

Nature Spirits:

by: Brigid Bardette, and the Discordeadors

Hail urban creatures across our whole land
Hail to the pigeons that feed from our hand
Praise them along with the stag and the lion
Part of the cosmos, there ain't no denyin'

Hail to the creatures that crawl 'cross our flats
The termites, the roaches, the mice, and the rats
Praise them along with the eagles that fly
All creatures of water, of earth, and of sky

Praise to the doggies that bark, whine, or beg
Praise to the kitties that scratch up your leg
Hail to the ferrets from Eris's hand
Hail to all creatures we don't understand



Gods:

by: Laura Megehee and Tricia Corley

Hail to the Old Gods above and below
Hail those we love, and the ones we don't know
Praise to the Great Ones and those who shine bright
Praise to the Wild Ones and those of the Night

Gods of the land and the sea and the sky
Gods of the hearth and the forge where sparks fly
Gods of the forest, who wild things guard
Gods of the traveler, the healer, the bard

Praise to our patrons and those who we fear
Praise to the Gods who are joining us here
Hail to the Gods of ancestors and kin
Hail to the Gods as we welcome them in



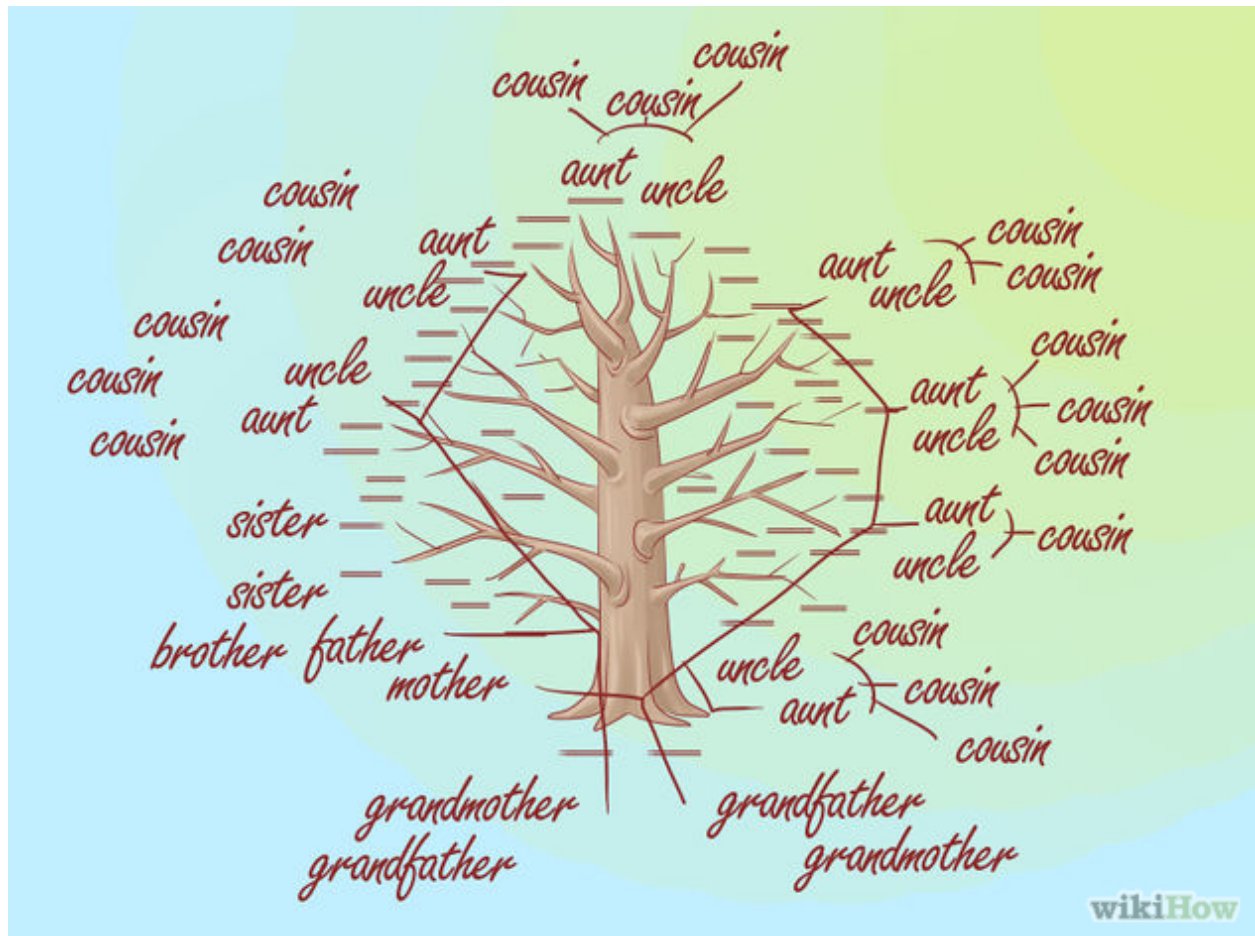
Ancestors:

by: Laura Megehee and Tricia Corley

Hail to the Ancestors, dead but not lost
Hail to our Dead who the threshold have crossed
Praise to the Mighty Dead, wisdom we seek
Praise to Beloved Dead, with whom we speak

Hail to our farthest back fathers and mothers
Hail those remembered, and all of the others
Praise to our teachers, who brought us all here
Whose blood ties are distant, and those whose are near

Ancestors come from both kith and from kin
Something of each we all carry within
Hail those who've passed who made us who we are
Hail to the Dead who watch us from afar



Earth Mother:

by: Laura Megehee and Tricia Corley

Hail to the Earth Mother, leaf and life crowned
Hail to the One who embodies our ground
Praise to the Mother of life and of death
Lava and icestorm, Her blood and Her breath



Muse:

by: Laura Megehee and Tricia Corley

Hail to the Muse of the Bard and the Priest
Hail to the One who turns words to a feast
Praise to the spark, inspiration and song
That brings us together all through the year long



Gatekeeper:

by: Laura Megehee and Tricia Corley

Hail to the keeper, who opens the gates
And carries us through as we alter our fates
Praise to the keeper of tree, flame, and well
Please hold these gates til we say our farewell



Am I A Storyteller?

By: Tom A.B. Taylor

Am I a storyteller?
Well, yes, I guess y'could say so
It's true I can tell a tale or two
If y'really wanna know

Treetop-Tall Tales to too-Short Stories
And everything in between
Th' pictures I paint, when I tell well...
Like nothin' you ever seen!

Why, I can make you cry in the blink of an eye
Make y'laugh 'til yer two sides ache
I can make ya think 'til yer brain dries up
I can give you all that you can take

I tell tall-tales of woodsmen, and the Tortoise and the Hare
And joyfully weave my words around those ears that seem to care
I tell true tales of th' Love and Faith, and Forgiveness we all need:
Healing words which help restore all those who Hear . . . and Heed

Tales of fairies, family and friends, in-laws (outlaws, too!)
Ghosts and goblins, too-many-kids-and-their-momma, all livin' in a shoe!
Pigs and princes, witches and kings, bears, li'l girls lost in the wood
Paupers and pipers and pirates, and more – tales of evil an' tales of good

Fables, parables, myths, allegories
Any and all may make wonderful stories
Legends, folk tales, and tales of nonsense
Some are so silly, but others – intense!

Stories may tease us, Stories can please us
Stories might open our eyes
The Stories that reach us? – those Stories can teach us
...Stories are Heard by the Wise

I see stories everywhere, and I learn them in my heart
Then, when I have th' chance to share, th' words just seem to start
And, whether we weep, or think, or laugh, or feel – as We, Together, Share a Story
What we share there, for a Moment in Time – is Storytelling's Glory.

In the South, from the land of Africa:

One Good Meal Deserves Another:

Anansi the Spider hated to share! When Turtle came to his house at mealtime, he said, "I can't give you food until you've washed your dusty feet!"

Turtle licked his lips when he saw the big plate of steaming food, but politely walked to the stream to wash. When he returned, the plate was empty.

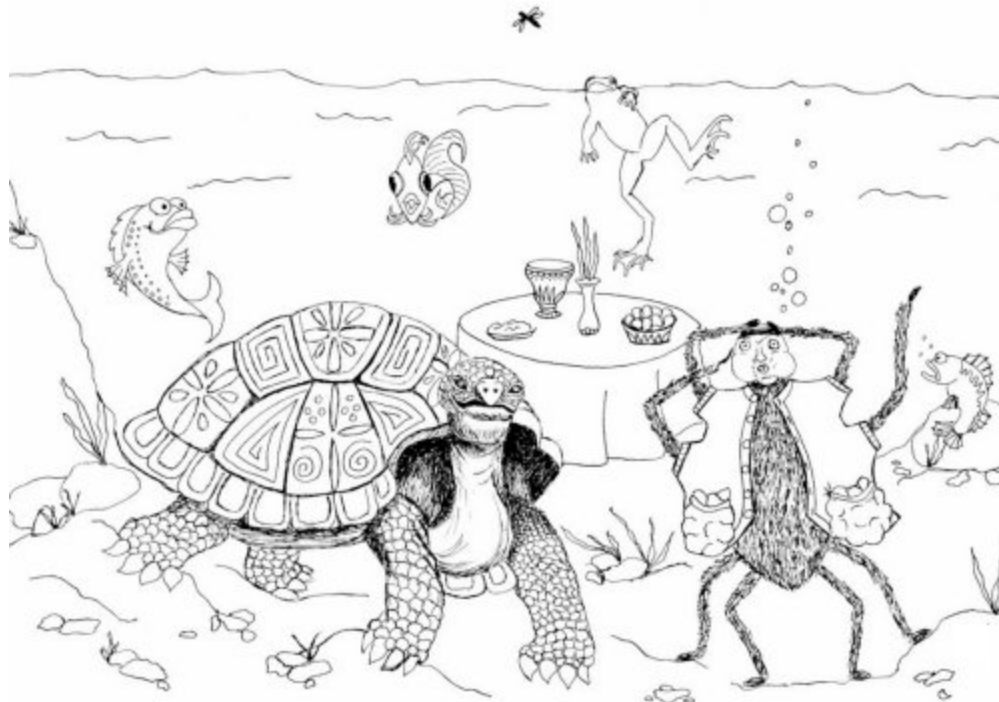
"Good meal," Anansi said, patting his full stomach.

"One good meal deserves another!" said Turtle. "Come to my house for dinner tomorrow."

Turtle fixed a fine dinner at the bottom of the river. "Come on down and eat!" he said.

Anansi filled his jacket pockets with stones so that he would be weighted down enough to stay at the river's bottom and eat. "It's impolite to wear a jacket to dinner!" Turtle said, "Take it off!"

But when greedy Anansi took off his jacket, he floated back up to the surface of the water and hungrily watched Turtle eat his fill!



In the North, from the land of the Inuits.

The two friends who set off to travel around the world:

Once there were two men who desired to travel round the world, so that they might tell others what was the manner of it. This was in the days when men were still many on the earth, and there were people in all the lands.

The two men who were setting out had each newly taken a wife, but as yet no children. They made themselves cups of musk-ox horn, each making a cup for himself from one side of the same beast's head.

And they set out, each going away from the other, that they might go by different ways and meet again some day. They travelled with sledges, and chose land to stay and live upon each summer.

It took them a long time to get around the world; they had children, and they grew old, and then their children also grew old, until at last the parents were so old that they could not walk, but the children led them.

And at last one day, they met—and of their drinking horns there was but the handle left, so many times had they drunk water by the way, scraping the horn against the ground as they filled them.

"The world is great indeed," they said when they met.

They had been young at their starting, and now they were old men, led by their children.

Truly the world is great.



In the West, from the land of the Koreans:

Two Brothers:

In times gone by there lived two brothers whose loving ways were the talk of the valley where they lived. They took care of their widowed mother and upon her death they divided everything evenly.

Together they worked diligently from sunup to sundown to produce the most they could from their fields. It never failed that come autumn they had the largest harvest in the valley.

One late autumn evening, after they had spent the afternoon sacking and dividing the last of the rice harvest, the older brother thought, "Brother has lots of expenses since he just got married a few months ago. I think I will put a sack of rice in his storehouse and not tell him. I'm sure he would never accept it if I offered it to him." So, late that night, he carried it to his brother's storeroom.

The next day, while tidying up his own storage, the older brother was surprised to find he still had the same number of sacks of rice as he had before taking one to his brother. "That's odd," he said, shaking his head, "I'm sure I took a sack of rice to Brother's house last night." He counted his sacks again. "Well," he said, scratching the back of his head, "I'll just take him another one tonight."

So, late that night, he carried a sack of rice to his brother's house.

The next morning, he was again shocked to find he had the same number of sacks as before. He shook his head over and over and decided he would take his brother another sack that night.

After a late dinner he loaded the rice and set out for his brother's house. It was a full moon and he could see the path quite clearly. Soon he saw a man carrying something bulky coming down the path.

"Why, Brother!" they both called out at the same time. The two brothers put down their sacks and laughed long and hearty for they both understood the mystery behind their unchanging number of sacks of rice. The younger brother thought his older brother could use the rice because he had a larger family.

In the East, from the land of the Greeks:

The Man and the Satyr:

A man had lost his way in a wood one bitter winter's night. As he was roaming about, a Satyr came up to him, and finding that he had lost his way, promised to give him a lodging for the night, and guide him out of the forest in the morning. As he went along to the Satyr's cell, the Man raised both his hands to his mouth and kept on blowing at them. "What do you do that for?" said the Satyr.

"My hands are numb with the cold," said the Man, "and my breath warms them."

After this they arrived at the Satyr's home, and soon the Satyr put a smoking dish of porridge before him. But when the Man raised his spoon to his mouth he began blowing upon it. "And what do you do that for?" said the Satyr.

"The porridge is too hot, and my breath will cool it."

"Out you go," said the Satyr. "I will have nought to do with a man who can blow hot and cold with the same breath."

