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## meditation tools Tools of the Wiccan

Posted by storm - 2008/11/18 23:49

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Would anyone like to write about them? I am in the mood to read about your tools, if you would like to please write about them to me. I know I can look them up, but I am in the mood for Wiccan melodrama and passionate explanation that inspires magic(k) in all of us. (or at least me) For instance, the tools and their stories that I would like to hear about in your passionate words are: the movement through air or water or the extension of energy, etc. Melodrama may thrill you, if so, go to the movies. I find it a poor way to teach or learn, but that may be just me. Also, do not expect a lecture on all the Wiccan tools there are and whether or not they are needed. None are needed. All are useful. However, the power of the tool does indeed have more to do with the person wielding the tool than the number of crystals, jewels, precious metals, runes, sigils, or dollars involved in crafting the tool. That part doesn't seem to be in the books, or at least not emphasized enough. The rest, you can indeed look up for yourself. Have fun. Meanwhile... stories, tools, movement through air: Blades! An HPS I dearly loved told me two wonderful stories about blades, tools of air. Stories told to me decades ago. While doing a ritual with a whole lot of new-to-Wicca participants, when she drew out her hulking huge sacred sword she noticed a distinct gasp from many in the circle. Do not worry, she said in her best authority voice, This blade cuts nothing thicker than air or lies. After a little bit of staring down the crowd, she continued on. I have stolen the line several times when pulling out a blade with newbies present. It takes them a moment to get through the poetics of it, then it seems to reassure them nearly every time. The only time it hasn't, I ended up telling this whole story, explaining where the line came from. That worked. Back in the days of Satanism scares all over the media, cops were being bombasted with scare information from all sides and only a few witches were trying to work with them. (Then again, only a few cops wanted to work with witches. I knew a few expert advisors and their tales of what was common belief were consistently and depressingly amazing.) She had a young cop who actually was interested in exploring and maybe training. After much reassurance of a nervous neophyte, she brought him along to a circle to see for himself. He was doing fine until everyone drew out athames for quarter calling. He panicked, Aaaaa! They're all armed! , and needed much persuasion not to run out to his car and fetch his firearm from his trunk. I gather it got a little scary there for a couple of moments and then it took several minutes to let the laughter die down and the ritual continue. Whenever I circle with a crowd where bunches of athames are drawn at once, I smother a smirk and an impulse to scream, Aaaaa! They're all armed. So far, I have been successful. -storm Um not to ruin your story but off duty cops are required to wear their fire arms at all times.- Hide quoted text - - Show quoted text - Interesting point. Is that true in all states? Maybe he was bending the rules. Maybe I am guilty of passing along a story with inaccuracies. Such is the danger of oral story tradition. But still, a very interesting point that I cannot speak to. I am reminded of a bit of doggerel I picked up from an obscure Mason Williams song. This is not a true tale, but who needs truth if it's dull? -storm- Hide quoted text - - Show quoted text - Not sure. It is just a great story so I thought maybe you could tweak it to... he grabbed his firearm , so former Police Explorer dweebs like me do not call you on it! ;) lol!- Hide quoted text - - Show quoted text - Ha! It would indeed be a better line, wouldn't it? However, it definitely would not do for the time and place of these Wiccans. We are talking late 60's through 70's in and around Santa Clara California. Happy hippy times in many ways. Guns of any kind in circle would have been big bad juju. It would be my impression that this would have been talked about in great detail between the HPS and the cop student. It is a little surprising that she did not warn him about all the athames that would be present, but we all have blind spots. I assume she worked with him one-on-one for a while and he was used to one witch with sharp pointy things but not quite ready for a room full. Unfortunately, she is not with us on this plane anymore, so I cannot quiz her on this very interesting point. At least, not until next Samhain. :-) For those who have been on Usenet for a long while, she was known as Dragonmama, a fairly dogmatic Wiccan, about as old school as you can get. I think it was only her deep friendship with my wife that let her start seeing me as something other than yet another witch who was making it up as I went along, that there was as much method to my madness as there was madness to my method. We would have great theological discussions until we got to some point where she would just shake her head slowly in wonder. That's not how I would say it, but it makes its own kind of sense, yes. would be the only diplomatic reaction she could say, while her face said, I love you, you make sense, but you're crazy. As a follower of Eris (may She visit my critics even more often than She visits me), it is one of the best reactions one can get. -storm

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ah ha..maybe it was the times then. :) Good story.. Tell another one oh Baird Storm..- Hide quoted text - - Show quoted text - Very flattering. Either Baird Storm is a typo on Bard Storm or a sideways reference to Baird who also haunts these usenet boards, and whom I admire greatly and tend to agree with more often than is probable for Wiccans from different backgrounds. Either way, very flattering. If it would do any good, I would preen. As for tell another one, well that is an interesting invitation. Story telling is at the heart of my practice. It is my axiom that the first shaman was the first story teller and the two arts have walked hand in hand ever since. Not exactly a Wiccan tool, but one of the available tools of ritual is scent, either through incense or oils. My wife and I went to a Psychic Renaissance

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Faire in San Jose. It is something we do now and then just to be somewhere where I don't look like the freakiest person there. Sometimes there is a nice bauble we might like or might be a wonderful Yule gift. (My wife shops for Yule all year long. December comes along and I am frantic and she has everything wrapped and waiting.) For me the highlight was meeting the Swami Beyondandanda. It would be hard to imagine a better satire on new age practice and philosophies. At his booth, he sold things like a box of Nothing, as in Nothing is better than true love and true love is worth all the money in the world and I am only asking five dollars for this box of Nothing! Then he had a stint on the stage where musicians usually played, and for about an hour he went on and on with lines like I do don't do spirit channeling. They only want to use your body and they won't respect you in the morning. Then he took questions and could riff brilliant new age nonsense on any topic you could bring up. Wonderful. We saw a lot of people we knew there, people who wouldn't be caught dead at a New Age event. It turned out one of the big speakers was Robert Anton Wilson and all the local Discordians were as excited as Christians hearing about the Second Coming. People with practiced permanent sneers of disdain at anybody else convictions or enthusiasm suddenly going full shameless gaga fanboy. Not my particular vision of Discordia, so I let it pass as the main speakers room was filling up, and only teased one good friend about the sudden change in behaviour. I got a very fulfilling viscious glare. :-) Also on the bill was Scott Cunningham, who was to do a featured presentation on aromatherapy. A lot of people think Scott Cunningham is the epitome of Wicca Lite, but we always thought of him as a fellow kitchen witch. We both wanted to go to the aromatherapy session, but we had an infant child and no baby sitters handy, so one of us had to stay home. We bargained a bit and I won and she got to go the seminar. My wife decided she would take along the video camera so I could get at least some of the value from the class. When she got there, it was not nearly as attended as we expected and she was able to talk to him a while before the class. She explained the bargaining, the deal, and the camera. He had her put the camera on a chair as if it were a student. (think older tech, big video cameras that rode on your shoulder) It turned out that part of the class was him sharing samples of some of his rarer essence oils, little cotton pads with a tiny dab of oil in the middle. As he passed through the students to share each aroma and its meanings, he would pause and offer a smell to the camera. So indeed I did get to attend the whole seminar, although it was as if I had a bad cold and couldn't smell a thing. We have had little brushes with Big Name Pagans here and there, but none were quite so polite, friendly, and inclusive as Scott. And somewhere on our shelves is a little video, probably grainy and noisy with age, of someone long past, someone who was definitely in the pagan author biz more for the sharing than the money. My lesson from the story: It is not how important you feel that matters, it is how important you make others feel. -storm

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Would anyone like to write about them? Why not try using your brain, or more specifically your mind? Yours should be in pretty good condition, seeing as it's hardly been used ;) golwg Matthew Did you mean that as an insult, Matthew? I don't think you have ever insulted me before.

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Posted by Baird Stafford - 2008/11/18 23:49

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For those who have been on Usenet for a long while, she was known as Dragonmama, a fairly dogmatic Wiccan, about as old school as you can get. I think it was only her deep friendship with my wife that let her start seeing me as something other than yet another witch who was making it up as I went along, that there was as much method to my madness as there was madness to my method. Dragonmama was very fond of you and your whole family including the kids, Steve, and she worried on your behalf when you left for the wilds of the interior. Of course, this was before it became known as the People's Republic of Boulder.... And I suspect that, at least in her later years (which was when I met her on usenet), she herself wouldn't have turned a hair at the prospect of having a firearm in Circle. Remember where and when she grew up, after all.... What I miss most of all is her beautiful, expressive \*voice\*. <snip Blessed be, Baird

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Tell another one oh Baird Storm. Sorry, aine. Steve and I are two \*entirely\* different people. You must have noted by now that I am not an eclectic, nor even bright enough to come up with something as effectively catchy as the Eclectic

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Posted by Sidney Lambe - 2008/11/18 23:49

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Didn't see aine's article, as it was killed by my filter. I didn't miss a thing. I am going to repeat myself for the benefit of anyone who might be gullible enough to accept these role-playing clowns at face value: They are clueless, confusing theatrical nonsense with true magickal lore. The blind leading the blind. Leave them to their herbs and symbols and robes and dances in the moonlight and fanciful parroted myths. The path to your magickal self is within and it begins with basic meditation, described on a thousand websites. Apply yourself to this basic skill and all will eventually become clear. You will attract a Teacher, physical or not, at some point. If you want to party with the wiccans, go ahead. But don't let their sensational woo-woo distract you. They are fumbling in the dark and have formed another stupid religion that tries to box the Truth and form power structures. Priests, by whatever name, seek to place themselves between you and the Divine, pretending to abilities that you supposedly don't have. Ignore them. Sid

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From your local Usenet Wiccan Bard (Baird)..... But I think \*that\* is carrying things a bit far! Blessed be, Baird who is pretty sure there is only one of him, no matter what Steve and aine think!

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I did some minimal Internet checking and according to the Baird/Beard/ Bard/Biard clan, its all the same thing and is the Scottish for poet. So, thanks again, aine, for the compliment. It's archaic language style does add to the attraction. What Wiccan could resist ancient sounding gobbledygook? And as for you Baird, you're stuck with me again, whether we like it or not. Fortunately, we seem to both enjoy it. Oddly, I already knew the linguistic connections (except for Beard, which for will forever mean chin whiskers now, sadly, gray-gray-gray!). As for being stuck with you, it has seemed to me over the years that each of us has learnt enough from the other to make it worthwhile to maintain the connection! <snip From your local Usenet Wiccan Bard (Baird)..... But I think \*that\* is carrying things a bit far! Blessed be, Baird who is pretty sure there is only one of him, no matter what Steve and aine think!

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What I miss most of all is her beautiful, expressive \*voice\*. In real life she had a presence that could not be denied. We have a tradition we follow this time of year. We hold two Thanksgiving dinners. One is for the family, the people we are related to, family by blood. The other is for all the people we have unspokenly adopted into our lives, the best of friends, coven members, family by choice. If she were here she would have a seat of prominence at the second table. However, she would possibly object to the music now and then. One time we held a Fourth of July party and I did my little Discordia patriotic tradition. I crank the stereo to max and put on Hendrix doing the Star Spangled Banner as loud as it can get without breaking the speakers. People had been setting off firecrackers for three days; this is my noisemaker. I had warned her beforehand. She ended up standing across the street having a cigarette, slowly shaking her head in mild disbelief. I had a top of the line setup and all the windows and doors had been opened. It was pretty loud. She never said a word, just re-joined the party when I was done. But the looks I got....? As they say, priceless. - storm