

AIRY FAERIE

LITHA, 2004



PUBLISHER'S NOTES

OK kids lets hear it!

Out of the sheets and into the streets!

2-4-68!

Being Queer is really Great!

3-5-69!

Being fey is just Devine!

R-U-2-4-1?

Being gay is just more fun!

Yes my lovelies it is that time of the year again. PRIDE DAY! That time of year when we take our pride out of mothballs and parade it down Main Street. (Now just a quick editor's note, that is take pride out of mothballs, not take pride in having balls like a moth...although I guess if that is all you have then you should take pride in them! Be proud of who you are and what Mother Nature gave you!) ANYWAY!

Welcome to the Litha, 2004 issue of the Airy Faerie. Since Pride Day is right around the corner we thought we would stop and take a look at what pride means to us.

I would like to put out a few words of thanks to Falcon, who has put together in one binder, a copy of all the Airy Faeries, we as a tribe, have made. We have 19 issues! So yes, this is our 20th issue. This is not counting all the ones CorBeau created, because I only have one of them in my archives. I am trying to fix that. The Airy Faerie binder has over 300 pages of past issues! Unfortunately, all the out of town Airy Faerie readers cannot view this archive unless they come to Denver. We have tried scanning the pages into a computer but the type does not make the transition. However Falcon is working on pulling some of the gems from the past and reprinting them for new e-mail readers. He is also trying to talk me into recreating some of my past artwork. We start things off with a piece that Corbeau wrote in the very first issue. Corbeau has moved from the area and can be found wearing his editor's hat at the White Crane Journal. Keep an eye out for more blasts from the past in future AF's.

Also, in this issue I take up the Airy Faerie talisman and tell my story of how I got my name.

Hugs and Kisses

DragonSwan

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LITHA, 2004



The Airy Faerie is a publication of the Denver Radical Faerie Tribe.

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The Penn St. Perk

(13th Ave. at Pennsylvania),

Saturday Mornings

About 10ish to around noonish

or leave a message at:

720-855-8447

MORNING GLORY

BY MONKEY

Let them all just fly away
These pains from distant past
They never were meant to remain
Nor their darkness last

Far north, far north, in a midnight sky
The sun shines on and on
The light-bringer now reminding
His presence never gone

Hold close my love in summer's heat
Release my loving breath
The fields of green and trees of life
Beckon me to rest

So too these fields and flowers divine
Call to my soul, my love
To be freed of senseless worry
To be washed by God above

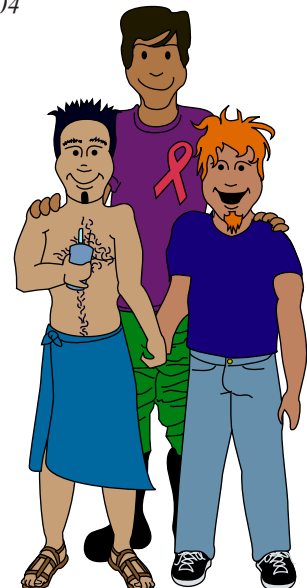
In Mother's graceful, unseen ways
I wander on and on
To find my pride and self-respect
While listening to her song

"Hold up your head and cry aloud
Release each pent up thing
Close your eyes and whisper soft
These things your dreams would bring

Nevermore, no nevermore,
Dwell in those pains gone by
The beauty is in the making
The piercing eagle's cry"

I'll walk in grace, in peace, in love
In glade and glen of green
And in a simple fairy's wish
I'll find my long lost wings

6.18.2004



“Why am I part of a gay spiritual group? I used to go to the big open drumming frenzies and loved to interact with the hunky male drummers. But I would be seriously frustrated as there was all the great sexual energy being built between the female dancers and male drummers (and vice versa as well not to say that all females are dancers and all drummers are male). I never found a safe outlet for the sexual energy I was feeling. I felt that I would loose friendships if I acted upon those feelings. When I found my first gay group, I realized that I had come to the right place. If I felt the energy, then I had the outlet and no one would question it. If we all felt it and the frenzy evolved into a big orgy... then we did something right.”

Orpheus

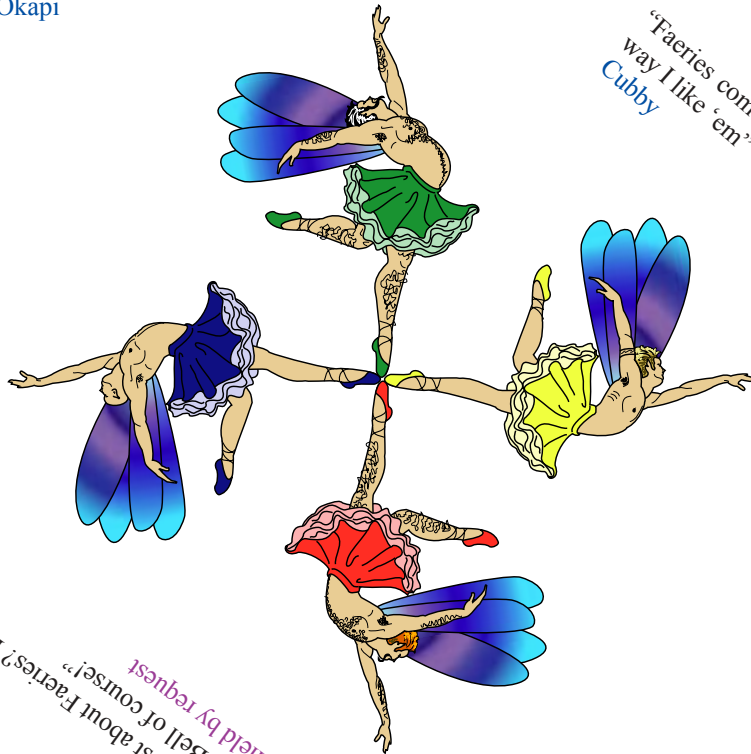
“a great-aunt told me, at 14 years old, that i was gay even though i did not know what it meant. she also said that, there was a 100 people out there for every man,woman,& child. she also said; try everything 3-times, cause maybe the first two times, you had a headache. always happy to see one or two of that 100, that i missed!”

nomora shinking violet

“The Faeries have given me a safe place to explore my gender and my sexuality. I have felt free to try out new expressions, open new dimensions of myself, and experiment without fear of harsh censure and yet be assured of some gentle feedback from time-to-time. The Faeries have literally altered my path for the better and have saved me from having to waste alot of time going down un-productive roads.”

Sadalia

“What do I love most about Faeries? Being close to Tinker Bell of course!”
-name withheld by request



“Faeries come in all body types - just the way I like ‘em”
Cubby

“Those organized religions that accept homosexuals as God’s creatures do just that, ‘accept’. What I hear is ‘It is OK to be gay and we love you for who you are.’ But that is about as far as it goes. What I hear and feel in the Faerie community is that it is not a passive acceptance. It is more than that. It is an encouragement to share that Gayness with others. It is a celebration of that Gayness in our everyday lives.”

Falcon

“Since joining the Faeries my Graydar accuracy has increased 1,000%! I was cleaning out my unused closet and realized why that occurred. I found my old SuperDuper Heterosexual Blinders sitting in the corner. Thank you, Faeries, for teaching me that I need to look at the world through my eyes and not through the eyes that society wants me to use.”

Potsan Pans

“I find pride in being a Radical Faerie because there is no guilt in finding my own way.”

Monkey

“What do I like about being a Faerie? That’s simple, I get to be naked even if everyone one else is still wearing clothes. Just think about the reaction of the folks back at St. Pious the Mighty if I walked into service skylad! They would totally forget about the lesson where their hero reminded people that the lilies of the field are perfectly beautiful just as they are, without any extra adornments. Well, that’s me, plain and unadorned.

When I look back on those days and think about all the folks in their “Sunday finest,” I have to wonder something. Who is closer to the divine deity now? They who sit and listen to how wrong the sight of human flesh is because of something that happened several millenium ago when a man and woman lost their innocence? Or is it folks like myself that have returned to the state the deity intended when they put us in the Garden of Eden in the first place?

I’ll opt for the latter. Something that feels this good can’t be ‘sinful.’”

Okapi

POST-CLOSET SPIRITUALITY

BY CORBEAU

(REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST FAIRY FAERIE, MARCH 1999)

*"to experience the groundedness of the Calamus root."
from the first Radical Fairy A Call to Gay Brothers*

This has always been one of my favorite lines from Radical faerie history. In exploring the reasons for a Spiritual Conference for Radical Faeries, our founding brothers recognized the need to come together and the need to honor our long florid past.

This necessity remains true today. Gay men need to come together to experience the power of hearing their voice in spaces of commonality. Few spaces are as powerfully magickal for gay men than a Faerie heart circle. But, the longer we spend time in Faerie space we run the risk of forgetting how unique a blessing it is to actually spend time in circle with other gay men. When we find ourselves in circles of gay resonance – places where we share of our lives, we come face to face with the sacred nature of our being. By sacred, I mean the very gift of gaiety. The gaiety that flourished and made the world a richer place before we arrived and continues after our time in life.

Why the circle?

The need for collective conversation and resonance is important for all people who have found their common stories left out of the mainstream of dominant society. Without grounding ourselves in our common story, we live in oblivion. Without grounding ourselves in our collective song, we live by the terms dictated to us by a general culture where our very lives are always on the fringe, always "other," always second and third on the list, it it's on the list at all.

Our day-to-day experience is one of never-ending translation. Heterodoxy is such that we are constantly projecting our experience on to a world that reflects back only difference. We look into the mirror and constantly see a stranger. The strangeness is the clear image of a culture that not only excludes us, but demonizes our very existence while benefiting from its contributions to every culture.

Has this been tried before?

Veterans of the early Gay rights movement recall the experiences of consciousness raising groups. They speak of the hours spent talking about what it meant to be gay and the social reality they found themselves in – such was the nature of gay organizations in the early years after Stonewall. Somewhere along the way this dedication to a communally discovered sense of gaiety was dropped. Needless to say, it is not the experience of gays coming out of the closet today.

The contemporary reality is that one does not come out to an exploration about the cultural and spiritual nature of what it means to be a man who loves other men. Today a gay person exiting the closet comes out to an immediate demand that he fit into one of a handful of gay identities. These come with a vernacular and uniform already codified. We speak of "communities" within the Gay world. But these are rigidly expressed identity groups that rarely honor the need to explore one's sense of gay being and spirit. So



one's reality is given to you upon exiting the closet. Where is your voice in this? How do we come to honor our Spirit and Nature on our own terms? Furthermore, if understandings of gay self have come from the hyper-internalized confines of the closet, how much of this identity is non-closeted reality?

If we give up our communal power to understand our nature and spirit, then we give up our very existence. Because one's sense of identity can only be reached with others, an individual can not create community. Community is birthed and rebirthed through shared discovery. In this way, community is passed down from one generation to another through communal sharing, magick, experience, play, discovery and celebration. Today, Gay neighborhoods only excel at the celebrative aspect of community. Every year our pride parades center around the celebration of Gayness. But if we don't explore our spirit and our cultural heritage, what are we really celebrating other than the threshold of the closet, merely our ability to come out of the closet?

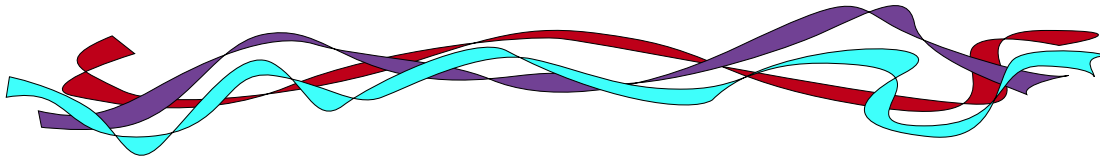
The answers lie in opening ourselves to the conversation of our brothers. Why does it seem so difficult in our lives? I believe it has something to do with the pervasive influence of the closet of our childhood. We grew up discovering that our way of being was different than other boys. We all seem to have our own stories about this early noted difference, so I will not draw out a list of stereotypes on the gay sensibilities of childhood. But for the majority of us this difference is one we quickly learned to keep within. We may not have been able to name it as gaiety, but these gifts of difference were locked away and rarely shared with anyone. We not only learned to hide this difference, we were taught to loathe it in ourselves.

Much has been written about the self-hatred that is socially constructed, but the point I want to make is that we are taught to have conversations about ourselves with ourselves. We are solitary in our gayness. Of course we're not alone in this. Everyone grows up with some level of internal dialogue. But straight people can

I	X	U	B	N	A	A	X	K	L	S	H	X	G	M
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In honor of our recent Norse based Solstice celebration, this issue's puzzle features the Gods and Goddesses of the Norse pantheon.

- Asgard** (*Home of the Gods*)
- Baldur** (*God of Peace*)
- Brunhilde** (*A Valkyrie*)
- Freyja** (*Goddess of Love/Fertility*)
- Freyr** (*God of Plenty, Ruler of the Elves*)
- Frigga** (*Goddess of Marriage/Motherhood*)
- Gerda** (*Earth Goddess of Sex/Fertility*)
- Gotterdammerung** (*End of the World*)
- Hel** (*Goddess of the Underworld*)
- Helheim** (*The Underworld*)
- Loki** (*A Trickster*)
- Mani** (*God of the Moon*)
- Nibelungs** (*A race of dwarfs*)
- Norns** (*Goddesses of Destiny*)
- Odin** (*God of War, Death and Knowledge*)
- Saga** (*Goddess of Saga Poetry*)
- Sif** (*Corn Goddess, Wife of Thor*)
- Sunna** (*Goddess of the Sun*)
- Thor** (*God of Thunder*)
- Valhalla** (*Underworld for Slain Warriors*)
- Valkyries** (*Choosers of the Slain*)



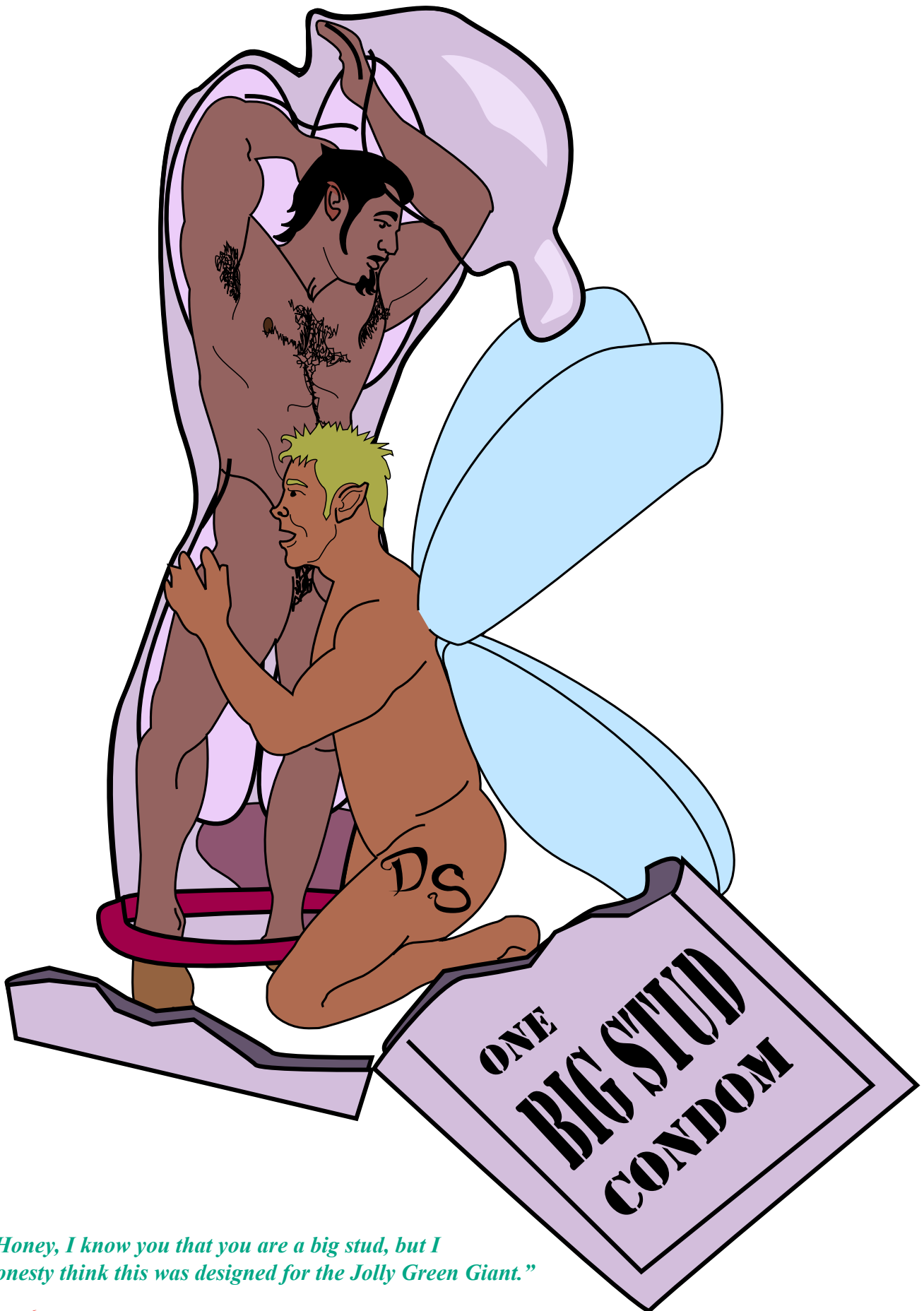
POST-CLOSET SPIRITUALITY - CONTINUED

explore their questions with their peers and mentors without fear of rejection or worse. So we learn to engage the conversation about self with ourselves.

So, the act of coming out is an individual act in the face of enormous communal evil – the evil of a heterosexual social orthodoxy. However alone we were in the closet; we now have the opportunity to build community. We can now experience the resonance of our brothers. But this is rarely the case. One would think that the exodus from the closet would liberate us from the need for such internalized conversation of identity. But contemporary gay existence is largely devoid of spaces for real sharing. So, when it comes to a sense of self, we unknowingly continue in this hyper-psycho-internalized individualism. Very few of our gay institutions are interested in fostering such a conversation. Clubs have many roles, but fostering dialogue on identity is not one of them. Gay churches seem more interested in fitting gayness into the structural limitations of a theology and cosmology with heterosexuality unmistakably at its center. We remain beggars at the banquet table of heterosexuality.

It is not enough to merely come out of the closet. One must allow the gift of our gaiety to blossom in the collective sunshine of kindredness. In the circle of lovingkindness we explore our past and present and give birth to a future in community. In the circle of lovingkindness we move beyond the once necessary solitude of the closet and walk together into the meadow of shared gifts and discovered gaiety of the soul.





“Honey, I know you that you are a big stud, but I honesty think this was designed for the Jolly Green Giant.”

Several years ago, I discovered this natural remedy to countless external skin afflictions from cuts, scrapes, sores, sunburn, blisters and it seems there was even more extensive use than I even imagined. I have used my Magic Weed (no, no, not THAT kind) when I have cut myself, when my daughter and her volleyball partner had grass burns, when I got sunburned and didn't have any lotion or sunscreen, when I thought my shoe was rubbing a blister but now I think it might have been the beginning of shingles, when tender hands gave way to potential blistering from a shovel and more recently, when I got a tattoo.

My daughters simply shake their head and say, "Where do you learn this stuff, Dad?" Friends and acquaintances, including my tattoo artist, look at me like I've just gone over the bend and I won't even describe the reaction when in a crowd of 1,000s, literally, I reached down into the grassy area and picked several Plantain leaves, crushed them and began rubbing them on my arms, neck and face!

Howsomesoever, dear reader, it works! As soon as I removed the bandage on my tattoo after two hours, I applied the Plantain poultice mentioned below. After about 30 minutes, I removed it. While it was a bit bloody, it stopped any further bleeding and greatly reduced the stinging of the tattoo needle and some of the typical welting disappeared. As I write this a week later, it still has not scabbed over and really looks much older than it actually is.

When it was suggested I write about my Magic Weed, I decided I should check out what might be available online and found the following site and information. There's more there if you're interested in checking it out but this is what I found to be of interest because it backs up my experience with this wonderful and most plentiful medicinal plant. I have even found it in downtown Denver on Arapahoe between 14th and 15th streets growing between the curb and sidewalk. It is indeed a hardy thing. Several years ago, I found a dark purple variety being sold in one of my favorite garden stores but I found the hot Denver sun to be too much for it and it would literally burn the leaves. It also reverted to the wild state very quickly!

Needless to say, in my garden (I have very little yard) this plant is not an unwelcome weed but is purposely nurtured and encouraged! Now that you know of it's medicinal value, perhaps you'll be more friendly towards it, too!

The following information is what I found when I put plantain into Google on the computer.

Botanical.com - A Modern Herbal, by Mrs. M. Grieve at <http://www.botanical.com/botanical/mgmh/p/placom43.html>

Plantain Broad-leaved Plantain. Ripple Grass. Waybread. Slan-lus. Waybread. Snakeweed. Cuckoo's Bread. Englishman's Foot. White Man's Foot.

Botanical: *Plantago major* (LINN.)

Family: N.O. Plantaginaceae

...used in inflammation of the skin, malignant ulcers, intermittent fever, etc., ... externally as a stimulant application to sores. Applied to a bleeding surface, the leaves are of some value in arresting hemorrhage, but they are useless in internal hemorrhage, although they were formerly used for bleeding of the lungs and stomach, consumption and dysentery. The fresh leaves are applied whole or bruised in the form of a poultice. Rubbed on parts of the body stung by insects, nettles, etc., or as an application to burns and scalds, the leaves will afford relief and will stay the bleeding of minor wounds...

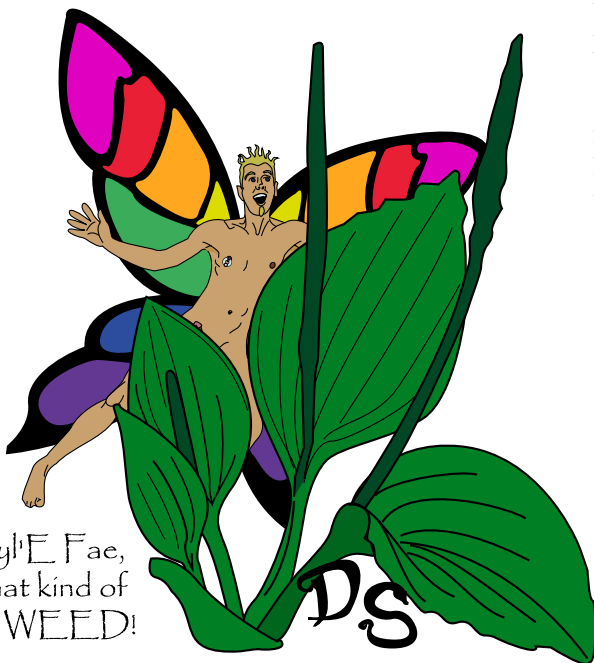
...Culpepper tells us that the Plantain is 'in the command of Venus and cures the head by antipathy to Mars, neither is there hardly a martial disease but it cures.' He also states that 'the water is used for all manner of spreading scabs, tetters, ringworm, shingles, etc.'

...It is a great disfigurement to lawns, rapidly multiplying if allowed to spread, each plant quite destroying the grass that originally occupied the spot usurped by its dense rosette of leaves...

The small mucilaginous seeds have been employed as a substitute for linseed. For 'thrush' they are recommended as most useful, 1 OZ. of seeds to be boiled in 1 1/2 pint of water down to a pint, the liquid then made into a syrup with sugar and honey and given to the child in tablespoonful doses, three or four times daily...

Dr. Robinson (*New Family Herbal*) tells us that an Indian received a great reward from the Assembly of South Carolina for his discovery that the Plantain was 'the chief remedy for the cure of the rattlesnake'...

There's more information about venomous snake bite treatment at the site, this is just some of what I thought of interest about my 'magic weed'.



Sorry Syl^E Fae,
It is not that kind of
MAGIC WEED!

MY BEAUTIFUL LIFE: STORIES FROM OUR TRIBE

THE JOINING OF THE DRAGON AND THE SWAN BY DRAGONSWAN

I spent most of my childhood though my late twenties being painfully shy. I always did my best to make sure people would not really notice me, or if they did see me it was only in a positive way, always quiet and polite. Most parents liked me, but I was also the school geek in Jr. High School. When I was about 13, I realized I was gay and was dealt a devastating blow after reading in a book that I had found at the public library that straight people hate gays. This in itself wasn't the blow; it was how they stated it. According to what I read, parents who loved their kids, would beat them and throw them out into the street if they found out their children were gay. Friends would turn their back on even their best friend if they knew that they were queer. The book went on to mention that the gay community gathered secretly in an underground society. My mind raced to those scenes in the movies where someone goes to the hideout that is located in a dark alley. After they give the secret knock on a steel door, the doorman would open a small eyehole and ask for a password before opening the door. I felt doomed. Making friends was not easy for me plus the thought of trying to make it on my own without my family was almost more than I could bear. Oddly enough, with so much fear of what I thought was going to happen when I came out as being gay, it never occurred to me to stay in the closet, and live a lie. I wasn't sure how I was going to find this hidden underground gay society, but I felt I would find it or die trying. At that time in my life, my money was on the dying part.

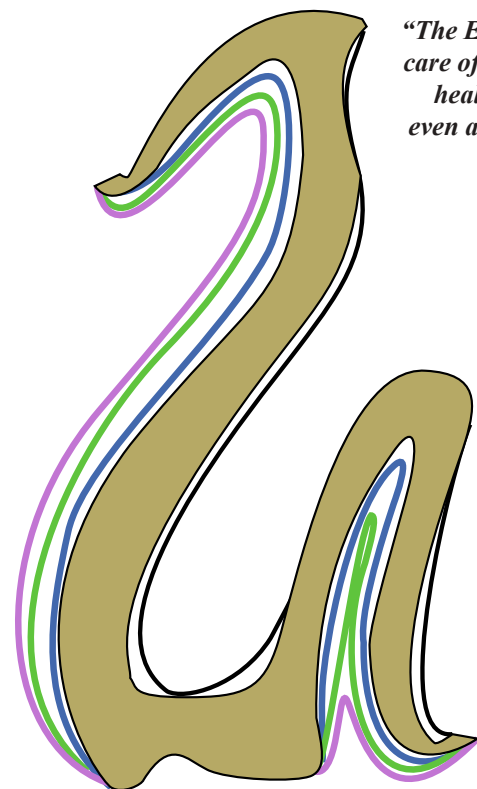
As scared, as I was that I would lose what love I had, I planned to step out of the closet when I had graduated high school. To show how little I knew about the real world, this was in mid 80's. Even though the Gay community was hardly hidden underground in downtown Denver, for this simple suburban kid it was hidden from my view. Eventually, even a simple-minded suburban boy like me found a few gay organizations. Thank Goddess that they were listed in the phone book. Due to finding the gay community center, not to mention a failed suicide attempt, and running away from home, (told you my money was on dieing first,) I was out to both family and some of my friends during the final years of high school. Lucky for me, the book lied. My family, although not thrilled with the idea, continued to love me. As my friends in high school found out (-let me pause here to warn any young teens who are still in school and wish to remain in the closet. NEVER, under any circumstance, NEVER! tell a high school girl that you are gay. I don't care if you two are so close that you are almost sisters. DO NOT TELL HER! If you do, it will be around the school by the end of the semester.) ANYWAY, as I was saying...once my friends found out, most of them stayed close to me. The ones that didn't, well I never really liked them that much anyway.

Even though I had found the gay community it was very difficult for me to connect with it, being shy and too young for the bars. I heard that San Francisco was the Gay Mecca, and thought if I could make it there, life would be so much better! So I set my sights on moving there, and in 1989, I made the trek out west. Even though I was enjoying being openly gay in the city by the bay, I was still very shy, and still felling a bit lost. After about 5 years of living in San Francisco, I had grown a little, but still felt like the school geek that I was back in Jr. High School. I loved the bay area, but in 1994,

my mother's failing health brought me back home to Denver.

Back home the changes really began and this shy suburban kid was about to grow faerie wings! An ex-lover of mine had started exploring paganism and took me to a gathering that was held in the Rocky Mountains called DragonFest. He talked me into going with promises of naked pagan guys and having sex in the woods. Well, no sex with naked pagan guys, but I did meet two faeries, Beast (or Wombeest as he was known back then) and Jason Rainbow. The connection I felt with them went deeper than just thinking that they were two cute guys who I was hoping would be up for a little of that naked pagan sex action. A naked hug under a freezing waterfall (can we say snow melt off!) was the closest thing to pagan sex that the three of us would share that day. And you know what? It was better than I could have imagined. I felt connected. I felt like I had found long lost brothers. As the three of us had dinner, they told me about the faeries and Beast invited me to join the Denver Faeries in their meeting and rituals. Little did I know that I had found my tribe.

Shortly after coming back home from San Francisco, I began seeing a therapist to try and help me become the person I so desperately wanted. My whole life I wanted to be a social butterfly, the kind of person who is outgoing and has no trouble just floating about the room, making pleasant conversation with everyone they meet, and of course, is loved by all. That didn't happen, but one of the first flowers to bloom out of our meetings was that I began taking my art seriously. Before then I would do little doodles for office memos, or cards for birthdays and the like, but never considered myself a real artist. But now I was starting to paint and to really see myself as an artist. Not just a wanna be.



*"The Earth takes
care of itself and
heals itself,
even as you do."*

A POEM FROM A JOURNEY

BY ORYGNAL SYNNERJEE

Also during this time of finding the faeries, and my art, my sister, who was also exploring paganism, introduced me to physic fairs. At one of the fairs, a lady was offering a soul logo. Being a budding artist this called to me. So I paid the fee and she meditated on my name, (Alan Jay McDonald) and with a gold marker made a little squiggle of a line on a white piece of paper. She added a few more colored lines to it and the quote, "The Earth takes care of itself and heals itself, even as you do." Well, this squiggle of a line looked to her like a swan, but I saw a dragon. Most of the people I asked saw one or the other. I really liked the fact that it was both a swan and a dragon. The timid and shy swan mixed with the fierce and might dragon. OH YEAH! But wait the name didn't come yet, remember I am a simple suburban boy, these things take time. It wasn't until February, 1998, when Ilex talked Beast and I into joining him at a Radical Faerie gathering at Breitenbush. It was there that the universe final hit me over the head with my name.

Breitenbush is a wonderful community with hot springs and several outdoor pools. Near the beginning of the gathering I was soaking in one of the pools by myself, when two naked cuties joined me. Being the shy faerie that I was, I played the part of the virgin schoolmarm and pulled into myself. Well, the two outgoing faeries who had joined me would have no part in sharing a hot tub with such a closed off creature, and were very vocal about it. They didn't leave mind you, they stayed and let me know that I was unwanted, not just in the hot tub, but also at the gathering. I left and went to try and meditate in the small chapel on the campgrounds. There are no pews, just a flat open floor. As I wrote in my diary, I began to cry wonder why in the hell I thought an extremely shy person like me had any business trying to fit in with such outgoing, and fun loving creatures like the faeries. (As I re-read this and as my lover/editor pointed out, it seems odd to speak so highly of the people who had just hurt me. But that is the way I saw it back then. They were the beautiful creatures that I wanted to be. Even with their sharp tongues and blacken hearts they were still closer to being a faerie then I felt I was. At that time I still felt very much like the ugly duckling.) The image of the Dragon-Swan came to me. I wrote:

"I feel I have nothing to offer these wonderful men. I have nothing they want, and so go unwanted. I need to find the beauty of the swan as well as the power of the Dragon."

The faerie gathering worked it's magic and just a few days later, after being around faeries who knew how to smile and talk to a shy faerie: and meeting faeries who treated me like an old friend, not to mention getting my nails painted, I wrote:

"...Well my fingernail polish is chipping away. I need to have it redone. I am truly grateful for coming to this wonderful, beautiful place. ...The more I open myself, the more I am wanted. The swan does not question her beauty or why her silent grace draws people to her.

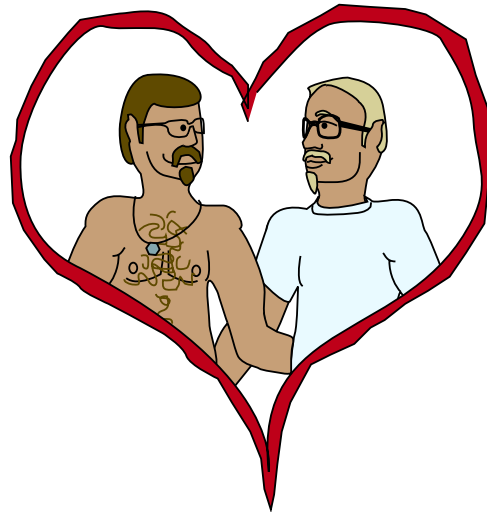
I know there is a balance between the powers of a Dragon: fearless, proud, strong, and the powers of a Swan: gentle, calm, quite.

I am that Balance
I am that Dragon
I am that Swan
I AM DRAGON-SWAN."

SOMA
has made Heaven
obsolete.
fluid.
pungent.
vivid.
excruciating.
nowHERE.
gorgeous.
suicidal.
miracle.



*Always a bridesmaid, never a bride.
But that will change!*



*Why do these two look so familiar? Oh, that's us
making a cameo appearance on the cover.
Hugs, Falcon and DragonSwan*

Of course being the shy faerie that I am, I did not reveal my faerie name in the closing heart circle at Breitenbush, I waited until I was back home with my brothers, my tribe.

I still am working on fully standing in the powers of the dragon, but I am enjoying embracing the power that is in being a swan. So that is how a painfully shy, simple minded, suburban boy grew up to become DragonSwan. Oh and for those that notice things like this, the hyphen was dropped some years ago due to so many people putting the two together. It just made things easier.

QUEST FOR THE CRYSTAL PHOENIX –

CHAPTER 3: THE PRINCING CHALLENGES

BY ORPHEUS

Tonight was the beginning of the Princing Ceremony for Apollo. He still wasn't sure what was expected of him tonight. Once his escorts, Sir Archibald and Lord Cthdêhâssêsbü, and he left his quarters, he had been commanded to be silent until he was addressed by the Kings of Adbalm and Rianglet. At their approach, the guards opened the doors of the Throne Room just enough for Apollo to enter. As he entered the room, he heard Sir Archibald whisper, "Good luck." Lord Cetee added, "Have fun!"

When the doors closed behind him Apollo noticed that the chamber was unusually dark. The windows that normally let in light, no matter the time of day, now had black curtains covering them. So too, every speck of gold on the pillars of the room was now hidden behind curtains. His white Princing Robes stood in stark contrast to the darkness of the room. The only light sparkling off the gold and silver decorations on his robes came from a trio of candles in the front of the room.

He heard his father's voice ring out in the darkness, "Approach Apollo Phoenix, Son of Adam Solari, King of Adbalm, and Grandson of William Oakshield, King of Rianglet. Through them, you are a Son of the ancient House of Charming that founded our two countries."

When he got to the foot of the thrones, Apollo saw that a small altar had been set up. In the middle was a tall, striped candle, burning with a steady flicker-less flame. Beside it were two smaller candles that had more of a bright glow rather than a visible flame. In front, there was an unlit candle. King William spoke, "As has been the tradition of Our families since the Founding, the night of the Heir's thirteenth birthday a challenge is issued from Monarch to Heir to see if the child has the will to become Monarch when the time comes for them to ascend to the throne. The two small candles were lit at each of Our Princings. They have burned every day since then. If you meet Our challenges, you will be given one final challenge—finding the strength in yourself to light your own candle that will burn until your dying day."

"My son," said Adam, "you chose to be born on the Solstice Night, the longest night of the year. Your challenge comes in two parts." Pointing to the tall candle in the middle of the altar, "This is a Night Candle. It was lit as the sun cast its last rays upon the earth. My challenge to you is that it must burn completely until the first rays of day. There are no matches in this room, so if it burns out during the night, We will know that you are not fit to carry the light into the future."

"My challenge to you is this," said William, "you are to be the light to your people. This room is shrouded in darkness. When the sun returns in morning, let the light you bring fill this room so that

the people will know that the dark days of the past are ended."

As in a well planned play, his father took up the next thread of the Ritual, "This night has thirteen hours remaining. The first six hours, you are to keep a vigil over the Night Candle. Meditate on whether or not you feel that you are ready to accept the burden of being the sole Heir to the two kingdoms. As no king is ever truly alone, at midnight, you will be allowed one person to assist you in your tasks. As the final hour begins, the assembled nobles of our countries will attend to see how you met the challenges."

"All you need, save the one advisor, is in this room," said King William. "Have you given thought as to whom we shall send to join you at midnight?"

Apollo bowed to the two kings, and said, "I have had many excellent teachers and advisors in the past few years. As much as I would love to have either of your company this evening, I think I need to think as a king and think of who would be here to aid me when you are gone." He paused for a moment, looking at the three candles to help focus his thoughts. "My initial thought would be to choose between the Sun God, Lord Apollo, Sir Rondar, Lord Cthdêhâssêsbü and Sir John. I hesitate to call upon a God to help in a personal challenge, for if I call upon Him for each personal crisis, how quick will He be to assist when I really need His help?" The kings nodded at his logic. "Nay, His aid should be reserved for when I have exhausted all other possibilities."

"And Sir Rondar?" prompted his father, a slight crack in his voice broke the solemn tone he had been using.

"The Weapons Master has many lessons for me to learn still. But his is the way of the sword and war. This feels like a night that I need to be focused on something inward rather than something physical."

Feeling a little more confident in his thoughts, Apollo continued. "I love the lessons that Lord Cthdêhâssêsbü has taught me about the histories of our countries and the many peoples that inhabit its lands. But his are the lessons of the past and this is a moment for looking at the future. Therefore, my choice is Sir John."

King William asked, "And of all your other teachers, why did you pick Sir John?"

"Like my history teacher, my other teachers spend our time together filling me with knowledge that comes from the outside. In the short time that he has been my teacher, Sir John is the one who has been showing me the most about what is inside. His lessons have shown me that I am capable of doing things that others can only wish for. If that is not the type of council that I should surround myself with when I am King, then maybe I don't deserve to fill the position."

"I think I can speak for King William as well," said Adam basking in a moment of fatherly pride, "I think you made an excellent choice for very valid reasons."



"Having given Our challenge to Our Heir, it is time for Us to depart," said William.

Just then, the door opened to allow a single person to enter. "Excuse my intrusion. I know that this is supposed to be an all rooster occasion, but this old hen needs to have a word with you three alone and I couldn't think of a better opportunity."

The figure moved forward and Apollo noticed that this woman was carrying a tray with three objects. The first was a candle that had the same glow as the two on the altar representing the kings. The second was another unlit candle. The third...this was a puzzle to the prince. It looked like a candle, but it seemed to absorb as much light as the Night Candle emitted. She approached the altar, bowed to honor it and placed the tray on the floor and started to place the objects on the altar. In the center back of the altar, she placed the glowing candle; the unlit one was placed next to the other unlit one. The third object was left on the tray.

While she was doing this, Apollo was trying to figure who this mysterious guest was. She looked old...well at least as old as Queen Rose who was close to finishing three score years.

"Be welcome, Susan, Queen of Rysbal," said William. "What urgent matter rises that you need to come into a Princing Ceremony?"

Apollo bowed low to the visiting Queen. As he stood, he got a puzzled look on his face.

"I can tell from that look, that you are thinking that I look familiar. I should hope so. I am your Great Aunt and I am your grandmother's twin sister. I had the dubious honor of being born six minutes earlier than she and thus became Queen when our father died. Outside these formal settings, you may call me Aunt Susan, just not around Rose or she will box your ears something fierce, but then again it might be fun to watch her fume containing herself if we were in a public setting."

"Susan!" exclaimed William.

"I shall remember, Queen Aunt."

"I guess that is as good a compromise as any. Give me a quick hug and we can get onto business." Apollo hugged his aunt and she in turn gave the kings a hug as well.

"There is sad news in Rysbal that I've managed to hide since the time of Apollo's birth. I have hoped for this day for thirteen years. Good friends, I have no direct heir and would like to name Apollo as my Heir as well."

William gasped, "What happened to Princess Heather?"

"We don't know the exact details, but this is what we learned." Susan told of how they discovered that someone had been administering the princess a slow acting poison over the course of a very long time. When the doctors discovered the danger, the damage had been done. The princess gave birth to her first, and only child, "It was a hideous red and purple monster," she said. "Fortunately for all, the child only lived a few hours. After that, the princess was unable to conceive another child," said the Queen. "My daughter never found peace in the castle after that. She quietly abdicated her title and left the city to live with her husband's family in the woods." Susan pointed to the unlit candle, "This was hers. The day she renounced her duties, the Heir's Candle went out. Apollo, you are

about to become the Heir to two countries. Are you willing to accept my challenge and become my Heir as well?"

"Son," said Adam, "take a moment to think about this. If you accept, you will be the first king to rule the re-united countries of the ancient kingdom of Wobnair. This will be a heavy burden if you do."

"Father, I recognized that possibility and I do admit that it seems a bit frightening." Turning to face Queen Susan directly, "Your Majesty, before I make a hasty decision, may I ask a few questions of my own first?" She nodded, so he continued. "Surely there are other descendants of your family that would be suitable to the position. Why me and why now? Second, I would like to know what your people would feel about this. According to my teacher, our countries were born in strife. Adbalm and Rianglelet have had many years to adjust to the new idea of a united kingdom. How do you think your people will react to this sudden news?"

"I think they have been waiting for this day for more years than any one generation can account for. Unlike the lands of your father and mother, Rysbal has kept alive the tales of the glories of the pre-founding years. I have always thought that this was because the Court of the Faerie Queen is in the eastern portion of the country. They miss the connections with their Faerie families that were cut off from them during the warring years."

Susan fidgetted with the candles for a moment. She told them that she had done some exhaustive research and found that there were only two descendants of her father, the late King Charles, that would be suitable candidates. The first was the current king's mother-in-law's daughter's niece's daughter, and the other was the late King's great-grandson, pointing at Apollo. She had talked to all her advisors, the High Council of Rysbal and all the nobles. All agreed that Apollo had the more direct claim to the throne.

"Noble Aunt, I can not find fault in your reasons. If you truly feel that I am fit to become the Heir to a re-united country, then I will accept your challenge."

She bent down and picked up the third object on her tray. "As I understand the Princing Ceremony, you mark the start and finish from sundown to sunrise. In a Princing Ceremony, time is marked from moonrise to moonset. As King to all people, you will need to be able to understand both the sun and the moon; the male and the female." She set the object down slightly in front of the Night Candle, but slightly to the side. "This is a Lunar Candle. My challenge to you is this..." She slid the candle in front of the other and the Night Candle disappeared. "Just as the moon can hide the sun, so there are times that females energies need rule the male. The Lunar Candle will eclipse the other until the moment the sun rises. Since the Kings have timed their challenge to that moment, my challenge is for you to feel that moment in your body without the benefit of the timer."

She picked up her candle, "Gentlemen, I believe it is time to leave our Prince with his thoughts." The Kings picked up their candles.

"Sir John will join you in a few hours. Use the time to think about the duties you have just accepted," said King William.

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As the trio neared the door, Adam turned back to his son, “Remember, everything you need is in the room.” As an afterthought, he added, “And don’t get your clean white outfit dirty. Can you image what Queen Rose would think if you did the next part of the ritual in front of the nobles in dirty clothes? She’d kill us all!” Adam gave his son a wink and then exited the chamber.

Apollo’s eyes slowly adjusted to the absolute darkness of the room. He had never experienced such total nothingness that it took him a moment to realize what his father had just said. He let out a laugh as it sunk in that King Adam had just given him permission, no, basically commanded him to strip and run around the Throne Room naked. He said into the dark, “This might not be such a bad night after all!”

He stripped and folded his clothes and set them on the Queen’s throne and sat himself, buck naked in the King’s throne. He spent a few moments pretending to hold court with an invisible audience. When the novelty wore off he started to explore the room. The prince bumped his shins on a couple of things that he didn’t remember seeing in the Throne Room and stubbed his toe on a couple of things he didn’t think belonged there. He found where the kings had hidden some snacks and even a pillow and blanket for later in the night. The more he got used to the darkness, the more he discovered about the Throne Room itself. He discovered some hidden doorways and secret side rooms that he never suspected were there. “If nothing else”, he thought, “I’ve learned that I can’t always trust my eyes alone.” He learned that sometimes your eyes can be fooled when your other sense can’t.

He figured that Johnny should be coming to join him soon. Apollo stared at the altar with the magical senses that Johnny had been teaching him about. He could almost make out the Night Candle behind the shielding Lunar Candle almost like the sliver of a crescent moon. If his eyes weren’t tricking him, the candle had barely burned to the first hour mark That’s when he began to realize how long six hours in the darkness might take.

He grabbed the pillow and blanket and stretched out in front of the altar, staring at the extra black nothingness of the Lunar Candle in the black nothingness of the room. He thought about the different things that he found and figured out how they could be used to meet the challenge.

The next thing he knew was that someone rapped the door. It opened just a tiny sliver of the way. In flew a tiny spark of light that flit about the room, the sound of a bell tinkling seemed to follow it. Apollo stood up and said, “Is that you, Johnny? I’m over here.” The light settled in front of him and grew into a boy-sized man. “I didn’t realize you could glow like that,” said the prince.

“It only happens when we shrink to flying size. So much energy goes into keeping us light and small enough for our wings to carry us that we, well, light up. And you my fine, naked friend are in big trouble. Here you are in the middle of palace, bare assed and you don’t have your invisibility spell active. What if someone walked in here?”

“You should know that the only person allowed in here with me is yourself. I hardly think you would be shocked with my nudity. Care to give me a naked hug in the middle of Rose’s Throne Room?”

“You have been around Viola too much. That was deliciously

wicked and catty.” In an instant, Johnny’s clothes disappeared. “You should know that you never need to ask me that question twice, no matter where we are standing.” After giving Apollo a hug, he said, “Thank you for asking me to help with your Prancing. I got choked up and teary eyed when the kings said that you thought that highly of my lessons. Every part of me was quivering with...let’s just everything was quivering. All that quivering makes me think of our good friend, Viola – be warned. She is in major snit right now. She was hoping that you would pick her as your advisor this evening. Viola had the sweetest spell prepared to help you say exactly the right thing to each guest. Since we are alone, let me tell you something that shouldn’t be too much of a shocker...she has her sights set on you. I have heard her say that if its the last thing she does, she wants to have your baby.”

“Isn’t she really a guy? I mean I’ve seen her naked and I swear I saw a penis.”

“She is and you did. I think it has something to do with something she did a long time ago. From what I heard, Viola botched up a faerie godparent gig so bad that the Queen cast a serious spell on her. The gossip in court is that she needs to have the love, affection and offspring of a Prince of the House of Charming before the kingdoms unite under one King. If she doesn’t, some unnamed horror awaits her. I know she tried with your father and it looks like you are the last prince of your family for a while. Once the royal trio steps down in your favor, her biological clock is about to turn into a time bomb.”

“I hope she finds someone...I mean she’s nice enough and all that. It’s just that I don’t think I could love her in the way that faerie tale curses mean. And what do you think about me? Seems like you’ve made enough comments that I could interpret as passes.”

“You caught me,” said Johnny. “That’s just the Faerie way. We have this need to turn everything into some form of sexual innuendo. While I agree with Viola that you are one fine specimen, you are way too young for my true sexual tastes. First you haven’t experienced enough life to know what you want from a partner, let alone if you want a male or female partner, one of each, or what. And second, you are very handsome for an underaged...what the word they use today?...oh, yes...for an underaged twink. But for my real tastes, give me a man with some hair on his chest. I want to run my fingers through it all night long. Now if when you grow up, you grow a nice golden fleece like your father...now that’s as fine as I could hope for. It’s too bad he already had a lover when I knew him.”

“You knew who my father loved before he married mother?”

“Oops, I think I just said too much,” gasped Johnny. “It most probably isn’t very nice of Viola and myself to be so blantant around you. You are just starting to get to the table of the Banquet of Life. It wouldn’t be right for you to start with a couple of old tarts when you haven’t even had an appetizer yet. I’ll talk to Viola in the morning.”

Apollo told him that there was no need to change anything. As long as he knew that it was just a game, he could have fun playing along. He had been afraid that because of his innocence in the matter, that he may say or doing something that would lead them to

think one thing when he wasn't sure what the game was.

Johnny gave him a quick hug and said, "That's very wise of you. Too many children think they need to rush into the adult pleasures. When they do, they never seem to be happy with what they found. Now, ask me again in ten or twenty years, and I may be serious about those passes. And the biggest reason I wouldn't try to get too carried away with you is that it is against the rules. If a Faerie makes love with a human, neither of them can be a virgin. It goes back to all the days of children with Faerie Godparents. We can't have Faeries getting emotionally involved with their wards – that old no hanky-panky between teachers and students stuff."

"Does that mean you are my Faerie Godfather?"

Johnny sighed, "No. I'm here at your father's request because I'm one of the best teachers of Faerie-Human halfbreed magic. It takes years to qualify for Godparent gigs. You have to go through a hundred years of wish granting classes and stuff like that. The Faerie Queen usually appoints the Efgees, as we call them, at the child's thirteenth birthday. The buzz in the courts is that she will make her decision known tomorrow. Everyone is guessing that she plans to ask Duchess Hilda Harebell to come out of retirement. After Princess Amaranth MorningStar, she was the greatest of the Efgee's in the history of Faeriedom. She's tough, but she does know how to make young prince's wishes come true." Johnny gave Apollo a big wink.

"It just dawned on me that what you said about the rules kind of eliminates me from Viola's plans doesn't it? As a prince, don't I need to save myself for 'true love's first kiss' to wake the princess that will become my bride?" wondered Apollo.

"That's so old-fashioned, but you do have a point there, kid. That's her problem to figure out. Now, while we are talking about problems, just what are these challenges that I'm here to help you with."

Apollo explained the first challenge of not letting the Night Candle burn out. Even before Queen Susan hid it with her candle, he had noticed that the flame was too steady. He looked at it with the faerie senses Johnny had recently begun teaching him about and noticed the signs of a spell on the candle. Apollo had figured out that the spell was such that the candle couldn't be blown out. Even if that wasn't the case, he found a duplicate candle under the altar that had been burned to just the final hour mark. If something happened, he guessed that the kings were planning to be the first ones in the room and would do the old switcheroo trick.

Looking at the altar, Apollo noticed something different about the Lunar Candle. When things started it had been as black as the new moon. Now it glowed like the full moon. Its light wasn't strong enough to cast any light into the room. Apollo realized the Queen Susan had given him a lunar timer. If he was correct, he should see the cycles of the waning moon. Johnny said, "If that's right, then we should be able to see it go completely dark just before sunrise. That would be her clue when to start the rest of the ritual."

Apollo took Johnny over to where he found a ladder. He figured that to meet the challenge of having the room full of light when the sun rose, he was suppose to remove all the curtains and that the real reason for having the advisor was to have someone there to hold the ladder while he played monkey. Apollo said, "That seems so boring, though. I remember seeing some of the traveling performers do a drama called *The Ghost of the Tavern Show Stage*."

"Oh, I love that one. I sit there every time in amazement. I love watching the stage transform from it's dusty run-down state to become the glorious show stage of years gone past. You may not realize it, but if you saw the performance last year, that was Viola playing the lead. She had to shave her beard, but hers is the only voice that could shatter metal to cause the chandelier to fall on the evil owner's head."

"That's it exactly. Here is what I want to do; tell me if its possible," said the prince. They spent the next couple of hours practicing the prince's idea on the curtain covering the main window. "Oh, this is going to be great," said Apollo. "But how am I going to have enough time to get all of the curtains to work in the right amount of time?"

"That's easy, we just need to cast the spell on each one leaving out the last word. You just need to say the final word once and all the curtains will think you've finished their spell."

With everything ready, Apollo noticed that the Lunar Candle was in its final quarter so they still had about an hour left until the time when everyone would start arriving. He looked at Johnny and said, "I don't know about you, but I'd like to freshen up a bit. Do you want to join me for a dip in the pool?"

"A pool? In the Throne Room?" asked the Faerie.

"I think it's an old ritual bath of some kind, but there are a couple of towels waiting for us to use. Wash my back and I'll wash yours?"

"Why stop there? I'll wash your front and you can wash mine if you want!" replied Johnny automatically. "You keep making comments like that and I may forget the rules and show you how I earned my nickname 'Jump Up.'"

"That might be fun." Apollo came up to his teacher as if to give him a hug. He pressed the points under Johnny's arms that Lord Cetee had shown him. Johnny shot up in the air and let out a high squeel, "That's not fair! Who told you?"

"Does it matter? Now are you going to join me in the pool or are you going to spend the rest of the night swinging on the chandelier?"

They settled into a tub, large enough to be called a pool, that seemed to be filled with



—continued on page 14

water from one of the nearby hot springs. Apollo asked his teacher about the word that he had used to describe him earlier. "Twink, you mean?" asked Johnny. "The current usage is generally for a boy-face man that is fresh out of his schooling. The original use was something completely different. Viola first used the term to describe one of her co-stars in a theater piece that required some nudity on stage. At the first rehearsal she took one look at the leading man and said 'Twinkle, twinkle little star.'"

"I know where that's going," said the prince. Holding his thumb and finger close together, "and the operative word is little."

"He was so flattered at being called a star by the diva that he thought all the stagehands called him 'Twink' referring to his youthful star that was on it rise to heavenly delights. He never realized that they were laughing at him. One day he heard them say that Viola had a bigger part than he did. He stomped up to them and said, 'Take that back. It's not true. If you look at the script, I have more lines than she does!'" The crew was laughing so hard that they didn't have the breath to be able to correct him."

The two dried off and got dressed. They were sitting on the steps of the Dias munching on some fruit when the raps came on the door announcing the entrance of the King Adam. Even at that distance, Apollo could see a surprise look on his father's face as he realized that the curtains hadn't been removed.

"Sir John, I need to have a word with my son. Alone!"

"As you desire, Sire. I promised to help Queen Amaranth get ready. She doesn't move as well as she used to."

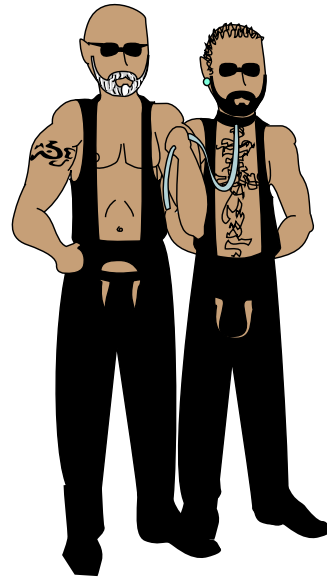
When the door closed, Adam turned to his son, "Why are the curtains still up? Couldn't you figure out that was what you were supposed to do? Didn't you find the ladder? Or were you too busy playing with that imp to get the job done? We better get busy because people will be arriving in about fifteen minutes."

"Father, I did realize that and the ladder is carefully put away in the storage closet so that no one else trips on it like I did. When I realized what it was you wanted, I thought that I could use some of the things I had learned from my teacher that would make this a Princing to remember. After all, I will be Prince to three countries, you don't want people to walk in and simply go, 'Yeah. It's the sun,' and then head to breakfast. I think I need to show them that I will bring something special to our combined nations."

Apollo took his father into the bathing room and gave him a quick demo of what he planned. "That's brilliant!" exclaimed his father. Johnny had another idea, so Apollo asked if he could ask the musicians to play *Fanfare to the Sun* when he asked everyone to stand. Adam said that they had planned to play it at some point, but he could give the conductor the new cue.

When his father returned, the doors opened and the sleepy guests began to arrive. Some, Apollo knew, others were completely foreign to him. These he guessed must be from the court of Rysbal. The early glow of morning was just bright enough to pierce through the curtains so that people could dimly make their way to their seats. Last to arrive was King William and Queen Rose, who was wearing a brand new black gown with silver trims. She carried in her hands the Black Bart Rose and placed it on the floor in front of the altar. Kings William and Adam and Queens Susan and Rose stood in front and greeted their guests. After giving everyone the

"Once you have found him, never let him go."



basic information on the challenges that were given the prince they said, "Apollo Phoenix, it is time for you to begin."

"Good people of Rysbal, Riangleret and Adbalm, let us all Rise and greet the Sun."

With these words several things happened at once. On his word "rise" the drapery on the chairs began to rise in the air, forcing everyone to stand even if they didn't want to. The Lunar Candle expired revealing the still burning Night Candle. On his word "Sun" the window coverings began to part and rise, starting in the middle opening so that the glow on the horizon could be seen. The musicians began to play.

BOOM - - - - - boom, boom - - -

BOOM - - - - - boom, boom - - -

Ta Ta Ta (boom, boom boom)

Ta Ta Ta (boom, boom boom)

Ta ta ta - - , Ta - ta - tum- - Ta ta ta ta ta-tum...

As the final notes of the fanfare filled the air, the prince spoke out, "Just as clouds can hide the sun, cast aside your own clouds of doubt. I am ready to be your Prince." A big loud "poof" could be heard as every curtain disappeared just as the sun rose past the horizon, casting its full light into the room.

Together, Queen Susan and the Kings said, "Good People, what do you say? Should Apollo Phoenix be allowed to be the Heir to all three kingdoms?"

The thunderous cheers and applause was taken as a definite "yes."

King William stepped forward and said, "Let us all proceed to the Great Hall for the Princing Breakfast where you will have a chance to visit with the Prince prior to the final ceremony this evening when we light his Prince Candle."

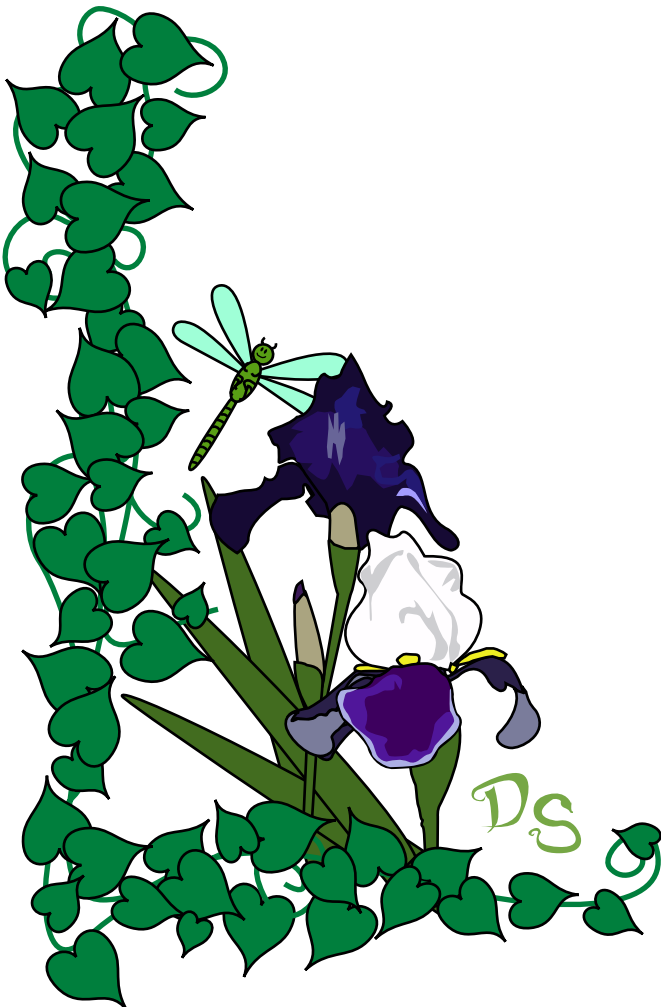
TO BE CONTINUED....

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS - F TO I

(PART THREE OF A SERIES)

COMPILED BY ORPHEUS

Fennel	Worthy of all praise; strength	Geranium (Pencil leaved)	Ingenuity
Fern	Sincerity	Geranium (Rose or Pink)	Preference
Fern (Magic)	Fascination; confidence and shelter	Geranium (Scarlet)	Comforting
Fern (Maidenhair)	Secret bond of love	Geranium (Scented)	Preference, melancholy; stupidity; folly
Feverfew	Protection	Geranium (Silver leaved)	Recall
Fir	Time	Geranium (Wild)	Steadfast piety
Flax	Domestic industry; fate; I feel your kindness	Gillyflower	Bonds of affection
Fleur-de-Lys	Flame	Gladiolus	Love at first sight; ready-armed; strength of character; generosity; bonds of affection
Flowering Reed	Confidence in heaven	Gloxinia	Love at first sight
Flower-of-an-Hour	Delicate beauty	Goat's Rue	Reason
Forget-me-not	True love; memories; forget me not	Golden Rod	Precaution
Forsythia	Anticipation	Gorse (Furze or Whin)	Anger
Foxglove	Insincerity	Grass	Submission; utility
Fuchsia	Good taste	Harbell	Happy Retirement
Gardenia	You're lovely; secret love; refinement; joy	Hawthorn	Hope
Garland of roses	Reward of virtue	Hazel	Reconciliation
Garlic	Courage; strength	Heather (lavender)	Admiration; solitude
Geranium (Dark)	Melancholy	Heather (pink)	Good luck
Geranium (Nutmeg)	An expected meeting	Heather (white)	Protection; wishes will come true; good luck
Geranium (Oak leaved)	Lady, deign to smile; friendship	Heliotrope	Devotion; eternal love; faithfulness
		Hellebore	Scandal; calumny
		Henbane	Defect
		Hepatica	Confidence
		Hibiscus	Delicate beauty
		Holly	Good will; defence; domestic happiness; foresight
		Hollyhock	Female ambition; fecundity
		Honesty	Honesty; fascination
		Honeysuckle	Generous and devoted affection; sweetness of disposition
		Hortensia	You are cold
		Hyacinth (purple)	I'm sorry; please forgive me; sorrow
		Hyacinth (blue)	Constancy
		Hyacinth (general)	Games and sports; rashness; flower dedicated to Apollo
		Hyacinth (red or pink)	Play
		Hyacinth (white)	Loveliness; I'll pray for you
		Hyacinth (yellow)	Jealousy
		Hydrangea	Thank you for understanding; frigidity; heartlessness; vanity
		Hyssop	Wards away evil spirits
		Ice Plant	Rejected; your looks freeze me
		Iris	I have a message for you; faith; hope; wisdom and valour; my compliments; eloquence
		Ivy	Fidelity; friendship; affection; matrimony
		Ivy (sprig of white tendrils)	Anxious to please; affection



OAT BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup All purpose flour
1 cup Whole Wheat Flour
1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Oat bran
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Packed brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup Nonfat dry milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Flaxseed
4 tsp Ground cinnamon
2 tsp Baking soda
2 tsp Baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt

2 cups Shredded carrot
2 cups Chopped Granny Smith apple
1 cup Raisins

1 cup Fat free milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Canola oil
2 tsp Vanilla
3 Large egg whites
1 Thin skinned orange, unpeeled, quartered

Cooking spray

Preheat oven 375°

Lightly spoon flours into dry measuring cups, level with knife. Combine flours and next eight ingredients (oat bran through salt) in LARGE bowl, stirring well (original recipe suggested a whisk). Stir in carrot, apple, raisins.

Combine milk, oil, vanilla, egg whites and orange in a blender or food processor, process until smooth.

Make a well in center of flour mixture; add milk mixture, stir until moist.

Spoon batter into muffin tin (2 Tbsp) coated with cooking spray. Bake in batches at 375° for 20 minutes or until muffins are brown and spring back when touched lightly in center. Remove from pans immediately and place on rack to cool. Generous two Tbsp batter scoops makes 24 muffins in regular muffin tin pan. Spray pan generously to pop muffins out of tins.

For embellishment, substitute dried cherries, cranberries, apricots, dates whatever strikes your fancy in place of raisins. And since the Peach Fae submits this, he hasn't tried peaches yet but probably dried or fresh ones!

Serve lathered generously with cream cheese! ! Or Einstein's honey vanilla schmeer!!

1-3-04

Many thanks, P'chE for sharing these recipes. For those that missed the Beltane retreat (shame on you!), these were served and well appreciated by all.

PASTA BEAN SALAD

Mix penne pasta (cooked), kidney, black and garbanzo beans, black eyed peas, black olives, green olives, cilantro. Slice the black olives in half and use a jar/can of salad green olives. One can each and a pound box of pasta makes a HUGE amount of salad! About $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped cilantro is enough for the salad.

Dress with:

CREAMY SESAME DRESSING

1 cup Mayo
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sour cream
1Tbsp Chopped or shredded ginger
1 Clove garlic
4 tsp Sesame oil
1Tbsp Rice vinegar
Mix in blender until combined then add

2 Tbsp Cilantro chopped

Best if made ahead and has time to set and flavors to wed (or at least to announce the banns!)

