



PANEGYRIA

ne, but would you believe me if I told you I as being followed by a Yellow Submarine?

— Ringo Starr

The Official Voice of the Aquarian Tabernacle Church

A recognized open Wiccan Church with affiliated congregations worldwide.

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Winter Edition

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Spring is Just Around the corner!

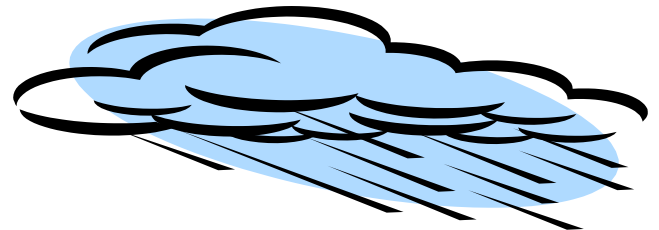
And you know what that means? Spring Mysteries! This year we celebrate our 25th anniversary. It is hard to believe how much things have changed over the years. April 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th is coming up faster than you think! Before you know it, you'll be crossing the border, taking the ferry or driving the long way out to Fort Flagler State Park.

The cast this year and staff have been working hard to make this year the best year ever. Each year we set the bar higher, yet we somehow are able to continue improving while trying new things. This year is no exception. Get ready for some surprises! You will have more time to interact with the Gods this year as they convey the 3000 year old Mysteries of Demeter. Look forward to the 80's dance party, and some comical reminiscing during the talent show. This event is not to be missed!

There are still beds open but they are selling out fast! Because of the anniversary and the likelihood of selling out early, we can only save beds for those who have submitted both their completed registration forms and their enrollment fee. The easiest way to get your payment in is to mail it in to the church with a check, money order, or credit card number. To get the early-bird prices, your completed forms must be in Pete's hot little hands at the church before the deadline, so plan ahead! Your fee includes heated

bunks, all meals. We can accommodate your dietary requirements if you put it on the form, but if you needs are not easily accommodated in an industrial kitchen...well, there is always the snack kitchen!

Proceeds from the Spring Mysteries Festival go to fund the new dining hall, support the church ministries like the Prison and Hospital Ministry, and other community service projects.



How old is Grandpa?

Winter is a time of reflection, of growing older and aging. Remember getting this chain letter?

Stay with this -- the answer is at the end. It will blow you away. One evening a grandson was talking to his grandfather about current events. The grandson asked his grandfather what he thought about the shootings at schools, the computer age, and just things in general. The Grandfather replied, "Well, let me think a minute, I was born before: Television, Penicillin, polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, contact lenses, Frisbees and the pill. There were no: credit cards, laser beams or ball-point pens.

Man had not invented: pantyhose, air

conditioners, dishwashers, clothes dryers, and the clothes were hung out to dry in the fresh air and man hadn't yet walked on the moon.



Your Grandmother and I got married first... And then lived together. Every family had a father and a mother. Until I was 25, I called every man older than me, "Sir". And after I turned 25, I still called policemen and every man with a title, "Sir." We were before gay-rights, computer- dating, dual careers, day-care centres, and group therapy.

Our lives were governed by the Ten Commandments, good judgment, and common sense. We were taught to know the difference between right and wrong and to stand up and take responsibility for our actions.

Serving your country was a privilege; living in this country was a bigger privilege. We thought fast food was what people ate during Lent. Having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with your cousins. Draft dodgers were people who closed their front doors when the evening breeze started. Time-sharing meant time the family spent together in the evenings and weekends-not purchasing condominiums.

We never heard of FM radios, tape decks, CDs, electric typewriters, yogurt, or guys wearing earrings. We listened to the Big Bands, Jack Benny, and the President's speeches on our radios. And I don't ever remember any kid blowing his brains out listening to Tommy Dorsey... If you saw anything with "Made in Japan" on it, it was junk. The term 'making out' referred to how you did on your school exam. Pizza Hut, McDonald's, and instant coffee were unheard of. We had 5 & 10-cent stores where you could actually buy things for 5 and 10 cents. Ice-cream cones, phone calls, rides on a streetcar, and a Pepsi were all a nickel. And if you didn't want to splurge, you could spend your nickel on enough stamps to mail 1 letter and 2 postcards. You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600, . . . But who could afford one? Too bad, because gas was 11 cents a gallon.

In my day:

- "grass" was mowed,
- "coke" was a cold drink,
- "pot" was something your mother cooked in
- "rock music" was your grandmother's lullaby.
- "Aids" were helpers in the Principal's office,
- "chip" meant a piece of wood,
- "hardware" was found in a hardware store and
- "software" wasn't even a word.

And we were the last generation to actually believe that a lady needed a husband to have a baby. No wonder people call us "old and confused" and say there is a generation gap... And how old do you think I am?

I bet you have this old man in mind...you are in for a shock! Read on to see -- pretty scary if you think about it and pretty sad at the same time.

Answer

This man would be only 59 years old.

Menhir News

By Pete Pathfinder Davis

I'll keep this short because things are very busy around here. We've all heard about someone finding an image of Jesus on a cracker, or the Blessed Virgin on a piece of toast, and often, selling the item on E-Bay or someplace for lots of money. Well, the other day I boiled myself up some ravioli for dinner, and guess what! There it was, as clear as could be, - a pentacle, right there on the ravioli! I wondered how much I could get for it on E-Bay, but then, I was hungry, so I just ate it. Here's a photo of it just before I did that! - Pete



Musings...from the Mother Superior



A young woman stands in the middle of a room, robed and nervous. She has ritually bathed, meditated, and prepared herself. She has studied diligently for a year and a day. She has worked with

her teachers, searched her soul, and fulfilled her assignments. She is ready. At least she hopes she is ready. Nervous, excited, and scared, she waits. The door opens and her guide stands there, blindfold in hand. It is time. With a deep breath, she steps forward to her Wiccan Initiation.

In a room across town, another young woman stands naked before her altar. The moonlight streams through the open window lighting the room, the woman, and the altar with its silvery glow. On the altar is a candle, a stick of lit incense, a chalice of water, a seashell filled with salt, and a clear crystal. The young woman takes a deep breath and lifts her arms in supplication and adoration. Before the Gods, both young women dedicate themselves to the Path of the Wise, to Wicca, to Initiation in this Way. Our question? Is one real and the other not? Is one true and the other wishful? Is one valid and the other false?

Imbolc is traditionally the time for Wiccan initiations. Initiation, after all, means a beginning, a start, and what is Imbolc but the celebration of new beginnings, the first emergence of life after the Dark time of the year, which is interestingly and not coincidentally, the time of learning? Initiation, whether with a group or solitarily, comes after a personal journey of discovery and learning.

Back to our question - one of the on-going debates among Wiccans today is the value of self-initiation vs. initiation into an established coven or Tradition. Those who feel that the only true initiation and therefore the only true path to Wicca, is initiation into an established coven or Tradition do so because of several reasons. Learning the Wiccan Path through an established order of teaching not only has value; it also has consistency

and orthodoxy. The power of an initiation into a group of like-minded individuals is motivating, energizing, and solidifying. There is a wonderful gestalt that happens within a Wiccan coven, and very much so in a Wiccan coven that is part of a larger Tradition. But the primary reason stated over and over, is the power of the transference of energy that happens within a Traditional initiation. Essentially, what happens is that within the ritual, energy from a member of the group is transferred to the initiate. This happens with some Traditions within the initiation ceremony, and with other groups within a ritual of elevation to a higher degree – but it *does* happen. With a self-initiation there is no transference of energy from one member to a new member.

While there is validity to the argument that this transference of energy has great value, it is hubris to insist that it is this that makes a true Wiccan. That is for the Gods to decide, not mere mortals. Who is to say that within a self-initiation the gods do not transfer energy on Their own? As in anything within this Path, it is the *intent* that creates the reality. A self-initiation is whole, powerful, valid, and sacred and those who choose to do this are as much Wiccan as someone who has initiated into a multi-coven lineage-heavy Tradition. Those who disagree with this usually do so because

- 1) they are members of an established coven where the transference of energy is highly valued;
- 2) they have been taught that it is only the transference of energy that confers Wiccaness;
- 3) they have a need for exclusiveness; and
- 4) they fall into the trap of Wiccan fundamentalism.

In a religion/spirituality that honors and values the spirit of the individual and deity within all, all of the above reasons are flawed. Wicca is not about “I’m right and therefore you are wrong” or “I’m a real Wiccan and you’re not”. It is about *inclusion, respect, honor, and the beauty of diversity*. The Lady is glorious however She appears, and we are glorious however we worship Her. Labels are neither necessary

nor particularly helpful. If one honors the Lord and the Lady, the balance of Nature, the Wiccan Rede and the Threefold Law; if one lives in harmony with the earth, strives to take responsibility for his or her actions, celebrates the Wheel of the Year and the Lunar Cycle; and chooses the name “Wiccan”, well, to my mind, it is a true name. Who are we to say otherwise? On the other hand, if one chooses the name “Wiccan”, and does not live according to the above criteria, acts selfishly, takes no responsibility, plays the woo woo card, and breaks the Rede deliberately, then, no matter how many “true” initiations he or she may have gone through, they are not Wiccan.

Action, not words.

Blessings,
Deborah



Would you like to see your art or writing in print? Want Wiccans and Pagans all around the world to enjoy your work? Look at the end of this issue of Panegyria for submission info.

How Spiritual Are you?

To find out, take this test, which is adopted from a personality inventory devised by Washington University psychiatrist Robert Cloninger, author of “Feeling Good: The Science of Well-Being”. Scoring information is at the end of this article.

1. I often feel so connected to the people around me that it is like there is no separation between us.

True	False
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2. I often do things to help protect animals and plants from extinction.

True	False
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3. I am fascinated by the many things in life that cannot be scientifically explained.

True	False
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4. Often I have unexpected flashes of insight or understanding while relaxing **True** **False**
5. I sometimes feel so connected to nature that everything seems to be part of one living organism.

True	False
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6. I seem to have a ‘sixth sense’ that sometimes allows me to know what is going to happen.

True	False
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7. Sometimes I have felt like I was part of something with no limits or boundaries in time and space.

True	False
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8. I am often called ‘absent-minded’ because I get so caught up in what I am doing that I lose track of everything else.

True	False
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9. I often feel a strong sense of unity with all the things around me.

True	False
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10. Even after thinking about something for a long time, I have learned to trust my feelings more than my logical reasons.

True False

11. I often feel a strong emotional or spiritual connection to the people around me.

True False

12. Often when I am concentrating on something, I lose awareness of the passage of time.

True False

13. I have made real personal sacrifices in order to make the world a better place, like trying to prevent war, poverty, and injustice.

True False

14. I have had experiences that made my role in life so clear to me that I felt very happy and excited.

True False

15. I believe that I have experienced extrasensory perception.

True False

16. I have had moments of great joy in which I suddenly had a clear, deep feeling of oneness with all that exists.

True False

17. Often when I look at an ordinary thing, something wonderful happens. I get the feeling that I am seeing it fresh for the first time.

True False

18. I love the blooming flowers in Spring as much as seeing an old friend again.

True False

19. It often seems to other people like I am in another world because I am so completely unaware of things going on around me.

True False

20. I believe that miracles happen.

True False

Scoring: Give yourself one point for each **True** answer and 0 points for each **False** answer.

14 and above = Highly spiritual, a true mystic. **12-13** = Spiritually aware, easily lost in the moment.

8-11 = Spiritually average; could develop more spiritual life if desired. **6-7** = A practical empiricist lacking self-transcendence. **1-5** = highly skeptical, resistant to developing spiritual awareness.



EXPLORING SOUTHERN AFRICA by Janice Van Cleve

The write up in the catalog at the travel agency looked intriguing. It showed a map with a route from Capetown, South Africa, up through Namibia, across Botswana, and ending up in Zambia. Along the way the trek stopped at highlights such as Fish River Canyon, Sesriem sand dunes, the Skeleton Coast, Etosha National Park, the Okavango Delta, and Victoria Falls. It would be twenty-one days to a part of the world I had never seen – an exotic, wild, beautiful part of the world. It is a place where a professor was pulled off of his dugout canoe by a crocodile and eaten. Of course I had to go there!

Did I pay attention to the little symbol on the map that indicated that this would be a trip by truck? Did I calculate the travel distances each day or investigate the road conditions? Did I look at the little symbols after BLD (Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner included) that showed that we'd be camping? Sure, I noticed them but none of these raised any red flags. In my mind were images of the plush camps in the Serengeti where the tents sport wood floors and real beds.

After I booked the trip I reread the fine print

and began to notice little details. Little details like I needed to bring my own sleeping bag. Oh well, how bad can a sleeping bag on a bunk feel?

Then there was the item about helping set up the tents. That got me wondering just what kind of tents were these? It also mentioned how cold it can get at night in the desert. Still the full impact of the truck, the distances, and the camping did not hit home. It didn't help, of course, that I booked myself into an idyllic bed & breakfast before the trip officially started and enjoyed a wonderful three days of wine tasting, food pairing, and a scrunchy comfy bed with a glass of port every evening.

The tour started off hopefully enough in a nice hotel in Capetown. The Ritz is a modern high rise hotel in the rich section of town. The tour leader assigned me a 37 year old Danish Scorpio for a roommate but she and I quickly found common ground because she is a hobbit and I am an elf. We both appreciate the Lord Of The Rings and I had brought a copy to reread on the plane. We learned to live with each other's peculiarities and we avoided tripping over each other. Not that tripping would be a problem if we were in hotels or in Serengeti camps. However, this is where the truck and setting up the tents comes in.

The truck was a big Toyota safari vehicle with cab in front and bus like accommodations in back for 22 people with storage underneath for luggage, tents, cooking gear, and food. There was a fridge in front for dairy and meats to keep cold and a cooler in back for wine, beer, and whatever else we picked up on our own along the way. So it was roomy enough for the 12 of us plus our leader and the driver and cook both rode in the cab.

The first stop brought me down to reality with a crash. The truck pulled up into a campsite just a little off the main road. Now by "main road" I do not mean a freeway. I mean more like highway 26 out on the flats of eastern Washington – out in the middle of nowhere but some traffic still uses it. Most of the route we took in Namibia was on gravel roads. Even the tarmac

roads in this part of the world can be quite bumpy at times because of the extreme heating and cooling they suffer from the climate. Anyway, we pulled up into this campsite and stopped. The driver opened the flaps to the storage units below the passenger compartment. One by one the group leader pulled out rubberized canvas bags with numbers on them. Dorte (my amazon Danish roommate) and I get number 37.

This is what it meant to "help" set up tents. We had to help each other. It was already dark and we had to wear our headlamps just to see. The tent was a heavy duty canvas full dome type with sectional steel poles, two large screened windows, and a screen and flap double door. We had fiber sleeping pads (no bed, no cot) that were no way near as thick as our leader praised them to be. While we figured out how to put this thing together, the cook prepared our supper. He managed to do a pretty good job especially considering he blew up the propane stove on the second night and had to cook all the food over wood campfires. His only fault was that he persistently cooked for twice as many mouths as we had and there was unfortunate waste. This hurt because so many native people here are dirt poor and starving. Where possible, our tour leader made every effort to give wholesome leftovers to the local villagers.

Then before we go to bed, our tour leader announces that breakfast is at 7:00 am and that we should have our tents down and stowed and our bags packed and on the truck by that time.



This became our daily routine. This was definitely not the Serengeti. As an afterthought, he casually mentions that we have 600 kilometers

to cover the next day.

Now I really don't know how far 600 kilometers is. I don't do conversions from the metric system very well. When I was in Buenos Aires a few years ago I ordered a steak which seemed to be the thing to do in Argentina. The

menu indicated it was 600 grams. What came back was half a cow! So I guess anything that gets up to 600 anything in metric is really really big.

So almost every day, we got up before dawn, broke camp, ate, cleaned up and got on the road. After bouncing and jarring over rough gravel for 600 something metrics and seeing the sights, we would arrive at our destination and repeat the process. Somewhere in there we occasionally succeeded in getting a shower and brush teeth. True, we did stay in small hostels in Swakopmund for two nights which had their own bathrooms, and there were two other places we stayed for two nights at the same site, but by and large this exploration became an extended car camping trip covering 3,000 miles (that's a whole bunch of 600 metrical thingies).

When the reality of this finally settled into my brain, my next thought immediately was what to do about the middle of the night toilet stop. During the day we would simply pull over to the side of the road and girls went to the left of the truck and boys to the right. We'd respond to Nature out in the open because we didn't dare go behind any bushes – there's things that can eat you in there! At night it's a different story. All of the campsites have fixed facilities with running water, real toilets, and even showers. Sometimes there is hot water and once there even was electrical outlets for hairdryers and battery chargers. To use these facilities at night, all we had to do was find our way in the dark with nothing but a headlamp.

That part I could handle. It's the snakes, crocodiles, lions, baboons, and other wildlife between the tent and the facility that made it more interesting. At first I was afraid. After all, they have black mambas and cobras here, packs of jackals, and much bigger things. Some of our campsites were in fenced areas but many were right out there in the bush. It is unnerving to try to sleep with lions roaring and elephants chewing

right outside the tent. I'm not making this up. We saw the tracks in the sand around our tents in the morning. So getting up at night to use the toilet is a test of courage.

The first step is gingerly to listen for noises outside. Then I'd bat the flap and unzip the door loudly to announce I was emerging. I'd turn on my headlamp and pick up a branch to made my way, repeating the magical incantation: "Hey hey, ho ho! Big bad animals got to go!" It was not so scary at Etosha because our camp was within a perimeter fence, but in the Okavango where the professor was eaten, we were right out there in the bush next to the wetlands. Lions circled our camp and roared as we huddled around the campfire for supper. Hyenas darted in and out just at the edge of the shadows. Monkeys chattered at us from the trees overhead.

It was in that environment one night at 2:00 am that I faced a compelling need. I stepped out of my tent in the bright clear moonlight and made my way around a tree and past the South Africans. There are lots of South Africans at these campsites. They are invariably white and drive big white Nissan pickup trucks. On top are one or two ingenious racks that fold out into tents with ladders that climb down to the ground. No fears about crawly things creeping in at night! A number of them even are equipped with portable solar panels and batteries to run the fridge and keep the beer cold. Now that's camping!

But I digress. I was trying to reach the restroom building at night. It was totally dark but in the moonlight I could see the roof about 30 yards in front of me. Then I saw the movement. Huge shapes were lumbering all around the small building. A herd of elephants was grazing on the trees to the left and right of me. They were not ill mannered, as elephants go, and I really was in their space, so I had to change my incantation. I softly chanted, "Hey hey, ho ho. Please let me pass because I've got to go!" Amazingly, they moved aside with casual unconcern and kept right on munching.

They say Africa changes you. They say that the wonders and lessons of Africa stay with you all your life. This lesson will stay with me. When I am camping out in the Cascade Mountains of my home state and I have to get up at night I will fear no bears. . . . for I have chased elephants!

Letters to the Editor: In Loving Response

Well, well, well. Looks like our kooky Bible-pounding pulpit preacher has been sticking his tongue where it doesn't belong. Robertson is convinced that the terrifying earthquake in Haiti was caused not by shifting continental plates, but by good old fashioned Satan-worshipping Voudou witchcraft!

Dear Pat Robertson,

I know that you know that all press is good press, so I appreciate the shout-out. And you make God look like a big mean bully who kicks people when they are down, so I'm all over that action. But when you say that Haiti has made a pact with me, it is totally humiliating. I may be evil incarnate, but I'm no welcher. The way you put it, making a deal with me leaves folks desperate and impoverished. Sure, in the afterlife, but when I strike bargains with people, they first get something here on earth — glamour, beauty, talent, wealth, fame, glory, a golden fiddle. Those Haitians have nothing, and I mean nothing. And that was before the earthquake. Haven't you seen "Crossroads"? Or "Damn Yankees"? If I had a thing going with Haiti, there'd be lots of banks, skyscrapers, SUVs, exclusive night clubs, Botox — that kind of thing. An 80 percent poverty rate is so not my style. Nothing against it — I'm just saying: Not

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Janice Van Cleve is a writer from Seattle. Africa has also taught her to read her travel brochures a bit more carefully. Copyright 2009.
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how I roll. You're doing great work, Pat, and I don't want to clip your wings — just, come on, you're making me look bad. And not the good kind of bad. Keep blaming God. That's working. But leave me out of it, please. Or we may need to renegotiate your own contract.

Best,
Satan



'Twas the Night Before Solstice

By Jamie Freeman

'Twas the night before Solstice, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The ornaments were hung on the tree with much care
In hopes that the Sun God soon would be there.

The children were wide awake without sleep
Calling the Sun with their drums sounding deep.
And mamma bringing cocoa, and I with my drum
Were all keeping vigil awaiting the Sun.

We kept up our song in anticipation,
As dry leaves fall and await decomposition.

Would we be enough to bring the return?
How long must we wait for the one that we yearn?

When out of the dawn there arose such a clatter.
We stopped, looked around to see what was the matter.
'tween darkness and light the world did hover
There was magic in the space between one and the other.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Made the Goddess look lovely in her motherly glow.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But the shape of a man with the horns of a deer!

With a bounding and steps so lively and spry,
I thought that it must be a trick of the eye.
We'd waited so long--couldn't believe that he came!
We cried "Hail and welcome!" and called him by name:

"Oh Horned One, Oh Holly King! Our Child of the Sun!
Oh God of the Beasts, of laughter and fun!
We welcome you, Lord, to the face of the Earth!
We would give you honor on the day of your birth."

He was dressed all in leaves from his head to his foot,
Like his body were made up of oak, ash and root.
A bundle of stuff he had slung in a pack.
Perhaps they were gifts from below he brought back.

He had a green face and a great erect fallis:
Which showed us his power, not his anger or malice.
It was chubby and plump, a right jolly wee elf!
And I laughed when I saw it, in spite of myself.

But a wink of his eye and a shake of his head
Soon gave me to know we had nothing to dread.
Then out came our cat, and by rubbing His legs,
Makes it known tis an ear scratch she craves.

His eyes, how they crinkled! His laughter, how merry!
In his wake there grew mushrooms and flowers and berries.
Into the house he went quick as you please,
Leaving behind the scent of pine trees.

He beheld our green tree in honor of Him,
Ornamented with wishes on the bough of each limb.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
Giving all of *us* gifts on the day of His birth.

When in through the window came a great beam of light,
the first rays of sun came to banish the night.
The Liminal over, and twas past time
for the Sun God to return to the world divine.

He went to the garden, and with a sign of dismissal,

He shrank and transformed to the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he flew out of sight
"Happy Solstice to all on the year's longest night!"

Jamie Freeman is a freelance writer, blogger and volunteer.
She writes for Witchful Thinking, a blog to get good advice
based on psychology, Paganism, and practical wisdom.
Visit her online: www.witchfulthinking.wordpress.com

7% : What We'd Likely Forget.

Some worthwhile, reasonable and/or uplifting thoughts herein, written by Regina Brett, 90 years old, of The Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio. "To celebrate growing older, I once wrote the 45 lessons life taught me. It is the most-requested column I've ever written. My odometer rolled over to 90 in August, so here is the column once more:

1. Life isn't fair, but it's still good.
2. When in doubt, just take the next small step.
3. Life is too short to waste time hating anyone.
4. Your job won't take care of you when you are sick. Your friends and parents will. Stay in touch.
5. Pay off your credit cards every month.
6. You don't have to win every argument. Agree to disagree.
7. Cry with someone. It's more healing than crying alone.
8. It's OK to get angry with God. He can take it.
9. Save for retirement starting with your first paycheck.
10. When it comes to chocolate, resistance is futile.
11. Make peace with your past so it won't screw up the present.
12. It's OK to let your children see you cry.
13. Don't compare your life to others. You have no idea what their journey is all about.
14. If a relationship has to be a secret, you shouldn't be in it.
15. Everything can change in the blink of an eye. But don't worry; God never blinks.
16. Take a deep breath. It calms the mind.
17. Get rid of anything that isn't useful, beautiful or joyful.
18. Whatever doesn't kill you really does make you stronger.

19. It's never too late to have a happy childhood. But the second one is up to you and no one else.
20. When it comes to going after what you love in life, don't take no for an answer.
21. Burn the candles, use the nice sheets, wear the fancy lingerie. Don't save it for a special occasion. Today is special.
22. Over prepare, then go with the flow.
23. Be eccentric now. Don't wait for old age to wear purple.
24. The most important sex organ is the brain.
25. No one is in charge of your happiness but you.
26. Frame every so-called disaster with these words "In five years, will this matter?"
27. Always choose life.
28. Forgive everyone everything.
29. What other people think of you is none of your business.
30. Time heals almost everything. Give time, time.
31. However good or bad a situation is, it will change.
32. Don't take yourself so seriously. No one else does.
33. Believe in miracles.
34. God loves you because of who God is, not because of anything you did or didn't do.
35. Don't audit life. Show up and make the most of it now.
36. Growing old beats the alternative -- dying young.
37. Your children get only one childhood.
38. All that truly matters in the end is that you loved.
39. Get outside every day. Miracles are waiting everywhere.
40. If we all threw our problems in a pile and saw everyone else's, we'd grab ours back.
41. Envy is a waste of time. You already have all you need.
42. The best is yet to come.
43. No matter how you feel, get up, dress up and show up.
44. Yield.
45. Life isn't tied with a bow, but it's still a gift.

It's estimated 93% won't forward this. If you are one of the 7% who will, forward this with the title '7%'. I'm in the 7%. Remember that I will always share my spoon

with you! Friends are the family that we choose for ourselves.

Need-Fire: Winter



By Naomi M.

The Yule season is upon us and as it so happens, it is a special one. Not only are we celebrating the turn of the wheel, and the god's return, we are heralding in a blue moon at the

end of the month. I for one am excited at the magical prospects!

This past autumn has found my workings within the angelic realm I am pleased to share with you a terrific book that falls within this circumference.

Archangels and Ascended Masters: A guide to Working and Healing with Divinities and Deities by Doreen Virtue, Ph.D.

This is a truly fascinating book! Ms. Virtue shares with us her communications with each deity or divinity, recording their specific messages. Imagine sitting near a river, laced with flowers and fairies in Dublin Ireland, speaking with Maeve; or atop monolithic stones of the Joshua Tree National Park in California at twilight, speaking with Forseti. Of course not all of her conversations took place in poetic settings, but each encounter with the divine is beautifully recorded.

There are 65 different angels and deities listed alphabetically in this book. Each one has a brief description of their history and their origin along with Ms. Virtue's communications with them, what specific things they may help you with and an invocation to call them.

For example on page 183 you will see:

"Vesta
(Roman; New Age)
Also known as Hestia, Prisca

Vesta is a sun and fire goddess who oversees the home and hearth. In ancient times, a sacred fire was continuously burned and tended in her honor by vestal virgins. Every fire was thought to contain part of Vesta's living spirit.

In New Age circles, Vesta works with Helios, the Roman sun god, as Solar Logos. This term denotes divinities who light the flame of the light-body within spiritual aspirants, using the sun rays from one's solar plexus.

Vesta showed me an image of herself on a chariot with Apollo, riding among the heavenly stars each evening, and tucking in those of us on Earth each night. Blessing and protecting us, I saw her showering each of us with compassion as she recognizes the tough job we all have to do. She's similar to Archangel Haniel, who illuminates us with stardust so that we'll remember our magical properties and qualities.

Helps with:

Divine light-increasing its size, brightness and visibility

- Fire control
- Home-filling it with warmth and love
- Passion, igniting and keeping
- Protection-especially for children
- Space Clearing

Invocation

It's a good idea to invite Vesta into your home if there's been recent friction among those who live there. Vesta can clear the energy of fear and anger so that future conflict is less likely to occur. She'll bring a feeling of warmth, love and ease to the household, which will comfort all who enter the home.

Since Vesta is the goddess of the hearth

or fireplace, one way to call her is by lighting a fire or a candle. As you light the flame, say to her: Beloved Vesta, please bring your flame of Diving love into this household and light the fire of kindness, compassion, and understanding within everyone who lives and visits this home. Help us to burn away any fears concerning love, and to feel warm and secure."

Near the back of the book is a section of Invocations for Specific Needs and Issues, as well as a list of whom to call on if you have a particular working in mind.

This entire book is a quick and easy reference guide and I for one, found her connection with each spirit warm and loving. Her visualizations have enhanced my communications with the Archangels and deities that I am familiar with as well as making it an easy introduction those that I have not worked with before.

I highly recommend you to add this book to your library.

May this Yule find you bathed in the warm light of the God's return.

Blessed Be,
Naomi

2012 - END OF THE WORLD? NOT!

By Janice Van Cleve

Doomsdayers, Creationists, New Agers, and Conspiracy Theorists have created a buzz about a world wide apocalypse set to occur on December 21, 2012. They have also created enough of an audience to entice Roland Emmerich (producer of Independence Day and The Day After Tomorrow) to turn out yet another mega disaster movie called 2012 to be released soon. It is all poppycock, of course. The only sure prediction is that Emmerich will make a pile of money off of the sensation seekers and the gullible.

The movie trailer begins ominously with the words: "The earliest civilization warned us this day would come" and then all hell breaks loose. The aircraft carrier John F. Kennedy is thrown up by a giant wave and lands upside down on the White House. The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel cracks and the dome of St. Peter's falls down and rolls over a bunch of people. Buildings burn and whole cities slide into the sea. It's digital animation at its finest.

All this is loosely based on amateur archeoastronomy, alternative interpretations of mythology, numerological constructions, and alleged prophecies from extraterrestrial beings. Terence McKenna got the ball rolling in 1975 with his book "The Invisible Landscape - Mind Hallucinogens and The I Ching." McKenna experimented with many psychotropic substances including LSD and wrote and spoke publically about his experiences. In 1993 he propounded his Novelty Theory in a book called "True Hallucinations: Being an Account of the Author's Extraordinary Adventures in the Devil's Paradise." The Novelty Theory says that events of any given time are related to events of other times. He developed a computer program to predict major shifts in human evolution. His program came up with the next major event in November 2012. When he discovered that his date came close to the end of a major Maya time interval one month later, he adjusted his program to make the dates match.

The Maya were the great civilization of Central America and the Yucatan from roughly 250 BCE to the Spanish conquest in the 16th Century. The greatest flowering of their science and arts was between 250 and 900 CE. The Maya people still inhabit this area today and many of the old religious practices and myths are

even now remembered and re-enacted in their villages (see The Maya Cosmos by Linda Schele and David Freidel, 1993). The Maya developed an intricate set of calendars one of which was The Long Count. This is a linear calendar which starts counting on August 11, 3114 BCE and ends on December 21, 2012. Such a date would certainly be important to the time-conscious Maya and they would mark the event with celebrations and sacrifices, but they never considered it to be the end of the world. In fact, their monuments and books note other dates far before 3114 and far after 2012. The most that today's Maya look forward to is the next rain for their crops.

So all the hype about the movie is just that. There is not a shred of evidence for any cataclysmic event. For more reading by real archeologists, go to <http://decipherment.wordpress.com/2009/10/11/q-a-about-2012/> and an article in the Salt Lake Tribune at http://www.sltrib.com/Nation%20and%20World/ci_13534048

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Author of "Eighteen Rabbit: The Intimate Life and Tragic Death of a Maya God-King." available through Xlibris.com or Amazon.com. 2006
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ABOUT THE A.T.C.: The church was founded by Pete Pathfinder Davis in November of 1979 in an effort to create a safe worship place for Seattle area Pagans to gather and worship in peace. But the gods had other ideas, and the church grew and spread. PANEGYRIA was started on the Spring Equinox in March of 1984 as the official voice of the Aquarian Tabernacle Church, a fledgling American Wiccan tradition less than five years old. Today, the ATC has grown to be worldwide in scope and, while still small on a global scale, it grows daily by leaps and bounds. Why? Because Wicca is a religious philosophy and practice that seems to fill the void left in the "mainstream" spiritual

paths of today's modern culture. The people of the ATC have set their sights on establishing a part of Wicca that is a worshipping community open to all, easily found and accepted, respected and protected under the law by our cultural establishments— governments and other religions. We have successfully done that, at least in our own areas of influence, and we continue to expand those areas of influence as we accept and guide Affiliated Church groups into the ATC fold. We are here not to dictate doctrine or methodology like other churches, but to help and guide like-minded Pagan groups to gain the same degree of success, freedom and acceptance we have attained. If you or your group have an interest in learning more or joining our "family," please contact us and ask for details. The Affiliation Information contains complete information on organization, incorporation and affiliation, and can be found on this website.

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