



“GUNGNIR”



The Official Bulletin of the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. Outreach Ministry

Aug / Sept 2006

Harvest / Shedding RE

Volume 1, Issue 2

*Gungnir (Gung-nir) (Old Norse; 'the Swaying One')

Gungnir is the name of All-Father Odin's mighty and infallible spear. When Odin sacrificed one of his eyes at Mimir's Well in exchange for the great knowledge which he so desired, he decided to commemorate the holy occasion, by breaking off a branch from the holy world tree; "Yggdrasil", which had over shadowed the sacred well/spring. From this bough, All-Father fashioned his beloved spear, Gungnir. At Loki's bidding, the dwarf; Dvalin, forged the spear's head/tip. Gungnir never fails to hit its mark. Oaths sworn upon its tip cannot be broken, and those whom Odin casts the spear over, become dedicated to him and are destined to assume their place in Valhalla when they pass from Midgard. Both Odin and Njord grazed themselves with the spear in an act of dedication to Odin. Such rituals of dedication to Odin continue to this day.

May Gungnir mark your soul and lead you to that all holy place in his divine presence. Heil All-Father Odin! And Heil the holy Æsir and Vanir in his venerable name.

-Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG

Allsherjargothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. and Sons of Odin, 1519

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A Missive from the Director...

by Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell
 Allsherjargothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. and Sons of Odin, 1519

Harvest / Shedding 2256 RE

August / September 2006 CE

Heilsan Folk!

As we go to press for this issue of GUNGNIR, I'd like a few moments of your time to impress upon you the following, albeit germane issues of relevancy for your consideration. I beg your indulgence and offer the following, as we evolve with this bulletin, our format and content will no doubt assume a standard of improved quality as well. However, we do not desire that this bulletin ever evolve into a glossy magazine type format, resplendent with all the 'bells and whistles' so-to-speak, for such would render thus a marketing ploy and we do not sell our bulletin. It is a service in association with the religious duties of the Gothar of the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. outreach ministry and is therefore provided at no cost of subscription rate. We do ask that if you are in a position to, a small donation of one dollar in postage be provided per issue to help us defray the high cost of ink cartridges, paper and envelopes. If you truly cannot afford this small donation and you are indigent, you will still receive the bulletin. In addition to the afore stated concern, an even greater concern of import is at issue. "The delivery means naught if the message is lacking in sound substance". Therefore, we offer a bare bones spiritual bulletin. Furthermore, beyond the point of distraction which a glossy magazine format imparts, one must beware of two chief factors attached thereto, 1) the content must be lacking for a spiritual publication to require all the flash and glitz a glossy format offers. And/or, 2) it is sponsored by a myriad of sponsors hawking their materialistic wares! Whatever the instance may be, both are indeed components of the morally bankrupt society in which we live. The HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. will not support the decline of noble minds and higher idealism on a genuine spiritual level by pandering the symptoms and devices associated with the ills of said moral bankruptcy. We seek to stimulate and promote spiritual growth, education and enlightenment among our brothers and sisters wherever they may reside, free world, or incarcerated. The lessons and message of our Holy Gods and Goddesses are not mere myths and tales! They are so much more than that. They are a sort of 'blueprint' for living a truly free life. Free of unwarranted guilt and shame by holding oneself accountable for one's actions and the consequences attached thereto. By embracing the liberating knowledge that life is not some succession of random occurrences, or the fickle whims of some all awesome, omnipotent God! And these messages and lessons are every bit as valid today in the twenty-first century as they were millennia ago. Our Gods and ancestors have left us and entrusted us with a myriad of time honored and truly noble traditions. It is our honest desire to apply the ancient wisdom of our Gods and ancestors to the present day realities, joys and hardships which we are destined to face, and by doing so with courageous dispositions both individually and thereafter, collectively, we shall effect a healthy Odinist/Ásatrú community in the future! One our Gods, ancestors and descendants yet to be, can all be proud of.

It is no secret that we may count amongst our folk, a vast reserve of skilled writers, artists, poets and philosophers, both past and present. We welcome and encourage all submissions for consideration for publication. Though not all will see print right away and we reserve the right to edit for content and space. A signed release must accompany all submissions. Submissions that are received without an accompanying release will not be considered at all. Submissions will not be returned to sender without a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope.

I would also remind folk that we are an Outreach Ministry of the Northern Faith, indigenous to the peoples of the Germanic Tribes (Norse, Teutonic, Celtic, etc.). It is not necessary to forsake any other valid and worthy Odinist/Ásatrú ministries to become a member of the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. All are certainly free to be members/associates of any other ministry, Kindred, etc. and still be a member of our ministry. Our only requirement is that one be and remain in compliance with the Rules and Requirements of the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc., nothing more!

I'd also like to remind folk whom are incarcerated, to remember that the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. is a legitimate and legal, State and Federally recognized non-profit corporation and religious Institution and as such we are beholden to rules and regulations which require us to adhere to State and Federal prison guidelines concerning the strict observance of their rules and procedures.

Continued on page 3...

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As such, we are not permitted to pass, or forward inmate generated mail from one inmate to another, and we shall not. The practice of circumventing any prison regulation would place our ministry's credentials in a state of jeopardy and we will not permit this to occur. So, please be mindful and respectful in this regard. Remember, if you are truly seeking to adhere to Odinism/Ásatrú, then we are here to serve your spiritual fulfillment.

Regarding the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. offering a course of Gothar - Yes, we do offer a legal ordination course, albeit it is not an easy one and it is open to a limited number of candidates/apprentices each year, only four to six to be exact. So our waiting list is already growing. Those interested in applying for our Gothar seminary must request an application and return it to us fully completed, for consideration. Upon review by the Court of Gothar, your application will either be approved, or denied. If you are accepted, you will be placed on our waiting list pending placement in our program as your number comes up. You will be notified in writing as to whether or not you have been accepted, and if so, what your assigned number is on the list. This number will further serve as your matriculation number throughout the duration of the course and on record for state and Federal Ordination purposes. If you are not accepted, you will be informed as to why. The expectations and curriculum are fixed from beginning to culmination (application to ordination) and we will afford no wiggle room for assignment deadlines and completion dates. If you are not in command of a sound store of self discipline and the means to secure the books required, please do not waste our time or yours by applying.

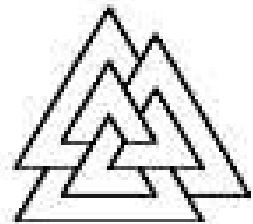
Please bear in mind regarding any/all personal correspondence and requests, that we are a handful of folks. Some work a ten hour day, five days a week. Others are incarcerated just as you may be, with prison work schedules. Please be patient in awaiting any replies as it may take some time. We cannot offer pen pal services and produce a religious bulletin, operate a seminary for the Gothar and attend to all the required administrative necessities which we must all at the same time with less than a dozen folk doing all the work and at a personal cost to ourselves at that. Lest we succumb to the enormous appetite of the beast called attrition and join the ranks of so many other folks of noble hearts, minds and intentions, whom have fallen by the wayside in their noble effort to serve the folk!

Our outreach ministry services are available to folk whom reside in the free world, are incarcerated and serving in the Armed Forces, alike. So please consider thus wherefore content and subject matter are in regard when submitting submissions for publishing consideration.

We hope to honor our beloved Gods and serve our folk's spiritual needs for some time to come. We are interested in just that and that is our mission. We have no hidden agenda, or ulterior motives. We do not espouse any political position, nor do we support or condone any gang activity. We do not condone any fratricidal behavior. We do not condone any acts of rape, or pedophilia! We do not condone any crimes against the elderly, or handicapped. We do not condone any dishonorable actions. We do not condone homosexuality. We do not condone any dishonorable acts against folk, or disloyalty to kin! **The above statement is in no fashion designed to be misconstrued as an endorsement of action against those listed above whom may be guilty of such crimes, nor will the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. assume any responsibility for those whom act against such people of their own volition.** We merely seek to illustrate in a clear tone that people of such character as catalogued above will find no support within our ministry, nor are they welcomed to apply for membership within our religious institution. We have a sincere desire to edify our folk via the vehicle of our holy faith and the conduct in concert with living Trú.

Megi Othinn blessi thig alle. Heil All-Father Odin! And Heil the holy Æsir and Vanir in his venerable name.

I remain in service to the Gods and Folk of the Holy Nation of Odin...



by Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell
Allsherjargothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. and Sons of Odin, 1519


Hof Service

for the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.

Harvest 2256 RE
(August 2006 CE)

Perform a Blót to Frey as part of your Freyfax celebration meditate upon and Galdr the following runes:


Ingwaz (),


Jera (),

and Ehwaz ().


For the Nine Nights of Odin's Ordeal, make a self sacrifice; seek to understand a new mystery.

Perform a Blót to All-Father Odin and meditate upon and Galdr these Runes:

Ansuz (),

Eihwaz (),


Elhaz ()

and Dagaz ().

"Good Harvest"

Heilsan Folk! The month of Harvest brings to us the celebration of 'Freyfaxi', toward the month's end. Freyfaxi was local to Scandinavia and Iceland as a Harvest festival honoring the horse. Since the sagas hold many accounts which relate the sacredness of the horse and Frey as deity of the horse, such as Hrafnkel's Saga, we may ascertain that priests were known to their horses; 'Freyfaxi' (Frey's Mane). These horses were not ridden, or worked in the fields for they were deemed sacred to the God Frey. Many events associated with both Frey and horses occurred on this day of harvest celebration such as horse fights and horse races.

When we celebrate Freyfaxi around the twenty-eighth of the month, let us each be mindful as we partake in the Blót to Frey, that while he is indeed the God of joy, plenty, fertility and the harvest, seldom does anything worthwhile come from nothing! The age old axiom comes to mind here; "We reap what we sow". The more focus, attention and care we invest our energies in wherefore the positive endeavors of our lives are in regard, the greater will the harvested reward be too. Just as the fields of auld would not yield a harvest, save for the horse's partnership which afforded our ancestors the means to plow and sow, said fields. So too it remains so today. We may see the

quality of the Ehwaz () Rune in terms of that which aids us in our worthy endeavors as did the horse aid the farmer. Here, our horse is called "Ethic". For it is the quality of sound ethics regarding work, industriousness, perseverance and self discipline which will guarantee the good harvest. We will always get back an equal return to what we are willing to invest. Food for thought folks.

Harvest too is also the holy time of 'Odin's Ordeal', whereby All-Father hung upon the world tree; 'Yggdrasil', for nine days and nights in order to win the sacred Runes which he passed on to us, his Kin...

"I know that I hung on that windswept tree, nine nights long, wounded with a spear, dedicated to Odin, myself to myself, on that tree which no man knows from where its roots run.

No bread did they give me, nor drink from the horn downwards I peered; I took up the runes, screaming I took them, then I fell back from there.
Hávamál 138 - 139

Once more, following the train of thought, you receive from something only what willing to invest in it. Do you suppose that All-Father may have desecrated the the very secrets of life's mysteries, had he not been willing to invest all he had and thereafter, travel to the very threshold of death? I think not. This time of 'Odin's Ordeal' which is, Harvest 17th to the 25th, are nine days and nights which are sacred to many. For the Gothar, Brothers and Apprentices of the SONS OF ODIN, 1519 - Vinland Kindred, they are the holiest nine days and nights of our lives! Each member will 'Hang on the Tree', as we call it, for the entirety of the nine nights. We forfeit our voices during this time and sacrifice them to All-Father Odin. Our Apprentices will not speak the entire course of nine days and nights and they will fast as well during this sacred time. In addition to this, they will perform the true blood ritual of "The Valknut Rite". If an Apprentice allows so much as a single peep to escape his lips, the journey is over for him until next Harvest! Many members elect to repeat much of the entire rite annually, while others wish to simply fulfill the nine night requirement of silent meditation. I have personally completed the entire rite nine times in the past eleven years. We have had several fail. If you think this a mere simple task, attempt to remain silent for only two, or three hours, with people trying to speak with you. And then reconsider those whom do it for nine days and nights straight. One needn't be an Apprentice or member of any holy order to venture forth on such a noble endeavor and thereafter reap the harvest of thus. Each of us, whether we are seeking admittance into any order, kindred, etc., or are just seeking spiritual growth and wisdom, may find these nine days and nights most appropriate as each ones own personal rite in concert with 'Odin's Ordeal'. For in doing so, one may grow closer to Odin and to one's self! May you seek and discover... May you possess the courage to approach the gallows and the well, and may you not hesitate to drink deeply of its sacred water! Heil All-Father Odin!

I remain in Frith with thee.

"Drink deep of the well's holy waters. Drink until you are sodden with that sacred mead. Drink until you have drowned the agents of that Bedouin's faith, those whom have denied you your birthright! Drink until you spy the eye of Odin, and let no wight bar your way north!"

- Casper Odinson Cröwell, Ph.D.

By Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell
Allsherjargothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. and Sons of Odin, 1519


"A Call to Arms"


Hof Service


for the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.

Shedding 2256 RE
(September 2006 CE)

Perform a Blót of
Winter Finding
and meditate
upon and Galdr
the following
runes:

Uruz (),

Thurisaz (),

Raido ()

and Othala ().

Shedding, a gentle month of transformation. Shedding is the month which begins the holy year's quiet segue from waning light to that of the shades. For it seated deeply in the month of Shedding that darkness begins to assert itself over the fading light. On the 23rd we celebrate the 'Winter Finding'. This is the time of the year when the days and nights rest in the cradle of equality, but the morrow's eve, the 24th, will see the nights now grow longer than the days. The Honorable Drighten, Stephen A. McNallen once wrote; "The sun continues to decline to its nadir at Yule. It is a time of inward turning, of conserving the personal and group resources as we seek the things that will help us struggle through the approaching death of the sun. - Ragnarok in miniature."

The Winter Finding further reflects All-Father's journey to wax in knowledge and wisdom concerning the fate of the Gods and men at Ragnarok and how to better prepare all for this cataclysmic event! Just as Odin sought the mead of inspiration; "Oedreher", the winning of the sacred Runes by hanging on the windswept tree; "yggdrasil" and pledging one of his eyes to extract and consume a draught from; "Mimir's Well", all in a concerted effort to better protect and prepare the Gods and men from the inevitable doom. So too may each of us seek the sacred knowledge and wisdom required to defend and protect our noble Gods and Folk and our holy Faith which was nearly lost to us a millennium ago. Let us all endeavor to ensure that such will never be the sad case again. If we are to protect and defend our holy faith, Gods and folk, let alone restore it to its former majesty and thereafter advance it, then we cannot, must not simply pass the buck to others, simply and naively assuming that there will always be someone else to do what must be done! That is a losing attitude! We must all be accountable, each one of us today. We must seek the knowledge and apply it to our lives by experiencing said knowledge and thereby converting knowledge to wisdom by living what we learn. We must learn to articulate what we say and write about our faith. We must represent our faith and its virtues with any and all whom we find ourselves either seeking to educate, or may become engaged in discourse with - be it a Christian Pastor, a Rabbi, an Imam, a Scientist, or a Philosopher. We must endeavor to do so in an intelligent and disarming manner. Let us, each man and woman, resolve to become who we were born to be and fulfill our destinies, both individually and collectively as a folk. Else wise, we are naught but loosely connected souls, bandying about tired old clichés left to us by ancestors of stalwart spirit whom perished millennia ago.

I do not want to be loosely connected with those whom are not certain of their place and destiny. I desire naught less than the true and genuine bonds of kinship with folk of like, whom seem determined to pursue a restoration of our beloved ways of auld and to establish a solid connection to one another and to our Gods as did our hearty and noble ancestors so long ago when faced with overwhelming adversities!

Are you willing to stave of the slaving wolf? Won't you join me, ye of true and valiant dispositions? Let naught the doughtiest of storms dissuade ye, nor turn your hearts...

For somewhere between the strength of the mighty oak and the resilience of the willow tree, burns the soul of the Germanic Tribes, and his name is ODIN!

I remain in Frith with thee.

"Let naught the wolf overtake the sun, nor moon. Let naught Fenris break free of his fetters. Let naught despair settle into your minds this night. And when the wolf doth break free, let courage be found residing in your hearts!"

- Casper Odinson Crowell,

Ph.D.

The Beat of the Drum

By Vindbjörn Odinson Shipton, 1519-A

As you read these lines I charge each and every one of you to open your minds and look deep within the core of yourselves...

In the distance is heard the beating of the drum. The drum calls all warriors to arms for battle. When all are gathered and each of us look around we see many warriors have mustered. Some of you know, some you recognize, and some are new faces in the crowd. All have come in answer to the irresistible call of the drum.

Some you see are large seasoned warriors, grizzled veterans of many battles. Their swords and axes are chipped and worn but still sport a keen edge. Their shields are old but sturdy bearing the scars of heavy use. Their helms are dented and dinged but rest comfortable on their heads. Each one is ready to sail forth to face another battle. All are quiet and watchful of all that surrounds them. But they are free to share sound advice to all who asks.

Some are big boisterous brutes. They wear rich armor that attracts the eye. They have large swords and great axes, all polished to a gleam and wicked looking. Their shields are strong and sturdy, all painted and marked with signs denoting all they claim to have accomplished. Their helms are thick and tough with decorations that are meant to shock and strike fear into their foes. They boast louder than anyone else of their prowess and victories. They vouch to fear nothing and freely indulge their appetites and tell rowdy tales.

The rest are young untried warriors who seek to test their mettle. They appear strong and sound. They each will bear new swords and axes yet un-blooded. Their shields freshly hewn and still hold the fresh green look and sent. Their helms are dent free and freshly dawned and unadorned. All are fiery eyed and full of the confidence of youth.

There are hundreds of warriors who have answered the call of the drum, all of them embarking on this voyage. The enemies to be faced are Giants. Giants who seek to enslave us all, mind, body, and spirit. All of us are these warriors I write of. Each of us bound together by fate and ancestry. And we all hear the beat of the drum all the way to the roots of our very souls.

Each warrior steps aboard one ship or another and take up their oars. To the new warriors, each one looks for examples that are all around them of what kind of warrior they seek to emulate. Most look to the big boisterous warriors for they seem to be strong examples, and who could miss them. Others look toward the battle seasoned warriors for they have fared through many battles and are now returning once more to battle for they feel there is more yet to be done. All take their seats; pick up their oars and start to row to the beat of the drum.

As the ships wind their way through the sea ever onward toward their destination the warriors keep pace to the beat of the drum. The pace is steady pulling ever onward. They pull the oars never slacking in their duties. Even the big boisterous warriors are diligent in their duties. The new young warriors pull and pull, gritting their teeth, striving harder to keep up with their elders and prove their worth.

This is the way of things for some time. Then the way grows rough and some of the big boisterous warriors grow lax and start wasting their time, drinking and story telling. Some of the youngsters also start to grow lax following their elder's example. The others grow weary of doing their own work and that of the others and give warning. After so many warnings from the others the slackers are thrown to the waves. Now they will either learn to swim or they will reside forever more with Ran. Either way the slackers are no longer a hindrance and the ships move on once to the beat of the drum.

Then the day arrives and the destination is within sight. The young are nervous and anxious. The seasoned are set and determined, the boisterous are laughing and wild. The ships land on the inhospitable shores and the warriors surge forth ready for battle. All is ready and their weapons are held high as they march to the beat of the drum. The Sun is high overhead and the air buzzes with anticipation. The seasoned warriors march forward quiet and ready. The young warriors who follow their examples follow in like manner full of expectation. The boisterous warriors laugh and yell clanging their weapons on their shields and set forth creating a great din. The young warriors who follow their examples do likewise, their heads full of noise, giving no thought to what is to come.

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Continued from page 6...

Soon the enemy is in sight, many Giants rampaging forth to face the oncoming warriors. Each warrior will be set bet before their own personal Giants. The enemy they face has many names. Some know the enemy as addiction, greed, self importance, and past failures to name only a few. Their weapons are made of fears and weakness. The Giants come on faster than seems possible and strike at the warriors, un-giving and unrelenting.

The seasoned warriors stand their ground before the onslaught, striking back blow for blow. The big boisterous warriors start off well, but eventually they either flee or fall victim to their Giants. Either way they lead their unknowing young followers into failure and destruction. Those who follow the examples of the seasoned warriors fight hard and full heartedly against the beasts of vice and malice. The battle is long and ferocious and when the dust settles the new young warriors and the seasoned warriors stand together victorious. All with their heads held high in their accomplishments. Luckily, some of those who started on the wrong path changed their ways in the nick of time. They emerge a little worse for wear but they are triumphant. The numbers have greatly suffered at the hands of chaos. But the fact remains that good guidance takes the day. And in the distance is heard the beat of the drum and it takes on a new meaning to all still standing. Now, all the victorious warriors have grown stronger and wiser as they now head back to their ships and then home, all marching to the now all familiar beat of the drum.

When they make land at their home shores they all share an uncanny resemblance with one another. Now, seasoned and young, with their weapons chipped and blunted by battle, their shields scared from the enemy onslaught, and helms denied and dinged from deflecting blows. Most of all they are lessoned veterans of life and war. Soon the drum will beat once more and new young will come forth to venture for into the world. They will all come seasoned and young to answer the beat of the drum, to answer the beat of their hearts.

Each and every one of us, are warriors with Giants to face. As for me I choose to fight hard and throw the weapons they use back in their faces. We all need to come together and answer the beat of our own hearts and prepare for battle, for it is truly inevitable. We are the examples that the next generation will follow and the choices we make and the things we do affect their future: I myself am still a young warrior with a lot to learn and a long way yet to go. I choose to turn away from the boisterous warrior and follow the seasoned warrior. For to follow wise ways, leaves wise paths behind. So what are you Giants? Are you winning or losing? What examples are you setting for the young to follow? Think about it! Are you going to flee or fall victim to your Giants or are you going to fight them? Me, I choose to fight and win, to rise up and fight again! I choose to fight for the future of our young and secure it! What are you going to do? We all have a part to play and examples to set. I hope to see you all on the fields of battle. Most of all, I hope to see a better future for our young and to set a good example for them.

To the future of our young, To our folk, To our faith, To our victory!

"To act as your enemy acts, makes you as weak as your enemy. To act as your enemy expects makes you even weaker. Think and act right, you will be victorious!"

- Vindbjörn Odinson Shipton, 1519-A

If Asked..."Why I sought to become a Gothi?"

I would candidly state that it was truly a desire born of reluctance, and an inability to deny an internal voice of responsibility.

My initial "Thirst" was solely for the runes, but to follow in a fine vein of thought; "from inspiration springs inspiration." Aside from or along with my personal experiences that demonstrate the validity of the runes on a daily basis, the inter-connectedness of these mysteries and our Gods/Goddesses is so easily seen by one whom would but look. Simply put, the drive to serve my folk in the role of Gothi is a natural, and divine manifestation of the forces that are the runes as they are applied in and upon the fabric of that which we call the universe.

As I awaken ever more I am forced to recognize and synthesize the growing cry in me to be more responsible to my Gods, Goddesses, and Folk. No longer may this path be my way of finding some degree of separation and aloofness from the mewling herd. Perhaps this is in keeping with the High One's words "... beware being too wise, for wise man's heart is seldom happy if too great the wisdom he won." It is my belief that the afore stated stanza provides an avenue of escape for those eager to not strive mightily...

To be disgusted with the state of affairs in our world in regards to our heritage, our planet, and both of their futures is fairly natural, and oh so easy. I have begun a process, or a process has begun in me that makes me aware, not only of my connection to the creative forces at work in and around me, but to the means, or tools also that will enable me to claim my rightful place in aiding others to achieve awareness of our very rich and noble birthright.

In summation, my desire to be a member of the Gothar is an unavoidable consequence, and an unwillingness to shirk the demands that go along with such a noble and divine heritage.

By Ganglare Odinson Simas, 1519-CG

"Neun nachten im Ernte"**(Nine nights in Harvest)**

By Dr. Casper Odinson Crowell, 1519-CCG

Allsherjargothi, Sons of Odin, 1519-Vinland Kindred and the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.

Hereafter, committed to print, for the sake of both insight today to those concerned, and for posterity tomorrow for those who are brave enough to seek, follows the meditative musings of myself, the Allsherjargothi of the Sons of Odin, 1519-Vinland Kindred, for your perusal. These of course occur in the form of journal entries as they did in fact transpire over the course of nine days and nights of silence and fasting in some instances, during the initiatory period known as "Odin's Ordeal", which of course spans the breadth of nine days/nights in the month of August. This is a deeply meditative journey which is capable of yielding truly profound results wherefore insight is at issue! And while I have been traveling the road of shadows for little less than three decades now, each year's new journey has continued to provide me with great intellectual wealth. This year was no exception, and it was truly anything other than pedestrian... The Odroerir yet once more, have I consumed!

Odinsdagr 17, Harvest 2255 RE

Day one

(Wednesday 8/17/05 CE)

And so it begins, another year on that holy and sacred tree, the path less trod. Another initiation reserved for the stalwart and noble character. None but the truly brave dare tread this dark road in search of the light. Only those with honest thoughts, who dare not look away from what reality shows them, may hope to approach the ancient well. Only those stout of heart will peer deep and long into its cold, clear water, and only those truly initiated will descry his eye looking up at thee from the depths of Mim's well!

But not without sacrifice will any see the Drighten's face, nor hear his voice on the wind. The ordeal is at hand...what will I see this year? Has the storm abated, or dost the tempest's fury rage yet with the might of the burning pyre?

I step forth now on this first day of nine, eagerly and without pause, knowing all too well, that in my endeavor to sacrifice myself to myself, do I honor the All-Father, my father! And with this holy act do I anticipate spying his face in the reflections of my mind. I stand ready, ready to embrace this ordeal with passion and an undeniable thirst for yet another draught of Odroerir! I ascend the holy ash of Ygg and eagerly await the coming storm.

Thorsdagr 18, Harvest 2255 RE

Day two

I have awakened before the dawn, it will be sometime yet before Sunna smiles this day. And so, I sit in the early hours of the dark and silent morn, resigned to the loudness of my own ruminations. But are they in fact "my" own? Or are they not to be attributed to the old Sage himself? I can hear the distant echoes of a thunder which none save for myself can hear. It vaguely reveals itself to my awareness, calling out to me whence it has come. Its origin rooted in that which is ancient and nourished by the Laguz of Urd's well!

Soon, my senses will be assaulted by the cacophony of Loki's laughter as this place comes to life! Such is the torment of residence in Fetter Grove. Fjolsvidr's echo will however, permeate my mind and drowned out the din of the day and the music of Thor's chariot will keep Laufey's son at bay as I hang upon the tree and send hither and thither my mind, in search of that sacred echo which travels the sanguine highway of millennia past...Hail Odin!

Later same day -

It begins with a desire really. To comprehend the ideas and language of great masters of thought; Nietzsche, Wagner, da Vinci, Edison, Grimm, Machiavelli, Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Herodotus, Franklin, Jefferson, Twain, Whitman, Yeats, Kipling, Patton, and so very many more! The ghosts of these men have been my dearest companions for so many years now. They have goaded me on to higher idealism and aspirations. They have witnessed my struggles, watched me stumble and demanded that I get up and refuse to yield to defeat! I have heard them all in my darkest hours; "Pity naught thyself, ye of noble heart and character, for self pity is a whore, a pining thief and she will rob thou of thine senses!"

I seek to join the social order of these sage men, though I dare not assume the pompous air of arrogance in thinking myself worthy as of yet, though I forge on ahead. The wise are never sated, their thirst for knowledge and wisdom shant ever respect the bounds which confine the mundane and complacent minds of the masses... Not ever!

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Hail to those great thinkers, for are they not all, each one, but incarnations of Odin himself? Made manifest in the shapes of these men's minds? And thereby bestowing veracity to the fact that the All-Father is often-wandering among us.

He is here, with me now, this very moment. And I shall wax from our intellectual exchange. The wind begins to rock the tree and I rejoice in the fruits of sacrifice.

Friggasdagr 19, Harvest 2255 RE

Day three

It is day three of the Ordeal and the resonations of my last words two days ago have now receded into the silence. Sunna's ascension over the Sierra Nevada Mountains this morn was a magnificent and wondrous sight to behold! It is just after 6:30 a.m. and soon this place will explode with the sound of prison life, and like a great beast, it will tear this sacred silence asunder. Today is also the third day of the Festival of Runes, and it concentrates on battling the ego this day, in an effort to achieve victory by sacrificing self to self. This particular guest far exceeds the parameters of this day for me however. For I

seek to slay my ego daily, for it is the only thing which stand in the way of one's own progress. Tiwaz () is the runic key for unlocking the door which would otherwise oppose success...to invoke its power is just not enough, one must become it wholly, and so I do. This day I shall know the victory I seek. Hail All-Father Odin!

Lagaurdagr 20, Harvest 2255 RE

Day four

Hmmm..., day four is upon me and the pace quickens. My dreams last night were very vivid, graphic and colorful. In these dreams, I journeyed far and wide. Some of it was very pleasant while other portions of it were not. I had a companion with me everywhere, Odin, of course. Over and over again, he advised me; "Trust naught those whom have yet to earn it. And never trust any man whom fears the shadows of darkness, or what awaits him there." My meditations throughout this day and night will find me considering Hár's words/Rede well. On another note, yesterday, a Skraeling who moved into the cell block a few days ago was impressed that I was not speaking for such a lengthy time and for such a noble reason. He said to me; "I have something that you may enjoy." He gave me Black Sabbath CD entitled "TYR"! Three particular songs which all fade into one another are of special interest - The Battle of Tyr, Odin's Court and Valhalla. I reciprocated the Gebo with a CD to him which he was pleased with. The songs are haunting and moving, and that I received and heard them for the first time yesterday...I have no doubt that they are the voice of Odin! Oh, not the singing, but rather the combination of the Gebo, the CD's title in addition to those of the three songs and the lyrical content all occurring in concert with the timing. I have gazed into the eye so blue yet once more...Hail Odin!

This is Thurisaz's day to champion over chaos in the sacred Festival of Runes, Hail to you James Leisinger!

I will tame the Thurses this day and command myself fully.

Sunnasdagr 21, Harvest 2255 RE

Day five

My night was without event, save for the dream. Ah yes, it is always the dream...isn't it?

I was at a mini mart of sorts, when a man walked in and shoots dead the woman merchant! He then mutters the words; "I told you bitch!" He glanced at my sister and I, walked out to his waiting car and sped away. I took my sister by the hand and led her away from the place with great haste! Then I informed her that I must return to the mini mart. "No!" she cried, it's not safe. I must go, I affirmed, and I departed for the little store. When I arrived there this time, it was twilight time, early evening. Nothing seemed to be amiss in the store. Then he walked in, firearm in hand and said; "You should not have returned here." He leveled the weapon at my chest and fired three times in rapid succession! I was down, but got back up unharmed. The would be assailant stammered; "But, but I shot you!" I felt a presence in the shadows as I tried to make sense of it all. And then, just as I began to wrap my mind, somewhat, around what had just occurred, the store had transformed into an old European village and I was surrounded by Roman soldiers while the Tribe folk looked on. The Roman was incredulous as his words began to make sense to me; "I ran you through, why are you not dead?" The presence in the shadows had stepped forward now. It was All-Father Odin, and his voice boomed; "You cannot kill the Einherjar, fool! None but the fire of Surtr will put them down in the final battle of Ragnarok!"

Now obviously, in terms of analytical psychology, fleeing the mini mart with my sister in tow was an action born of an overwhelming sense of duty to "Family", to safeguard & protect my sister. My imminent return to the mini mart must be attributed to a sense of living the Nine Noble Virtues, more directly to the point of the warrior's duty to protect and not merely stand by. And then there is my execution in rapport with defending the Folk. Odin restores my life for honoring my oath to serve the Gods and Folk, or so it is which I equate with the former.

The voices and lessons of our Gods and ancestors can and do speak to us on many levels, not just via the medium of our myths, lore and sagas, but via our dreams as well which speak directly to our souls! One need only learn to become aware and listen. I will consider the lesson and gift of their voices, the voice of Odin, from this dream, all day in my meditations. Hail All-Father Odin, hail the seeker...hail to those who not only seek, but find as well!!!

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Manisdagr 22, Harvest 2255 RE

Day six

I awake yet another day to bear witness to Sunna's majestic ascension beyond the apex of the Sierra Nevadas. It all occurs with such grace, accompanied by a loud silence heard only through the eyes. The nocturnal world recedes with the first tell of dawn's stirring. One must truly be aware to grasp the Dagaz at work here, if only for a few brief moments. The truths of both night and day enjoy a brief harmony with one another, just as they do at the end of the day. This is a time when one may look upon the face of Odin, when the light and dark hang in that precarious balance just long enough for one to consider whether or not they had just looked upon the face of God! Only the initiated will meet him in that succinct yet sovereign place. Doubt not what the mind would seek, would know and you shall know truths unparalleled which powerful Runes shall reveal.

Sunna shatters twilight, day has begun and with it arrives so much raw potential...so many possibilities awaiting the initiated, those bold enough to reach out and seize them!

Tyrdsdagr 23, Harvest 2255 RE

Day seven

It has occurred to me, and not for the first time, that so many who claim to know Odin, know him naught! Especially some so-called authorities of renown whom have authored a number of books. In fact, they have merely interpreted what they have read somewhere and then furthered it with some rehash in eloquent, albeit often verbose fashion. I have perused books on numerous occasions, whereby the author asserts how Odin has betrayed his own! I have no inclination to be disrespectful to any among our folk whom have authored such books reflecting thus. Though I would strongly suggest a deviation from the same old fare regarding Odin's betrayal of his sons and daughters for it is altogether devoid of any merit whatsoever and is valid only in the same vein as mere rubbish is!

Odin does not betray his own, not those who remain true at least. Folk betray themselves by failing to identify and thereafter, accept reality. Odin grants wisdom and wit, he grants victory to those of us brave enough to embrace reality beyond the minute and unrealistic scope of political correctness! Any trú son or daughter of Odin knows all too well that the day will come when he will come to collect his portion of the avowed Gebo exchanged between you and he. He will come to gather you up to him, or send his Valkyries to do so. That was the deal which any trú son or daughter has made with Odin via the oath of the Valknut; that it is understood and accepted that Odin may gather you up to him any time he sees fit to, that's the deal and shame on those who failed to read the fine print of the very contract they signed in their own blood! For you have betrayed yourself, Odin certainly has not betrayed you, or any other loyal son or daughter!

Such folk whom entertain such an absurd notion and even further it with their writings and teachings are disconnected from All-Father and too blind to see that. I would further surmise that any such soul has not had the experience of being fully exposed to the trials and ordeals of physical battle and violent environments where lives are taken and lost and survival is the object of the game, for Odin is always present, this I can verify for I have both participated and witnessed as much on many occasion. More to the point, I have met him there face to face!

Hail All-Father Odin! Hail those who 'truly' know him...and hail the Sons of Odin!!!

Odinsdagr 24 Harvest 2255 RE

Day eight

It seems at times of illumination, that the knowledge and wisdom we so oft seek, has been right before us and all about us all along. Like some mystical forces, engaged in some arcane and ancient dance which is always occurring in our immediate proximity, albeit just beyond and outside of the spectrum of our mundane vision. It seems so wondrous, if not all together surreal, when we are finally able to grasp the knowledge itself, that it has always been there.

You see, that is just what initiation is all about. Even when we feel as though we may possess a certain, if only vague, understanding of that which we covet, it is the absolute clarity and certainty which arrives through initiation, which affords one the trove of confidence in said knowledge/wisdom attached thereto...A certain mastery if you will.

On day eight of the Festival of Runes, the initiate gains a knowledge, a perception of the divine within, and he/she participates with their own Ørlog and Hamingja in an effort to perceive said divine knowledge and thereby ascend toward an acceptance of this divinity.

Worship me naught says the father of Gods and man, but follow my foot steps and emulate my life long journey in search of wisdom and thou wilt honor me and my gift to you! His finger pokes at my Hugauga, stirs the Wode within my mind and leads me toward higher idealism. Hail All-Father Odin!

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Thorsdagr 25, Harvest 2255 RE

Day nine

Well, this is it then. The ninth and final day of initiation. When I get off of the tree on the morrows light, it will have been nine nights of silence having uttered not a single word during the span of the holy ordeal. Only the sound of my evening Galdr has pierced the breath of Nótt, the Rune songs alone bath escaped pass thine lips, riding on the stream of my Athem, those holy and all sacred Runes did travel, wending their way thither, unto all the worlds at large!

Transformed shall I re-emerge, inspired further hence by the taste of Odroerir.

Friggasdagr 26, Harvest 2255 RE

The morning after

It is just the other side of sunrise and I have now descended from the great tree. The final night had delivered unto me two realizations, one very happy, the other, truly disturbing. The first realization is that, where I once sought only deep and complex thoughts while searching the realm of shadows, in search of greater wisdom, such was my only light in the vast darkness which enveloped and consumed my mind so that my Hugauga may come to recognize and embrace that light. And now, a second light has emerged as well, to stave off the impenetrable darkness, a gift from the Gods themselves, and delivered unto me by Odin and Freya themselves! She is my song, my Nordic Princess, Linda, and wherever my thoughts of her shall wander, my heart dost always follow! I render unto the holy ones my unyielding respect and gratitude! The other realization is neither attractive, or comfortable to embrace. And yet, this knowledge is passed down from Odin himself. It is an inexorable and sad truth, albeit, it is one which must be addressed and with little time to spare...

Where once our ancestors stood upon the sacred grounds, in the lands of our fathers, consumed with dismay at the knowledge that the sacred ways of their fathers had nearly been annihilated and swept from the plain of Jord by Christian marauders and converted betrayers of the folk. We, their descendants now, not only glance back into that long ago time of decline and despair but we too, find ourselves at that same precipice! Consumed with the same overwhelming sadness which accompanies such a reality. I have heard so much talk of the re-awakening which has been occurring since the late 19th and early 20th centuries, of our noble and sacred folkways, but look about with honest eyes and ye shall see a truth much less appealing and way more disturbing! We are standing in this wolf age, at the very place our fathers once stood, surveying the dwindling remnants of what remains of our indigenous and holy ancestral ways. Oh sure, there seem to be plenty of us to protect and defend the flame this day. But we age and wend without pause towards our own departure from Midgard to join our beloved Gods and ancestors. And who then will accept the flame we seek to pass, let alone vow to protect and defend and pass it on?

If we don't discover bold and courageous folk to pass our own knowledge on to, folk not only willing, but worthy. Not merely courageous in word and desire, but indeed as well, then it will perish with us..., ushering in the Fimúlvintúr and ultimately, Ragnarok! Those of us who lay claim to the old ways today bicker to much amongst ourselves and within our holy folk community. Too many Helmsmen and not enough rowers makes the longship's journey slow and perilous and without the means to outrun the coming tempest! Pride is a noble trait, but ego can and will wound. Egos in constant competition with each other will kill until all are defeated. We must learn to assume a mastery over our own egos, control them, not allow for them to control and dictate our actions.

We must place an emphasis on the folk, and not only the immediate survival of our holy faith and folk ways, but the advancement of it as well. The laws of nature dictate that the female quality/gender is required to produce new life. We are currently 90%, or better, male in our folk community the entire world over. We must make our women folk feel honored and welcomed as equals. We must find a way to make the old folk and clannish ways of our ancestors, which we follow today still, appeal to them as well. We muse provide them with the desirability to warrant their return to the old ways of our folk community, lest the old ways of our noble and honorable faith ceases to exist! Our women, better than us, and more suitably so, are more likely and with greater ease, able to teach our kinder, with their inherent maternal instinct. And our kinder are more likely and readily willing to accept what our women folk say and teach them. Nothing has changed in all the millennia of our folk's history. In over 40,000 years, our women and children are still a mandate for our survival and advancement.

We had better stop banging our shields and clanging our swords long enough to address this paramount issue. For there is no more an epic of importance to the survival of our folkways and faith community, let alone any promise for the future of our folk.

So then, there it is, two realizations, two truths. And I embrace them both as well as the responsibility for which I am charged to defend and bring about a positive effect wherein both are at issue. My time on the tree was most enlightening and beneficial to me and my growth. May it be so for that of the folk as well! Hail All-Father Odin, and hail to those who have stayed the storm and rode it out while hanging on the tree.

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Appendix of words and meanings

Allsherjargothi - *Highest Priest, lit. trans. the peoples/folks priest.*

Athem - *a component of the complex Nordic soul structure, in its most basic sense, it is one's breath of life.*

Dagaz - *one of the 24 Elder Futhark Runes, very basic meaning is twilight.*

Drighthen - *a very learned teacher.*

Einherjar - *Odin's heroes, his warriors, the slain, lit. trans. One harrier.*

Fetter Grove - *as used in this essay, Prison, Old Norse trans. Grove of bondage*

Fjolsvidr - *one of the numerous names for Odin.*

Galdr - *the Rune's song, chant, incantation.*

Gebo - *one of the 24 Elder Futhark Runes, very basic meaning is gift, shared or exchanged gift.*

Hamingja - *a component of the very complex Nordic soul structure, basic sense, it is one's store of luck.*

Holy Tree, the - *Yggdrasil, the world tree, the universe, both seen and unseen.*

Hugauga - *the mind's eye. Part of the complex Nordic soul structure.*

Jord - *Earth Goddess, Mother Earth. Jord's plain is therefore the surface of the Earth.*

Kinder - *German for children.*

Laguz - *one of the Elder Futhark Runes, very basic meaning is water, primal waters.*

Laufey - *Loki's mother.*

Loki - *most basic understanding; the God of chaos and mischief. Loki's laughter is employed herein as descriptive of the jarring and unsettling noise of prison once the population is awake.*

Mim's well - *the fountain/spring of wisdom, Odin plucked out one of his eyes and gave it to the well's depths in exchange for a drink of its sacred water which imbues the drinker with unparalleled wisdom. Mimir, the well's owner is a wise and ancient Giant/God far older than even the oldest Gods. Each day he drinks from the well in honor of All-Father's pledge at the well.*

Nótt - *Night. Therefore, Nótt's breath is the night air.*

Odin's Ordeal - *Whereby Odin hung on the world tree, Yggdrasil, for nine days and nights to gain knowledge of the Runes, which he later shared with the rest of the Gods and man so that they could understand the hidden mysteries of the nine worlds, the universal truths and realities which are otherwise hidden from our immediate view of understanding.*

Odroerir - *the mead of poetry, that which stimulates ecstasy and incites knowledge and thereafter, wisdom.*

Ørlog - *A component of the complex Nordic soul structure, primal layers, simply put in its most basic sense, it is like karma.*

Ragnarok - *twilight of the Gods, end of the world, an extinction level event along the same lines as that of the Christians Armageddon, for a lack of more immediate and concise description.*

Rede - *Counsel, advice.*

Runes - *Lit. Trans. Mysteries, secrets unknown to the uninitiated. Runes are comprised of three key parts, the stave/shape of the rune's sign/sigl, the Galdr which is the song, sound, chant, incantation, and the mystery, the rune's secret, its meaning. Runes are universal truths, manifestations of the divine knowledge made manifest and expressed through the secrets of the runes which would otherwise escape our comprehension of these truths. This is of course the very simplex and vague illustration of the runes which of course are far too complex to address within the allotted space here. However, on another and equally important note, it should be stressed here, that the alphabetical equation and import people today like to ascribe to the holy Runes, was of no real significance, or chief value to our ancestors until the middle of the eleventh century except under the veil of unique circumstances.*

Skraeling - *Lit. ON. trans., Native inhabitant, commonly employed to describe the ancestors of today's Native Americans, though erroneously employed by some today to mean wretch, which by definition should be properly ascribed to the term rifling. There is nothing ignoble about the term Skraeling when applied in the same context as our Vinland forefathers used the word.*

Storm, the - *As employed in this writing, the storm is descriptive of the attrition of the initiation and the effects thereupon one who undertakes such an ordeal.*

Sunna - *the Sun Goddess, the sun.*

Surtr - *The Fire Giant of destruction. His flame will consume the whole of Midgard (earth) at the time of Ragnarok, hence, Surtr's fire.*

Thor - *The God of strength, Son of Odin (father Sky) and Jord (Mother Earth). God of thunder, brother of the folk and defender of both Gods and folk.*

Thurisaz - *one of the 24 Elder Futhark Runes, very basic meaning is strength, breaker of resistance and thorn of restriction.*

Thurses - *Giants, forces of chaos.*

Tiwaz - *one of the 24 Elder Futhark runes, its basic meaning as used in this writing, is self sacrifice for higher purpose.*

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Urd's Well - *also the Well of Wyrð, or wyrð's well, the well of fate, named for one of the three Norns (fates), Urd = that which has already occurred, the past.*

Valknut - *knot of the slain, worn only by those fully dedicated to Odin, both in life and death. It is a visual oath for all to see that its wearer is ready to be taken into the ranks of Valhalla any time Odin sees fit to take him/her.*

Valkyries - *a daughter of Odin.*

Ygg - *one of the numerous names for Odin, Lit. Trans. The Terrible, Terror of the Gods. Yggdrasil, the name of the holy world tree, means Ygg's Gallow.*

“Hammer of the Gods”

By Dr. Casper Odinson Crowell, 1519-CCG Allsherjargothi

"Mjöllnir", that mighty Hammer which has protected both Gods and the Folk from time immemorial, wielded by the great defender, Thor himself and forged by the dwarfs Sindri and Brokkr at the behest of the ever cunning Loki, is mythically accountable for the production of both thunder and lightening as a direct result of big brother Thor smashing some Jötun (giant) in his noble effort to defend both Asgard and Midgard!

Of course, the aforementioned is of rudimentary nature wherein the followers of the old heathen religion or the student of Northern mythology are concerned and serve only as a mere primer for which to initiate the content of this essay with. For while our myths certainly occupy an essential and valid role within our faith, it is not my intention to address the mythological role, or importance said vehicle imparts to us, the adherents of the Elder Faith; but rather, it is the literal role which the Hammer of the Gods can and does play in our everyday lives.

You see, the Hammer is made manifest in the reality of our daily lives in the metaphysical form of our will with which we employ in an endeavor to overcome the metaphysical Jötuns (the forces of chaos) with. The wondrous God Thor does indeed reside within each one of us and we are the mighty Hammer wielders whenever we exercise the might of our will, whether it is individually, or collectively as a Folk!

Goethe once penned that; "You must conquer and rule, or lose and serve... suffer, or triumph, and become either the anvil, or the hammer! "No doubt Goethe well understood the conceptual hammer as will analogy, as well as the power his words may wield and elicit in those whom possess the Germanic soul and spirit.

We all, whether free-worlders, or prisoners, encounter a myriad of chaotic forces amassed against us, some seemingly unnoticeable, ergo easily dealt with, while others may become overwhelming and unleash the affects of attrition on us in what may only be perceived as an all out assault upon us from the realm of the unseen!

As Odinists/Wotanists/Ásatrúar, it has become a commonality to dawn and wear daily an amulet of Thor's Hammer around our necks both as an outward statement for all to see that the wearer openly professes his/her return to the indigenous faith of our noble ancestors prior to the advent of Christianity. And secondly, but no less important, as a daily reminder to the wearer that he/she does indeed wield the power, might and authority of Asa-Thor and his mighty Hammer. To smash and defeat the forces of chaos which we encounter on a daily and routine basis which would seek to besiege and overwhelm us, thus denying us our victories over the negatives of our lives. And yet, in so many of these times of despair we often neglect or become absent of mind to just merely touch the hammer's about our neck's so as to remind ourselves of the might within us, or the fact the big brother Thor is always by our side to encourage us on to victory over the minions of chaos and self accepted weakness. Albeit, this is of no concern to fret over, for you see I have noticed with great delight just how ample our every day environments are in fact filled with the very images of the holy hammer! Yes, they are everywhere in our society, whether in subtle form which only one of us would readily recognize, to the loudly obvious incarnations which may adorn an ad, or a bottle of Armor All, or to the local hardware store sign. Upon nascent consideration, it appears that these copious embodiments of the hammer are little more than random; Though, I would posit that of course they are not! They are, to my way of thinking, Thor himself providing me with discreet yet ample visual confirmation that he is always near and as a reminder that I always possess the power to face and overcome that which would oppose my will and stand between myself and the victory which All-Father Odin promises shall always be mine, as long as I have the strength and courage to face the Jötuns in my life!

However you may elect to view this somewhat phenomenal occurrence of hammers and hammer images all about us, is of little importance really. What is of paramount importance is that whenever we do see one of these signs, we are immediately reminded of our own courage, might and fortitude to address and overcome that which would otherwise reek havoc upon our well being and our lives!

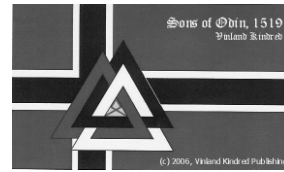
So then, live bravely and embrace the adversity in our lives, for no matter how one may go about dealing with it, for better, or worse, no one is exempt from it, save for the final hour... For every hour wounds, but the final one kills!

Hail Thor!!! And hail the mighty gift of fortitude which he imparts to us. May you all wield your might well, and may your hammers always strike Trú.

HOLY NATION OF ODIN, INC.



Sons of Odin, 1519
Vinland Kindred



Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell

Allsherjargothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. and the Sons of Odin, 1519-Vinland

AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE ALLSHERJARGOTHI

Heilsan Folk!

I scribe this letter in response to the many we have received from several of you. I wish to thank you all for your kind words and praise, and still legitimate criticism from others concerned. Several of you offered complements, others, rave cheers and yet others have displayed a genuine concern regarding the confusion of what has transpired between us and the Temple of Wotan and the NPKA.

Some of you have inquired as to who I am. So then, first a bit about myself; my name is Casper Odinson (Cröwell) and I've been an Odinist for over twenty-eight years now. I was/am one of the three founding/charter members of the Vinland Kindred of the SONS OF ODIN, 1519, which was chartered/established in 2244 RE / 1994 CE, with the blessings of the Deutschland Kindred in Leipzig Germany and the Gottland Kindred in Sweden. It was not long after that, I was legally ordained by Manfred Odinson Bauer, 1519-8-CCE and Gunther Odinson Pflaum, 1519-4-CE both of the Deutschland Kindred. I was a member of the Odinist Fellowship circa 2236 RE (1986 CE) at which time I had professed to my mentor, the late beloved Else Christensen. I earned my dual Ph.D.'s in Horning 2253 RE (Feb. 2003 CE) in the fields of Comparative Religion and Metaphysics (as in Aristotle's Metaphysics). I have been involved with several Kindreds and Ministries over the breadth of the past twenty-eight years.

When John Post asked my wife and I to assume operational duties of the NPKA in late 2005 CE, we both considered it a privilege and an even greater task of responsibility. The work which John had begun five years earlier had served the incarcerated folk on such a far reaching level, one of which I had never before witnessed! I recall the sense of duty I experienced when

I was first ordained by the Temple of Wotan. As I was elevated to the office of Hofgothi and then Konigshofgothi, I felt such pressure to devise new and fresh designs to ensure that the doors of the Temple/NPKA would never close.

Anything that I could do to contribute I was willing to do. I'd lay awake at night considering how to better serve the folk in this state, or that. When Linda, myself and my Kinsmen actually assumed responsibility of the NPKA in January 2006 CE, we had so many sound ideas! And it had all begun just as we had anticipated it would go. Alas, we began to receive so many letters from so many folk whom were levying allegations against John Post including plagiarism, thievery, dishonor, etc...

Now I assume an attitude of edification of our folk as opposed to degradation and so I do not desire to be yet one more finger pointer, or character assassin and so I shall not be. We lack solidarity as it is, and were this not the fact, every imprisoned brother and sister of the Odinist/Ásatrú faith would be afforded the same respect and religious accommodations on parity with and received by Christian prisoners!

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Therefore I will not lend any credence to any allegations against John, or any other, nor will I promote, nor defend them. Those whom are in that loop are fully aware of the realities as they exist, and they are free to enlighten whomever they so desire. I will offer the following for your consideration however; we were being assaulted with a barrage of queries and accusations all demanding that we correct John's errors, explain them and apologize for them! Well, I will offer no apologies, or explanations for what another may, or may not have done.

Furthermore, these letters and demands were consuming all of our time and energy which had been reserved and designated to serve your spiritual needs! Attrition was taking its toll at a rather rapid pace and so my Kin and I had resolved that the best course of action was to wash our hands of the entire affair and begin anew, which is exactly what we have done in an effort to stave off the vacuum left in the wake of this unfortunate calamity.

Enter the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc., A no frills, no nonsense Odinist Outreach Ministry devised by my Kin and I at the SONS OF ODIN, 1519. You must understand, that I too, every bit as much as any of you, stand to suffer at the loss of a legitimate Ministry which served our religious needs, for I too am incarcerated with a life sentence. It is for this reason that I am associated with the spiritual components of our ministry and not the Administration of it. My wife, out of her love for me and my Kinsmen and or beloved religion, along with a couple of others, assumed the Administration duties in addition to incurring the personal cost of this ministry, all the state and Federal / IRS paperwork required to grant us legitimacy. Linda is a government employee and she works five days a week for nine to ten hours a day, only to come home and work for us! We are indeed a legal religious non-profit corporation with an IRS EIN number just like any other church. Our credentials our all legally valid, just as any other churches are. Our bills are all very real and ours to pay without any help from anyone else. Our mission is genuine. Our purpose is to serve the legitimate religious needs of Odinist/Ásatrú prisoners and free-world alike.

No, we are not for everyone whom claims our faith. We neither claim to be, nor do we offer any apologies for this stance. There are "NO" 'one size fits all' religion ministries that are valid! Hence the myriads of different denominations and congregations of any one faith. In this respect, we are no different. Our rules and requirements speak for themselves. We do not recruit members as if we were some cult. If you have no desire to associate with our ministry, well that is your prerogative and of no concern to us. Our only concern is our mission goals, to serve the spiritual needs of our folk wherever they may be and to fight for religious parity for our incarcerated folk.

If you seek to edify our faith and folk, then we invite you to join us in our noble endeavor.

If not, well then, that will be between you and the Gods in the end, and your own conscience in the meantime. We have no desire to expend either the time, or the effort to fret over the actions of those not associated with our ministry. To quote the Honorable Drighten, Stephen A. McNallen; "That which is open to all is respected by none."

Dissension and lack of solidarity will not be found among our program, for sadly enough, there is far too much of that going on already! We deem ourselves in command of our intellectual faculties and therefore humbly accept the fine and wise Rede the Hon. Drighten Stephen A. McNallen has so generously offered us from his own personal experiences over the past three decades wherefore ministry administration and does and don'ts are in regard. The mission of this ministry will succeed whether we minister to two hundred, or two thousand. We hope that through our honest and noble efforts that we achieve our long term goal to bring our faith into the twenty-first century communities of Vinland and to provide those whom follow the path North with a structured and conservative alternative in the vehicle of our ministry.

Ves hell ok fara meth Othinn! Heil All-Father Odin!!!

I remain in Frith with thee and in service to the Gods and folk of the Holy Nation of Odin...

RavenSong, by Thomas Anthony Walsh

These runes in blood I carve and bind
 To seek a higher way
 And what I seek I aim to find
 No matter foe or fray
 I weave their spell and call their name
 Each one in its own turn
 But at the core they're all the same
 And each one I must earn
 These runes in blood I carve and bind
 So where my feet may go
 Hugin, Munin, memory, mind
 Might guide all that I know

Sovereign Spirit, By Craig Sparks

From Ymin's Bwoon-Bonn ocean
 The race of man was sprung
 From spirit, thought, and motion
 A greater gift was wrung
 Love for folk and kin rushed forth
 Within this swell was found
 Waves to which our gods gave birth
 Of pride and hope abound
 By the Gods, whose ebb and flow
 All nature's laws abide
 Less Mimir's well 'neath ask's bow
 The source of Odin's tide
 Drawn from, through self-sacrifice
 This he himself has shown
 Wotan's eye the sacred price
 For runes he bled from stone
 Strangers wrought from stranger seas
 Asperse our troths and plight
 Gnaw the roots of the great tree
 In hope to quell our height
 Hopes, in vain, they soon shall find
 And cry "in God we trust"
 'Trust' we keep in 'folk and mind'
 "our Gods", we roar **are us!**

The Eye, by Thomas Anthony Walsh

I have walked through many fires
 Been in prisons of pure ice
 Held and lost my hearts desires
 Seen many truths exposed as lies
 Yet, I won't complain
 No quarrel do have I
 For always through the pain
 I saw the eye
 I have watched my brothers fall
 Been a witness to foes rise
 Been enraged and been appalled
 By the honorables demise
 Still, I'm standing tall
 And though I may fail, I'll try
 For there behind the wall
 I see the eye
 I will watch my beard grow long
 Gaze in wonder at the grey
 Wonder where the time is gone
 But never in dismay
 NO, I will never fret
 What is is, so by and by
 For I know I'll always get
 The view through Odin's Eye

What is Ásatrú/Odinism? (and what it is NOT...)

A DIALOGUE....

with Mr. Magnus Odinson Cain, 1519 A-AG

Sons of Odin, 1519 - Vinland

Gaining popularity in the United States steadily since 1971, Ásatrú/Odinism is the modern revival of an ancient religion widely practiced, before the advent of Christianity, by various people throughout northern Europe. Those people spread out to settle in Ireland, Scotland, Iceland, Greenland, Norway, and basically scatter across the globe. The term Ásatrú means, "Faith in the Gods"(the Æsir...) in Icelandic. The Gods and Goddesses of Ásatrú should be familiar to everyone, as days of the week originate from their very names - Sunna (Sunday), Mani (Monday), Týr/Tiw (Tuesday), Wodan/Odin (Wednesday), Thor (Thursday), and Frigga/Freya/Freyja (Friday)! In a nutshell, Ásatrú/Odinism is an expression of indigenous, ancestral, nature-centered beliefs, comparable, for example, to Native American-Indian spirituality. As a religion, it is thousands of years old, and was originally so integral to our people that the Church absorbed our Holy Days in an attempt to convert the masses to Christianity. "Easter" and "May Day" were our "Fertility Celebrations", and "Christmas" was our "Twelve Nights of Yule", before Jesus was even born. Being that Europe, at that time, didn't have anything resembling a constitution, and freedom of religion was labeled as a "sin" for hundreds of years, practitioners of Ásatrú suffered a massive, and violent, campaign of religious persecution and repression. Despite that fact, our practices and beliefs continued, right up to the present, even if for a time it was mainly in the guise of folklore. Contrary to being maligned as "ruthless barbarians", the original adherents of our faith were the progenitors of our finest "civilized" traditions (i.e. Trial by jury, Parliaments, our present system of "modern" Common Law., and the rights of women to vote, just to name a few...). Founded in 930 AD, utilizing Ásatrú-based practices, Iceland's government, the Althing, is the oldest surviving democratic government in existence today. The present day custom of putting up a "Christmas Tree" comes from our ancestors, who decorated trees to attract ancestral spirits to accept their gifts. When the Roman Catholic Church, for a time, forbid such practices, the folk simply brought the trees indoors, where it could be easily hidden. (It is also interesting to note that the focus shifted from our ancestors, to our children - who, in accordance with our worldview, are really the living embodiments of our ancestors reborn.)

We recognize the link between who we are and our religion. We are intimately linked with our faith and are in many ways expressions of our Gods & Goddesses. In our worldview, the essence of Ásatrú is this non-transferable "link". (This conviction does not necessarily win us accolades from the politically correct, even though our worldview is anti-totalitarian, respectful of all other races & cultures, and celebrates the uniqueness of all peoples. Is that not the very essence of 'diversity'?) Ours is a freeing & liberating worldview; one where we are not put at odds with ourselves and the natural world around us. Our Gods & Goddesses work in and through natural laws, and by working in harmony with these laws; we can become co-workers with them. This practice removes the conflict between the natural and the supernatural, and the supposed conflict between religion and science. Ásatrú/Odinism does not teach you "what to think", but rather "how to think for yourself! We have many written sources that are useful to us, because they contain much of our Sacred Lore in the form of myth and examples of conduct, but we do not accept them as infallible or inspired documents. The real source of Holy Wisdom is inside of us, passed down to us from our ancestors as instinct, emotion, and innate predisposition's). By combing the insight from the literary sources available to us, we receive a living spiritual guidance. In fact, we treasure these "Aha!" moments of revelation. Our decentralized religious worldview expresses our love of freedom and, while we do have tenets, we do not have the dogma of many other systems of belief... There is no all-powerful spiritual leader, whose word is law; no 'pope' of Ásatrú to dictate to us what truth is. Indeed, we wholly believe that each of us can re-learn how to listen to the voice of divine wisdom that dwells within us. No guru or priest has the one and only, direct line to the Gods & Goddesses. They live within us! Our worldview values and cherishes the re-sanctification of the world around us, over materialism. We value and cherish our personal, traditional cultures, over 'mass culture'. We value a natural social order, over an artificial hierarchy based upon wealth. We value the tribal community, over the nation-state. We value and cherish the stewardship of the earth around us, over the "maximization of resources". We value and cherish a harmonious between men and women, over "the war between the sexes". And we value handicrafts and artisanship, over industrial mass production.

The modern day practice of Ásatrú/Odinism applies ancient principles of conduct to our daily lives; a code of behavior, based on individual responsibility and honor. Although practices vary, we differ from other worldviews in that, generally, we do not bend our knee in supplication to the Gods & Goddesses. Nor do we beg them to do for us; rather, we ask them to empower us to do for ourselves. Self-realization and empowerment are at the heart of modern Ásatrú. Ásatrú/Odinism is a religion that recognizes the responsibility of each individual for his or her actions. We are all responsible to the Gods & Goddesses as our divine ancestors, each in our own way. In the elder wisdom, it was known that that which made man & women 'human' was a set of divine gifts, bestowed by the Gods at the birth of humanity (Voluspa 17-18). Through these gifts, we know the Gods directly, for it is that gift that they shared with us. We are, in one way or another, descended from them, body and soul. We cannot "break with the Gods". Ours is not a contractual relationship - it is one of blood? So long as we exist, they exist. Our worldview maintains that we neither need, nor ask for our Gods & Goddesses' forgiveness. We were not born into sin. We were born to be tested by our fate, to become the best that we can be.

Continued on page 18...

Continued from page 11... What is Ásatrú/Odinism? (and what it is NOT...)

What are the Gods & Goddesses? To this question there are many answers. Much depends upon the level of understanding of an Asatrúar (practitioner) at any given time. "Life" itself evidences that real Gods & Goddesses emulate real people (and vice-versa), neither being one dimensional, easily defined, pigeon-holed entities... Some understand the Gods as purely mental or psychological constructs some as truly living beings and others as forces of nature. Our religion does not place limits, or impose types of understanding, that Pure folk must hold in this regard. Our ancestors had extremely complex traditions about nature and the structure of the human being. In fact, modern "psychology" is just now trying to catch up to where, it is obvious, that our ancestors were centuries ago. Most religious worldviews only recognize the "spirit", "soul" and "body"; with the soul and body form something totally separate from the body. Where the Christian doctrine, for example, has only these three terms, ancient followers of our faith had as many as nine different terms... It has been said that the more familiar a people are with something, the more names and technical distinctions they have for it. Following that general rule alone would show that our faith and it's ancient followers were not the "unenlightened heathens" that they were made out to be. Quite to the contrary...

Misunderstandings tend to abound, for those unfamiliar with our faith. Particularly in prison, where not much is known about ancient religious beliefs, beyond the modern day Christian doctrine. Asatrú/Odinism IS NOT a cover for gang activity, anymore than a Bible Study group would be. Asatrú/Odinism is not a "racist" ideology either. It is also common for right-wing Christian fundamentalists to malign us as "Satanists"... We do not have any roots, or ties, to any part of the Judeo-Christian mythos. So, naturally, we do not share in it's teaching of Kaballism, witchcraft, or its flipside, Satanism. WE ARE NOT SATANISTS! We would have to believe in Satan to be followers of him... Kind of like accusing a Buddhist of being a backsliding Mormon. Christianity has taken far more over the centuries from our faith than we ever borrowed from it... Enough said.




Even though Asatrú/Odinism has been suppressed for nearly a thousand years or more, it has been kept alive in the hearts and deeds of men and women worldwide. Modern day scholars such as Stephen McNallen of the Asatrú Folk Assembly, Dr. Stephen Flowers of the Rune Guild, Dr. J. Post of the National Prison Kindred Alliance, Allsherjargothi Valgard Murray of the Asatrú Alliance, Drighten Freyja Aswynn, Sveinbjom Beinteinsson, and others; utilizing the written records of the Christian historian Snorri Sturisson and others, along with the Icelandic Eddas & Sagas, the Germanic epics, folklore, mythos and archeology, have amazingly reconstructed the ways in which our ancestors lived and worshiped. Since it's revival, Asatrú has been growing by leaps and bounds; attracting thousands of people who feel inexorably drawn to their ancestral faith. Our complex worldview, consistent with that of our ancestors, covers everything from the origins of the universe, to the nature of the soul and the afterlife. Our moral code is both practical and unambiguous. Our religion does not promise forgiveness or absolution, or even burden us with a multitude of rules for how we must live our lives, but rather provides us with wisdom that we are free to apply to our lives as we see fit. Each of us is responsible for our own conduct. Asatrú does not demand blind obedience from its adherents. We do not kneel before our Gods; we stand proudly before & with them. They are not our masters; they are our friends. The Nine Virtues of Asatrú, contained in the Poetic Edda, are an important part of the code of conduct for our adherents - Courage, Truth, Honor, Fidelity, Discipline, Hospitality, Industriousness, Self-Reliance & Perseverance. By practicing these virtues, we bring ourselves closer to our Gods & Goddesses. They don't forswear us for a single lapse either! Asatrú recognizes that no one is perfect, and that even the greatest heroes have their faults. And where would any of us be if we rested subservient in heaven, while our ancestors went through proverbial "Hell"? Our adherents learn that to simply try at something is not enough; we must always try, our hardest, to be our best, for our family, our folk and our future!





**If Asked...What are the Gods and Goddesses to me?**

I sense that there is no real right or wrong answer here, only degrees of perception. So, fully opening up and exposing my mind; I see "them" as an appraiser sees a diamond, or several. Each of our Gods/Goddesses are facets of a "Root Stone", if you will, creative force being that root stone. Individual expression and function are in keeping with the creative nature, so it is no great stretch to understand the variety of deities that we are aware of through the sagas, and numerous archeological finds, attesting to the respect and devotion shown to this diverse pantheon. Without knowing via experience that at some point in our linear concept of time, Gods came and shared themselves with men and women, I am more inclined to believe, an innate essence of the divine "Root Stone" speaks in us and we objectify that so as to "Wrap our heads around it." For there to be an individual body of corresponding divinity in some tangible, yet ethereal form is a valid view. Actions directed towards an honored deity cause reactions in areas we know to correspond to that purported deity's realm of influence, or responsibility. I believe their existence is not dependent on us, however our awareness and acceptance of them to have a greater impact on every day, real time events. They are not tyrants with petty agendas, nor are they coddling nursemaids to soothe one into self accepted weakness or mediocrity. Each facet we call, God or Goddess is a Noble Being, interacting with like noble beings to perpetuate creation, life, and reunion so as to fulfill a cycle.

By Ganglare Odinson Simas, 1519-CG

Sunnasdagr	Manisdagr	Tyrsdagr	Odensdagr	Thorsdagr	Friggasdagr	Laugar dagr
Harvest 2256 RE (August 2006 CE)						
6	7	8	9 <i>King Radbod's Day</i> Full Moon 02:54 PT	10	11	12
13	14	15 <i>Last Quarter</i> 17:51 PT	16	17 -1519- Day 1 of Odin's Ordeal! *Begins*	18 -1519- Day 2 of Odin's Ordeal!	19 -1519- Day 3 of Odin's Ordeal!
20 1519- Day 4 of Odin's Ordeal!	21 -1519- Day 5 of Odin's Ordeal!	22 -1519- Day 6 of Odin's Ordeal!	23 -1519- Day 7 of Odin's Ordeal! New Moon 11:10 PT	24 -1519- Day 8 of Odin's Ordeal!	25 -1519- Day 9 of Odin's Ordeal! *Ends*	26
27	28	29	30	31 <i>First Quarter</i> 14:57 PT	1 st - Day Sacred to Odin and Frigga 9 th - Day of remembrance for King Radbod of Frisia. 17 th - 25 th - Odin's Ordeal / All 1519 observe 26 th - FreyFaxi	

Runes:  - Thurisaz,  - Ansuz and  - Raido

Sunnasdagr	Manisdagr	Tyrsdagr	Odinsdagr	Thorsdagr	Friggisdagr	Laugardagr
Shedding 2256 RE (September 2006 CE)						
9 th - Day of Remembrance for Herman of the Cherusei / 23 rd - Winter Finding (Fall Equinox)						
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
R	R	R	R	 Full Moon 10:42 PT R	R	R
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
R	R	R	<	 Last Quarter 03:15 PT <	<	<
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
<	<	<	<	<	 New Moon 03:45 PT <	<
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
<	<	<	<	X	X	 First Quarter 03:04 PT X

Runes: R -Raido, < -Kenaz and X -Gebo

CONSENT AND RELEASE FORM

I, PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY, DOC# _____ do

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If Asked...What do I hope to gain as a Gothi and ambassador of the Holy Nation of Odin?

Only everything noble that belongs to me! All the sleeping folk that cross my path, may I be able and worthy to show them their birthright. Ultimately I am striving towards Godhood, but for purposes of this question, in this verđandi, my answer shall reflect the time frame allotted this flesh I now occupy.

I truly seek to establish an unquestionable link with Odin first and foremost, and all our other Gods/Goddesses. I need them communicating with me in such a way as to leave me edified in all that's been subdued over the years of foreign occupation of our attention.

Having stirred from my slumber, although somewhat, I am duty-bound to immerse my self in myself as it were, to rebuild a man, a Gothi, and a living Einherjar capable of steadfastly serving our folk. Hope, I think, is too weak a word for use here. I 'expect' no less from my self than what I have stated and then again' so much more!

I expect in myself that Odinian ability to synthesize any set of extremes to reform them in a manner beneficial to my folk, and my self appointed mission amongst my folk.

I demand and am approaching calm control over self and flaring emotions. Without this inner calm and true balance, I will be of no use to my self, Odin, or the folk.

My becoming more of an asset is my looming reality. My refusal to fail will enrich the Holy Nation of Odin, and the Asatru community at large. My approach is realistic and my resolve is calmly sincere. These traits show through, I know, so I am confident in my innate ability to reach the lofty heights of honor that are my birthright.

With actual real life experiences and the inspired wisdom of Allfather I will be able to reach people on various levels. By living up to my own standards and expectations of my self, I will be that Gothi who is beyond reproach, who inspires lofty goals being set, and met. By living an exemplary life inside folk communities, as well as in the eyes of non-folk, I will cause perceptions of a true man to be favorable, thus benefiting our whole cause. Through my efforts even would be retractors should be at a loss to find fault.

I understand the real need amongst the folk for figures to be looked to for inspiration. Some one to be revered yet stood beside as an honored kinsman. Remaining approachable while exuding that air of impeccable poise and serenity should be a trait abundant in any who aspire to the elite ranks of Gothar.

Recognizing the long standing void, or oft wrongly filled focus of our folk is maddening! Generations upon generations have come and gone, steadily being "dumbed-down" and made to feel ashamed because alien dogma corrupted all that is holy.

I choose to proclaim war on those who would inhibit my folk from reclaiming their noble Gods and Goddesses, and themselves. Wars are fought in a myriad of ways...
 By Ganglare Odinson Simas, 1519-CG

Dr. Casper Odinson Crowell, 1519-CCG, Allsherjargothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. sons of Odin, 1519-Vinland

Val-hall-a, Val-hall, (ON Vall-hall); Valhalla, the hall of the slain. Odin's home in Asgard where he gathers the souls of warriors slain in battle. Valhalla is located in the quadrant of Asgard called 'Gladheim' (Bright home, or Joy home), the magnificent hall is thatched with silver spears and golden shields and its benches are bedecked with the finest armor! Of course, the description exceeds the bounds of the aforementioned, and lavishly so. Albeit, thus is a moot issue wherefore this essay is A pais. In fact, assigning too much ado to the mythological description of Valhalla by either the Skalds, or chroniclers of the past, is the very premise for which we shall go hitherto from this point forward.

I am just amazed at just how many of our folk still view our faith and its sacred institutions with the tired eyes of yesterday as opposed to the fresh vision of tomorrow. I can not tell you just how many times in the past seven years I have had some Kinsman or another approach me with sincere dismay in their heart over the quandary of their potential disbarment from entering

All-father's hall should they fail to leave this world without a sword in their hand, or die a 'straw death' (old age, or illness). They bring their books to me to show me the descriptions of the great hall which I have read myself time and time again over the past twenty-seven years. They point out the clear description of the prerequisite for entry to Hár's hall, with deep concern etched upon their faces! Well, it is long since due that we bring about a modern, albeit educated knowledge and understanding of Valhalla today.

First of all, I've said a thousand times if I've said it once; "Let us employ the past as a guidepost, not a hitching post!" With that said, I must submit that our faith is not more appealing to our folk in mainstream society in large part due to the manner in which our faith is portrayed and presented to the folk at large in terms of yesterdays mythological conceptions. I shall endeavor hereafter, to afford a modern perspective while remaining within context of the sacred concept of afterlife as it applies to Valhalla.

To begin with let us examine with honest eyes, both the authors of our myths and their motives and designs in preserving and advancing them. While many actually believe that our myths appear today in print in the same, or exact fashion in which our Skaldic Ancestors sang/recited them, of course, this is an absurd notion to say the least. Chief among the reasons against such a notion is that the chroniclers of our myths were all Christians whom up to the point of recording the myths, were very driven and bent on eradicating the heathen, indigenous customs and practices of our ancestors.

Even where they found a favorable hand to pen them, if only for ancestral posterity; such an author would have been both influenced and educated by a Christian institution all the same! Next, and just as important to consider is the fact that hundreds of years had elapsed between the end of the hero Viking age/era and the time of any author's chronicles of the myths. Then, there is the difference in tribal/clannish location and perspective in the recital of the Skald's rendition of accounts as they may have occurred. Geographical location and timeline play a significant role in addition to the aforementioned as well. So many factors must be accounted for and added to the equation for any honest consideration as well.

Then there are the myriad of harsh realities and circumstances surrounding our ancestors during the period in which these myths were engendered and the events for which they are attributed, occurred. Hardships abounded en force, to say the least. An honorable death in battle bestowed prestige and glory upon not only the warrior, but his surviving Kin and their descendants. This no doubt is chief among the reason of appeal-ability for such a hall of honor for the souls of the dead, a hall of the slain and their war God!

Let us jettison forward a millennia. Today we must approach the concept of Valhalla from a modern day perspective which fits within our own period, the 21st Century. Sure enough, the concept of a hall of honor for the souls of the noble and honorable dead is timeless, albeit the conceptual route for which one may gain entry to said afterlife world is not!

Whether one's idea of Valhalla is literal or figurative is a moot issue and in fact, a matter of personal choice in concert with one's ideas, be they metaphysical, metaphorical or theological. For to one individual Valhalla may exist as a literal place while to another it may indeed be a final state of mind wherein one's own conscience in concert with how one lived one's life, will serve as the guide as to whether one's soul returns to the greater folk soul (Valhalla), or not based upon how one lived one's life.

This brings us to the battle dead and dying, with sword in hand. The .metaphysical equation to such plays out as follows...Life is a constant battle for each and every one of us, to a greater, or lesser degree on any given day in our lives. Should we fail to aspire and act to overcome the myriad of struggles which constitute our lives, then we allow for life to live us, rather than we live our lives. This is the modern equation of a straw death! But if we rise up to meet our challenges and overcome them, we are fighting the battle. If we live our lives accordance to/with the Nine Noble Virtues, the Æsirean Nine, the Rede of Honor and the virtuous archetypes our Gods and ancestors have left us in the form of our myths, lore and sagas, as they apply to our environment today, then we have taken up the sword and the Hammer. Should we leave this plane we call Midgard having espoused these honorable principals right up till the Gods gather us up to them, well then, we have died with our proverbial swords in our hands and we enter Valhalla in a state of grace before the Gods we love and honor!

We are the progeny of our Gods, and therefore should endeavor to follow their examples and employ such in our own pursuit towards greater evolution and advancement of our noble folk, the majesty our ancestors left us, and our descendants thus warrant! Let us not get stuck in yesterday's frame of mind. See the past for what it is, and travel the road of today while we aspire to tread the highway of tomorrow together as a folk. Lest we forget that the Dinosaurs were incapable of adapting, hence they perished! We are more than capable of adapting and the morrow can belong to our children and their descendants if only we are bold enough to light their way into the future.

May your hammers and swords strike Trú...and may we all of noble soul meet in Valhalla!

"Ek Heiti Ulfhethnar" (I am called wolfskin Heathen)

By Dr. Casper Odinson Crowell, 1519-CCG, Allsherjargothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. sons of Odin, 1519-Vinland

Lurking in the grove of asps, like some ghostly mists which
eludes the unsuspecting eye.

The solitary wolf waits and watches with the tempered patience of a skilled hunter.

He lays in wait, eyes of gold fixed steadfast upon the unsuspecting
prey, oblivious to the fate which awaits him.

Ravens wheel above in the steel gray sky, eagerly awaiting the
hunter's assault... Bloody runes splatter 'cross the canvas of icy white.

The heat of spilt innards melts the snow as the frenzied attack
reaches its zenith, the stalked and the stalker entwined in some
macabre dance of life and death, orchestrated by nature's law.

The Ravens, now grimly assembled upon the boughs of barren trees,
begin to caw the songs of victory.

The light of life expires in the glassy black eye, as razor sharp
teeth stained crimson, rip and tear at the flesh which was
living only moments ago.

Sated now, the wolf breaks to run through the snowy woods,
dashing through the trees, reeving as thread through the eye of a needle.
In the distance, the mournful howl of the pack may be heard and suddenly,
the great wolf is slow of step and falters!

Great is the pain as his hind quarters and jaw retract and constrict.

As he begins to morph, an eerie howl escapes his snarling lips.

The howl becomes a word and the word a name; "ODIN!"

Odin! I shout as I stand erect now, draped in the hide of a wolf!

There, in the snow laden woods, bathed in blood and gore,
I glance about only to spy the carnage of the long day's battle.

Spent and lifeless bodies litter the icy plain.

Severed limbs strewn about here and there.

The blood stained snow now gives way beneath the weight
and warmth of severed and spilt bowels, congealing in small pools of sanguine offerings.

Others do I spy, men of my own Clan. Garbed in wolf furs
and two dawn the Bear shirts!

Acknowledging one another, we raise our blood drenched swords to the sky
and begin to howl the morbid songs of victory.

Offering up to Odin the souls of those valiant slain whom adorn the sacred field of honor!

This day will mighty Hár receive well so many in Valhalla.

Gazing empyrean, I hear my own voice, raspy and distant as that of that
of a stranger, escape my throat;

"Father, Ek heiti Ravenulf. Ek heiti Hárulf. Ek heiti Othinns Sonr, ok Ek Ulfhethnar!"

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A note from Linda

I want to thank everyone for their submissions and patience, and I must offer you this disclaimer...

I will ask that you overlook any typos which you may find in this and future issues of *Gungnir*!

I strive for perfection, but alas I am only human and sometimes, in the late hour, my fingers develop a mind of their own. I will of course, correct anything which lends any misrepresentation of the authors prose, but not for grammatical errors and unfortunately typos.

Remember: If you send me a photo, annotate whether I can post it on our web page, thanks!

The Mrs.

We're on the web at
www.holynationofodin.org and
www.sonsofodin1519.com

Sitting and Waiting

6/23/06, by Harvald Odinson Jones ^{1519-C.G.}

I sit and wait
As time goes by
I await the lamp of Odin
To rise into the sky

I sit and wait
And I sharpen my shining snake
Soon I will get to use it
When day breaks

I sit and wait
And I ask the norms their rede
Once again they and
Allfather will grant me victory

I sit and wait
And listen to the drums pound
Growling and snarling
I start to rip up the ground

I sit and wait
The master of fury has come again
I can't wait
For the battle to begin

I sit and wait
Chewing on my shield
It's time to meet my foe
Out on the field

No longer do I sit and wait
I redden my sword and my foe falls
I yell for all to hear

"Victory or Valhalla!"