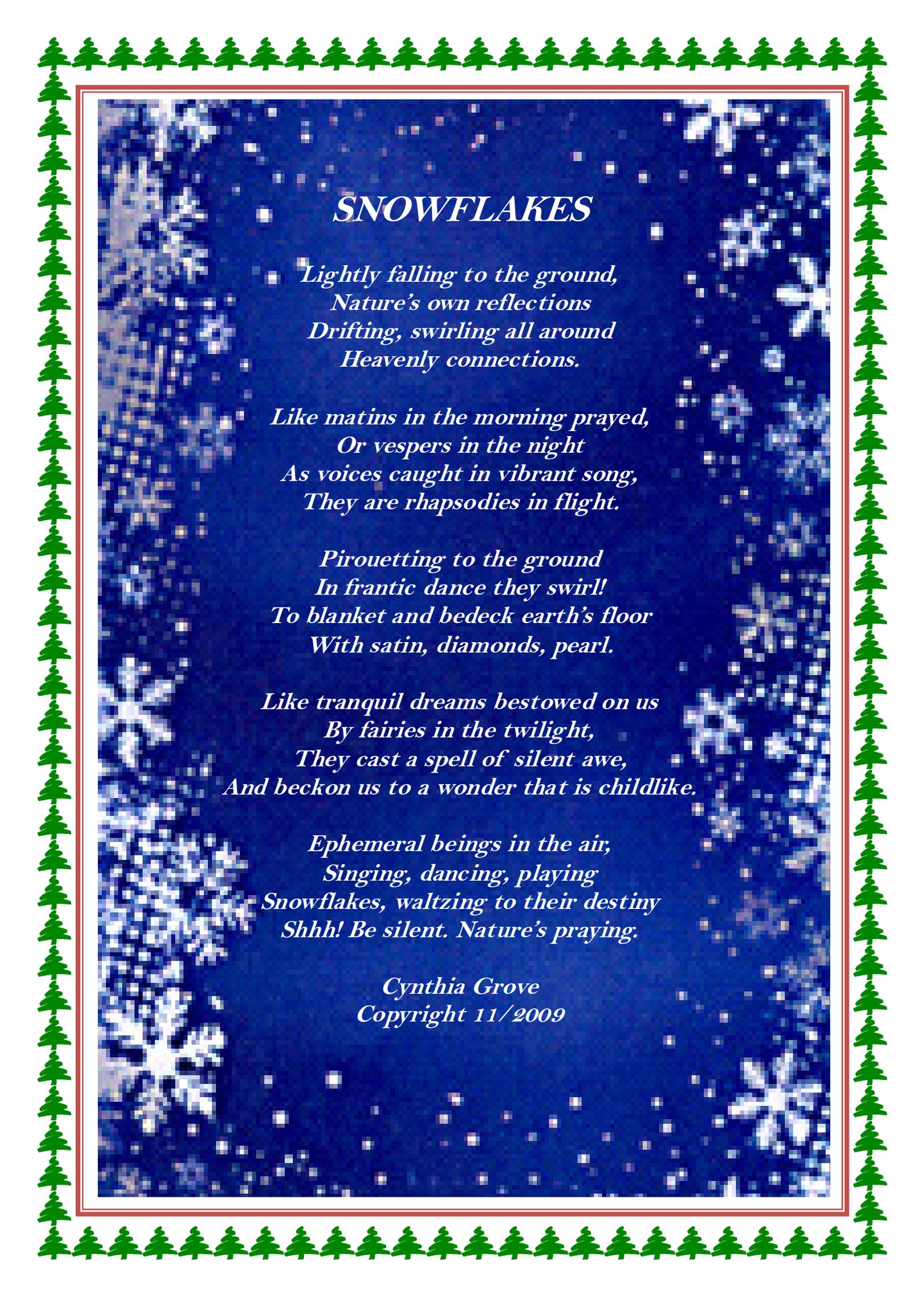
**DJs CELTIC COYOTE, GOTHIC MISSTRESS,
DEOSA, FATES FURY**



Enchanted Radio is proud to announce the addition of 2 new DJ's which will extend our current on air times. We welcome them aboard the Enchanted Radio team and hope that all the members who have support DJ Celtic and Dj Gothic through these past few months extend the same to them. We like to thank all those for your support and feedback.

DJ Fates Fury playlist
<http://tm-fury.tripod.com/>
DJ Deosa Playlist
<http://deosarocks.tripod.com/>

**ALL AT ENCHANTED RADIO WISH THE MEMBERS A
SAFE AND ROCKIN CHRISTMAS**



SNOWFLAKES

*Lightly falling to the ground,
Nature's own reflections
Drifting, swirling all around
Heavenly connections.*

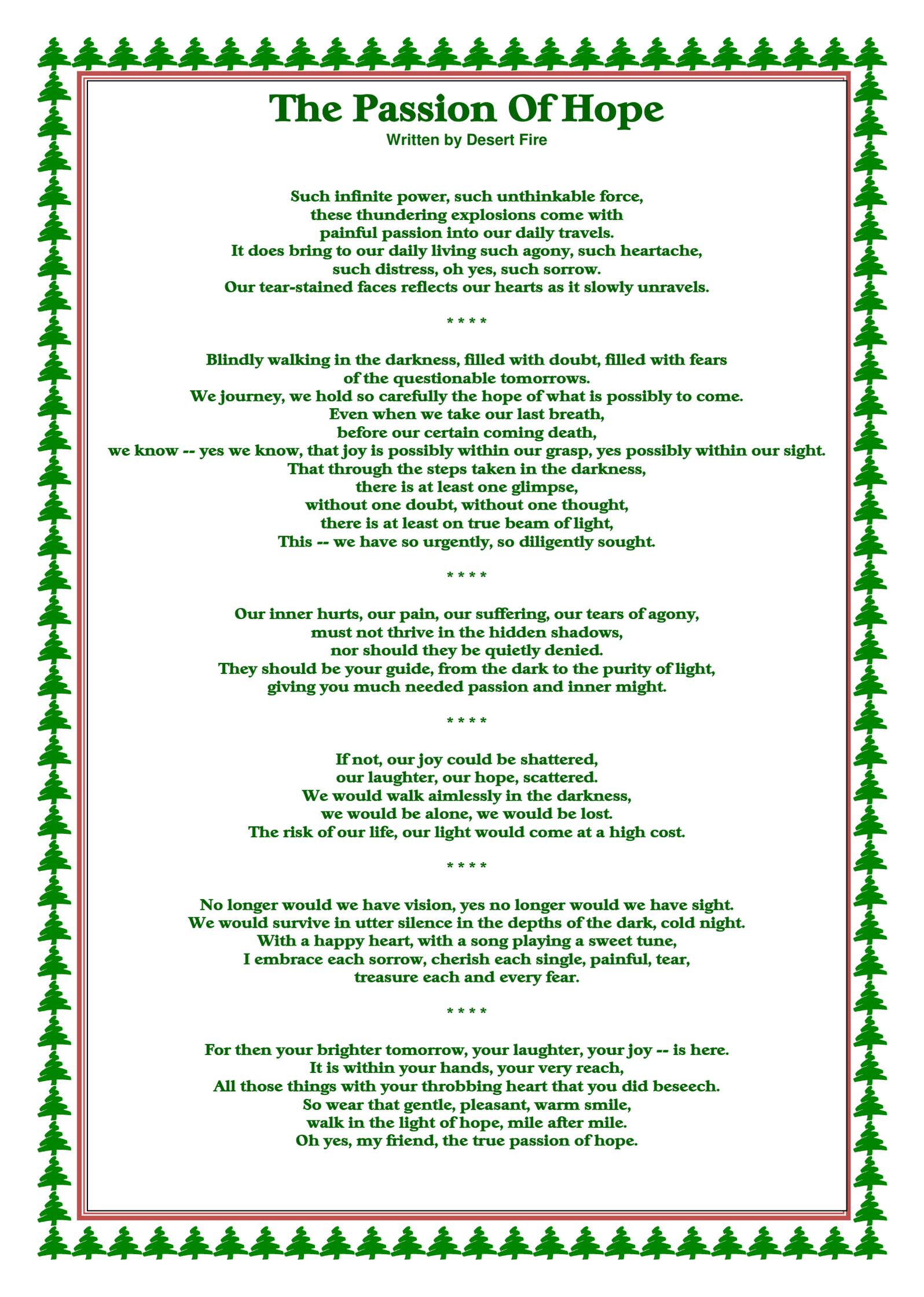
*Like matins in the morning prayed,
Or vespers in the night
As voices caught in vibrant song,
They are rhapsodies in flight.*

*Pirouetting to the ground
In frantic dance they swirl!
To blanket and bedeck earth's floor
With satin, diamonds, pearl.*

*Like tranquil dreams bestowed on us
By fairies in the twilight,
They cast a spell of silent awe,
And beckon us to a wonder that is childlike.*

*Ephemeral beings in the air,
Singing, dancing, playing
Snowflakes, waltzing to their destiny
Shhh! Be silent. Nature's praying.*

*Cynthia Grove
Copyright 11/2009*



The Passion Of Hope

Written by Desert Fire

Such infinite power, such unthinkable force,
these thundering explosions come with
painful passion into our daily travels.
It does bring to our daily living such agony, such heartache,
such distress, oh yes, such sorrow.
Our tear-stained faces reflects our hearts as it slowly unravels.

* * * *

Blindly walking in the darkness, filled with doubt, filled with fears
of the questionable tomorrows.
We journey, we hold so carefully the hope of what is possibly to come.
Even when we take our last breath,
before our certain coming death,
we know -- yes we know, that joy is possibly within our grasp, yes possibly within our sight.
That through the steps taken in the darkness,
there is at least one glimpse,
without one doubt, without one thought,
there is at least on true beam of light,
This -- we have so urgently, so diligently sought.

* * * *

Our inner hurts, our pain, our suffering, our tears of agony,
must not thrive in the hidden shadows,
nor should they be quietly denied.
They should be your guide, from the dark to the purity of light,
giving you much needed passion and inner might.

* * * *

If not, our joy could be shattered,
our laughter, our hope, scattered.
We would walk aimlessly in the darkness,
we would be alone, we would be lost.
The risk of our life, our light would come at a high cost.

* * * *

No longer would we have vision, yes no longer would we have sight.
We would survive in utter silence in the depths of the dark, cold night.
With a happy heart, with a song playing a sweet tune,
I embrace each sorrow, cherish each single, painful, tear,
treasure each and every fear.

* * * *

For then your brighter tomorrow, your laughter, your joy -- is here.
It is within your hands, your very reach,
All those things with your throbbing heart that you did beseech.
So wear that gentle, pleasant, warm smile,
walk in the light of hope, mile after mile.
Oh yes, my friend, the true passion of hope.



ARTWORK SUBMITTED
BY
DIANE LIGHTWOLF

“SAMHAIN”



“BORN TO BE WICCA”



“MABON”

INSPIRATIONAL QUOTES

Be the change you want to see in the world ~ Ghandi

"When we live from our essence we live in harmony – our lives become more like beautiful concertos than the discordant notes produced by garage bands. When we love from our essence, our relationships become positive mirrors. The loving kindness we project is reflected back at us. In this frame of mind and heart, we intuitively grasp our oneness with the source of all life energy, and we radiate unconditional love to the people we care about the most". Dr Mitchel Gaynor

"Human models are more vivid and more persuasive than explicit moral commands." -Daniel J. Boorstin

"A noble spirit will seek the reward of virtue in the consciousness of it, rather than in popular opinion." -Pliny the Younger (A.D. 62? - 113?

"There is a difference between the waiting of the prophet and the standing still of the fool."

-Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

You need to claim the events in your life to make yourself yours. When you truly possess all you have been and done, which may take some time, you are fierce with reality."

Florida Scott Maxwell

AllenBrothers.com

**SUBMITTED
BY
DOTTIE**

Child And Toy

*The toy that is broken
tells of the pain of the child*

*The toy that is wrecked
tells of the child's anger*

*The toy that is clean
shows the child's care*

*The toy that is lost
shows the child's carelessness*

*A toy that is found
is the child's awareness*

*A toy that is fixed
is the child learning*

*Toys which are shared
is the child getting along*

*Toys the child gives as gifts
is a gesture of love*

*A child forced to give up a toy
loses more than just the toy*

*Michael E. Valerius, Sr.
Copyright © Wed. March 20, 2002; 9:44Pm*



Snow Angel

*The air is crisp
Wind is cold
The ground is white
Pure and untouched*

*Love and harmony
Good will and wishes to all
Children's laughter
Heart gives unconditionally*

*Crystal angel protects
Watches and hovers over us
A special time for all
To love and care*

*Gods, Goddess' and spirits
Bless everyone
With love, joy and happiness
For this is the time we all share
That special togetherness*

By: Cheryl Pillsbury





Missing You



***I'm sorry for all I ever did to hurt you
I'm sorry I didn't tell you goodbye
I didn't realize you'd go so soon
And leave this emptiness inside***

***Although you are not here with me
I feel your hug when I am down
I know that my love is what you see
When tears, from my eyes abound***

***I miss your laughter, I miss your smile
Although you are here in spirit always
I just need to hear your voice a while
To hear I love you only as a mother says***

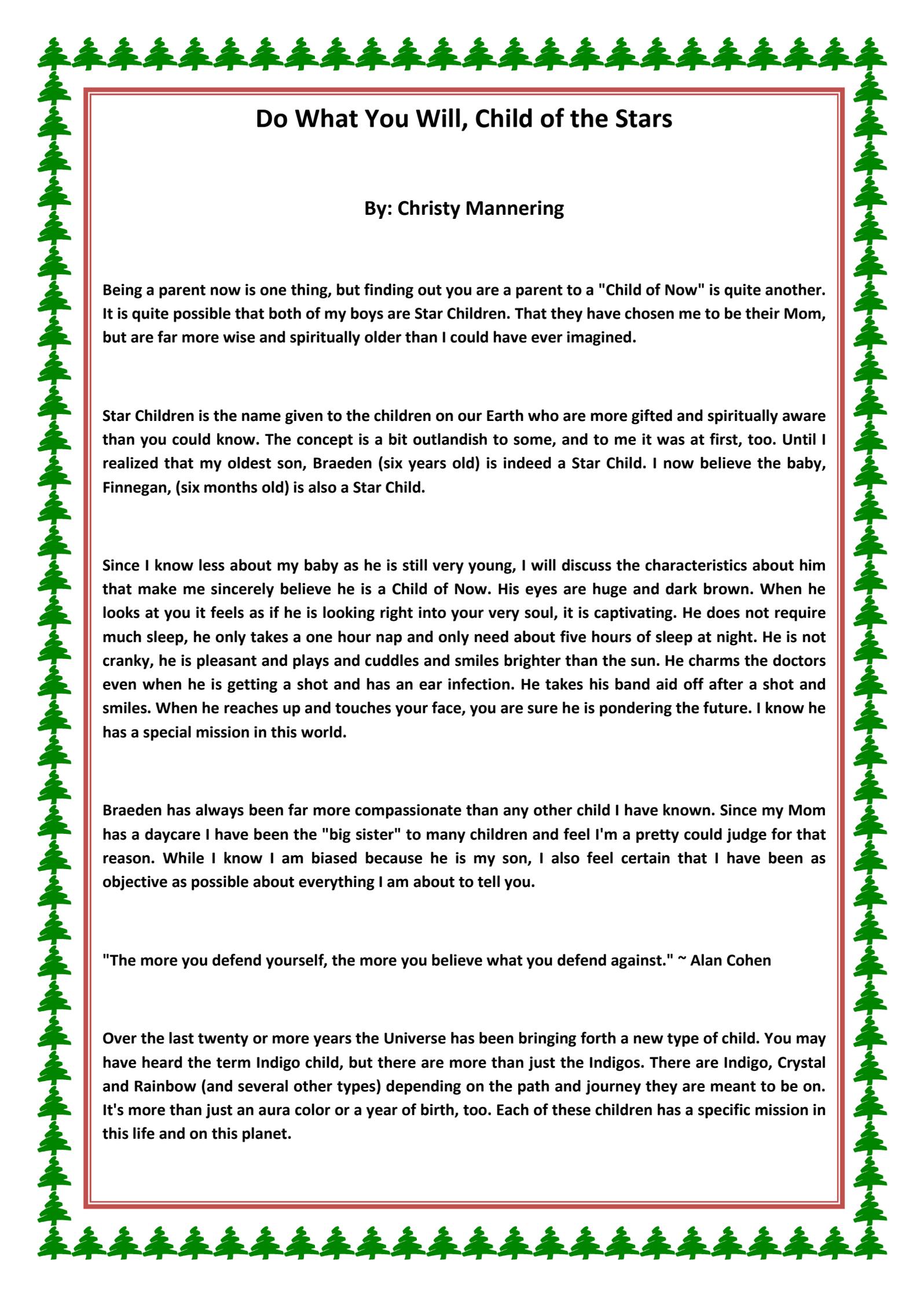
***Until we meet again, on the other side
I will cherish your soul's presence here
Only to see each other with arms open wide
On the day that I leave earth to meet you there.***

by Sharin Griffin

In Memory of Cheryl Lynn Hamblin Harris

Born Feb 23, 1951 Died Aug 24, 2009





Do What You Will, Child of the Stars

By: Christy Mannering

Being a parent now is one thing, but finding out you are a parent to a "Child of Now" is quite another. It is quite possible that both of my boys are Star Children. That they have chosen me to be their Mom, but are far more wise and spiritually older than I could have ever imagined.

Star Children is the name given to the children on our Earth who are more gifted and spiritually aware than you could know. The concept is a bit outlandish to some, and to me it was at first, too. Until I realized that my oldest son, Braeden (six years old) is indeed a Star Child. I now believe the baby, Finnegan, (six months old) is also a Star Child.

Since I know less about my baby as he is still very young, I will discuss the characteristics about him that make me sincerely believe he is a Child of Now. His eyes are huge and dark brown. When he looks at you it feels as if he is looking right into your very soul, it is captivating. He does not require much sleep, he only takes a one hour nap and only need about five hours of sleep at night. He is not cranky, he is pleasant and plays and cuddles and smiles brighter than the sun. He charms the doctors even when he is getting a shot and has an ear infection. He takes his band aid off after a shot and smiles. When he reaches up and touches your face, you are sure he is pondering the future. I know he has a special mission in this world.

Braeden has always been far more compassionate than any other child I have known. Since my Mom has a daycare I have been the "big sister" to many children and feel I'm a pretty good judge for that reason. While I know I am biased because he is my son, I also feel certain that I have been as objective as possible about everything I am about to tell you.

"The more you defend yourself, the more you believe what you defend against." ~ Alan Cohen

Over the last twenty or more years the Universe has been bringing forth a new type of child. You may have heard the term Indigo child, but there are more than just the Indigos. There are Indigo, Crystal and Rainbow (and several other types) depending on the path and journey they are meant to be on. It's more than just an aura color or a year of birth, too. Each of these children has a specific mission in this life and on this planet.



Braeden has always shown characteristics of being psychic. He knows of events before they happen and he remembers events, which are before his time. He began seeing spirits and angels before he could even fully communicate them to me. He now sees energies in colors. His angels are sometimes blue and sometimes bright white. Being sensitive to the spiritual dimensions around him, he also sometimes gets harassed by dark spirits and other worldly beings. We are dealing with this now, because he is afraid when he can't escape the "pictures in his brain." So I am teaching him to put light around himself and to harness the energy he sees to help protect him and keep the darkness away. He is very open to learning these things, although sometimes I believe he already knows and is teaching me. Together our journey has become more and more mysterious, but also more and more fulfilling.

There are many adults right now that are Star Children. Most of these kids began to come in within 5 years, plus or minus, of the years 1973 through 1988. They are just now beginning to "awaken" to all that they are, and all they carry within them. Many of them may be quite scared, agitated, or even depressed at this time. Many are on medication. There are some Star Children that continue to arrive now, though I feel that their primary objectives are yet to be revealed.

*"The day will come when, after harnessing the winds,
The tides, and gravitation, we shall harness for God
The energies of love. And on that day, for the second time
In the history of the world, man will have discovered fire."*

~Teilhard de Chardin

Links for more information:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hMhdm6EpLZ4>

<http://www.drboylan.com/starkididqstnr.html>

<http://www.namastecafe.com/channels/djstar.htm>

SEASONS GREETINGS FROM CELTIC COYOTE

We was really never a close family we was kinda of a big family i was the youngest out of they kids and the only boy yes i had 4 older sistergod help me lol.

but we was allowed to learn things on our own my parents figured the only way the kids was ever going to learn about life was doing on there own so they let us .

We had the normal holidays with family dinners even are Sunday dinners at grandmas.

But that changed in 1974 when my sister Mary Ann killed herself it kinda changed the family in a way oh we still had the holidays but it wasn't the same then my dad started to get sick in 75 and mom had to go to work by then the other sisters were getting married and starting their own lives so it kinda just left me at home then when i was old enough i wnt to work to help out i went to school in the day time mom worked 2 jobs at the school weher i went and the she worked at night so i stayed home talking care of dad and then i worked on the weekends so i really did have i teenage life to peak of but we always maintaned a family togetherness as much as possible '

so love like you have never loved before live life to it's fullest and enjoy the holidays they only come around once a year be good to yourself and others.



from my family to yours
Happy Holidays.

SEASON GREETINGS FROM GOTHIC MISSTRESS



Family Traditions and Celebrations become a ritual carried out for year to year. Harvest the vegetables from the fields, can, pickle, freeze and preserve the fruits of our labors. Gather the family around the table and share family recipes passed from generation to generation. Mom and grandma and all the children sitting together and sharing. We deck the halls, trim the trees, light the candles and gather together awaiting the arrival of Christmas Day.



That is the way things used to be. Now we struggle through and pray for the holidays to be over. We listen to children screaming in the malls. We listen to the horns honking and blowing. People fighting over just about everything. Death and suicide rates increase and grow. Children are now grown and they no longer want or care to follow in their family traditions.



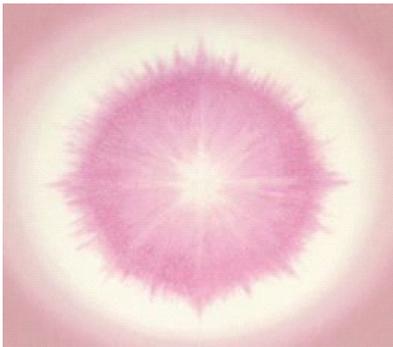
I personally struggle through the holidays by holding tight to family traditions. I struggle with this year after year/ I lost my mother Christmas of '81. I lost my grandfather Thanksgiving of '82. I lost my son Thanksgiving of '90. Every year between then and now something always seems to go wrong. I surround myself with my friends and hope that maybe my family will remember me.

Unconditional Love

*In every step you make,
In every breath you take,
there is only Unconditional Love.
That's the only key there is for life
Into this new world, into your new life.
Here is now longer place for fear or separation.
Here is no place for comparing.
All the borders fall away, between you and me.
And for always there will be,
One world, one heart, one mind.
A world of unconditional love,
For every one and every thing.
Celebrate every new step you make,
With joy and happiness.
Keep your faith and trust in me,
And share it with everyone around you.
You are special, just in the way who you are*

Blessings Yenna

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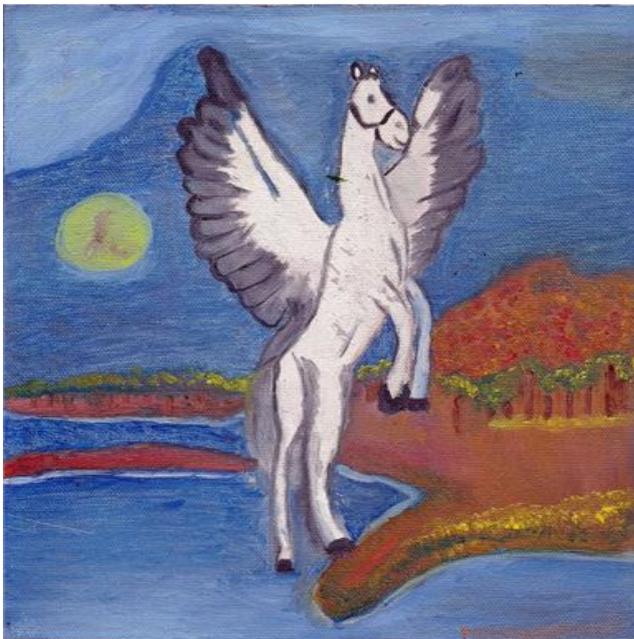
JUST A FEELING

*As the cab stands still
And I sit within
Cursing the winter chill;
What steels my heart
Is the tall fern tree
That stands tall
Consumed with a sense of peace.*

*As the night befalls
And the winter chill intensifies
I light a smoke for some warmth
And simply admire
The road side dog
That sleeps despite the freezing winter
Consumed with a sense of peace.*

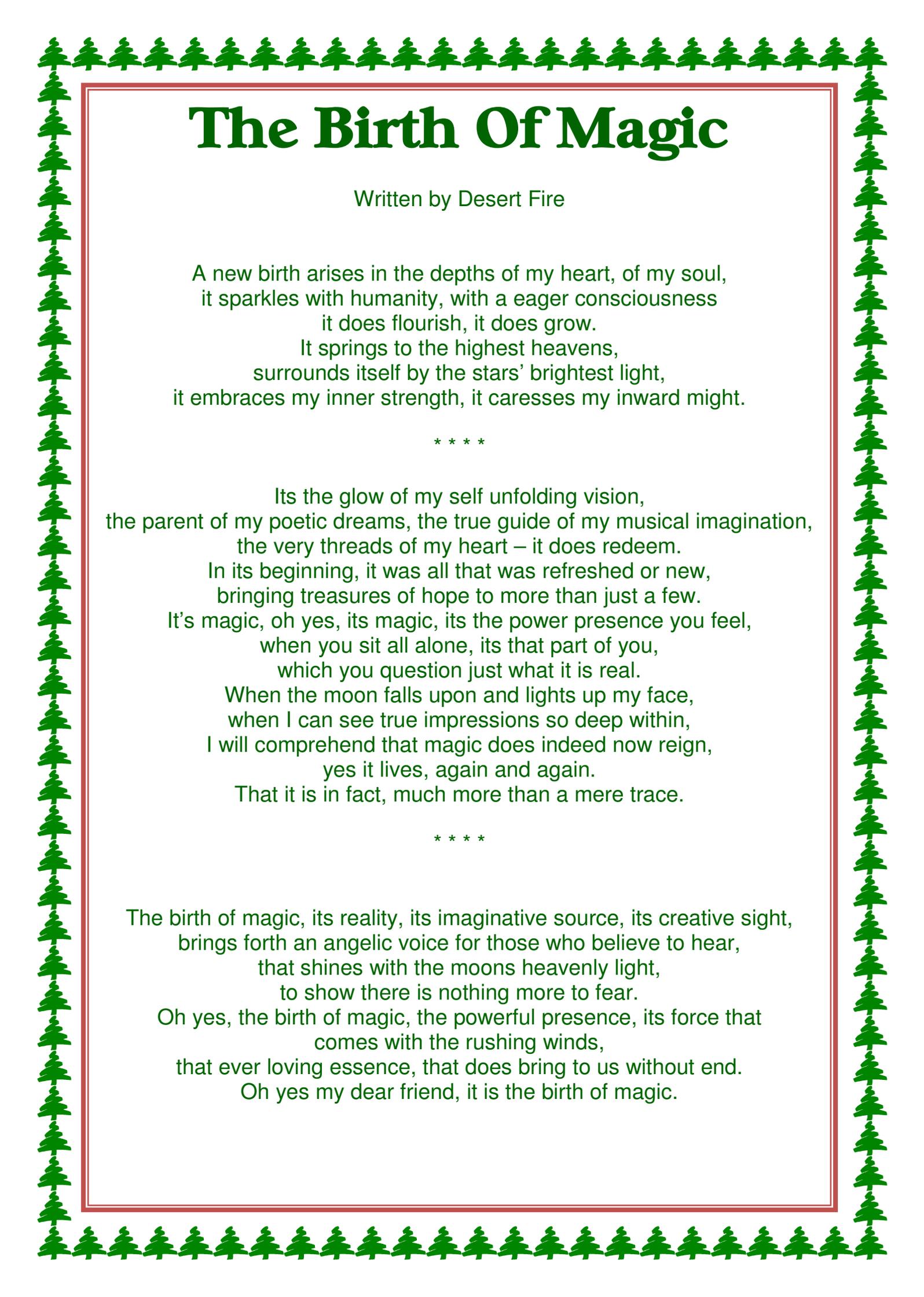
*The tall fern
The sleeping dog
The very silence of this moment
Together they create an unheard melody
That soothes my heart
In a way I have never felt before.*

By Mehnaz Ali



Pegasus - A spiritual or religious symbol they represent the soul's ability to transcend the weight of earthly burdens and rise above such concerns into the air, even to Heaven itself, to the presence of God.

**Regards,
Pragathi Priyadev**



The Birth Of Magic

Written by Desert Fire

A new birth arises in the depths of my heart, of my soul,
it sparkles with humanity, with a eager consciousness
it does flourish, it does grow.
It springs to the highest heavens,
surrounds itself by the stars' brightest light,
it embraces my inner strength, it caresses my inward might.

* * * *

Its the glow of my self unfolding vision,
the parent of my poetic dreams, the true guide of my musical imagination,
the very threads of my heart – it does redeem.
In its beginning, it was all that was refreshed or new,
bringing treasures of hope to more than just a few.
It's magic, oh yes, its magic, its the power presence you feel,
when you sit all alone, its that part of you,
which you question just what it is real.
When the moon falls upon and lights up my face,
when I can see true impressions so deep within,
I will comprehend that magic does indeed now reign,
yes it lives, again and again.
That it is in fact, much more than a mere trace.

* * * *

The birth of magic, its reality, its imaginative source, its creative sight,
brings forth an angelic voice for those who believe to hear,
that shines with the moons heavenly light,
to show there is nothing more to fear.
Oh yes, the birth of magic, the powerful presence, its force that
comes with the rushing winds,
that ever loving essence, that does bring to us without end.
Oh yes my dear friend, it is the birth of magic.



If I Could Give Just One Gift To The Whole World. What Would It Be ?

If I could give just one gift to the whole world I would want that gift to be love. Yes love, Why ? Because love is the one word that is needed to keep the world going. Though there are different meanings for the word love it still has the same meaning just used in different ways. You could have love for a husband and wife, Love for a boyfriend and girlfriend relationship, Love for your family, Love for life, Love for your friends, and so on. See love is a word we need in our lives and Yes, we even have to love ourselves so that we can have love. Doesn't say we have to love what we do in some things but is something that is important to apply to our lives so we can love the things and people around us. I often wonder how people can just do away with this word and continue to live a wholesome life as if though love has no meaning. Without love we have nothing but a void empty space in our hearts. Without love life can be so unhappy to the extent it can be miserable for us even. I can remember down through my journey in life when love was a word that people took with sincerity as time raced through the years. I now see where it has gone, a word that has been taken lightly in most cases. People has taken love and replaced it with so many other words that are not good Deceit, Lust, Hatred, Jealousy, Conniving, Abusive, and so on. If most stop think and look around in the world today the word love has been taken for granted in so many ways. As a mother and grandmother I can see this happening to my own family even and how it is affecting them. I sometimes wonder if we could measure love just how much would it come out to be? Would it be a cup full or half or maybe not even half. the question to asks ones self is. Just how much love do I have for things in life that are good and for people. Do I have enough love to bake a cake for that brother or sister who might be down in their spirits. Do I have enough love to offer a kind word to them. Do I have enough love to help that child or person who may be being abused. Do I have enough love to maybe help my elderly or handicap person out with something they may need done. Do I have enough love to welcome the new neighbor next door that has moved in to the neighbor hood. Do I have enough love for one of my family members to take them some food when times are hard or maybe give them a ride to an appointment somewhere. Do I have enough love in me to tell at least one person or more everyday that I love them and mean it. Oh yes ! It's there if we just use it. The word love is not hard to find at all if we just look around for it instead of just trying to overlook it. When a mother or wife cooks a meal and the aroma of the food dwindles throughout the house. Why is she doing this ? Because she loves her family (and men this can be you also). When we go outside in the spring, and see and smell the pretty flowers in bloom. Why?. Because Mother Earth loves us and wants us to see and smell her love. When a brother or sister whether in natural or spiritual greets each other with a hug or a kiss or maybe even both. Why do they do this? Because the feeling of love is there. So yes love is very important to us all and is so truly needed in our journeys in life. I could go on and on about love and the need for it. But I'm sure if you look around there is something you could love and for me I could not even think of living without love in my life. And just know that you to as an individual could also have this love and know that it is needed. I love each and everyone who reads this and may your days be filled with love,peace, good health and prosperity to the fullest and please enjoy life and one another.And see just how much LOVE you can share over this Yule Season. Blessings to all

Moondancer4



THE SACRED GIFT



Your gift begins on airy wings, over a diamond sea.

The British Isles beckon you, steeped in mystery.

Setting down on hallowed ground, you're welcomed to this land

A warm embrace and gentle smile, the guide then takes your hand.

Through timeless oaks of Coen Y Brenin, which Merlin once called home,

You sense the magick lingering and feel an urge to roam.

Up in the sky, once again, Stonehenge comes in sight

Your guide informs you quietly of its mystery and plight.

Across the choppy Channel, where boats bob in the waves,

The coast of France looms up large and you sense the hidden graves.

The Eiffel Tower pricks the sky as you fly a joyous circuit.

The winding Seine then calls to you and all Paris is moonlit.

Snow-capped Alps are no obstruction as you wing o'er silent peaks.

And the Riviera warms your soul as the Sea flaunts foamy streaks.

Through Tuscany and Florence with their maze of wineries,

You set down softly and enjoy the scent, amidst the warm spring breeze.

The famous Serengeti is a place you've never seen,

And down below, zebras graze in a sheltered lush ravine.

Nomads walk this timeless land in harmony with nature.

While the camels plod an unseen path with their load of myrrh.

The sand is hot in the Valley of Kings and a faceless sphinx smiles at you.

And alongside ancient pyramids, you see the Nile painted blue.

Across the Red and Dead Seas, your guide points out key sites.

The beauty overwhelms you as you see Jerusalem's lights.

Istanbul the ancient is but a passing scene

And travelers on the old Silk Road cause your mind to dream.

China's Great Wall looms up large and you marvel at its splendor,

And the Torii Gates of Japan rouse feelings that are tender.

Wondrous peace envelopes you as your guide squeezes a hand.

Your gratitude is noted and she whispers, "I understand."

Alaska's rugged country flashes by with untold beauty.

And down the continent's west coast, toward lands of mystery.

The Andes rise from puffy clouds – perhaps the Mayan Heaven?

And ruins of that enlightened race capture your attention.

The elder gods of Easter Island maintain their silent watch,

And Macchu Picchu, once lost to time, lies in a bright green swatch..

Your guide informs you there's one last thing that's imperative you see.

And then you're in the star-filled sky, on heaven's balcony.

Below a gleaming blue sphere rotates to catch the sun.

You can almost see Ra's chariot and that night is on the run.



A sense of peace and reverence hold you gently in their grasp.

Your guide's next words are shocking and you can't suppress a gasp.

Down below, the silent Earth rotates and bears as witness.

And the true identity of your guide, to you, she does confess.

"This beauty is My gift to you, with its mountains, lakes and life.

You're honoured Me, My child, even through your strife.

You've treated friends as family and stranger as a friend.

It may not seem that your love's returned but on this you can depend.

"My eyes see all and, to Me, your soul is beautiful.

The sites that we've explored this night are but small parts of the whole.

In the coming times of earthly change, your gentle soul is needed

To guide the way and share your love to the souls that I have seeded.

"Don't ever falter to lend a hand, if you sense the need within.

For it is My quiet voice that speaks and great love to you I send.

Along the way you may despair, for some things you can't evade.

Just remember this small gift from Me and remember all I've said."

The sun's first light peeks inside as it crests the eastern sky.

And soaring high on solar wind, there's a joyous bird's sweet cry.

Sleepy eyelids open slowly and you note you're home in bed.

And wonder was it just a dream and turn a wary head.



A single rose in full bloom lays silent on your pillow.

You pick it up in wonder and walk towards your window.

You feel the magick in the rustling leaves, under clouds of downy fleece.

This Sacred Gift is now your own, the Goddess' gift of peace.

By Nick Nash 2008



Elder hood

*Behold the Goddess
in her guise of Crone;
Beside her stands the God,
become the Sage.
The tortoise settles where
the crow has flown.
they are your guides
as you come to this age.*

*Through childhood you've
passed,
and middle years;
Through work and children
that have been your pride;
Through peaks and Valleys,
Laughter, calm, and tears.
you've known them all - now
set them all aside.*

*Your duty now in memory, so
teach
The things you've learned to*

*those who gather'round;
And do not fear the winter,
for the reach
of death is no more than
snow on the ground.
So take the cloak of indigo
and wear
your wrinkles as a badge of
worth you bear.*

*_ Elizabeth Barrette
(found in Hlewellyn's witches
datebook 2009)*



Osiyo (hello) my friends,

Now-a-days many folks (usually one or both parents) spend more time either at work or looking for work than spending time with their family. This a sad state for our children, their children and their children's children for if we aren't involved and I mean truly involved with our children as they grow up then they most likely won't spend much time with theirs and so the dominoes tumble.

Now I admit that I didn't spend as much time with my children as I would have liked to, but when I did I tried to make that time with as fun and as memorable as possible. When our oldest boys were in elementary school and our youngest son and our daughter were even in preschool we tried to see that they would use their imaginations and their memories to their fullest. One year we did two things which tend to stick with tho more with me since I think I enjoyed it more because I saw the looks in their eyes when we did things together.

That year we took the older boys out of public school and home schooled them since we found out that a couple of teachers were being derogatory to them and others but the school looked at our boys as trouble makers (they weren't angels but in the times we watched from outside the classroom doors and saw how things were being handled, the teachers had no respect because they showed their students none). Well that October we did a week long field trip on a creek just outside of Tahlequah, Oklahoma where my wife and I taught all our children one way to build a shelter, provide cushion from the rocks of the high portion of the creek bed and how to start and tend a camp fire properly. During this week we had them find different types of rocks and collect some to take home to look up what they were by using some books we had collected at yardsales. My wife and I would take turns pointing out things we each knew and share it with our children such as the different types of fish in the creek, the different trees and then we had a couple of wram days where we could swim (it only helped once we got out of the water because the creek is fed by many underwater spring which we could fel when we found them) . I showed them about using a triangle tied to a long rope which was attached to a tree limb over the creek.

Closer to Christmas we got them to work on making a play to do in front of the family on Christmas Eve. They came up with a story about and oversized elf who helped Santa Claus with a special moment on Christmas. I helped them with it since they needed someone big to be the Yeti who kidnapped our elf's mother out of love thus leading to his birthand large size. Our daughter (age 4) was the elf's mother, our eldest son was Santa, our youngest son was a reindeer, our middle son was our oversized elf and of course I was the Yeti. This play was written by them and performed with only a small amount of props. The whole family enjoyed it. Each year we would work on either making a present for someone, ornaments, or something which was made with their own hands and with love.

It doesn't take a great deal for many children to enjoy time with their parents when the parents are willing to make the time for them. It doesn't have to be on a holiday. It can be any day as long as a parent makes time for their family. just think of things you can do and make that decision to be there for your family. It doesn't make a great deal of sense if you work yourself to death for them if them never really got to know you. Letting them know you love them besides putting a roof over their heads and food on the table. They need to use all of their senses to truly know appreciation of your love. In no way am I say that you spoil them, but I am saying that we all need to give them something to fondly remember us even once we pass over to the next side. Peace and Blessings and Happy Holidays, Rev. Robert E. Spiritwalker Murchison, R.Pp.

Rev. Robert E. Spiritwalker Murchison

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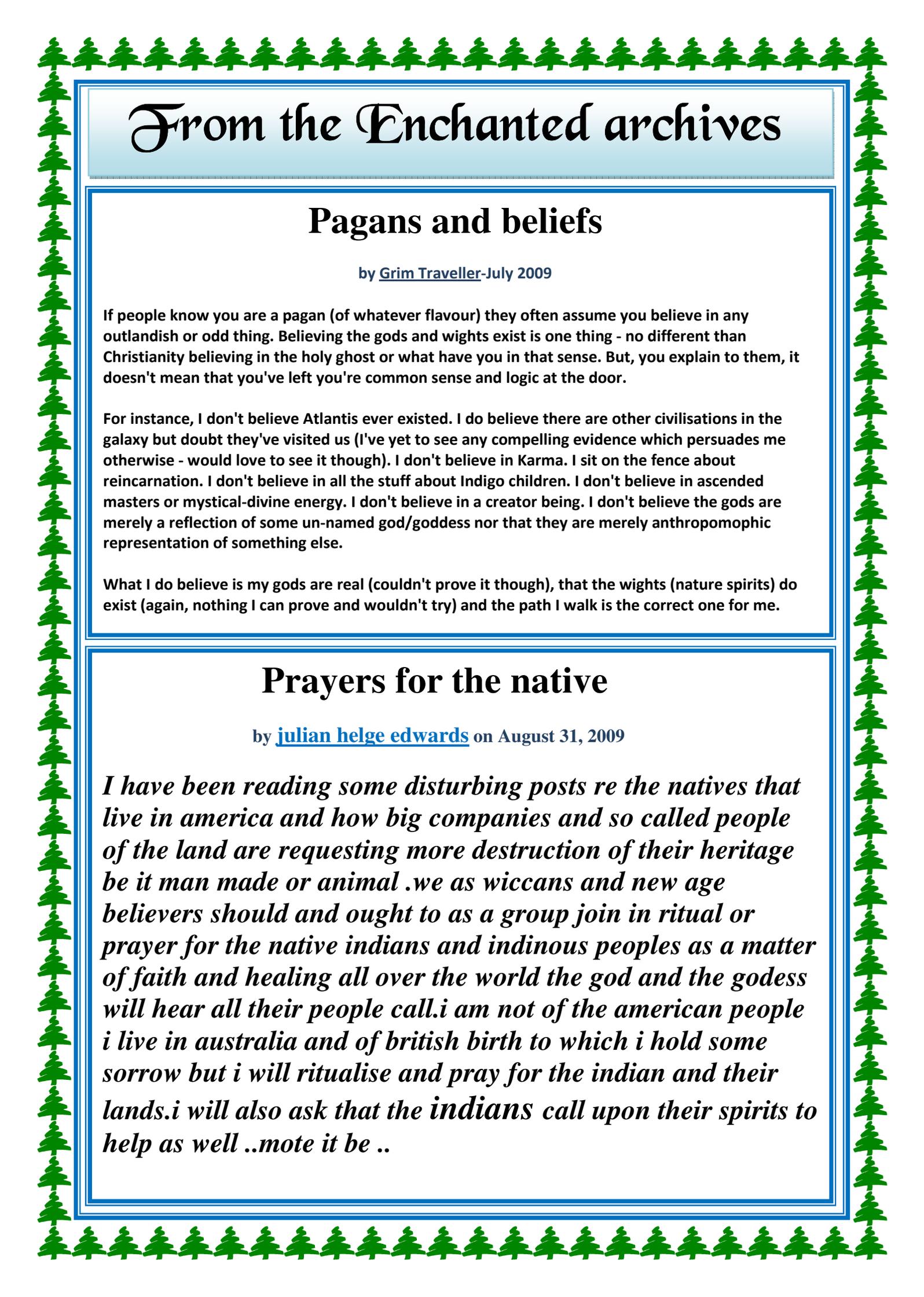
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Sallisaw, Oklahoma





From the Enchanted archives

Pagans and beliefs

by [Grim Traveller](#)-July 2009

If people know you are a pagan (of whatever flavour) they often assume you believe in any outlandish or odd thing. Believing the gods and wights exist is one thing - no different than Christianity believing in the holy ghost or what have you in that sense. But, you explain to them, it doesn't mean that you've left you're common sense and logic at the door.

For instance, I don't believe Atlantis ever existed. I do believe there are other civilisations in the galaxy but doubt they've visited us (I've yet to see any compelling evidence which persuades me otherwise - would love to see it though). I don't believe in Karma. I sit on the fence about reincarnation. I don't believe in all the stuff about Indigo children. I don't believe in ascended masters or mystical-divine energy. I don't believe in a creator being. I don't believe the gods are merely a reflection of some un-named god/goddess nor that they are merely anthropomorphic representation of something else.

What I do believe is my gods are real (couldn't prove it though), that the wights (nature spirits) do exist (again, nothing I can prove and wouldn't try) and the path I walk is the correct one for me.

Prayers for the native

by [julian helge edwards](#) on August 31, 2009

I have been reading some disturbing posts re the natives that live in america and how big companies and so called people of the land are requesting more destruction of their heritage be it man made or animal .we as wiccans and new age believers should and ought to as a group join in ritual or prayer for the native indians and indinous peoples as a matter of faith and healing all over the world the god and the goddess will hear all their people call.i am not of the american people i live in australia and of british birth to which i hold some sorrow but i will ritualise and pray for the indian and their lands.i will also ask that the indians call upon their spirits to help as well ..mote it be ..

From the groups

LAND OF THE ELVES AND DROW

Elves (Middle Earth)

by [Mistress Sidhe](#)

Definition:

The Elves (always pluralized as such, never "Elfs") are one of the races that appear in the work of J. R. R. Tolkien. Their complex history is described in full only in *The Silmarillion*, and it is mentioned tangentially in *The Lord of the Rings*. Elves were the first inhabitants of Middle-earth who were able to speak. They are sometimes called the Firstborn or the Elder Kindred (as opposed to Men, the Second Ones). The Elves named themselves Quendi ("the Speakers"), in honor of the fact that, when they were created, they were the only living things able to speak. (This name is no accident — Tolkien was a linguist.) Oromë was the first who called them the Eldar ("Star People") because they were born under the stars, but the name is generally considered to exclude the Avari.

Elves are described as the fairest of all creatures in Middle-earth, lovers of art (particularly songs, which they sing in beautiful voices). Many Elves are also stronger than Men and have far sharper senses. The Ñoldorin Elves in particular possess skills and knowledge which to Men appear to be "magic." Their memories and dreams are as vivid as real life.

Tolkien's Elves were a representation of what human beings might have become, had they not committed the original sin. They were mostly morally just, as no Elves willingly joined Morgoth or Sauron, the Enemies, although they could be deceived. But exceptions exist like that of Maeglin, who betrayed Gondolin to save his life and for the love of Idril, his cousin. Further, the invulnerability to diseases were granted to them and that they could recover from wounds which would normally kill a mortal Man. However this also made the Elves less flexible in terms of adjusting to an otherwise fallen, ever-changing world. It should be noted that Tolkien's Elves differ greatly from elves of older folklore, as well as most modern fantasy elves. His Elves were very much human, if Unfallen. (A reference to the Fall of Man.)

Aside from being equal or greater in stature to Men, the now clichéd special affinity with nature and bows is largely an accident, resulting from the fact that the most prominent Elven character in *The Lord of the Rings*, Legolas, is a Wood-elven archer. The trip to Lórien furthers the perception that most Elves live in trees and carry bows, while we learn from Tolkien's other writings that his Elves were just as likely to live in caves (Nargothrond) or mountain fortresses (Gondolin), and the Ñoldor are more often known for their mighty swords.

In addition, there are no explicit references to "pointy ears" in *The Lord of the Rings* or *The Silmarillion*. We know that the Quendi did, in fact, have pointed ears only because of a passage in the *Etymologies* (published in *The Lost Road and Other Writings*), where Tolkien states that, "the Quendian [Elvish] ears were more pointed and leaf-shaped than [?human]."

However, practical considerations, including a number of occasions where Men are mistaken for Elves, suggest that the points must have been subtle, quite different from the large ears of Elfquest or the extremely long, narrow elf-ears in some anime such as Record of the Lodoss War.

The stories of the First Age mostly with the Elves, especially those who did not heed the call of the Valar and stayed behind in the various kingdoms of Beleriand, as Men only appear in the later stories. Elves are here in their youth, and are powerful enough to actually challenge Melkor, a being of angelic might. After the end of the First Age, the Elves of Middle-earth are still powerful enough to hold off Sauron, and create Rings of Power which can actually slow down time. However, by the Third Age (the time of The Lord of the Rings), the importance of Elves in affairs of the world is diminishing, and only a few of them are left in the refuges of Rivendell, Lothlórien, and Mirkwood. Many of them can be seen walking west, towards the Grey Havens, to leave Middle-earth forever, and those who stay in the meanwhile know that it is their fate to "diminish and go West". Therefore few of them are to remain in Middle-earth after the end of the Third Age, after the Rings of Power was destroyed by Frodo and Sam, at the beginnings of the Fourth Age.

Some important Elves:

Imin, Tata, and Enel - the first Elves that awoke in Cuiviénen

Iminyë, Tatië, and Enelyë - the wives of Imin, Tata, and Enel respectively

Ingwë (High King of the Vanyar and High King of all the Elves)

Elwë (called Elu Thingol, King of Doriath and High King of the Sindar)

Olwë (Brother of Thingol, King of Alqualondë and High King of the Teleri)

Finwë (First High King of the Ñoldor)

Fëanor (Crafter of the Silmarils, second High King of the Ñoldor, greatest of the Elves)

Finrod Felagund (King of Nargothrond, elder brother of...)

Galadriel (Lady of Lórien, greatest Lady of the Ñoldor)

Celeborn (Lord of Lórien)

Celebrimbor (forger of the Rings of Power)

Gil-galad (High King of the Ñoldor during the Last Alliance of Elves and Men)

Círdan (wisest of the Sindar)

Legolas (also called Greenleaf, one of the Nine Walkers)

Lúthien (daughter of Thingol, wife of the Man Beren, fairest of all Children of Ilúvatar)

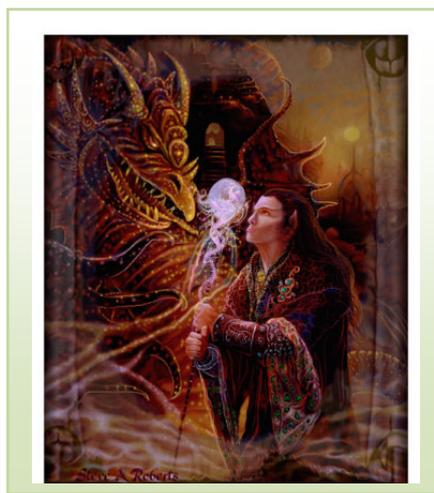
Half-elven:

Dior Eluchil (son of Beren and Lúthien, Thingol's heir)

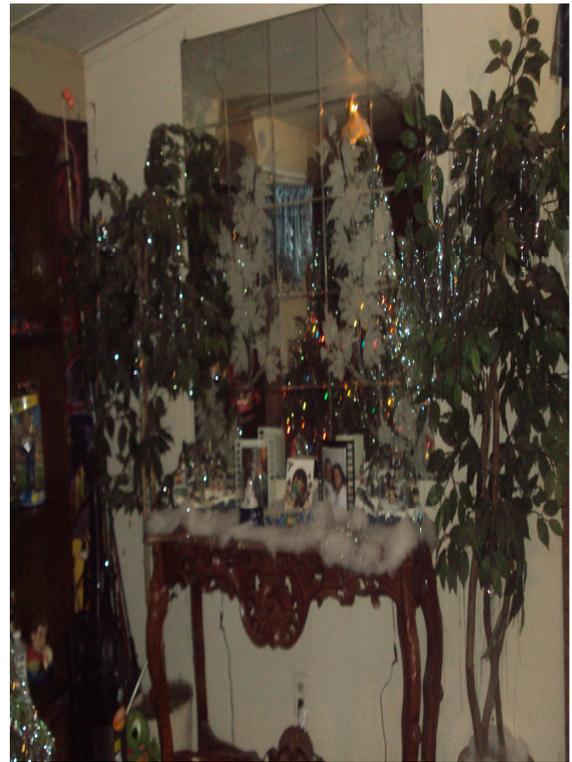
Elros (first High King of Númenor)

Elrond (Master of Rivendell)

Arwen (Queen to King Elessar)



YULE/XMAS DECORATIONS LIGHTS





Pagans Unite

by Deosa



Welcome to the season of commercialism and spending. We as pagans celebrate Yule, a large number of people around us celebrate Christmas while yet some of us celebrate both. We, as pagans, are proud to see the commercials that finally include us in the celebration of the season. Although recognition is great, what are we really paying for this recognition? Are we now to be included and thought of as a people who agree with the commercialism and illusion of this season? As pagans, should we not be angry with their representations of us? One commercial I saw had pagans represented by a person in a dark brown robe holding a sickle. Does this really represent us? No, and this misrepresentation should encourage us to get out in our community to show who we really are. We should be appalled by the misconceptions people have about us and make it our job to show by action that just because we are pagan doesn't mean we are dark, evil, sickle swinging barbarians.

I challenge everyone who reads this to resolve to do at least one kind act this season with the whole hearted intention of doing for the sake of doing. Help someone have a better season. Don't buy into the commercialism of the season even for the sake of your family and friends. This doesn't mean don't enjoy the Office Holiday Party, or decline the invitation from family members to join them in their celebrations. What I mean exactly is we should all do things that represent our beliefs this time of year in a less monetary method. Represent your beliefs and show the world who you are. I know there are challenges to this. I myself have endured the discrimination from others against my beliefs. I myself have no income and an illness that limits my daily life. Therefore, if I can do one small good thing, so can you.

Donate to a local charity something you no longer need so the charity can reach people with the item that you cannot. Consider donating blankets, clothes, household items that are still in good condition but you no longer use. You can give gifts to loved ones and friends that don't need to be purchased, thus ending the monetary cycle of debt that we tend to sink into deeper and deeper each season. Ideas for these gifts include baked goods, crafts created from items you gather from nature, gifts that you make yourself and fill with positive energy and love for the recipient. You can find wonderful items at yard sales that can be cleaned up and donated or gifted to others at a mere fraction of the original price. Possibilities are endless if we just work together in this Pagan Community. If each of us does just one thing, just one small act of kindness the total number of good deeds adds up. The numbers can be astounding.

In or out of the broom closet we can achieve our goals and do kind acts for our community in endless ways. Are you up for the challenge? Are you willing to forgo the mundane shopping for items the person may never use realizing you spent your hard earned cash to buy it? Are you willing to spend the time you would have been shopping to make a batch of cookies for someone who doesn't have the ability to cook, wash a blanket and drop it off at a donation site to be used by someone who otherwise would have been cold, invite a neighbor over for a meal they couldn't afford to make themselves?

Let the Pagans of the world unite together in saying we will no longer fall susceptible to the commercialism and spending that has enslaved this holiday season for millions. Let us show that we as Pagans can commit random acts of kindness and further enjoy the season without wasting and creating more debt than we need. Show them that we are not the barbarians they think we are.





New Year. New You.

For many pagan peoples, 21st/22nd December is the Winter Solstice and so the beginning of a new cycles of the seasons. This is traditionally a time of letting go, making resolutions and preparing for the coming year.

The skill of letting go can be learned; once learned, you will enjoy living more spontaneously. This is how ;-

Make the most of every experience: Meaning is essential. If a moment truly matters to you, you will experience it fully.

Don't obsess over right and wrong decisions: The universe adapts to every decision you make. Right and wrong are only mental constrictions.

Stop defending your self-image: To really feel good about yourself, renounce your self-image. Immediately you will find yourself being more open, undefended and relaxed. All self-images have the same pitfall—they keep reminding you of who you were, not who you are now.

Go beyond risks: You can go beyond risks by knowing that there is infinite intelligence at work in the hidden dimension of your life. At this level your choices are always supported by the universe.

Make no decision when in doubt: When you are in doubt, put the universe on hold for a while. It favours no particular direction.] so go with the flow.

See the possibilities in whatever happens: If you don't get what you expected or wished for, ask yourself, "Where am I supposed to look?" This is a very freeing attitude. Or even Am I looking deeply enough ?

Find the joy: Keep before you the vision of freeing your mind, and expect that when you succeed at doing this, you will be greeted by joy, a joy in existence, a joy that is free of any good or bad choices.

Try this simple exercise ;-

Sit down for a few minutes and reassess some of the important choices you've made over the years.

Take a piece of paper and make two columns labelled "Good Choice" and "Bad Choice." Under each column, list at least five choices relating to those moments you consider the most memorable and decisive in your life so far – but be sure to include private choices that no one knows about except you.

Think of at least one good thing that came out of the bad choices and one bad thing that came out of the good choices.

This is an exercise in breaking down the labels, getting more in touch with how flexible reality really is. If you pay attention, you may be able to see that not one , but many good things came from your bad decisions while just as many bad ones are tangled up in your good decisions.

No single decision you ever made has led in a straight line to where you find

yourself now. You peeked down some roads and took a few steps before turning back. You followed some roads that came to a dead end and others that got lost at too many intersections.

Ultimately, all roads are connected to all other roads. So break out of the Mindset that your life consists of good and bad choices that set your destiny on an unswerving course. Your life is the product of your awareness. Every choice follows from that, and so does every step of growth. You cannot change your choices, whether they were good ones or bad, whether they led to something good to bad happening. So why berate yourself.

Now take those lists and free yourself of them, burn them, let them go, and with them, let go of the need to label your choices. Just accept what is when it is and then let it go for it is already past the minute you made the choice. Live only in the moment and plan for the future, the past is where it belongs, in the past, remember, the present is a gift, so embrace it.

Happy New Year everyone
Love Whitefeather



**When you go outside today
Look up to the sky and say
"Bless you and thank you
For today is so beautiful and new"
And if you truly, deeply look
Instead of searching for answers in a
book
You will see before right before you, un-
furled
The beauty that is , the whole wide
world
Dreams that float on silver clouds
Wishes cast out on starry shrouds
Sparkling rivers that speak of life's flow
For what dies shall be reborn to grow
And all that you think and all that you
do
Around and around till it comes back to
you
So at this special time of year
Forgive and forget, cast out your fear
Do not be held back by your own grief
But do like Nature and turn a new leaf
For now the Sun is reborn again
Giving you the choice to let go of pain
So rise like the Suns own golden ray
Look up to the sky and say
"Bless you and Thank you
For today so beautiful and new"
Then know in your heart what is really
true
That all you desire is really within you**

**And each time you offer the world a
smile
The whole of the room will be lit for a
while
Such a wonderful glow filled with love
and with joy
That will spread round the world to
every girl and boy
Every creature and being, both seen and
unseen
For children to come and those that
have been
Because deep inside you are sacred
powers
Powers that can change this world of
ours
So take some time to stop and pause
In your hurry for reason or to find a
cause
Let go your worries, your fears and your
woes
Wrap up snug in warm winter clothes
Step outside on a bright starry night
Take some time to wish on the light
With Love for all, whether friend or foe
Good wishes the universe to bestow
As you look up to the sky and say
"Thank you for this and every new day"**

Blessed Be

By Whitefeather



This may or may not be of interest to anyone, however, I wanted to share it with you in this edition.

On Tuesday 24th of November 2009 at 3:30 PM in the afternoon, we had a thunderstorm roll through over our home. My husband & I went outside to look at the clouds and what we saw, all I can say is wow.

We looked up in the Eastern sky and there as plain as anything I have ever seen was a perfect pentagram in a circle. I do not carry a camera around, therefore I do not have a picture that I can include, but I saw it and so did my husband and then it was merely seconds and poof it was gone. Even if I had a camera, it did not last long enough for me to have even been able to get the shot.

I can honestly say I have never experienced anything so wonderful in my life and this just proves to me that the spirits are watching and listening. We are trying to sell our property here and I have been doing a ritual chant each and every night, so my husband says this is the Goddess telling me that she hears me.

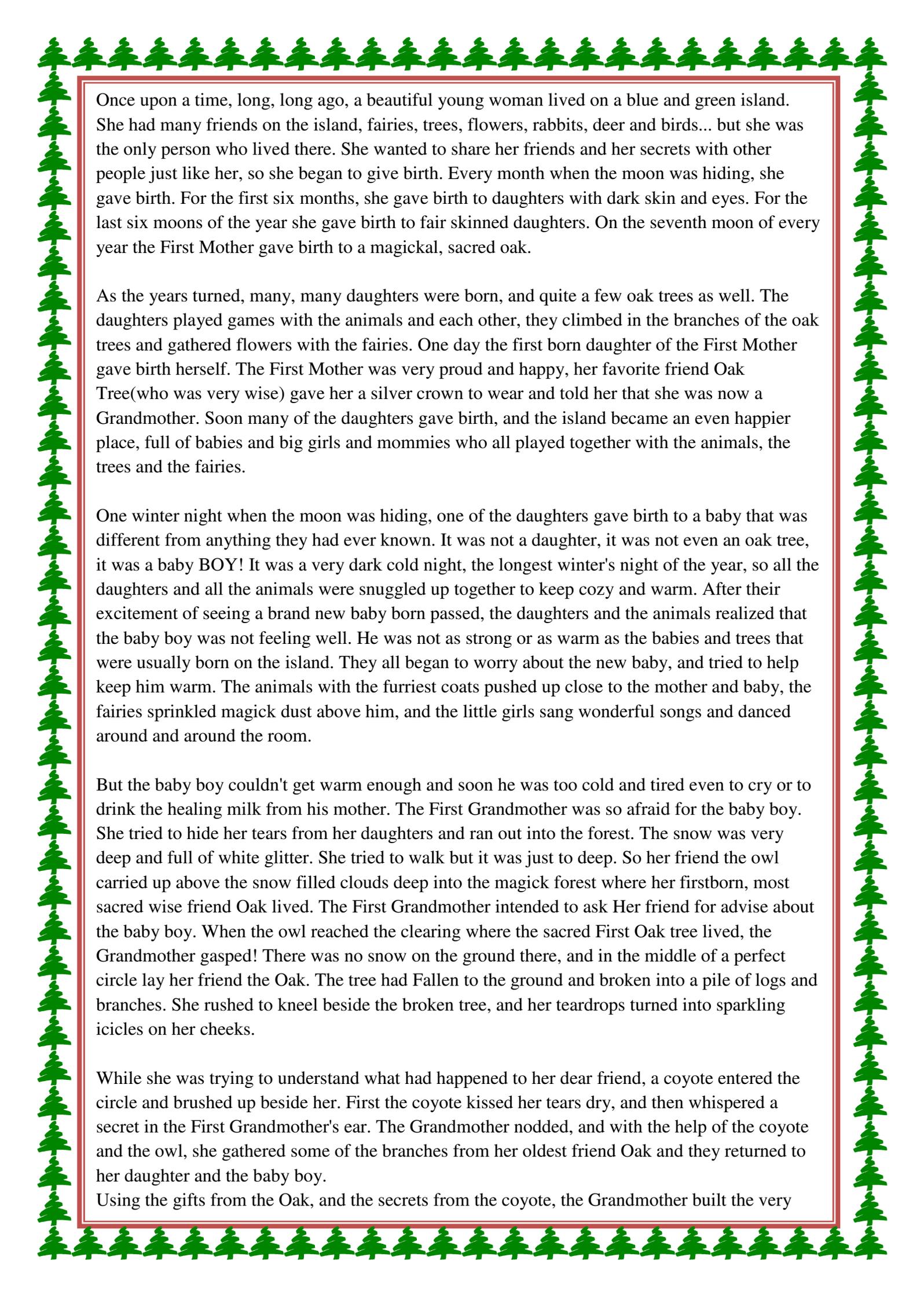
If there is anyone who can actually translate the message to me as they see it, I would be most grateful, otherwise I have to believe that the Goddess is showing me a sign that she is listening.

To me this was a once in a lifetime experience and I shall never forget the 24th of November 2009 standing on my farm in South Africa.

Thank you Goddess for showing us this sign and letting us know that you hear me. I am truly blessed by you and I shall never forget it.

Windspirit





Once upon a time, long, long ago, a beautiful young woman lived on a blue and green island. She had many friends on the island, fairies, trees, flowers, rabbits, deer and birds... but she was the only person who lived there. She wanted to share her friends and her secrets with other people just like her, so she began to give birth. Every month when the moon was hiding, she gave birth. For the first six months, she gave birth to daughters with dark skin and eyes. For the last six moons of the year she gave birth to fair skinned daughters. On the seventh moon of every year the First Mother gave birth to a magickal, sacred oak.

As the years turned, many, many daughters were born, and quite a few oak trees as well. The daughters played games with the animals and each other, they climbed in the branches of the oak trees and gathered flowers with the fairies. One day the first born daughter of the First Mother gave birth herself. The First Mother was very proud and happy, her favorite friend Oak Tree (who was very wise) gave her a silver crown to wear and told her that she was now a Grandmother. Soon many of the daughters gave birth, and the island became an even happier place, full of babies and big girls and mommies who all played together with the animals, the trees and the fairies.

One winter night when the moon was hiding, one of the daughters gave birth to a baby that was different from anything they had ever known. It was not a daughter, it was not even an oak tree, it was a baby BOY! It was a very dark cold night, the longest winter's night of the year, so all the daughters and all the animals were snuggled up together to keep cozy and warm. After their excitement of seeing a brand new baby born passed, the daughters and the animals realized that the baby boy was not feeling well. He was not as strong or as warm as the babies and trees that were usually born on the island. They all began to worry about the new baby, and tried to help keep him warm. The animals with the furriest coats pushed up close to the mother and baby, the fairies sprinkled magick dust above him, and the little girls sang wonderful songs and danced around and around the room.

But the baby boy couldn't get warm enough and soon he was too cold and tired even to cry or to drink the healing milk from his mother. The First Grandmother was so afraid for the baby boy. She tried to hide her tears from her daughters and ran out into the forest. The snow was very deep and full of white glitter. She tried to walk but it was just too deep. So her friend the owl carried up above the snow filled clouds deep into the magick forest where her firstborn, most sacred wise friend Oak lived. The First Grandmother intended to ask Her friend for advise about the baby boy. When the owl reached the clearing where the sacred First Oak tree lived, the Grandmother gasped! There was no snow on the ground there, and in the middle of a perfect circle lay her friend the Oak. The tree had Fallen to the ground and broken into a pile of logs and branches. She rushed to kneel beside the broken tree, and her teardrops turned into sparkling icicles on her cheeks.

While she was trying to understand what had happened to her dear friend, a coyote entered the circle and brushed up beside her. First the coyote kissed her tears dry, and then whispered a secret in the First Grandmother's ear. The Grandmother nodded, and with the help of the coyote and the owl, she gathered some of the branches from her oldest friend Oak and they returned to her daughter and the baby boy.

Using the gifts from the Oak, and the secrets from the coyote, the Grandmother built the very

first fire that anyone on the blue and green island had ever seen. The fairies were shocked, they had never seen anything dance like that without wings. The animals laughed, they had never seen colors so bright except on springtime flowers. The daughters didn't know WHAT to do, they had never felt anything as warm as the summer sand on the beach in the middle of winter.

The mother brought the baby boy close to the edge of the fire, closer than everyone else(they were still just a little bit scared of this new thing called fire). The baby boy opened his eyes just a little bit, and began to wiggle his fingers. Then he smiled and moved his toes too. When he was warm enough, he snuggled with his Mother and drank her milk, soon everyone was certain the baby boy would be okay. They were all so happy, they danced around the fire singing their favorite special songs and giving little gifts to the fire.

The baby boy grew up strong and happy because of the gift of the First Oak Tree. He had many sons of his own, and taught them all to plant acorns on the seventh dark moon of the year so that there would always be many, many oak trees on the island. Every winter, on the longest coldest darkest night of the year, all the people who lived on the blue and green island built a very special fire. They brought in a special tree and honored it with shiny ornaments and glittery fairy dust. They picked one very special branch or log and sang their favorite songs while they decorated it. Then they would give this beautiful log to the fore as a present... and all the children would hear the story of the gift of the First Oak tree.

On the longest night of the year, whenever you light a candle or build a fire, remember the story of the First Grandmother and the coyote who told her the secret. No matter how cold and dark it seems, The Sun will always be reborn and bring us warmth and light again.

Blessed Be

Submitted by Hazel Leaf





I was reared by a Unitarian (since lapsed) and a lapsed Presbyterian (so thoroughly lapsed that I thought he was a lapsed Jew until he read this post and corrected me). I have observed a range of winter holidays, from the Winter Solstice to Christmas to Hanukah to Pancha Ganapati, and more. However, Christmas is definitely the holiday my family has observed most consistently.

As a child, I thought this was because Christmas was "normal" and we were being "normal" by doing what everybody else was doing. As I got older, I realized two things: first of all, that our celebration of Christmas was not really "normal" by many standards. Secondly, my mother (the organizer and instigator of most major family events) had a very clear reason for liking Christmas.

I think you will understand both of these revelations of mine if I share with you the Christmas story as I learned it.*

"Mommy, what does Christmas mean?"

Once upon a time, there were Christians but no Christmas. Before there was Christmas, there was the feast of Epiphany. It was a celebration of how the Christian God 'shone forth' to mankind in human form, as the baby Jesus. It was held on January 6th. However, in the 4th century CE, some Christian leaders decided to celebrate Jesus' birthday on December 25th.

("Why, Mommy?")

Alongside the Christians, there lived a people called the Pagans, and the Pagans celebrated the holiday of the winter solstice on December 25th. The Mass of Christ was assigned to December 25th so that the Pagans and the Christians could have a holiday together. Over time, the Christians to the West came to celebrate Christmas, while those in the East continued to celebrate Epiphany, and this gave some people the idea of having a 12-day festival connecting the two. This is why we sing, "The 12 Days Of Christmas."

"Why do we have a tree for Christmas?"

In the deep of Scandanavian winter, the sun disappears for many days in a row. After it had been dark for over a month, the people would send scouts into the mountains see if they could catch a peek of the sun rising again. When the scouts brought back word of the sun's return there would be a great festival called the Yuletide. This special feast would be held around a fire burning with the Yule log, and other fires would be lit to represent the return of the sun. People would tie apples to the branches of the trees to remind themselves that spring was coming. This is why we decorate our trees with round bulbs, and why some people still decorate their trees with fruit, strings of popcorn, and other real foods.

The Romans also celebrated a winter festival, and theirs was called Saturnalia for their god Saturn. They would have parties in the streets, big meals with lots of friends, and they would exchange presents for good luck. They also decorated their halls with laurel garlands, and they would put up green trees lit with candles. That's why we put garlands around the house and put lights on our trees.



"Why does Uncle Karl always warn me about standing under the mistletoe?"

The Norse people had a goddess named Frigga, who was the Goddess of love, marriage, and fertility. Frigga had a son named Balder who was shot and killed by an arrow made of mistletoe. When Balder was restored to life, Frigga was so happy that she blessed the mistletoe and gave a kiss to anybody who passed under it. Some people believe that each time you kiss under the mistletoe you should pluck one berry from it, and when there are no more berries then there are no more kisses.

"Mommy, is Santa Claus the same thing as Jesus?"**

No, dear. Our Santa Claus is actually a lot of different people rolled up into one. His name comes from the story of Saint Nicholas, a bishop in Turkey who gave presents to the poor, who inspired the Dutch story of Sinterklaas. However, lots of other people have had their own Santas. The Russians have Ded Moroz ("Grandfather Frost"), who delivers presents to children and wears red boots, a fur coat, and a long white beard. A Teutonic god named Odin rode through the air on his eight-legged flying horse, Slepnir, to deliver presents to children. The children would leave a piece of straw out in the field for Slepnir, much like how we leave out milk and cookies for Santa.

Thor, a Germanic god, was also an elderly, plump man in red. He would fly through the air in a chariot drawn by his two white goats, Cracker and Gnasher. He had a palace in "the northland" and would come down the chimney because he was a god of fire.

"Why do we celebrate Christmas, when we aren't Christian?"

Christmas is a holiday that is made up of many different cultures and beliefs. The Christians gave us the name of the holiday. The Romans, the Pagans, and the Scandinavians gave us the decorations and the parties. The Dutch and the Russians and the Norse brought us Santa. Many ancient peoples helped us pick the date for the holiday, as they followed the Sun and the seasons to chart the solstices. When we celebrate Christmas, we are carrying on the traditions of many cultures and many people who have come before us.

We celebrate Christmas because winter can be dark and cold, and we need to remember warmth and brightness and joy. Christmas reminds us that life is still strong even in the dead of winter. Christmas also gives us a chance to celebrate with our loved ones, and a chance to give gifts and thanks to the people who have made our lives brighter.

*Please keep in mind that this is the kiddy version, and does not include the economic and political forces that have so thoroughly hijacked the American holiday season. We all know that the real meaning of Christmas is to support the economy by buying things you neither need nor can afford, and that anybody who doesn't do so is a godless Communist.

**I actually did ask this question, as I suspect many American children do, and I was secretly confused as to why Christians worshipped Jesus when Santa was the one who brought the presents.

Written by ACGDavis, and submitted by Hexeengel.



FROM BREEZE AND SHADOW

*We Both Wish To Thank All our Members
For Their Continued Support and Love
Throughout 2009. We Look Forward To 2010
And Wish All Our Friends and Members Love
and Peace.*

~~Believe in Yourself And Make It Happen~~