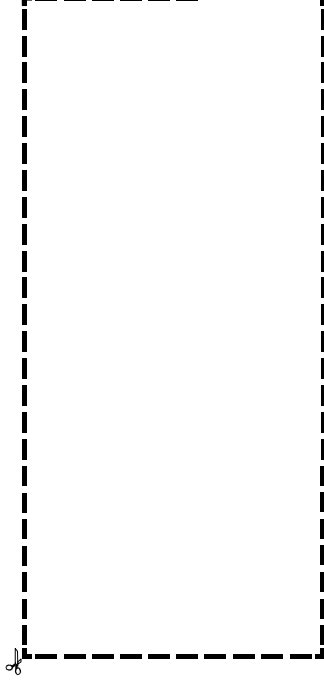


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**Religious Newsletter
Enclosed**



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AN otefrom theE ditor

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SUMMERTIDE 2258 RE (Summertide 2008 CE)

GUNGNIR

VOLUME 3

ISSUE 2



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

*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
Herjan, Sons of Odin, 1519
and the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.

2008 Phases of the Moon (Universal Time)

	NEW MOON			FIRST QUARTER			FULL MOON			LAST QUARTER					
	d	h	m	d	h	m	d	h	m	d	h	m			
JAN.	8	11	37	JAN.	15	19	46	JAN.	22	13	35	JAN.	30	5	03
FEB.	7	3	44	FEB.	14	3	33	FEB.	21	3	30	FEB.	29	2	18
MAR.	7	17	14	MAR.	14	10	46	MAR.	21	18	40	MAR.	29	21	47
APR.	6	3	55	APR.	12	18	32	APR.	20	10	25	APR.	28	14	12
MAY	5	12	18	MAY	12	3	47	MAY	20	2	11	MAY	28	2	57
JUNE	3	19	23	JUNE	10	15	04	JUNE	18	17	30	JUNE	26	12	10
JULY	3	2	19	JULY	10	4	35	JULY	18	7	59	JULY	25	18	42
AUG.	1	10	13	AUG.	8	20	20	AUG.	16	21	16	AUG.	23	23	50
AUG.	30	19	58	SEPT.	7	14	04	SEPT.	15	9	13	SEPT.	22	5	04
SEPT.	29	8	12	OCT.	7	9	04	OCT.	14	20	02	OCT.	21	11	55
OCT.	28	23	14	NOV.	6	4	03	NOV.	13	6	17	NOV.	19	21	31
NOV.	27	16	55	DEC.	5	21	26	DEC.	12	16	37	DEC.	19	10	29
DEC.	27	12	22												



“GUNGNIR”



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

Summertide 2008

Summertide 2258

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A Missive from the Director...

by Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG
Herjan, Sons of Odin, 1519
Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.

“...we here at the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. are of Fundamental Odinst character and as such, while we respect all of our noble Folk's right to freedom of association and wish all good frith, we in turn seek to exercise our own prerogative to said right as we seek to practice, preserve and advance the holy faith of our ancestors.”



Heilsan Folk!

There seems to be more folk than ever here in Vinland and abroad, who identify themselves as Odinsts these days. And while I will be the first to espouse our virtuous concept of freedom/

liberty and thereafter acknowledge that any among our folk may certainly adhere to what passes for our spiritual path either liberally or conservatively, or anywhere in between, so too must we consider the inalienable right of freedom of association. Wherefore this quality is in regard in conjunction with gathering for Blótar, or social Moots, certainly we must presume that those of like mind and values will always seek to congregate with each other in an effort to afford all involved a certain level of comfort and ease. To such ends,

we here at the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. are of Fundamental Odinst character and as such, while we respect all of our noble Folk's right to freedom of association and wish all good frith, we in turn seek to exercise our own prerogative to said right as we seek to practice, preserve and advance the holy faith of our ancestors.

Regarding publications of our faith, there are several in circulation and each one has its own merit and validity before the audience and populace each one serves. We at the HNO, Inc. believe that simplicity is key to advancing the message of Fundamental Odinism. No frills, no fuss, no nonsense and no fluff or filler! Only content that is germane to promoting the comprehension, practice and advancement of Fundamental Odinism. GUNGNIR had begun its journey a few years ago with that mission in mind, though we had lost sight of the core mission, in an earnest effort to serve our Gods and Folk, we now return to assuming our place as such a worthy vehicle within the scheme and flow of that design.

We are currently researching several potential ideas for a new format for GUNGNIR such as newsprint/paper formats, etc., so in the near future the publication will change; Most likely within the next two to three issues. If we can bring down the cost, then we can publish on a more regular basis. We will keep you informed, whatever the instance may be.

Other noteworthy news...

...The HNO, Inc. will offer advertisement space on both our web sites and in GUNGNIR. However, this space and service will only be available to businesses,

companies and services which serve the needs of our ministry's membership and our folk building endeavors. Anyone interested in advertising with us may download a copy of the contract, or write for one at our home office in Kingsburg.

...The HNO, Inc. proudly announces that our store is now open. VINLAND KINDRED, offers the widest selection of Thor's Hammers, the lowest prices on publications such as Eddas, myths, Sagas and runelore books by Thorsson. We offer drinking horns and drinking horn cups, bowlis, herbs, candles, greeting cards, prints, incense, flags of our folk nations, rune sets and so much more! And all at the lowest competitive prices.

You can go on line at: www.VinlandKindred.com or write for a catalog at:

Vinland Kindred
PO Box 136249
Fort Worth, TX 76136
Phone: (817) 237-7193
NO Collect Calls!

Please include \$1.00 in U.S. postage to cover shipping cost of catalog. This address is also for the Jarl of the Texas Ætt of the SONS OF ODIN, 1519-VINLAND KINDRED, if you wish to contact him in the eastern region of Vinland. Michael Odinson Stephan will assist with the affairs of the eastern states

The HNO, Inc. also proudly announces the official opening of our first Hof (Temple) open to our folk in the public. HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. HOF No. 2 is now open in Bakersfield, California! It is located at the following address: 1301 Airport Dr., Ste. A, Bakersfield, CA 93308, and Phone # (661) 246-6990. Odin's Blót held every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. This Hof is run by our kinsman who is also the Jarl for the California Ætt of the SONS OF ODIN, 1519-VINLAND KINDRED, if you wish to reach him in the western region of Vinland. Collin Odinson Bentley will assist with the affairs of the Western states. The Mid-West states will be assisted by Mrs. Cröwell.

We are working on possibly opening HNO, Inc. HOF No.3 in the Dallas/Fort Worth Texas area later this year. These noble works are coming true only because of the Trú folk that are putting their money where their mouths are! This money has all come out of the pockets of three families so far. We will not be able to incur the financial burden alone for more than a year or two. Get involved! Come and support these services that are here for you. Give back what you take when you are able to, in the hearty spirit of our ancestors, and we can all grow and prosper together.

Fara meth Odin, ok megi Odin ok Gothanum blessi thig! Heil Allfather Odin!
Odin Býr!!!

I remain in frith and fraternal solidarity with thee in Odin's name.

Faith?

HARVALD ODINSON JONES, 1519-CGDC
Vinland Kindred



...The Gods and Goddesses that we respect and honor are real and living beings that if anyone were to look with a fraction of an open mind would see...

Over the years that I have been following the spiritual path known as Odinism, there have been many people who have asked me out of curiosity about my "faith". They are surprised when I stop them right there and tell them that Odinism is not a "faith" and that it is a way of life. In their shocked state they are unsure of what to say or ask next. This is because over ninety nine percent of the world's populations believe that all spiritual paths are based on faith.

I'm sure that a lot of the people who follow Odinism may even believe that it is only a faith based path that cannot be proven. Well, let me reassure you folks that the path that we follow and that our ancestors so fully believed in is one of the very few spiritual paths that can be proven. If you approached someone whom you know follows some type of faith based religion, ask them to prove to you that their "god" exists. I guarantee you that they will not be

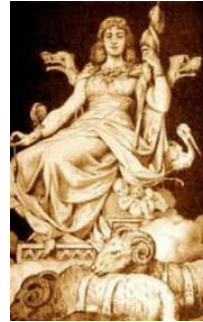
able to. Their answer will be that they believe this or that. They may even say that their holy scripture says this or that, but still they will be unable to show any type of proof. They may even try to say that their "proof" is all that we see of this world and of the heavens. Every path has a creation story, so ask them to prove that their "god" created it all. Since this is something that you are doing for your self, when you approach and leave the person, do so with respect. This is not an opportunity to belittle or possibly start a miniature holy war. You should be happy for them in a small way that they have some sort of peace even if it is through rose colored glasses.

The Gods and Goddesses that we respect and honor are real and living beings that if anyone were to look with a fraction of an open mind would see. The Gods would then reveal themselves to that person to such a degree that they would not be able to deny them. I will quickly prove my point right now. Everyone when they think of a "God" sees Him/HER/Them differently than other people do. The Gods of the northern path show themselves in different ways so that it is easier to see them, and surprisingly so many people do not. So let me ask you a few questions, do you believe in the power of the Sun? Do you believe in the power of the mind? Do you believe that the elders have a wisdom that the younger ones do not? Do you believe that all women have a beauty other than that of their outer appearance? What about having the strength and courage to defend yourself and your loved ones? Or even having the inner strength to overcome habits and addictions? I have just shown a few of the characteristics and abilities of a handful of our Gods. This could even be easily done with the power of

the runes. Once someone opens their heart and mind just a little, they will then see the Gods at work all around them. From that point on they are forever changed and headed down the northern road. Our Gods and Goddesses walk with us whether everyday whether we see them or not. Our Gods and Goddesses are apart of us whether we feel them or not. They are a part of us and we of them, because we are descended from them. So we have a genetic bond with them and not a contractual one like those who follow a faith based religion. And what does this mean?

It means that the Gods wish to see us live our lives, to prosper and be happy. Why is this? Because we are their descendants, their children and whatever we do, they do with us.

HAIL ODIN!



MY MOTHER'S REDE

by T. A. ODINSON WALSH, 1519-CGCW

Mother Frigga, pure and Trú
Goddess of the heart
Our faith in love is found in you
And all that you impart
Beauty, Joy, Family, Friends
Nature's awesome sights
Rebirth on earth that never ends
Bright days and soundless nights
Your arms encircle all of us
In unity we sing
The praises of your loving trust
And all that which it brings
Mother Frigga, Trú and pure
Sweet Goddess of our heart
Your kindness is the constant cure
Of pain this life imparts
Your touch, it heals, your voice, it seals
The balance of our fate
The blows that Odin's duty deals
Your gentle love abates
Mother Frigga, Trú, so Trú
Grand goddess of the hall
What blessings have been found in you
Sweet Goddess of us all



FUNDAMENTAL ODINISM

by Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG
Herjan, SONS OF ODIN, 1519-Vinland Kindred
HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc.

There are many among our folk today in what constitutes the western world, whom subscribe to one form or another, of what may loosely be regarded as Paganism, or Northern Heathenry. Arguably, the best known among such spiritual paths, one would find Odinism and its next of kin, Ásatrú. While the two paths are indeed nearly hard to discern at times, and even argued by some to be one in the same, they **ARE** in fact, two separate paths. More so, many who define their spiritual path as Odinism, bears very little resemblance to that which Fundamental Odinists adhere to in their spiritual endeavors.

Fundamental Odinists harbor the belief that there is an all pervading divine spirit which manifests itself throughout the cosmos and the laws of nature and is therefore self-evident within the realm of nature. For us, that divine spirit is the Allfather Odin, whom without, all else would fail to be possible. The Allfather Odin **IS** pure spirit and the primordial conscious thought of the Aryan people. He too is thereafter, the very will of that first thought. Our Gods and Goddesses are therefore manifestations of the spirit that is the Allfather Odin.

We do not bow our heads or bend our knees before our Gods. We do not worship them as our masters. We honor them as children should their parents. We seek to emulate their noble qualities and conduct ourselves and live our lives with a great degree of personal strength, honor and courage, just as our noble ancestors did prior to the advent of Christianity and their forced conversion thereto said faith! Our Gods are our kin and friends. We are their descendants...their living folk.

We advocate and promote the Germanic Tribal system as opposed to the minute, albeit not discounted, Viking Era model which is so popular within the Ásatrú community at large the world over. We acknowledge that while the Viking Era had indeed made vast contributions to the overall corpus of what constitutes the history of the Aryan people, it too was that very era's corruption of our indigenous religious beliefs which ushered in the alien and Bedouin Christian faith among our unsuspecting ancestors. It must further be asserted that it was during that era that the noble virtue of loyalty to one's kin/folk, became bankrupt in lieu of the enticing lures of non-folk fornications in foreign lands. Whereas the Germanic Tribal system may be traced back in time for millennia prior to the Viking Era and for all that time, by what was chronicled by the likes of both Herodotus and Tacitus, our ancestors possessed a great love and respect for the virtue of loyalty to their native culture and heritage. Such remained inexorably in tact up to the latter part of the Viking Era!

We believe that nothing is more sacred than our blood! For therein lies the complete entirety of our ancestry, both Gods and Folk. We promote a genuine respect for our spiritual leadership and Elders and we recognize the full merits of structure, hierarchy and the ordained Gothar (Priesthood). We hold that tradition does not seek to store the cold ashes of the past, but rather, seeks to keep the flame alive for future generations.

We hold that our holy and sacred Rites and Ceremonies ARE NOT open to the general public, for either scrutiny or criticisms. And that only those of our folk may bear witness to, or participate in our holy Rites, or those of our folk whom are sincerely seeking to learn about the noble spiritual beliefs of our ancestors.

We fully acknowledge that the Groves are indeed sacred and play a major role in outdoor Rites. But we hold that the Hof (Temple) is equally as sacred and indeed, to the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc., our Hofs are as they once were in elder days, and now are once again, our houses of the holy.

We hold that the Eddas, Sagas, Lore and myths are all certainly valid learning texts wherefore discovery and comprehension of our spiritual beliefs are in regard. They are filled with hidden mysteries and knowledge and wisdom designed by elder skalds and chroniclers to be rediscovered by their descendants one day(us today and future generations to come) and to be merely tales of entertainment to the unintended peruser throughout the ages. Albeit, we further fully accept that these chronicles, for all their value, have long since been tainted with the corruption of Christian scholars and a myriad of interlopers with deliberate designs to cast an unfavorable light upon the noble spiritual path which our ancestors both followed and left to us. Furthermore, we hold that what constitutes the corpus of literary works of the Aryan people from antiquity to the present time, warrants both the respect and study of our folk, and we vigorously promote the study of these critical works of history, philosophy, art and all intellectual medium as a valid means of restoring our own unique indigenous culture and heritage. We promote fraternal solidarity among the Aryan people, both within and without our particular spiritual community.

We firmly believe in the genuine concept of fate/destiny as predetermined by the Norns (the Goddesses which govern all of our fates, including the Gods!) There is an Old Norse saying; "If you are meant to hang, you won't drown!" This is not to infer that we are without control over our own lives; for we do indeed harbor an honest belief in self determination. That is to say that, the destination and time of departure from this

life to the next may reside in the hands of the Norns (Skuld, more pointedly), but the journey is ours to control through the vehicle of our own will and self determination. We are extremely Pro Life! We constitute the world's minority due to low birth rates and abortions. This is tantamount to self induced genocide... The family unit requires a family!

We are unapologetically Folk oriented, which is to say that we are anti-universalist. We fully comprehend the inevitable destruction of all unique racial groups and sub groups and their innate heritages and cultures that the seeds of multi-culturism will one day reap if they are not met with even greater resistance in accordance with the first law of natural order; the will of any given species/race, to survive!

This is neither an endorsement nor license for anyone to disrespect anyone else. It is merely an undisputable fact of nature! As Fundamental Odinists, we shall always be respectful and considerate to all whom extend the same to us, no matter their race, creed, or color.

Furthermore, we are truly conservative in nature and character. While we place an immense value upon the qualities of personal freedom and liberty, we equally insist that full accountability for one's choices and actions must accompany free will.

We are protective of our kin and folk. This includes our DNA (blood, tissue and organs). While any and all are certainly free to do as they please, a genuine Fundamental Odinist will not donate his/her blood, organs or tissues. Being protective of, and accountable for one's DNA (blood, organs & tissue), one must responsibly take into consideration that when one donates their DNA, it may go to anyone! You may not choose who will get it, unless it is specific to a friend or family member's surgery and you are a living donor. In which case, it would certainly be permissible and a family duty in addition thereto. Albeit, when one signs an Organ/Tissue Donor card, or you donate blood at a blood drive, or blood bank, you have no control as to whom will receive your DNA. One of the problems which plague the advance of both our folk and faith today is that so many who claim to adhere to our sacred precepts do so in word only. Our proverbs and axioms of ethical and moral behavior become little more than mere clichés and catchy phrases to far too many. Actions noble in word most certainly do not equate with actions noble in deed. I assure you!

If we claim to fully comprehend that every ancestor whom has ever lived in our entire line, does indeed live in the blood coursing through our very veins, pumping through

our hearts, if we accept this to be the factual reality then how or why would we give it away so freely and without a care as to whom will receive it? The answer, of course, is that we would not if we truly believed in the power of our DNA/Blood.

Once more regarding the myriad of cliché hurlers... Why is it that so many view the host of struggles and hardships we all must face, from a 'victim's' point of view, when they are all but grand opportunities to rise above the pale. Every day of the true Fundamental Odinst's life, is pregnant with potential! It is a component required in the exercising of one's will. It is the process of overcoming weakness and asserting one's will to survive and excel. Yet so many, who claim the path of our Allfather Odin take the perspective of life's struggles as something that has befallen, or plagued them. Such simpering are the weak rantings of the clueless wherefore genuine Fundamental Odinism is in regard!

While we do believe in an afterlife, we don't waste our lives awaiting it. We live each day in the here and now with vigor, all the while remaining aware of our solemn responsibility for our future kin. Regarding the conceptual Odinst afterlife, see "Valhalla Today" (reprinted in this issue). While everyday of our lives are holy, as life is a sacred and holy event, we hold that Odinsdagr (Odin's day = Wednesday) is the high holy day of the week. We value the wisdom in sound leadership and organization as a means of tribal survival, advancement and longevity. We do not submit to oppressive or ego-maniac whims in our leadership! Lack of personal accountability for one's actions should never be confused as, nor pass for freedom/liberty. Nor should sound Rede (counsel) or respect for leadership structure and standards, be confused as oppression.

We recognize the timeless wisdom and worth of loyalty to family, kindred and folk, as nature's imperative and therefore, our Gods' wisdom.

We recognize the inexorable fact that we are a part of nature and natural order as opposed to being apart from it! And as such, we further recognize that the laws of nature are superior to the inferior laws of man. Taking this into account, we temper such a reality by realizing that while this is so, it is necessary, in order to maintain a society of order and just laws, to abide by the laws of man and society where they either further, or complement the laws of natural order. Where they do not, we resist and remain defiant for survival sake; which once again returns us to the law of natural order and the will to survive.

We hold that our ancestral past is a valuable compass for our future survival,

albeit, we must take care to apply that wisdom and knowledge to the here and now if ever we as a folk/people are to have a future at all. Our illustrious past is intended to be a Guidepost... NOT a Hitching Post!

We honor the Æsirian Code of Nine, the Nine Noble Virtues, the Rede of Honor, the 14 Codes of Aryan Ethic and all wise doctrine which is conducive to the survival and advancement of our Faith and Folk.

Fundamental Odinism is an ethnic religion which is indigenous to the native European people of the Aryan Tribes i.e. Germanic Tribes (e.g. Norse, Teutonic, Celtic and some Baltic and Slavic Tribes).

We do not promote, practice or preach hate, bigotry or racism. We are racially aware and proudly so, as should all peoples be of their respective Folks/peoples. We afford due respect and consideration to all people who return the gesture. We do not promote or endorse any political program or agenda. We do not endorse, espouse or condone any gang activity! We do not condone or accept homosexuality as a legitimate component of the laws of natural order. In this our official position, we are not alone, as the Catholic, Orthodox Jews and Islamic faiths all have prohibitions against homosexuality as well. Homosexuality defies the natural order of family procreation and therefore, our Gods.

For us, the genuine Fundamental Odinists, we acknowledge that for far too long now, there has existed a severe lack among our people for self reliance, self determination, industriousness, respect for the plight of our folk and indigenous faith and the future of both, honor (both personal & Kindred), loyalty to one's own, strength/fortitude and rectitude, hospitality and perseverance to catalog but a few. Many of those whom exhibit said lack of respect for the afore stated, wear a Thor's Hammer or other symbol indicative of our noble way, around their necks! Too many toss about what amounts to mere clichés that are memorized, but far too few live by them anymore. So many... Too many, fail to pay their own way, or pull their own weight when they are in a position to do so. They elect not to and then justify to themselves and others why it is so. These folks always have their hands out looking for something for nothing. They do not constructively participate in the process of productivity but they are quick to participate in the process of levying a host of ill accusations about others whom have towed the line. They expend their energy and others associated with them, cultivating problems like they are the spawn of Loki, rather than seek solutions to the problems which face us as a faith and folk, as would befit the offspring of our Gods!

Too many desire and even demand equality and respect among the folk when they have not done a thing to warrant such as a peer who positively participates in any beneficial activity. Everyone wants to ride on the Longship, but far too few are willing to man the oars and pull their weight. They want their portion of the plunder, but they don't want to get their hands dirty in the pillage. They all want a free meal, but they don't want to slaughter the beast and bloody their hands in the killing, cleaning or cooking of it! Even among those who do pull their own weight today, so many have lost our ancestor's spirit of yore... Instead of complaining that you pulled your weight and you are not going to pull Svein's too! You do just that! You resolve to pull Svein's weight too, fully comprehending that we all make shore together, or we perish in the storm together. When you do make shore, you get at ol' Svein and unless the reason he slacked off was because he suddenly took ill, or the like. You explain to him, "If you've no intention to pull your own weight, don't try to get back on the boat!" The moral lesson is simple; the Fundamental Odinst will resolve to do what needs doing in order to succeed both individually and collectively. While the others either complain, quit, or fall short of the mark!

The genuine Fundamental Odinst says "YES" to life and he/she lives by the old German proverb which exemplifies so well the noble virtues of self reliance, perseverance, courage, self discipline, industriousness, and honor above all others; "Lerne zu leiden ohne klagen", (Learn to suffer without complaint).

I could go on and on about what constitutes Fundamental Odinst and what does not, and indeed, I shall at a later date compose a handbook on such. But for now I shall leave you with this content for your own consideration. May Odin bless you all and may your Hammer's strike Trú.

I leave you then with the following meditation: "No man may levy a valid indictment against thee, save for thy own conscience! Then all shall know in time through thy own actions."

- Herjan, Casper Odinson Cröwell, Ph.D., DD

The Sanctity of Our Tree

by T. A. Odinson Walsh, 1519-CGCW



.....
In ancient groves a treasure-trove
Of seedlings broke the soil
Toward the rays their limbs were raised
And through the storms they'd toil
To stand upright, come darkest night
The forest would not fear
Deep roots will hold those Trees so bold
To stand year after year



As Traditional Odinists in an increasingly non-traditional world, we may, at times, be frustrated with an inability to help others understand our passion for the pursuit of a Natural Connectedness that cannot be replaced by "connection" to "virtual" worlds or inclusion in a "culture" that corrodes our very souls. Because ours is a path of Individual Evolution - that is that each individual must instigate their own evolution, the "evangelical" approach to comprehension of our ethos is both antithetical to our tenets and impractical in the encouragement of the individual's initiative. Ours is a Faith that calls to those both bright and brave enough to read SOME Runes themselves. Still, we are left with the quandary of a collectivist cause contrarily killing itself by failing to connect with more of the Kin who so desperately need new life. I believe we can

resolve this quandary by summoning the Sanctity our Faith and Folk deserve.

Most of us will have had some experience with incidents where every sensory perception we possess was profoundly attuned by exposure to one or more of our Natural worlds wonders. Perhaps we were on a ship a' sea, simultaneously humbled and heartened by the immensity of her waves, and our audacious ability to ride them. Perhaps we were birthing a child, raptured by the miracle and encouraged by the promise in that first loud and lustful cry for life. Perhaps we were simply enchanted by the Truer inner-thoughts inspired by a walk down a wooded path. Whatever the case, each was an incident uncluttered by life's banalities, because it was an incident embedded with the Natural worlds utmost realities. It is a feeling unfettered by the vagaries of doubt or discontent because it is a perspective that permits us to appreciate why we exist at all (to Live, to Love and to Long passionately?), and thus as realistically close as we can come in Midgard to Affinity with Earth and Sky alike. It is, quite simply, affinity with and recognition of what we know to be Sacred.

Demonstrating the inviolable connection between what is Natural and what is Sacred is therefore the Æsir-given directive and duty of every Fundamentalist Odinist. In many respects the modern era's eco-consciousness establishes a valid and virtuous foundation from which to demonstrate our many ethical points and spiritual Truth's. If the "common man" can be made to understand his interdependence with the planets healthy biosphere, if "every-woman" can accept the compelling need to preserve

habitats for species far below our place of import, and if children themselves can grasp the severity of our ecological plight, convincing them that reverence for our wondrous world and attentiveness to Nature's Laws IS the Ultimate Act of Sanctification is Truly but a matter of living our lives in a manner that allows them to see just how Holy we hold these things to be.

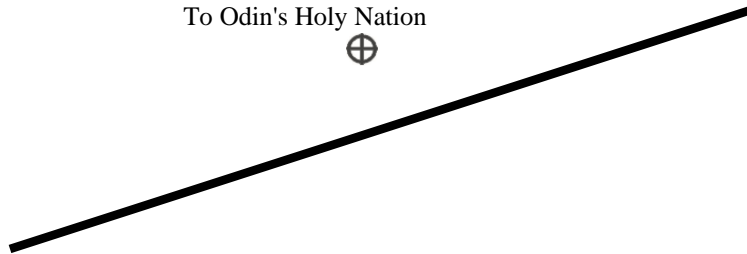
Though I cannot throw a blanket of condemnation over the entire Odinist/Ásatrúar movement of the past few decades, I do believe that, until recent times, ours has been a Faith devoid the DETERMINED DIRECTION that would allow our many kin caught up in the cultural corrosion of today to see the Sanctity with which we treat our Tree. Though we have been blessed by the example of seed distributors (McNallen, Flowers, Moynihan) and emboldened by the bravery of upright oaks (McVan, Lane, Scutari), we have too been plagued by divisiveness and poisoned by false pundits (Post, Murray, Mock) who've had neither the courage nor the commitment our quandaries have required. Be it by lack of resource or dastardly due course, our message has lacked the passion our people have needed to be fully inspired. How can we hope to save the souls too long led astray when there has been no consensus among us on what MUST be held Sacred, such as our Unity, our Purity or our Ancestry? Who would believe Sacred that which so many would not defend, that which so many would not defer to, or that which so many have defiled with their refusal to discard their petty tendencies for personal gain or recognition? Again, I do not condemn Odinists collectively, for mine has been the privilege to consort with courageous and committed souls such as the Cröwell's and the McVan's, folk who have not wavered in what is right, or what is Trú but their company has been far too few, and our cause has far too far to go to accept such slothful steps. If we are not determined to be a unified and focused forest, we are destined to be a fallen and forgotten bit of foolery. Shall we sate ourselves with period dress and politically correct platitudes that challenge neither hearts nor minds, or shall we honor our Gods and Goddesses with ideological uniformity (ESPECIALLY in the face of opposition!) and overt obligation? Should we be led to the Hof by those who would hide our Holy Cause in the shadows, those content to leave our Spiritual Movement relegated to the status of "sub culture", or shall we raise our Hammer's high, intent on showing the world that ours is not a Culture TO BE relegated but instead one to be VENERATED?! If our hearts are Trú don't believe those are "choices" that merit even a moment of indecision. If our Ideological Roots are not OUR MOST SACRED ALTER, all the ceremony and ritual in the world will not save our Tree.

There is absolutely nothing that has made me prouder in my life (and I count in that the births of my beautiful children and grandchildren, whom I adore with all my being) than the ability of The Holy Nation Of Odin and its many affiliates (The Sons Of Odin-1519, The Sons of Albion, The Order Of The Phoenix) to reach out and inspire the souls it has with its spiritual and cultural honesty. It is an honesty that has permitted the world to know, "THIS is what is HOLY to US", without explanation, without apology,

and, most importantly, without deviation from the course. Though originally finding its roots in Midgard (our ultimate roots are, of course, planted firmly in Asgard's soil!) via the determination of those in fetters and thus those many might identify as "the scum of the earth", the Holy Nation Of Odin, by consistently honoring as Sacred all its minions knew to be imperative to their spiritual, cultural and ecological health, without regard for opposition faced, has found the ability to touch the hearts and minds of those even the most adamant critics would have to acknowledge as "the SALT of the Earth". What began as a virtuous vision for those who would overcome their individual follies and weaknesses has evolved into realistic option for those who shall overwhelm our world with collective ingenuity and strengths. Because we have, be we fettered or free, upheld what MUST be HOLY, we have enjoyed our AllFather Odin's blessings, and I believe we can expect to enjoy unprecedented levels of continuing growth and progress as more kin the world over learn and observe, "Now HERE are a Folk who take their Faith SERIOUSLY, and who lend their Faith SANCTITY!"

Here we are indeed, and here, indeed, we'll stay, provided we are, heretofore/in the words of William Henley, "The Captains of our souls, the Masters of our fate." Having survived a couple thousands years of suppression and defamation ours is a Faith that has shown itself resilient. By doing daily what we all know to be right and Trú ours is a world that will come again to know that its spiritual gifts can be brilliant, and YOU, Odins folk, are the Captains to steer us toward that Sun.

In modern groves are some who know
What's Sacred must be kept
So gather 'round ye who are found
Attuned, As One, Adept
And know ye all here in this Hall
DUTY defines your station
No more ye roam, come Home, come Home
To Odin's Holy Nation



The Wotanic Warrior Spirit

By Vjohrrnt V. Odinson 1519-AG/W(J)
Written in 2250 RE. Revised in 2258 RE.



Amongst the many great travesties concerning this supposed resurgence of the primordial tradition of Wotanism, surely one of the most contorted aspects of it is its total lacking of the Wotanic spirit in man. The warrior path of the Einherjar, Wotan's fearless chosen warriors have lost their wolf's coat and bear's skin only to be replaced by an unnatural specific humanitarian Christian thinking. All traces of the Allfather's gift to Man: Oend (breath of life) and his brother Hoenir's Odhr(fury) has been taken away by those who would not have a true Man and his folk stand proud in the face of Judeo-Christianity's decadent false values and imperfect dogmas. The bridge to the golden halls of Valhöll have been shut and the Valkyrjur ride no more in quest for the fallen ones on the battlefield because there is no one to wage war the way our forefathers once gloriously did and their fathers before them. Up high upon his throne, the one eyed god must surely be anxious for some news from Hugin and Munin... news of a Heathen awakening.

In essence, the Integral traditions of Nordic Heathenism, whether Slavonic, Celtic, Teutonic, etc, all incorporates the warrior path amongst other paths. This, the ancient barbarian tribes knew as being a natural process in a Man's life: the quest for awakening the immemorial fire within, Wotan's breath of life. It is an undeniable primal instinct to man than to seek to prove himself not only to others, but to himself first. At a very young age, the young man was given his first sword and taught the ways of combat by his father. As soon as a boy realizes he can die and also, has the power to give death to another, he becomes a man. In our modern times, youth are brainwashed at a very young age to forgive, accept, tolerate and love without restrictions or discrimination. That is NOT the way of the warrior. For it is not in the nature of man to "love" and "tolerate" in the measure that it becomes a weakness to himself and thus reflects on his folk. Love, tolerance, acceptance and forgiveness are not necessarily wrong to begin with, but one must be selective to whom one applies these values. The profound nature of man is combative and belligerent. Wotan often sought to create conflicts between clans only to amuse himself in the wars of men and also it permitted him to see who was true to his teachings and who had not understood the way of the sword.

In the contemporary "Asatru" movement, there are many kindred who neglect this honourable path. Concentrating solely on the exoteric aspect of Asatru worship and neglecting the esoteric essence. The actual "blot" is a traditional element of our folk's Pagan culture and a way to commune with the Gods and Goddesses but the true power of any rite of veneration is contained within its primordial symbolism. Even without any rituals, costumes, or even words the might of the rite is still overwhelming and it's initial meaning still understood by the Gods and Goddesses. And a major part of this esoteric tradition is the warrior's path. For the true warrior, battles are not won only on the battlefield, but in the soul, heart and spirit as well. The greatest battle one will ever fight will never be against a human foe that is merely "human" after all, but against one's own capitulation before the chosen path. The Einherjar follows a very lonely and hard road filled with constant ambushes and treachery. It is a willingly chosen course and once embarked upon this hazardous road there is no turning back, at the costs of one's pride and honour.

To the modern man, there are no challenges, no great wars, and no honourable quests to reawaken the ancient fire. Today's man is too busy watching hockey, driving sports cars, bragging about his sexual conquests and just being lazy, plain and simple. All manhood and traces of virility are gone. Replaced by feminine attributes like softness and sensibility. And here I am NOT putting down our heathen sisters but simply stating a fact. These attributes relate to the feminine side, like sensuality, maternity and all the lunar aspect of the female nature. Man is a solar representation of that primordial nature. Our pacifist world we live in tries by all means possible to overthrow, even worse; cross over these natures trying to blend them together thus eliminating all traces of each. Resulting in an attempt to regain the original androgynous being. That is absolutely intolerable for any TRUE Man and Woman of the folk. We cannot deny our nature. We can only transcend it.

There are many examples of self proclaimed Asatru kindred who have condemned all violent or combative approach to the Heathen traditions. Some even go as far as to accept Christians and non-Aryan(northern) members within their kindred. Certain groups advocate tolerance over the net and try to portray Integral Paganism as a loving, nature worshipping hippy religion. That is the modern way of many neo-pagan "traditions", many pseudo-pagan movement openly promote homosexuality and drug consumption and believing that to walk bare foot in the woods makes them "one with nature" and their hallucinogenic drugs helps them to communi-

cate with Diana, Pan or whoever else. These groups who claim to be true followers of the old ways attack Traditional Wotanists with false allegations of perverting the essence of the Troth when in fact; it is them who are perverting it into a humanitarian/universalist religion. The ancient Norsemen were conquerors and fearless warriors showing no mercy towards their enemies and absolutely not proselytizing their father's faith unto other races. Even within Europe the ancient Vikings did not force their beliefs to other Europeans, for the ways of the North were not and are still not meant for all.

When looking at the Norse pantheon, many of the principal deities like Wotan, Thorr, Tyr, Heimdallr, and even the lovely yet fearsome Freyja and her Valkyrjur, all of them male and female have a central point of connection: WAR! Combat, defence, all aspects of a warlike nature. So how can this most basic pagan tradition as become so feared and shameful now days? To let the ancient fire within fade out, will only result in weakening your spirit and the spirit of the folk around you as well. That flame which burns high in the hearts of the true folk is the very essence of our people's spirit. The primal fire combined with the primal ice represented as our coldness: our dissociation from the Judeo-Christian decadent and broken faith. They seek to spread their faith like a plague across the world and enslave as many poor, oblivious sleeping humans as possible while we should strive to keep our ways to ourselves and only, very selectively open our hearts to certain proud individuals who have heard the raven's call. It is no use to try to awaken all the sleeping minds from their long torpor, the winds from the North will only sing to them when they are ready and worthy of deciphering their name in it's song. For most, an honourless death will strike them down long before that. Unlike the god of the weak, Wotan cared not for quantity; a million weakling cowards could never match a hundred proud and strong Einherjars. For to pass over Bifrost and live forever in the Halls of spears and golden shields where truth, valour and courage were held as the hallmark of the noble soul, only the warriors would be granted such honours.

It is imperative that we put back into perspective the true principles of Wotanic worship. The ways of peace are for those who abandon the fight, who turn their back on their folk and their ancestor's memories as well. Those self styled "neo-pagans" are tarnishing the purity of the Troth. The "neo" goes against the traditional and thus it is an insult to our folk's beliefs. What they do is dilute the essence and twist it into something acceptable and interesting for the masses. Our way is the way of war, on a physical and spiritual level. We wage war against those who would deny us the freedom to live our lives like our fathers did. To be proud of our heritage, of our culture

and of our blood. To defend our traditions, our folk and our Troth. To hail the 14 words, and to be Men and Women of integrity and honour in a world lacking both. To be warriors.

As a warrior I strive to uphold the combative ethics of northern warrior ship about me and within me. Wotan's Flame burning in my heart I walk His path with an iron will and ever in the service of the folk and the Holy Nation Of Odin.

Viðar U. Odinson Harless, 1519-CG

SONS OF ODIN, 1519–VINLAND KINDRED, Court of Gothar Notice

In the Name of Allfather Odin, be it the resolution, and rede to our Chieftain, of this Court, by means of approved petition, that the following be added to the official 1519 Codes of Personal Governance:

1519 DRUG PROHIBITION POLICY

The use, possession, or solicitation of drugs, or other similarly illegal substances, is now and forever shall be, prohibited to all Sons of Odin, 1519.

(A) EXCEPTIONS shall only be made for:

- (1) Legally proscribed, or over-the-counter medication.
- (2) Purely NATURAL herbs, or extracts, produced by Mother Jörd, without chemical or other alteration, may be used for the sole purpose of expressly SPIRITUAL endeavors.

Failure to adhere to this prohibition, and/or abuse of the above exceptions, constitutes 'self-accepted weakness' and DISHONOR, and shall be referred to the Court of Gothar for the imposition of proper discipline per Article IX, §13.

Last Ride?

by T.A. Odinson Walsh, 1519 – CG/GW

Upon a steed of frost and ice
 I rode into the void
 To find a place to sacrifice
 A past I had employed
 No steam was rising from his breath
 Nor, can I say, from mine
 I thought of life, I thought of death
 And then I saw a sign
 Before me loomed a castle Trú
 Of iron unadorned
 And lips that had turned cold and blue
 Thereon new words were born
 I spoke of awe, I spoke of glee
 Such as I'd never known
 For all the things I'd ever seen
 Weren't like what I was shown
 The castle gates flew open wide
 And I was beckoned near
 By a princess who stood just inside
 And called my name out clear
 My steed of ice, he was no more
 A warmth I'd missed was felt
 And as I reached the castle door
 Unbidden, there I knelt
 A gentle voice said, Rise, my friend
 We've saved a place for you
 The ride you'd thought to be your end
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX????????????



THE WOODSMAN'S PRAYER

by T. A. ODINSON WALSH, 1519-CG/CW

DEEP WOOD, DAWN, DEWEY
 LEAVES
 SILENCE/SWEET AND LONG
 THE SMELL OF SOIL, IN I BREATHE
 FERTILITY SO STRONG
 I STAND AMIDST MY BROTHERS
 CLAD
 IN CLOAKS OF BARK AND MOSS
 WHAT THINGS THEY'VE SEEN,
 WHAT LIVES THEY"VE HAD
 ONE DAY I TOO SHALL CROSS
 INTO THEIR WORLD, A SENTRY TRÚ
 A SOLDIER IN THE WAR
 OF WHAT THE FLORA MUST UNDO
 EVERMORE, EVERMORE
 A STIRRING BREEZE, MY REVEILLE
 A RAY OF LIGHT, MY CHANCE
 TO UNITE WITH ETERNITY
 AND IN THE ETHER DANCE
 A FALLING LEAF, A PART OF ME
 REGENERATES AND FEEDS
 THE SOIL AND ROOTS THAT MAKE
 ME BE
 AND LET ME SPREAD MY SEEDS
 DEEP WOOD, DUSK, A DROP OF
 RAIN
 I BOW MY HEAD TO PRAY
 THE RITES OF LIFE I MUST SUSTAIN
 SO HERE I'LL BE EACH DAY
 TO OFFER UP MY HONOR TRÚ
 MY HEART, MY SOUL, MY CORE
 DEEP WOOD, YOU'RE ME, AND I AM
 EVER YOU
 EVERMORE, EVERMORE





"WHEN THE WELL RUNS DRY"

by

Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG
Herjan, SONS OF ODIN, 1519-VINLAND KINDRED
HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc.

Civilization is man's hallmark achievement. For it is what sets us apart from all other earthly life forms; that is to say, the very quality of possessing the gift of intellect and thereafter employing it in service to the advancement of higher idealism and our successful and industrious evolution. Alas, often has been the instance, especially as of late, whereby civilization has become every bit the bane of humanity as has it been our wondrous boon.

For we have become "too" civilized equally as oft as not here in the late 20th and early 21st centuries. We have become so complacent, spoiled, lazy and greedy. All too often anymore, we fail to recognize the very gifts and necessities which our Gods have delivered unto us. Or, the ancient wisdom which our ancestors seek to impart to us from beyond the grave and millennia past seems nearly impossible to descry for many, if not most. The constant assault upon our senses, from the man made 'Over Civilized' societies in which we live have caused great discord and detrimental blockages to occur, regarding our innate sensibilities. To say the least, this has thus far had devastating consequences. Soon, these consequences will evolve to catastrophic and then ultimately, they will result in an extinction level event for our race and religion! This, however, will not only have damning consequences for us North Folk, but all other peoples as well, which have not yet been mongrelized.

For those of us whom walk the Northern Road, we all eventually experience the consequence which I allude to. It assumes the quality and/or reality of lack of inspiration wherefore the spiritual and divine presence in our lives is in regard. We may come to describe this experience as the "Well" running dry, as it were. We have need of the mighty and illuminating draft of inspiration. Alas, when we approach the well of Mimir, we find that the well has run dry for us. We seem to be in a rut which leaves us feeling burnt out and uninspired to a greater degree.

Many have been the occasion whereupon I have been privy to, for lack of a more fitting description, such events occurring within the lives of my Kinsmen. And indeed, more so, I myself have suffered the chaotic un-pleasantry of such an experience, on any number of occasions over my three decades of walking the Northern Road. I have balled up my fists in fits of anguish and great dismay within my own mind I have shouted, "Odin, what's wrong with me?!!!"

To be certain, these experiences are quite disheartening. And equally as certain, we shall all come to experience these bouts whereby we find ourselves lacking in

divine inspiration every now and again.

Take heart my noble kinfolk; for this is nothing more than the necessary chaos (Hagalaz) required for growth to occur. I can assure you all, the well hath naught run dry at all. Its black waters have merely become pooled and still (Isa), constrained. The water of inspiration (Laguz) has become murky (Ingwaz), as a period of necessary gestation, if you will, or more to the point, the need therefore (Nauthiz).

An arrested state (Thurisaz) has occurred which is also capable of retarding one's ability to even descry any such malady. Remember however, within the greater scheme of the flow (Laguz) wherefore Runic nature is in regard, the ability to break free from the very fetters which bind one's spiritual development and progress, not only exists, it follows the state of restriction (Thurisaz) in the form of pure divine inspiration (Ansuz).

This realized, the great restrictor (Thurisaz), now assumes the quality of the great releaser, (Thurisaz). When one considers the dual quality of the Thurisaz which I have employed in this paradigm, one then may discern the marriage of restriction and release as it transforms itself into a creative force of illumination and divine inspiration which has come forth from the shadows (Dagaz).

Simply put, what is called for when these dry spells occur is self discipline. The self discipline to extricate oneself from the trappings both, mundane and pernicious, of the over civilized society in which we live if we are to save our source of divine inspiration, our culture, heritage, folk and faith! We must be disciplined enough to sever our proverbial ties to such harmful influences until such a time when the creative force (kenaz) returns to us.

How do we do this?

We might fast and forfeit our voice. We might seek seclusion. Or at the least, we avoid the video games, computer and inform our friends and family that we will not be answering the phone, or email for a short period. The idea is to remove one self from the external, and turn one's self (Manaz) inward, toward the internal (Othala).

If this fails to produce the desired results, then several periods of 'hanging upon the Tree', (fasting, purging, silence, initiation, etc.) may be necessary. Three day periods are best at minimal, for these introspective meditations. The less baggage one takes on the journey, the more likely that the results will be favorable.

What appears to us in the form of chaos at times is merely the necessary catalyst required to bring about the desired, or perhaps even, undesired, albeit necessary advances in our journey North. It is, after all, the teaching of Odin, that things are not always as they appear to be.

Is the glassy surface of still and dark water, peace or death? Is it tranquil calm or stagnation? And does the coming tempest herald the impending doom and destruc-

tion? Or does it carry forth the necessary seeds of growth and winds of change? If the waters are still they have become black and such stagnation may lead to an imminent death of the creative flow to be sure. Conversely, the storm tossed waters often churn violently, albeit ever more bringing to the surface that which we are seeking and more so, sometimes, that which we need!

For therein the journey itself, lies the wisdom we often seek and desire. Only when we glean this reality will we come to know that the well may never truly run dry.

“Is the ripple on the quiet pond an intrusion on peace, or an assault upon stagnation?”

-- Casper Odinson Cröwell, Ph.D., DD

RUNIC BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR THIS ARTICLE:

Hagalaz (ᚷ)

Isa (ᚲ)

Laguz (ᚲ)

Ingwaz (ᚱ)

Nauthiz (ᚱ)

Thurisaz (ᚦ)

Ansuz (ᚦ)

Dagaz (ᚱ)

Kenaz (ᚲ)

Mannaz (ᚱ)

Othala (ᚲ)

SONS OF ODIN, 1519–VINLAND KINDRED, Court of Gothar Notice

In the Name of Allfather Odin, be it the resolution, and rede to our Chieftain, of this Court, by means of approved petition, that the following be added to the official 1519 Codes of Personal Governance:

NOTICE OF CHANGE IN TITLE

To all the Folk of our Faith Community, may this humble communication find Sunna's blessings bright, and the greatest among us humbled in gratitude to the Greater, Hroptatyr.

Hear me, all ye hallowed beings,
both high and low of Heimdall's children.

It has become necessary, in the course of modern events, and views, to differentiate the position of our beloved, and trusted, Chieftain from the infinite "Allsherjargodar" in our Faith Community. Our structure being more "Germanic" than "democratic", we have chosen to draw more from this system as relates to our hierarchical structure. Our highest office of service is held by those who are TRUSTED with the power of spiritual governance, not a POWERLESS "First-Among-Equals". We firmly believe in the 'Doctrine of Absolute Responsibility', as quintessentially Odinic, as "mighty as the other Gods are, yet they submit to Him [Allfather] like children to their father".

It is therefore the rightful will of Allfather Odin, and His loyal Sons, regents of His Holy Nation, so resolved by the Court of Gothar (1519/HNO), that our office of "Allsherjargodi" be dissolved, and replaced by THE/OUR HONORABLE HERJAN. Effective immediately, our Chieftain, Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, and all his honored heirs, shall gain and have this Holy Name, blessed by Divine Providence, and perpetuated, in love and loyalty, by the Sons of Odin, 1519-Vinland Kindred, and the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. forever and ay.

On behalf of the Court of Gothar, in loyal service to our Holy Folk, I remain,
Vidar U. Odinson Harless, 1519--CG

* (Old Norse: "HERJAN" - "Lord")

From The Chief Warder of The Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.
On The Nine Nights To Come
.... And Why We All Are Warders

As I write this, on the Summer Solstice Eve, I begin with salubrious salutations to one and all of this, AllFather Odin's Holy Nation. May Frigga's unblighted beauty and the blessings of each Archetype's unique gift be yours, this and everyday. I am honored by the privilege to stand before you, Odinsfolk, and proud to proclaim, as our Sun sets its highest once again, that you, YES YOU, are the reason these days will be known, in days to come when our folk's tales are too a noble memory of their minds, as THE AGE OF ILLUMINATION.

Everywhere around us, it seems, the masses are consumed, either by a mindless pursuit of materialism, an ill-conceived career in unrealistic idealism, or a self-loathing exercise in false spiritualism. By all rational observations, ours is a sick world. A place where our Mother has been abused and our AllFather's Law not headed. Corrosion and corruption seem the order of the day. All told, the conditions are cause to believe that ours is a world on its last breath... Right? WRONG! I tell you today that while the symptoms of the sickness may indeed be strenuous, YOU, Odinsfolk, are the pill to cure the plague, and that it is YOUR SPIRIT that will restore your Mother's breath, and your Father's voice.

I tell you, Odinsfolk, wherever you may be in this, our spiritual nation, that where the common masses may have cause to cry right now, you, the inheritors of Caucasiodal Courage, have cause to rejoice, to give thanks for the opportunity before you to be Spirit-Warriors in the most beautiful of all battles: The one that saves your Trú Souls. That you read this now is evidence of your yearning to reclaim what must be yours (SELF DETERMINATION!) and all that remains is that live each day with the absolute assurance that you too are Warders 'gainst all that you face, and that you understand, as you wade into the fray, that today's challenges CAN be tomorrows victories.

There are far many more of you, my Brothers and Sisters, who do not know me, your Chief Warder, than those who do, and I would like to pause briefly in my discourse to share with you the essence of my approach to this privileged and prideful place that has been entrusted to me, not for the sake of personal recognition, of which I seek none, but so that you, Odinsfolk might better know the source of my optimism, and the roots which ground my Tree.

The Chief Warders Pledge

Why am I the Warder
Sacred are my ways
My resolve is ever harder
And ever diligent my days
Just one purpose, to convince you
There are walls that must be built
And there are waters that will cleanse you
Of the travesty called guilt
Why am I the Warder
Why indeed, for someone must
Reestablish Natures borders

And reaffirm the Æsir's trust
In the Forest, on the Ocean
'Cross the plains we now divide
With my bolt I spur the motion
That will recreate your pride
Why am I the Warder
Why, for Love and Strengths renewed
With balance will come Order
So I'll do what I must do
And I do so ever proudly
Ever Loyal, Ever Trú
Odinsfolk, I tell you loudly
I'm the Warder to serve YOU!

You see, my Brothers and Sisters, my optimism is founded upon the most wondrous and profound Truth that I am, like you, privileged to have been born under Balders beautiful Sun, and the understanding that all who know these radiant rays are a people who may not always prosper, but we remain a people who will not EVER lose. The glorious comprehension of OUR unconquerable Spirit (Our AllFather's GREATEST gift!) long ago convinced me of my duty to destroy MY demons so I can help you destroy yours too. May my duties deem me Trú!

I turn you now to the topic of the Nine Nights to come. As we approach this yearly period of Holy observation and sacrifice I implore you all, be you brave warrior intent on our Fathers Hall or beautiful Sister weaving the wonders we cannot live without, to embrace these days and nights (from 12:01 AM Harvest 17 to 11:59 P.M. Harvest 25) with the reverence and the joy they so honorably deserve. Families, gather! Friends, be called! THIS IS YOUR FATHER'S TIME! For some, it will be a time in which individual elevation is culminated by the Valknut Rite, for some it will be a time of nuanced personal reflection, but for ALL it should be a time of awareness. Aware of the legacy that flows through your veins and those from which it came. Aware of what your kinder see and of how they'll stay the same. Aware of what the Gods need, for that's why they call us Trú. Aware that if we plant the seeds each Harvest will renew.

It is not for me, as Gothi or Warder, to tell you "how" you "must" give honor and reverence on these Nine Holy Nights, but it is my place, because it is my duty, to remind you that without that honor, without that reverence, you will not know the glory that by rights SHOULD BE YOURS. Use the occasion, not only to strengthen the roots of your own personal Tree, but to show the world we are a veritable Forest, some Oaks, some Pines, all swaying toward the Ash. Let those who have been pummeled by life's rains know that while the lumber of our Souls does indeed wield stout longboats, so too does our canopy offer shelter, and that our logs bring loving warmth. It is our Fathers Time, but let your kin know that it can be theirs too. That, my Brothers and Sisters, will be our Trú-est Harvest, and THAT is what will render EACH of you Trú Warders who will usher in the Age of Illumination.

As you reignite the fires of life, teach others that they need not fear the

flames. When you meet those who would douse your torch, bare your sword. Where you are honored, enlighten, where you are questioned, answer, and where you are challenged, fight, for yours is not a torch of tentative exploration but a light of restorative dedication! Through our nine Nights and beyond we are each of us beacons, and each of us blessed with the ability to overcome the Continuous End.

Your clocks, they cannot count the hours
Your walls, they can't contain
The times to come when nature's power
Is all that will remain
Your wealth, it will not buy you more
Your spears, they will not slay
The Wolf who will stand at the door
On Odin's Judgment Day
It will not be a day of tears
Though Balder, he will fall
It signals not the end of years
But what is right, recalled
It will not be a time to cry
But shout with joyous rage
Sometimes brave warriors have to die
Upon life's tragic stage
So save your coins and build your walls
And hide there if you care
But, fate, it will not be forestalled
The hall has been prepared
To welcome those who'll stand and fight
For what they know is Trú
Just as there's day there must be night
Let all things be renewed.

Be Brave, Be Strong, Stay Trú!

In Eternal Frith and Duty to You,
As the Raven Flies...

T.A. Odinson Walsh, 1519-CG/CW
HighSummer 2258

August 17th - 25th, Odin's Ordeal

THE REALITIES OF MYTHOLOGY: UNDERSTANDING RAGNAROK

By: T.A. Odinson Walsh, 1519-CG/CW

“A mood of universal destruction and renewal has set its mark on our age. This mood makes itself felt everywhere, politically, socially and philosophically. We are living in what the Greeks called the KAIROS - The Right Moment - for a “metamorphosis of the gods”, of the fundamental principles and symbols... So much is at stake and so much depends on the psychological constitution of the modern human.”

C.G. Jung, *The Undiscovered Self*

What exactly is Ragnarok? Should we interpret it literally? Allegorically? If we accept it as literal prophecy pointing to the inevitable collapse of “life as we know it”, in what ways should we prepare for it...? Or CAN we? These are questions every Odinist asks him or herself at some point, and they are not only valid questions, but ones that are imperative to an understanding of our relation, and our obligations, to our world. Attaining that understanding (and therefore the “psychological constitution” Dr. Jung speaks of) should, indeed, be the primary spiritual focus of every Odinist, each of whom MUST understand that without destruction there can be no renewal.

“And life itself told me this secret – ‘Behold’, it said, I am that which must overcome itself again and again.” - Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

The irony in Nietzsche’s words is that it is no “secret”, for those who pay attention to the lives they lead, that life is a Continuous Cycle of trial - and - error, a Constant Circumstance that necessitates an Overcoming (that is, a destruction) of itself, again and again and again. Any who require “proof” of this Absolute Truth need look no farther than the millions of examples that surround them of individuals who, refusing to destroy parts of themselves that prevent their personal progress, suffer and stagnate needlessly. From the alcoholic whose denial prevents his sobriety, to the tenured professor whose intellectual arrogance inhibits her ability to offer her students a broader scope of scholastic possibility, the catalyst, and the catastrophe, are the same: A failure (or refusal) to address the necessary nuances (and, sometimes, nuisances) of change ALWAYS results in the inability to Overcome the obstacles in the Path Of Potential. Defining Our Path (as Odinists) as we do, as one of BECOMING, the OBJECTIVE OF OVERCOMING is fundamental.

Correlating the above comprehension of individual Odinic Responsibility with Collec-

tive Comprehension of Odinic Mythology is a simple matter of extrapolation, that is of understanding that the imperative of the Individual is the Directive (and the OBJECTIVE) of the Whole. As Odinists we accept as fundamental Truth the fact that we owe our Individual ability to Collective stability, cultural cohesion and the racial purity it promotes having imbued us with the genetic platform from which to launch our personal potential. From THIS we learn that the tale of Ragnarok is one of Destiny and Duty, and we learn that however allegorically the tale may be told, NOTHING could be more LITERAL than the Truths it reveals.

No honest observer would deny that we do live in an age desperately in need of Renewal, an age in which all things political, social and philosophical have been tainted by the vagaries of villainy only Loki Himself could have constructed.

Be mindful Frigg, what further I tell
Of wicked works of mine
My rede wrought it that rides nevermore
Hitherward Baldr to Hall

- Lokasenna, St. 28

Be mindful indeed, and many are the very real plights that plague us, yet, for all the understanding and agreement when it comes to the facts surrounding the need for Renewal, the facts that undeniably account for the extinguishing of Balder's Light, we still find ourselves amidst a mass who would deny the Duty that Destiny Demands:

Strides forth Vithar, Valfather's son
The fearless fighter Fenrir to slay
To the heart he hews the Hvethrungs son
Avenged is then Vithar's Father

- Voluspa, St .53

Just as an Individual cannot live in a state of denial concerning the obstacles to their potential, collectively we cannot deny the Duties imperative to the Restoration of our Truest Salvation: Spiritual and Cultural Integrity. In each of us must reside the Spirit Of Vithar, the ability to invoke a "metamorphosis of the gods" (that is, to allow our Ancestral Gods and Goddesses to live once more through us), and the willingness to understand, without fear, without failure, that KAIROS—The Right Moment—is UPON us, and that so very much IS at stake.

To those that might resist their Indigenous Duty afraid that complicity might contribute to cataclysms from which we might not recover, I offer thee the Wisdom of "Fimbultyr's Unfathomed Runes":

Then in the grass the Golden Figures
The Far—Famed Ones, will be found again
Which they had owned in Olden Days

On unsown acres the ears will grow
All ill grow better, will Balder come then
Both He and Hoth will in Hropt's Hall dwell
The War Gods fane: Do ye wit more, or how?

- Voluspa, St.'s 60 & 61

You see, Fair folk, ours is not a Faith BENT on destruction, but rather one INTENT on Reconstruction (Renewal), an exercise impossible in absence of the ability to interpret the “symbols” and a task incomprehensible to those devoid the determination to embrace the “principles” that permit us to know that without Ragnarok never again will we see the “Golden Figures in the grass.”

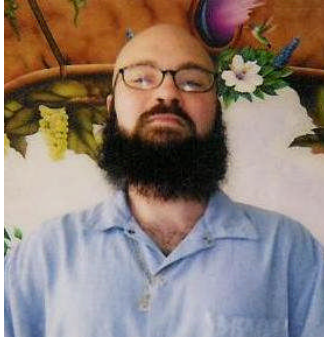
“It is returning, at last it is coming home to me—My own Self and those parts of it that have long been abroad and scattered among all things and accidents.”

- Nietzsche, Thus Spoke
Zarathustra

As with any Indigenous Spiritual Tradition—And Ours must surely be counted among the greatest, having survived the millennia despite the oppression, suppression and disregard - Odinism is a Faith that requires of its believers a Sincere Belief that Our Gods will, when honored and called, reveal the Truths necessary to understanding our Duty and our Destiny. Having spent so long “abroad and scattered”, the disconnection, and thus the lack of comprehension regarding our Duty and Destiny, has been profound. However, the Awakening is NOW, the “metamorphosis” takes place in the Restoration of our Rites, the Adherence to our Ethos, and our “psychological constitutions” bring us Home, to our Father Odin's Hall, to our Mother Frigga's Arms, and thus to the most Beautiful Truth that any Odinist can ever know: that Ragnarok is not our END, but the New Beginning the Æsir has ever promised all who remember Their Names. Literally? You bet, my Brothers and Sisters!

Come Home, My Folk, come home and see
The Hands on Odin's Clock
Come Home, fulfill your Destiny
Invoke Now Ragnarok!

Part 1 of 13 ...



THE DOCTRINE OF ESSENTIAL SERVICE

Vidar U. Odinson Harless, 1519-CG

"Materialism leads men to seek artificial status through wealth and property. True social status comes from service to Family, Race and Nation."

-The Honorable Martyr David Lane¹

How may I best express the importance and nobility of "service", the very foundation and progenation of our people and culture? Many are Láufey-kin, who seek to equivocate this principle mystery, fearing the power of our Folk's awareness; and many more are the flowery spoken, or written words that have stirred men's souls...to no avail. I pray one finds no pretense in my words, and I cannot egotistically claim 'credit' for them, as they are the cacophonous voices of our ancestors and gods; the conflagrant need-fire of Odr, that bids me to commit these words to paper, in the SERVICE of my beloved Folk. Having sought the word, may you also seek the deed, 1 Odinar heiti.²

It is said that "no man is an island" and, I submit, neither is every man a chieftain, or jarl. It is utter hypocrisy to decry the evils of communistic creeds, with its repugnant and unnatural ideals of equality, and yet maintain and vehemently assail "service" as "servitude". If one's mother or child is beset with illness, should one not "serve" them with some chicken soup, and a cold washcloth, for fear of becoming their "servant"? Should one shirk responsibility, and refuse to serve the needs of a family friend, or kindred, or... our Folk? The eddaic 'Wolf-Age' is upon us and we will ALL serve, each and every one of us; be it our Folk, or our enemies. Should one be so egocentric and auto theistic as to serve oneself alone, then regret shall be their burden, for the only true service can be to another, revealing self-service as the illusory state of servitude to the enemies of one's Folk, and loved-ones. Adolf Hitler once expressed this principle thus:

"The Aryan is greatest not in his mental qualities as such, but in the extent of his willingness to put all his abilities in the service of the community. In him the instinct for self-preservation has reached it's noblest form, since he willingly subordinates his ego to the life of he community and, if the hour demands it, even sacrifices it." --Min Kampf I-XI

I feel obliged to reference the martial supremacy of the ancient Roman Legions and the Spartan Hippeis³, both of whom serve as an example to modernity, that the determined,

disciplined few, can overcome a numerically superior foe. The model is one of organization, sacrifice, responsibility, honor, diligence, cooperation, obedience, duty, willingness, usefulness, and value. In the main, it is an all-pervading sense of service to a greater cause; that of the survival and advancement of one's Folk, or people. Some will inevitably find my language harsh, uncomfortable, and unforgiving; such is the condi-

tion of entanglement in a copse of thorn-bushes (: ▷). Many will bristle at my usage of words like "obedience" and, while it is understandable, it is by no means excusable. Should one choose to wallow in such self-accepted weakness, then I pray you join the ranks of our enemies, for it is there that you will serve us most. It is true that we, as a Folk, need strong and independent leaders, but a real leader serves something greater than their 'self'; if one will not serve, then we can have no place for them, and certainly not among our leaders. Again THE Leader's words prove eternal:


"...precisely in this seeming hopelessness of our mighty struggle lies the greatness of our task, and also the possibility of our success. The battle-cry which either scares away the small spirits at the very start, or soon makes them despair, will be the signal for the rallying together of real fighting natures... Only the best fighters will step forward, and in this selection lies the guarantee of our success." --Mein Kampf II-II


The following treatise is presented as an examination of the aforementioned exemplary models, which are key to the survival, and advancement, of our Folk. Through extensive personal contemplation, I have realized these as quintessential principles of service. I sincerely pray that this work 'serves' to awaken the Folk-consciousness, if ever so slightly, and enliven the Folk-spirit, aiding all in realizing the importance, nobility, and necessity of the Doctrine of Essential Service.

I. SACRIFICE & SERVICE

"...Any man who loves his Folk, proved it solely by the sacrifices which he is prepared to make for it." Mein Kampf II-II


The ideal of "sacrifice", and its usage in inspirational literature, is often an irresistible default; a fail-safe, if you will. Who would dare deny that a truly noble cause requires sacrifice? As Odinists, our most sacred rite is the blot (Old Norse: 'blood-rite'/sacrifice'), an act of faithful service and communion, between god and man. Our ancestral deities, and Folk, are inexorably bound to each other, interdependent, and therefore requiring reciprocal service (i.e. 'the Folk serves the gods, and vice-versa'), and


even sacrifice (:  :). In the 'Runátáls páttir Odins', the Venerable Allfather speaks of several 'galdors' (ON: 'incantations'), most of which pertain to aiding others, specifically 'kin'. I present, for an apt example, stanza 156: "That eleventh I know, if I ant to lead old friends into the fray: under buckler I chant that briskly they fare hale and whole to battle, hale and whole from battle: hale wherever they are."⁴ this spell primarily relates to

the Armanen rune 'sig' (:  :), as well as the Elder 'sowilo', representing the mystery of the power of awareness, the light of the soul, and of midgard ("earth"). The emphasis not being in the infinite means and ways that our gods serve, and sacrifice, for their mortal progeny, but the very fact that they **DO!** Our gods are as divine exemplars, even in their most sacrilegiously euhemerized, or literal forms, and having knowledge of their great mysteries requires that we incorporate them into our lives.

Sacrifice can manifest itself in many forms, including the courageous eshewment of modern materialism, and social comforts. Could we even survive, individually, or as a homogenous Folk, if the multitudinous comforts we have come to depend upon were suddenly stripped from us? How much of a service could we be to our gods, or even to each other? Consider seriously, a very plausible scenario, where modern utilities (i.e. water, gas, electricity, etc...) no longer exist. The water supply is poisoned, the gas lines ruptured by explosion, the electric grid is collapsed and there is no foreseeable help, or aid. How would you and your family survive, let alone be of service to the Folk? All of you compatriots of the gray gulags: do not dare consider yourselves exempt! Even worse, for IF the guards do not execute you (per policy!), then you are in a locked cell, within a locked unit, and a razor-wire perimeter. Dark are the days that will follow; how will you serve? So insidiously have these comforts parasitically enmeshed themselves in our lives, that they are more dear to most than our divine mysteries, and few pause to imagine, let alone prepare for a life devoid of them. This is no sermon of "fire and brimstone" in some distant afterlife for, as surely as this world exists, it shall end. A true servant must ask, in the darkest, and the most perilous of times, "how may I serve?" The answer will always be obvious, and simplistic, intimately dependent upon the degree to which one is willing to sacrifice, and only Hlín knows what Skuld will count.⁵

It has been said that "sacrifice" is synonymous with "suffering", and this is a great, if simplistic truth. Those who are truly noble, and seek enlightenment (Reýn til

Runa!), gladly suffer for, in pain can be found illumination (:  :), under whose light

all dross must melt away. One who would serve must accept the necessity (:  :) of suffering as an indicator of true sacrifice, for it divulges the value thereof. 'Comfort' is a

weakness, of which we must remain aware, and ever consciously moderate. The fictitious, yet resounding words of Ed Turner, in the 'Turner Diaries', strikes a chord of truth:

"Life is uglier and uglier these days...but it is still moderately comfortable, and comfort is the great corrupter; the great maker of cowards."⁶

Sacrifice can never be allowed on illogical rationale, but must have a reason; a purpose by which one may measure the value of the sacrifice itself. Above was mentioned, "The degree to which one is willing to sacrifice", but allow me to clarify. The "degree", in this instance, is not a measurement of quantity, but of quality, or value; the essence of sacrifice being to give up something of value, as a means toward an end. The "end" in this case being the survival and advancement of our Folk. Each and every child of Heimdallr must decide, and bear the consequence of, the "degree" to which we assign "value" to this most fundamental of causes.

Above all, we must become, and remain, cognizant to the fact that sacrifice is dedication, or commitment. One of the greatest leaders of our Folk, the Venerable Martyr Adolf Hitler, said so quintessentially:

...In life it is sometimes better to let a thing lie for the present than to begin it badly, or by halves..."

Modernity claims so much for itself (time, money, pleasure, etc...), with little regard for pedigree, or posterity. Sacrifice requires more than the offer of such thing, but the absolute **DEDICATION** of them! For example, titanic movements have begun in the "pubs" of our peoples; a place of drink, leisure, and pleasure. Consider if you are prepared to sacrifice such "comforts", in

“VALHALLA TODAY”

(A 21st Century Perspective)

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By Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG

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

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 'Gladshheim' (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 yesterday's mythological conceptions. I shall endeavor hereafter, to afford a modern perspective while remaining within the 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 appealability 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 after-life 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!

Sorrow, Shame, and the Duty I Proclaim

By: T.A. Odinson Walsh

Knowing me to be a man who is ever open to discussion (though NEVER "debate") of my deeply held convictions as a Son of Odin, a more "liberal" fellow recently posed the following potential scenario to me:

"Tom", he said, "You speak so regularly of the profound love and pride that you have for and in your grandchildren, Jason and Aryanna, and you routinely express your hope that theirs will be lives led by the light of cultural loyalty's torch, and that your traditions and values (as an Odinist) are things that you pray will pass on to them, and their kinder in turn... But, what if Jason, or Aryanna, or both, elects at some point in the process of their own personal evolution and experience to choose a path that is not only different than the one you would choose for them but contrary to your chosen path altogether, how would you react? How would you react", he went on, "if Jason decided to pursue a path of left-wing social activism and completely rejected your mores as an Odinist man as 'outdated' or 'offensive' to modern humanist ideals, or, if Aryanna, in the flower of her youth and beauty, fell hopelessly in love with a non-white man, how would you react?"

There was a time, no doubt, when even the suggestion of such a scenario to me – particularly by someone who does not share my ideals and may simply be playing 'devil's advocate' -would have found me indignant, insulted by the insinuation that such a tragedy could befall a man who has learned to be as Trú to his Gods and Goddesses as I, and eager shield-man that I was in my younger days there is no telling how that 'conversation' may have ended up.

While today I may find such suggestions just as unsettling as I would have in the days preceding the mastery of my unbound passions (as I shall call them... smile), part of the gift the Gods and Goddesses have given me in the allocation of advancing years is the ability to understand that I cannot adequately address a problem I am not emotionally and intellectually prepared to analyze. Yes, I am ever - even as the wolf's fur goes a bit gray – instinctually prepared to contend with what is callous and cruel in my world, but the Trú waters of wisdom can't be tasted by those who will not pause to offer thought and prayer at their alter, so one learns to determine and differentiate.

So it was, with the most dignified determination such a crude question would allow, that I conceded the realistic possibilities being posed by this uncouth fellow, and it was, with great resolve and honesty, that I told him exactly how I know, without a doubt, I would react: With sorrow and shame.

My sorrow would be compelled, foremost, by the knowledge that my bright and beautiful grandchildren, my living legacies, would know an existence crippled (instinctually, spiritually and intellectually) by the disconnection from their Cultural Tree such circumstances would bring about. In a world where 'science' is ever eager to convince mankind of the importance, indeed of our DUTY to preserve the habitats and behaviors (and thus the existences) of the Amazonian tree frog or the three-toed sloth (to say nothing of the Aboriginal 'cultures'!), what has become of the SENSE that permits us to understand the equally (in my eyes MORE) important preservation of my grandchildren's need for ethno-oriented community (habitat) and culturally-distinct traditions (behaviors)? What madness has befallen man that our 'social consciousness' allows empathy for the blue whales (noble beasts, I'd agree, but beasts nevertheless) 'disconnection' from its traditional calving grounds by predators (humans) and pollution, but not for the INDO-EUROPEAN CHILD today threatened with complete disconnection from THEIR INDO-EUROPEAN ROOTS, also via predators ('social scientists' who'd convince them that THEIR distinctness is 'irrelevant') and pollution (the multiculturalism that breeds in them confusion about cultures relevance).

So yes, to know that my stout Jason or my gorgeous Aryanna had grown to know a path on which their spirits feet were not most connected to THEIR genetic roots; to know that they would live lives that would not, COULD not know their highest potential (what tree grows tall with roots half dead?); to know that THEIR disconnection would in turn trouble their off-spring, and so on, continuously contributing to a future that knows not its past -circumstances that can do naught but spell my peoples doom - yes, I would be quite sad. Gone with the purity of Jason and Aryanna would be the promise of another Greece or Rome, the purpose of another Brahms or Boudicca, the pleasure of another Aesop or Austen... what COULD I be but sad?

The shame I would feel - unlike my sorrow, which I know would be shared - would be wholly my own to bear. The more rash man would most likely "be ashamed" of circumstances so contrary to his hearts desires, so in conflict with

his souls intention, and while the disconnection of my grandchildren from their cultural roots would indeed be in conflict and contrary to all I am, still would I know a shame born of MY apparent inability to have been a better grand-sire TO THEM. Some would say we can feed, house and clothe our off-spring, attempt to teach them our mores in earnest, but still the very nature of human individuality will determine their ultimate direction, so any efforts 'beyond the basics' are 'irrelevant' (that term 'irrelevant' sure is bandied about a lot in regards to OUR off-spring, isn't it?). How 'irrelevant' did Beethoven's early musical lessons or a boy of Sparta's youthful martial training turn out to be? How 'irrelevant' can ANY early influence on a child's mind and spirit (and thus their ability to flourish) be? Just as we cannot underestimate the infinite value and virtue involved in active influence and instruction in a child's life, we cannot underestimate (or deny) the defeating and detrimental effects of FAILING to have been the influential and instructive figures our children needed us to be, and if we can so readily acknowledge this truth where the development of a musical or physical talent is concerned, HOW can we deny or doubt its veracity in the development of our children's cultural awareness, cohesion and continuance? The inability of Jason and Aryanna to adequately understand the importance of that awareness, cohesion and continuance (and thus to live lives in synch with their distinct cultural energies, the SOURCE of their highest potential) would be a source of shame to me, NOT because my heart would not want to love them, NOT because my mind would not want to understand them, but because my soul would know it has FAILED THEM, that I had failed them. Had I not read them enough of the ancient folklore by the firelight? Had I not made available to them enough of the historical heroes and heroines of their people? Had I not traveled with them to enough places to show them examples of their folks capacity for ingenuity and industriousness, or had I forgotten the galleries in which their ancestors artistic glory might inspire them? Had I not taught them well enough the importance of respecting OTHERS distinctness, as we demand respect and preservation of our own, and if I had how could they have come to feel 'guilt' for past injustices they did not compel? HOW, exactly, did I fail them?

Armed with the ominous understanding of 'what could be', I refuse to fail Jason and Aryanna, indeed I refuse to fail any White child where an opportunity to instill and inspire presents itself. That I cannot impact a life with which I do not come in to contact is an acceptable - if sometime tragic- reality. That I DO

NOT impact the lives with which I HAVE come in to contact is an Unforgivable - and ALWAYS tragic - dereliction of duty. There can be no sorrow or shame for those wise and brave enough to build their folks future on the foundation of Love and Pride.

Sing a song, my precious kinder
Sing a song of Love and Pride
All your beauty and your splendor
Never hinder, never hide
You were born your souls to tender
To this universe so wide
Sing a song, my precious kinder
Sing a song of Love and Pride
Sing a song, my elder statesmen
Sing of how our duty calls
Remind them all there was a day when
You would never let them fall
They'll only have that which we make them
Our precious kinder, one and all
Sing a song, my elder statesmen
Sing of how our duty calls
Sing this song, our precious kinder
You too can know your Love and Pride
Never let your spirits bend or
Be afraid to do what's right
The faith you keep will one day render
Joy in place of tears you've cried
Sing a song, our precious kinder
In YOU is ALL our Love and Pride

"FINN MAC COOL" *By Ron McVan, Gothi, HNO, Inc.*

*"Who has fully realized that history is not contained in the thick books but
in our very blood."***Carl Gustave Jung**

The **Einherjar** were known as the elite of all of **Wotan's Warriors** and as such they held the praise of all warriors in the *Great Hall of Valhalla*. The Celts, not unlike their Aryan Teutonic kin also had an elite branch of warriors known as the "**Fianna**". They were chosen for their superior strength, valor and overall warrior prowess and defended **The Land of Eire** (Ireland) from foreign intruders. The origin of the Fianna is said to have been founded by **King Fiachadh** (fee-a-kuh) in 300 B.C. Of the Fianna the most famous leader was **Finn Mac Cool** who gained full command of the Fianna by saving the life of the high king, **Cormac Mac Airt**. Not only did Finn Mac Cool excel in all the qualities of the Celtic warrior elite but also possessed the shamanic powers of a Seer. The legend of Finn Mac Cool ranks closely to that of the most famous warrior in all Irish mythology, **Cuchulain**. The name Finn means 'White' or 'The Fair One', and was given to him on account of the fairness of his skin and his golden hair. Fion or Fin is also known as an Irish name for the sun. The 'Finicians' (old spelling) were the Irish sun worshipers or the Magian Priests of Iesa, an ancient Irish Sun God.

Among the Celtic heroes of ancient lore far older in times past than Finn Mac Cool and Cuchulain were the **Tuatha De Danann** known as the *god-tribe* of the ancient Gaels. The Fenians are believed to have inherited the conduct of that ancient war formally waged between the Tuatha De Danann and the **Formors**. Finn Mac Cool himself was partly of Danann ancestry.

When the Fianna were not consumed in battle they spent much of their free time hunting wild game. Finn had two hounds, named "**Bran and Skolawn**", Bran was enormous and stood almost as high as Finn himself. Finn was known to be somewhat of a giant in physical stature among most ordinary men. The hound Bran is believed to be the original ancestor of the Irish Wolfhound canines still known today for their enormous size among all existing breeds of dogs worldwide. The only two times that Finn was known to weep was when he accidentally killed his hound Brand and when his renowned grandson **Oscar** he found dead after the *Battle of Gabra*.

Finn's son "**Ossian**" (*pronounced 'o-sheen', which means, Little Fawn*) was a great warrior in his own right and also not unlike his father was renowned as a wise and knowledgeable poet. Finn Mac Cool was known to have studied the bardic arts under an old Seer named **Finegas**, who lived by a mystic pool of water that bubbled up beneath a great hazel tree. Hazel nuts would drop into the pool of water and were eaten by the salmon. The salmon became all wise and Finn's master instructed Finn to cook the salmon for him but under no circumstances to taste it himself. The young Finn

dutifully caught and cooked the salmon but in the process he happened to splatter some of the grease on his thumb and quickly placed it in his mouth. From that time on, all Finn had to do was to place his thumb upon his tooth and he would instantly be able to understand all things. This ties in with an old Druidic charm for banishment of magic. The Druid would place his right thumb between his teeth and bite down hard. Finn's mother **Muirne of the fair neck** was herself a Druid's daughter.

"Fionn Mac Cumhail was possessing of the Thumb of Knowledge, A treasure of three gems stolen from the otherworld! Thirsty Druids, keepers of the gods: Would you know of these secrets? Of the empowerment of the spoken word?"

The sacred pool of Finn's master, Finegas, was the source of **The River Boyne**, a goddess with Brigidine. The word Boyne comes from Boann or Bo Fionn, "*The White Cow*", an Indo-European connotation. The Boyne was held as a sacred river as it flowed from out of the earth in a grove of nine wise hazel-trees. One will find many consistencies and cross fertilizations between the Celtic and Teutonic pantheons. Some scholars have even gone as far as to identify the magician Gwydion of the Welsh folklore with the Teutonic Wotan. Gwydion's coupling with Lleu or Lugh the solar deity certainly has its strong similarities.

Finn was a man of great virtue and integrity and implemented a code of honor among his warriors. He challenged them to become champions of the people, to make themselves role models of chivalry and justice that all Celts could aspire to. Finn was well known as a generous man more concerned with others than himself and in addition he was kind and gentle with all woman. If he could help it, he would never let anyone be in trouble or poverty. All that King Arthur was to Avalon, Finn Mac Cool was to Ireland.

Cumhal son of **Trenmor** was Finn's father. He was chief of the Clan Bascna, who were contending with the Clan Morna for the leadership of the Fianna. Finn's father Cumhal was overthrown and slain by the Clan Morna at the **Battle of Knock**. Finn had two sons, **Fergus** and the more famous brother **Ossain**. *Fergus of the sweet speech* was the Fenian's bard, and also because of his honeyed speech was their diplomat and ambassador. Another prominent Fenian of note was **Goll**, son of **Morna**, at first Finn's arch enemy but afterwards his follower. Goll was a warrior skilled alike in battle in war and in learning. Goll was intelligent enough to recognize his superior in the character of Finn Mac-Cool. Being sore breasted once after a battle with a mighty host, Goll made the comment, "*A man, lives after life, but not after his honor.*"

Once when Finn Mac Cool and his band of warriors lay resting upon the grass of a mountainside after a day of hunting, a debate began concerning the topic of the sweetness of sounds, Finn's son Ossain, declared that the blithest sound in all the world was made by the chuckoo calling from the highest tree in the hedge. Oscar, Ossian's son, Finn's grandson, favored the sound made by the ringing of a spear upon a shield. The other warriors delighted in such melodies as the belling of a stag across the water, the baying of a tuneful pack heard in the distance, the song of a lark, and the laughter of a gleeful girl or the whisper of a moved one. Then they all turned and waited for their leaders opinion,

and Finn said: "*The music of what happens---that is the finest music in the world.*"

A party of Celtic delegates had an occasion to meet **Alexander the Great**, who had been much impressed with the fearlessness of the Fianna. He asked them whether there had ever been anything which they dreaded---they told him they feared the sky would fall on them.

" **Maxims of the Fianna** " (*As instructed to the son of Luga*)

Son of Luga, if armed service be thy design, in a great man's household be quiet, surly in the narrow pass.

Without a fault of his beat not thy hound; until thou ascertain her guilt, bring not a charge against thy wife.

In battle meddle not with a buffoon, for, O mac Luga, he is but a fool.

Censure not any if he be of grave repute; stand not up to take part in a brawl; have naught to do with a madman or a wicked one.

Two-thirds of the gentleness be shown to woman and to those that creep on the floor (*little children*) and to poets, and be not violent to the common people.

Utter not swaggering speech, nor say thou wilt not yield what is right; it is a shameful thing to speak too stiffly unless that it be feasible to carry out thy words.

So long as thou shalt live, thy lord forsake not; neither for gold nor for other reward in the world abandon one whom thou art pledged to protect.

To a chief do not abuse his people, for that is no work for a man of gentle blood.

Be no tale-bearer, nor utterer of falsehoods; be not talkative nor rashly censorious. Stir not up strife against thee, however good a man thou be.

Be no frequenter of the drinking-house, nor given to carping at the old; meddle not with a man of mean estate.

Dispense thy meat freely; have no niggard for thy familiar.

Force not thyself upon a chief, nor give him cause to speak ill of thee.

Stick to thy gear; hold fast to thy arms till the stern fight with its weapon-glitter be ended.

Be more apt to give than to deny, and follow after gentleness, O son of Luga.

(And the son of Luga, it is written, heeded these counsels, and gave up his bad ways, and he became one of the best of Finn's men.)

What is now present day England was in its origin occupied by the Celts or Gaelic race. In the Gaelic tongue the name of the race is **Angaoidhil**, (*with the 'd' silent*), Angael, signifying the Gael. This country, then, as a most natural consequence of the name of the race which occupied it was known to the Germans as **Angaoidhil-land**, or the *Country of the Gaels*. The name has perished and has never been changed except in so far as the corruption of English pronunciation has made the slight change

phonetically from **Angael-land** to **Angle-land** and finally to its modern form, **England**.

The most famed collection of writings on Druidism is "**The Book of the Pheryllt**", or, more properly, one of the "**Books of Fferyllt**". The Triads of Britain record the three lost masterpieces of Druidism as being: "**The Book of Feryllt**", "**The Gorchan of Maeldrew**" and the "**Song of the Forest Trees**". The Pheryllt were the legendary "*Priests of Pharon*". Pharon was an extremely ancient god, whose worshippers were said to be the inhabitants of the *Lost Continent of Atlantis*. According to Druid belief, when Atlantis submerged as a result of the earth being struck by an asteroid in the Atlantic ocean, many of its 'Sun-Priests' washed ashore onto the western banks of Wales. The Atlantean Sun-Priests would soon establish the Druidic spiritual sect. Wales was long referred to as the "**Homestead of Druidism**" and its chief sanctuary was based at the roots of the mountain "**Snowdonia**" the tallest peak in Wales. Ireland itself was originally named "Inis Fail" the "*Island of Wisdom*", the "*Sacred Isle of the Ancient Magi of Iesa*". Towards the end of the age of the Druids the Culdees were a paganized Catholic priesthood which was actually somewhat of a continuation of the traditional Druid lifestyle under cover of Christian sanction. The Druids, forced to forsake their true Druidic Order and traditions degenerated from that point onward becoming the forerunners of the Catholic monks.

*"Out of a Timeless World, Shadows fall upon time, From a beauty older than earth,
A ladder the soul may climb. I climb by the Fionn's Stair, To a whiteness older than
time."*

.....**Gnostic Culdee Verse**

The warriors of the Fianna, who had served under the mighty Finn Mac Cool, were obliged to undergo several crucial tests of stamina and skill before they could be admitted into the warrior elite. Each was required to stand in a pit up to the height of his forehead and defend himself against the spears of nine Fianna warriors while armed with only a small shield and hazel wand. He would then be required to run helter skelter at top speed through a wooded forest yet not disturb a single leaf or twig. While running at top speed he would be expected to pluck a thorn from his foot, even though being pursued by other warriors and yet not halt his gait for a second. At the end of the course he would then have to jump a lath set to the height of his forehead and stoop under one as low as his knee while running at full speed. In addition, no warrior was admitted into the Fianna until he was a prime poet versed in the twelve books of poetic composition. Unless these feats were completed, entry into the Fianna warrior class remained impossible.

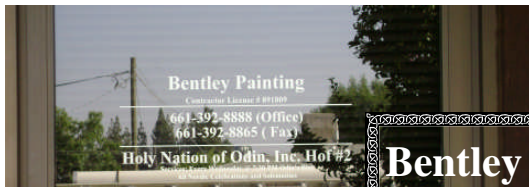
Ossian's son Oscar was known among the Fians as the fiercest of fighters in battle. In his maiden battle he slew three kings and in his berserker fury, by mischance slew his own friend and condisciple Linn'e. It was said of Oscar that his heart was like twisted horn sheathed in steel, a character made as purely for war as a sword or spear. Oscar was later killed at the **Battle of Gabra**, when the Fianna themselves were overcome and destroyed.

Ossian himself did not participate in the *Battle of Gabra* but was instead lured away by the mystical enchantress **Niamh**. Niamh appears to Ossain on a majestic white steed emerging out of the Western Sea to entice him to accompany her to Tir na n' Og. Though grieved at leaving his now aging father Finn Mac Cool, he was unable to resist the enticements of Niamh.

Later Ossian's desire to return to his companions becomes irresistible. Despite the pleadings of Niamh who was aware of the fate awaiting him to return to the mortal world finally decides to let him return, lending him her white steed, but warns him not to descend from the saddle. Ossain returns to Ireland only to find himself surrounded by desolation from all the time which had elapsed under the spell of Niamh. Those kinsmen that he once knew were now all long expired, palaces and castles standing in utter ruins. In his dismay he forgets Niamh's warning and dismounts the white steed. The minute he touches the earth he becomes a withered old man, half blind and spent. Niamh's white steed then gallops back to Tir na n' Og.

Strangely enough there is no real clear light on how Finn Mac Cool finally passed away. It seems as though he merely stepped off of the stage of history and folklore. There is a popular tradition of thought that like the **Great Kaiser Barbarosa** who sits spellbound on his throne in an enchanted cave waiting for the appointed time to return. Perhaps The Great Finn Mac Cool is waiting as well to reappear in full commanding glory to redeem his native land and folk from the onslaught of alien intruders, tyranny and wrong that continues to violate that oh so very ancient '*Sacred Land of Eire*', *Nature and Mother Earth*. It may be at least safe to say that the spirits of our Aryan ancestors will never rest until we again unite our tribes in the greatness and unity that made the old times splendid. A time when our people lived, loved and did battle in the very image of our gods. "**The Golden Age**" of real men and real women, Strong! Fearless! Intelligent! with a *Will To Power* capable of constructing the greatest Civilizations, Cultures and Wonders known to all of mankind! **Wake up you pale shadows of your forefathers!** *Hearts* in the past, *Minds* in the present, *Eyes* to the future! Define yourself or be defined! Most important over all! **Think With Your Blood!** Unity and vision=Strength!=Survival as a species!

*"These are the things that were dear to Finn--- The din of battle, the banquet's glee, The bay of his hounds through the rough glen ringing, And the blackbird singing in Letter Lee,
The shingle grinding along the shore, When they dragged his war-boats down to sea, The dawn wind whistling his spears among, And the magic song of his minstrels three."***Ossian**



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 Fort Worth, TX 76136

By phone:
 817 237-7193
 (between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. CST)

By email:
info@vinlandkindred.com

Ritual Items		
1	Feathers	Raven, hawk, owl, eagle and falcon
2	Beads	All types of ceremonial beads (no metal beads)
3	String	
4	Beeswax	
5	Alter cloth	Ceremonial & Spiritual cloth (multi colored)
6	Hlaths	Spiritual bandanas
7	Necklace material	small bones, claws, teeth
8	Runes w/pouch	small leather or cloth pouch
9	Spiritual books	
10	Ceremonial herbs	
11	Evergreen Sprigs	Alive, or other acceptable trees
12	Medallion	Thor's hammer, valknut, sunwheel, etc. necklace
13	Honey	1 small container per quarter for ceremonial use
14	Bowli	Small, blessing bowl
15	Gandr	Small, at least 12"
16	Leather thong	to make rune bags
17	Thor's hammer	Ceremonial size
18	Drum	Small, hand held
19	Alter bell	Small
20	Deity statue	Small
21	Oath ring	Small
22	Ham	In pouch & other dried pork products
23	Pelt or hide	Small
24	Abalone shell	Small
25	Rattle	Small turtle shell
26	Drinking horn	Small or horn tumbler/cup
27	Colored candles	
Group Ritual Items		
<i>(items for group use, to be stored in chapel locker)</i>		
1	Large drinking horn	
2	Bowli	
3	Abalone shell	
4	Oath ring	
5	Gandr	
6	Large Thor's hammer for blessings	
7	Moot horn to call Gods, wights and folk together	
8	Alter bell	
9	Evergreen Sprigs	Alive, or other acceptable trees
10	Small deity statues	
11	Colored candles	

ADVERTISING CONTRACT for "GUNGNIR"

The Official Bulletin of THE HOLY NATION OF ODIN, INC. Outreach Ministry

We, at the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. (HNO), publishers of "Gungnir", the Official Bulletin of our Outreach Ministry, welcome advertisers who wish to attract customers of our unique demographic readership. As such, this Advertisement Contract will outline for all prospective clients our advertising policies, in order to affect a better understanding, and advertising relationship.

The Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. reserves all rights, including refusal and removal, for any reason we deem appropriate. We will, of course, make every reasonable effort to be fair in such circumstances, but all decisions are final, and there is no appeal process and no refunds provided.

"Gungnir" is printed on a quarterly basis, however, when/if difficulties occur which result in the delay/cancellation of printing/distribution of a given issue, the HNO assumes no liability for lost advertisement, and all affected clients will receive an ad extension.

Advertisement in "Gungnir" is in reality a "charitable donation" to the HNO, Inc. (minus printing costs), and not subject to normal advertising regulations, under any laws, or statutes.

Political advertising will not be accepted under ANY circumstances, as this would violate our federal 501(c)(3) status.

Clients may purchase ad-space for a consecutive number of issues, or a single issue, according to availability in each particular issue.

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Any rights not expressly granted to clients by this contract are freely relinquished by them accepting the terms of this contract, and surrendered to the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.

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I the undersigned advertising client of "Gungnir", have read, and understand the foregoing contract, and in good faith, and full possession of all my faculties, accept these terms as prerequisite to any advertising agreement.

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