



# Inside the Wheel

Wheel of the Year

Volume 1, Issue 8



## Harvests

By Niki Kissell, Treasurer

The month of August begins with the festival of Lammas, which celebrates the time of the first harvest. The farmers and field workers of past generations planted and cared for the crops throughout the early part of the year. Now is the time that they were able to reap the fruits of their labor.

We at Wheel of the Year will shortly be celebrating our own special kinds of harvests. Bear and I have waiting and loving and preparing for the time of the birth of our second child. We are looking forward with great expectation to being able to meet this child, the "fruit of our labor" so to speak. (Hey, you've got to have a sense of humor about life sometimes.)

Wheel of the Year is also getting close

to reaping another reward. We have been working for the last year towards becoming a legally incorporated church. Once we have done this, we will have all the rights of any other legally recognized church. We will not only be able to perform legal weddings, funerals, and other ministerial functions (we do already have clergy ordained through other organizations), but we will be able to ordain others through Wheel of the Year. WOTY could also serve as the "parent" organization for covens or other pagan groups that want the protections of a legally recognized church.

We now have a written and notarized document that is almost ready to submit to the state. The only thing that

is holding us back is the money for the fees involved. All the donations we have collected this year through love offerings are being held for this purpose. We are now only \$60 away from being able to make this dream we have had from our organization's beginning a reality. I know many people (including myself) are going through some lean times financially, but please remember that this is something the whole Pagan community can benefit from in one way or another. Together, let's sow a seed for this project, so that we can all reap the rewards in years to come.

*Wheel of the Year*

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### Special points of interest:

- *Hear from your Vicar*
- *New Editorial by Godi Lunin*
- *See the upcoming Events*
- *See our new comic strip*
- *Check out our Poetry Corner*

# Bear Tracks By Rev. Bear

Run... Hide.... The Bear has something to go “Grrrr” about. Over the last several months, while anticipating the arrival of our new baby on the way, I have been pondering the best way to teach my children my religious beliefs.

My pondering over the months had led me to read books on the subject, chat with people, and gather information from the World Wide Web. Through my research one line of thought has seem to stand out. Pagan parents seem to be very hesitant to teach their children the religious path that they are following.

The reasons greatly vary from, “*Should I teach my children about Wicca? Or should I wait and teach them about Christianity, so they won't be different from the other children?*” Many pagan parents do not teach the religion to their children, as they believe that the child should explore and choose the religion that is best for them.

Well that is all well and good, but how does a child build a moral foundation if parent does not guide, teach, and nurture their child towards one? Most pagans did not start out being pagan. Most of us came from a Christian background and were taught the common moral foundation of rules that applies to most religions: that a person should not lie, steal, and hurt other people physically or mentally.

So why not teach that common foundation with our religion? Last time I checked there was nothing wrong with Wicca, Paganism, or other Earth-Based religions. In fact there is a lot more “right” with our faith than many other religions. We as pagans don't teach our children that people are condemned to a hell to suffer for eternity for not following the “Only Path.” As pagans we refuse to use our religion as an excuse to hate other people or to kill them by the sword or by the car bomb. Pagans take responsibility for the actions they take, good or bad, and not blame an evil one for making them do bad things.

Pagans are inspired by their religion to better themselves and the world around them. They help their friends in need, and share what they have with others when they can. Pagans try to respect people for who they are and what they believe. Sounds like a very good set of ideals to teach our children.

At the start of this article a pagan parent expressed concern about having her child being different for learning Wicca. Well, as a pagan parent I *want* my children to be different. I want my children to grow and excel. I want my children to be motivated and understand that they have to work towards their goals. My children should understand that the world will not hand things to them, and they need to be responsible for their own actions. Most of all I want my children to be who they are and to not be afraid to stand up for who they are and what they want to be. By having children learn those things they will be able to grow and succeed in almost anything that they want to do.

So talk to you children. Teach them what they need to know. And if you don't know the answer, learn the answer together with your children. Never be afraid to share your faith and religion with them.

Rev. Bear

Resource:

The Llewellyn Journal What Should I Tell My Children? By: Brede from California  
<http://www.llewellynjournal.com/letter.php?id=191>

Other Pagan Parenting resources:

## Web Sites

Spiral Scouts™ International is a program for girls and boys of minority faiths working, growing and learning together.- <http://www.spiralscouts.org>

An essay for schoolteachers about Paganism - [http://www.religioustolerance.org/wic\\_essa.htm](http://www.religioustolerance.org/wic_essa.htm)

Celebrating Paganism with Children! - <http://www.cuups.org/content/publications/children.html>

Pagan Parenting - <http://www.paganparenting.net/>

Sacred Spiral Kids: Pagan coloring books and other fun stuff. (Make sure to e-mail Eliza and tell her thank you.) - <http://www.sacredspiralkids.com/>

## Books

- 1) Pagan Parenting By Kristin Madden
- 2) Circle Round By Starhawk
- 3) Raising Witches By Ashleen O'Gaea
- 4) Wiccacraft for Families By Margie McArthur
- 5) Pagan Homeschooling By Kristin Madden
- 6) Celebrating the Great Mother By Cait Johnson



*Blessed Be*

# Lunin's Mews By Godi Lunin

Good day and blessed be to you all. This month I have decided to allow one of my students to have the space you have come to know as my ramblings. I will return next month with more wit and wonder for you to ponder. Until then I do hope you enjoy whatever it is that my friend, and student has decided to ramble about for you.

Godi Lunin.

This story was written by Derrick Hicks for our newsletter and Godi Lunin graciously decided to allow his space for its publication. I hope you enjoy.

After much griping, moaning, groaning, and finally kidnapping the laptop, I have finally started my first article for this paper. Unfortunately, if I knew it only required me kidnapping the laptop, this could've been written that much earlier.

Now many of you are asking first off... "Who is this D person?" I am the person that is spoken of by Connie and James, yet never seen...mainly due to the fact that three months ago I moved back into Sarasota and was unable to attend classes due to many hours of overtime. I am the person that very few people know about, or rather, very few people even know. Alright second question...."Why am I writing this?" Well there is the obvious James' answer which I can't exactly say cause I'm not sure if Con would let me have this written otherwise, but there is actually a very good reason for this being written.

You've seen them at the rituals; you've possibly gamed with them, or called them mom or dad. But how well do you truly know these two? I'm not going to say I'm the most qualified person to write this article, mostly cause they don't yet know what it's about until it goes to publication.... Until then, they have no clue what this is about. -Smirks evilly- I love doing this to them. Call it my way of seeking revenge upon them for the months of torture they put me through, and no I'm not complaining. I first met Connie and James a little over a year ago. Now for a bit of background...

Most of my life, I've grown up having no one but myself. Yeah I had a family, who loved me with all their hearts until they found out that I no longer believed in their god. Then I became "Satanic" and hit the streets. I had no true path that I was following, I just wished to seek answers. This was about four years ago.

Flash forward a year later, I'd already done some military time, gotten a discharge cause of my arm, and was living on the kindness of strangers. My meals came from the hopes that I'd run into someone who'd give me a few spare bucks just so I could get a burger and go find a warm spot to sleep that night...The streets in Norfolk wasn't the greatest place to be. That was three years ago.

Then things got really interesting. I met this girl...or rather I started talking to her online. I was living in New Jersey with one of the guys I'd met in Norfolk, and started talking to this girl for several months before I went to meet her. Long story made short, she got pregnant twice, I never knew. I found out Valentine's Day after living with her for seven months. This was supposed to be the girl I was gonna get married to. Anyway, I was asked to leave so I left.... After spending a brief yet very, very drunk weekend in Virginia with my brother.

Now that just gave you a piece of my background. Most people would rather not know I exist rather than take five minutes to speak to me. Now we're up to last year. February 26 of last year, I found myself in Sarasota, FL. I was staying with a friend that knew both Connie and James. I met them shortly afterwards. I knew Connie and James for less than a month before they embraced me into their family. It was with Connie and James that I truly learned that it's alright to trust people. Not everyone is out to get you. For me, I know that I'll always have a family, even after I nearly turned my back on them because I thought my blood family wished me back. They took a complete stranger into their household, who'd literally had the world's crap thrown at him. I had no money, no family, no place to stay, and no one willing to give me a shot...yet because of them, I had a chance. Because of Connie and James, I now have three more nephews and two more nieces to add to the list of nieces and nephews that I have.

To give you one last example of what these guys have done for me. I will take you back to November. I was living with Connie and James and had been working with Waldenbooks. I'd gotten word that one of my uncle's on

my dad's side had been in an accident. A week later, I got the call he had died. My father asked me to go to GA for the funeral and see the family. It had been nearly four years since any of them had seen me. Connie and James helped me pack my bags and drove me to the bus station. The entire way there, I was given phone numbers to reach them at, and literally had them offer to drive up to GA to get me when I wished to return.

Two days later, my father asked me to stay with him. He wanted to give his son a second chance. Unfortunately, his wife didn't feel the same way. Because I was pagan, I was Satanic. Because Connie and James had kids, I was accused of abusing them. Because we have rituals, I was accused of doing drugs and shooting up at all the ceremonies. To make my stepmother happy, I had to go see a psychologist so that he could declare me sane. The shrink and I got along fine. His actual words were, "These days there isn't just god and Satan as there was in my day. If your son feels he should worship the ground for holding him up, let him...at least he believes in something. This is America, he can believe in Odin or Freya or Thor or even the Energizer bunny, so long as he truly has something to believe in."

My father and me then proceeded to go back to his house. My stepmother has gone through my stuff, damaged my CDs, and taken two of the most prized possessions I own. One was a book that was presented by James to me. The second was a book James loaned me. My stepmother then proceeded to instigate an argument, which ended with a gun being pointed at my forehead, and me fighting every single military instinct not to defend myself. I packed my bags and my father drove me to a Greyhound station. This is four days after I'd left. I was supposed to stay until at least Thanksgiving, just so I could see the family. Instead, after four days I learned one very important thing. James and Connie aren't my parents. They aren't related to me in any way. Yet they've proven to me that it doesn't matter who you're parents are. It doesn't matter what you believe in. It doesn't matter what you know, how you see things, or even if you are the genius of the entire household...although that argument is formed every day and somehow I lose cause I'm not the teacher, I'm just the student.

I have watched these people as they've lost their house, almost lost their home several times, struggled to make ends meet, worry ever day about their kids, worry about their friends, have everything that can be thrown at them get thrown at them, and still manage to get everything done and even have a ritual put together in the process. These two alone have shown me that it doesn't matter if you're a 21 year old who's been kicked out of the military, had his entire family and all the people he once loved turn their back on him. Just because you've been through hell doesn't mean that you're alone. It doesn't matter if you once woke up in an automatic defense move because you thought you were endangered. You don't have to believe like they do, just have an open mind. Listen to them, and they'll listen to you. Seek to learn and you will. Through James I have learned to control my anger, that punches will solve nothing, yet speaking can end wars. Through Connie, I learned patience, how to take care of a young diabetic child, how to use herbs to heal yourself, actually I let her mix them and I just grumble as she makes me take them. These two have taught me what a family truly is. It doesn't mean we don't argue. It doesn't mean we don't fight. It does mean however that if I have a problem, I can talk to them, and that I know they'll talk to me if they have one as well. These people have come to mean everything to me. I gave up a chance to go to Tennessee to be in the woods just so I knew these guys would be alright. For these guys.... I'd sacrifice my life to make theirs better. Just as I know they'd do whatever they could, to make mine even easier.



Lammas  
August 3, 2003

This article is a true story in my magickal life. Magickal names are used for both authenticities of the experience and to give privacy to the participants. Enjoy.

Augur Nagi Astarte, 3\* SOC

The day began rather strangely. I woke up early in the morning took a shower and dressed to begin my day. After I was dressed I decided to change shoes. It was dark in my room and I wasn't quite awake yet, which is the mundane explanation of why I only changed one shoe and not the other, which of course I didn't notice until I was 45 minutes away from home and it was impossible to rectify the embarrassing situation. On a magickal level it is interesting. It represents being in two different places or worlds at one time or being in the between.

The original plan for the day was to hold the ritual with the people that initiated my initiator in to the Coven of the Catta, which he was High Priest of for many years. His initiators about 1/2 way to our destination canceled these plans. After inventorying the contents of all our backpacks we discovered that we had every major item necessary to perform the ritual with us. Merlin, Fiannar and I made the decision to hold the ritual in a beautiful glen close to where Merlin used to live.

We drove to a wooded area that Merlin had been using for years to meditate and do personal magicks. Merlin parked the car, put on bug repellent, grabbed our backpacks, and headed off into the woods to perform our ritual. On the walk into the forest we passed the place I had cut my Besom for my 1<sup>st</sup> Degree. The tree is still alive. There are branches growing out of it and healthy leaves. Merlin said I did a great job. We walked down the trail to where there is a stone circle. This is a beautiful natural Pagan grove. A red-tailed hawk flew out of a tree when we entered the circle.

Merlin took a compass out of his backpack and found true north. We set up the circle. We didn't have a cup for water so I took the candle out of a metal tea light cup and we used it to hold the water for the salt-water preparation. For the salt in the water I used the sweat of my brow. Fiannar was the Priest, I, Augur Nagi, was the Priestess, Merlin instructed us in the proper way to do the ritual. We did the traditional Lammas ritual from Merlin's BOS from the lineage of the CoC. It was nice. It felt good to be outside in the woods doing a Sabbat as it should be done.

At one point we needed Sandalwood oil for an anointing ceremony. Fiannar actually had it in his backpack. Is that cool or what? After the ritual Fiannar asked, "What are we going to do now?" I said, "we are going to get drunk on wine, eat bread, and go skinny dipping." He replied. "It sounds like a plan to me."

We then moved to the stream. Fiannar took his clothes off and got in the water, Merlin and I did the same. We drank a whole bottle of wine, and ate the bread while we fed the fishes with it. A black butterfly with blue on its wings was flying around us and a monarch butterfly perched on the cliff to the far side of the stream. The red-tailed hawk was circling over our heads screaming that beautiful scream that they have. It felt like a thousand years ago in a simpler time and a simpler place in history.

After the first bottle of wine was gone I laughed and said to Fiannar. "Its too bad you didn't bring a second bottle of wine." He replied, "I did" I said, "You are kidding me." He said, "No, I did, because I didn't know how many people were going to be, I bought two bottles." Merlin was already dressed at this point so he went and retrieved the second bottle of wine for us. Fiannar opened the wine and handed it to me, I chugged and the Magick began.

Reality shifted. The Goddess used that particular moment to take up residence within my body. Fiannar and I were shifted to the 'Between'. I was no longer me, but She, Astarte. We stood face-to-face,

he and I, in a glen in the woods, standing in the middle of a stream. He was no longer Fiannar, but became a brilliant, blazing, bright ball of light that was indescribably beautiful to me. He became Baal, the Goat-faced God, and consort of Astarte.

Baal embraced Astarte in his arms with firmness, strength, love, and tenderness. They kissed and the words rang through my head. "Heart joined to heart and lip to lip." They stood in a stream 1/2 submerged in the water, beside of wall of stone, hidden from the world of the unbelievers. Astarte felt Baal with every fiber of her being, living within her soul.... timeless. "I Love you." She said, "You are so beautiful." "I've been calling you." She was crying at this point. I could feel her love, her pain, her happiness and her sorrow all conflicting within me at once. "I don't hear so well." He replied. "I have been in a fog for a long time." "I am having trouble seeing my past." "I know you were there." "I don't know who I am or who I was." "You were my brother." You are a God." Replied the Goddess. "I doubt it" was the reply of the God. (He shouldn't have doubted this as @ that moment he was Baal)

At this point I pulled back from Fiannar to try and look into his face. It was very difficult to do. It reminded me of trying to surface from a psychedelic Hallucination. When I finally was able to focus on his face. It was elongated and like a goats face. He laughed when I finally focused on him and then she reposed me and I was Astarte again. She held him for what seemed an eternity. Reveling in his brightness, basking in the light, swimming in his love and strength, kissing him and holding him as if it had been an eternity since she had done so. I will forever be eternally grateful for that moment in time. The mundane seems so insignificant in some ways. Magick is real, the God and Goddess are alive, and we really do have the power to connect with their energies and be a vessel for them to manifest here on earth.

I was given a gift, the gift of manifesting the Goddess energy here on earth, and the gift of seeing the God in another. Fiannar said several things other to me during our conversation. He was holding my right hand and caressing it with his thumb. He commented on my hands being so small, and soft and beautiful. He said, "You are so creative." The goddess seemed to find this comment very amusing because I could hear her giggling in my head. Her reply to him was, "I was given a talent." I'm not sure exactly what she was thinking at this time but I don't think she was talking about my sewing abilities. The Goddess said to Fiannar, "You are so beautiful." His reply was, "you are so much wiser than I." She also said, "I want you to have your third degree." I want to give you your third degree."

At some point the energies dissipated enough that we broke apart and finished the bread and the wine, feeding the fishes, watching them swim around us, surfacing to grab the bread floating on top of the water. The last of the wine I handed to Merlin and he dumped it in the stream as an offering to the elements. We dressed ourselves and went back to where the circle was cast, cleaned it up and started back to the car.

About the author:

Jeanette, Augur Nagi Astarte, is an initiated 3<sup>rd</sup> degree Witch and High Priestess of the Serpent Oak Coven in Midway Pa. She has been working the Magick for 19 years. She practices Sex Magick, High Magick, Witchcraft, and is busy with a family. She is also a member of the Order of the Dragon Rouge, the O.T.O and the WOTY. She works in corrections and is attending college for her degree in Psychology.

# Poetry Wheel

Who am I

I want to know who I am I want to be what I can be  
I want to tell the whole world that is me  
When I see you from afar I want to know who you are,  
I want to take you by the hand and tell you just who I  
am.

I discovered a secret about my life long ago  
A secret that has changed me, from the boy I used to  
know  
And everywhere that I looked for the link to my past  
All I discovered was nothing but piles of ash

My family was lost in the deep sands of time  
All I truly know is that which is truly mine  
The truth of my past and who my family was  
The secret of my life cause without it my life is unjust

I want to know who I am I want to be what I can be  
Want to tell the whole world, That is me  
When I see you from afar, I want to know who you are  
I want to take you by the hand and tell you just who I  
am

My life is filled with grief and shame and all I truly  
know is pain  
Is there anything in this life for me or am I just standing  
here in the rain  
And then you opened up the door, you showed me what  
love has in store  
You took me in now the secrets a secret no more  
I finally know who I am I can be what I want to be  
I can tell the whole world That is me  
When I see you from afar, I'm gonna know who you are

By Debane

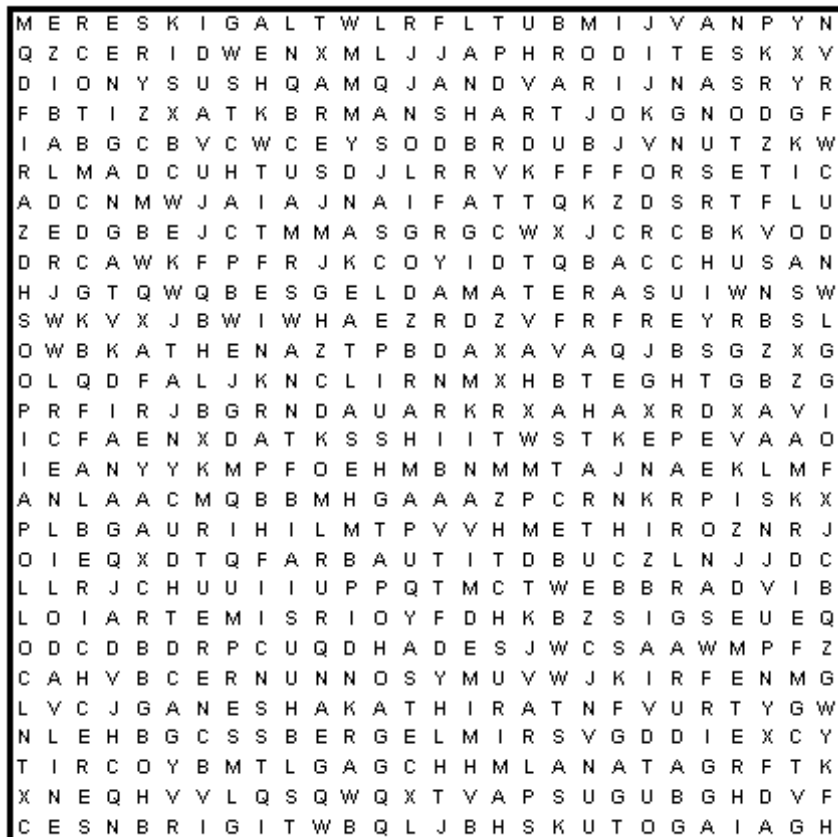
Changes

dusk,  
the caterpillar,  
sunset,  
the chrysalis,  
twilight,  
the butterfly.  
maiden,  
mother,  
crone,  
life,  
death,  
changes spiraling inward,  
showing outward.  
The ocean smooth as glass  
The river with it rapidly flowing currents,

water

It adapts and flows,  
disrupted only for a moment.  
baby,  
child,  
adult,  
winter,  
spring,  
summer,  
fall  
ever changing  
ever turning,  
the wheel of life keeps moving breaking that which  
should bend,  
adapt and flow,  
change and turn,  
flow like the water,  
bend like the branch in the wind,  
CHANGE

Kendra S. Wende



1. Alberich	14. Athena	27. Ceres	40. Farbauti
2. Amaterasu	15. Athirat	28. Ceridwen	41. Forseti
3. An	16. Ahtart	29. Cernunnos	42. Freya
4. Anat	17. Atlas	30. Chac	43. Freyr
5. Andvari	18. Baal	31. Damkina	44. Frigg
6. Anshar	19. Bacchus	32. Davlin	45. Gaia
7. Anu	20. Balder	33. Demeter	46. Ganesha
8. Aphrodite	21. Bast	34. Diana	47. Ganga
9. Apollo	22. Bergelmir	35. Dionysus	48. Garuda
10. Apsu	23. Bes	36. Enki	49. Gauri
11. Ares	24. Bragi	37. Enlil	50. Hades
12. Artemis	25. Brahma	38. Epona	
13. Asclepius	26. Brigit	39. Ereskigal	

## Answers to last month Crossword

### Across

3. **MEDB**—Medb or Maeve, goddess of Connacht and Leinster.
6. **FORSETI**—God of justice. Son of Balder and Nanna
8. **TYR**—God of war and justice. He put his hand in the mouth of the Fenris wolf for which reason he was left-handed
9. **LOKI**—A giant. Trickster god, possibly responsible for Balder's death.
10. **FRIGG**—Goddess of marriage and wife of Odin.
11. **EPONA**—The horse goddess. She was also associated with fertility.
14. **CERNUNNOS**—Horned god associated with fertility and wealth

### Down

1. **BRIGIT**—Goddess of healing, fertility, and patroness of smiths.
2. **HOD**—Son of Odin. Blind god of winter who kills his brother Balder.
3. **MORRIGAN**—Celtic goddess of war who hovered over the battlefield as a crow or raven.
4. **CERIDWEN**—Probably originally a corn goddess, she features in the stories of Taliesin's childhood.
5. **BALDER**—Aesir god, son of Odin and Frigg, husband of Nanna
6. **FREYA**—Vanir goddess of sex, fertility, war, and wealth, daughter of Njord.
7. **THOR**—Thunder god, and the son of Odin. Unlike his father, the common man called upon him.
9. **LUGH**—A god of craftsmanship or a solar deity. As leader of the Tuatha De Danann
10. **FREYR**—God of weather and fertility; brother of Freya.
12. **ODIN**—Head of the Aesir. God of war, poetry, wisdom, and death.
13. **NJORD**—Vanir god of wind and sea, father of Freya and Frey.

## Current Events

**The group scheduled classes and events for August, September, are as follows:**

August 7th — The basics of Tarot at 6:30 pm in Parrish

August 21st — Herbology 101 at 6:30 pm in Parrish

September 4th — Nordic Runes at 6:30 pm in Parrish

September 19th — Mabon ritual at 5:00 pm in Parrish

For directions or details please contact us at [info@wheeloftheyear.org](mailto:info@wheeloftheyear.org)

Or call us at 941-776-1235

## Outside Events

Pagan Pride Day 2004! Saturday, August 28, 2004

10 am to 6 pm (times subject to change) at G.T. Bray Park 5502 33rd Avenue Drive West in Bradenton, FL

## Brooms and Books

Sunday September 26th at 3 pm in Parrish

Guided Meditation \$5.00

## Endora's Emporium

Every Friday around 12:30 pm Marin Jordan is available at E's E for psychic readings. (call 926-7522 for rates and availability).

Saturday Discussion groups—Talking is free but space is limited, contact [hawthorn@endorasemporium.com](mailto:hawthorn@endorasemporium.com) or call 379-3688 for availability.

Sat. Aug. 7th 2-4 pm Mythology Discussion Group—creation myths.

Sat. Aug. 14th 2-4 pm Tarot Discussion Group Bravo—First meeting

Sat. Aug. 21st 2-4 pm Tarot Discussion Group Alpha—Fools Journey discussion, share readings

Sat. Aug. 28th 2-4 pm Divination Group—Palmistry case studies

Sunday Noise making day: Every Sunday drumming, pagan/goddess chanting, and a whole lotta socializing

Time 6:30 pm—??

Location Bee Ridge Park \*this is likely to change. Call, email, or check schedule regularly.

What to bring Desire to meet friends and make noise.

# Teen Ink

Story by: WEREWOLF  
 Shadow

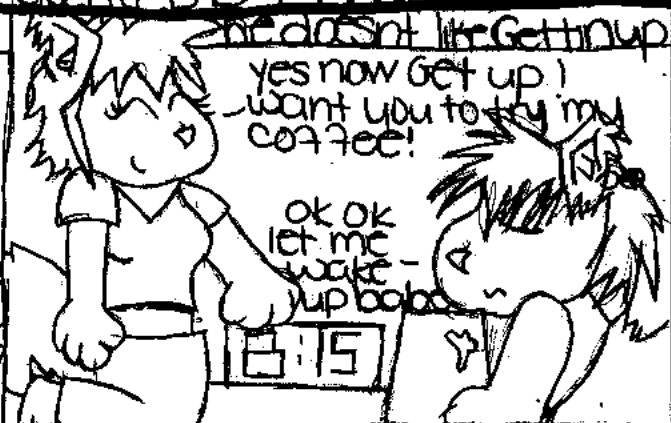
CREATED BY: SHADOWS



oh another great day

mornin' - Sleepy head

wake me up cuz I'm again huh?



he doesn't like getting up  
 yes now get up!  
 - want you to try my coffee!

ok ok let me wake - up babe



hey, staring at her babe

ok babe bring on the goods



hope you like it

course I will! you made it.

yeah me too...



werewolf now knows GOT FACE IS THE ENEMY

oh my gosh its horrible!



how was it?

fine... just fine babe

"twitch" reminding me have to let her go

next time... snapping

man a little lie won't hurt her

## Pagan Pride

Don't forget to come out and join the larger Pagan community at the Manasota Pagan Pride Day on August 28<sup>th</sup> from 10 am to 6 pm at GT Bray Park. There will be a community meeting, live en-

tertainment, vendors (including Brooms and Books and Endora's Emporium), workshops (including Eclectic Wicca 101, Palmistry, and Magickal Properties of Gems and Minerals),

and a public Mabon ritual. Food drives will also be held to benefit All Faiths Food Bank and the Sarasota Humane Society. For more information go to [www.paganpridemanasota.com](http://www.paganpridemanasota.com).

## Classifieds



8120 121st Ave East  
Parrish, FL 34219  
(941) 776-1235

The "One Stop" shop  
for Books and Ritual supplies in the  
Bradenton, Sarasota, St. Petersburg and Tampa Bay areas.

[www.BroomsandBooks.com](http://www.BroomsandBooks.com)



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(941) 379-3688

[endorasemporium@aol.com](mailto:endorasemporium@aol.com)