Pooka's Page for Grownups

It is with deep sorrow and sadness that I have to inform you this is the last edition of Pooka Pages Magazine. Our beloved Lora Craig Gaddis is seriously ill and will not recover enough to continue her magical work for children. Pooka has been Lora’s devotional work to her Gods and her ancestors for almost thirty years; her devotion to her Pagan Path covers more than twice that at over sixty years. Hers is a body of work that will leave a lasting legacy for Pagan children and their parents now and in the future, one created and shared in love.

Lora’s real life adventures with animals have been as magical and muddled as the scrapes and adventures her story animals get up to: from Grimalkin, her familiar in training, the bossy critters in her garden; Big Mac, the abandoned rotty who wandered into her home one wet Christmas night and settled straight into her heart, to Pooka himself. All of them found themselves a home with a big heart at its centre and various starring roles in her writing.

Lora’s children, grand-children and family are supporting and helping her through her illness. Her animals are probably still hogging her bed.

Please hold Lora in your hearts and bless her in your circles.

You will understand that this has been a difficult issue to produce and edit. It was not possible to use all the photos and pieces readers sent in. However, they were appreciated and enjoyed on the FB page. Thank you for those and for all the contributors to this issue, both past and present. Thank you to Fabian and Shelley, who organised the birthday lists for this Pooka edition. In particular, a huge thank you once again to Carmen Sanchez Bezzard and Liliane Grenier who helped hold the fort these past few months.

Lora, Elsie and Pooka thank you all for your love and support for the magazine over the years.

Fiona Tinker
Imbolc

February 2nd

Other Names: Candlemas, Imbolg, Feast of Torches, Oimelc, Brigid’s Day, Lupercalia, Groundhog Day, Feast of Waxing Light

Imbolc means “in the belly”. Even though it is still winter, spring is coming soon and, all over the world, new life is already growing in the bellies of mother animals. Deep within the belly of Mother Nature, below the snow and frozen earth, new life is stirring there also.

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Birthdays
Thank you kids and farewell, Lora
The Pooka Pages Magazine is edited & published by Lora Craig-Gaddis

This is a FREE Publication for Pagan Children

The Pooka Pages is published 8 times a year. To get the current issue, go to: www.pookapages.com

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The Visit

Paws tucked into his chest and tail wrapped snugly around his body in classic “kitty yoga” position, Pooka gazed into the fire that was crackling away on the hearth. He was trying to meditate, but in truth, he was just plain bored!

Outside, the rain fell, softly washing away the snow that had covered the woods and garden the day before.

He heard Elsie entering the parlor behind him and swiveled his head to look. Cradled in her arms was the special quilt that was brought out whenever anyone felt sad or ill. The little witch settled in her chair, opened her sewing basket and began carefully threading a needle.

Pooka’s ears pricked up. Here was an excellent opportunity for a bit of diversion! He rose to his feet, stretched and yawned. Then, in one leap, he landed on the quilt in Elsie’s lap. The girl had just been preparing to take a stitch and he nearly got stabbed with the needle.

“Hey!” he told her. “Be careful!”

Elsie blinked in astonishment at the cat suddenly in her lap. “Blessed be, Pooks! You’re the one who should be more careful! You came out of nowhere!”

“What’cha doing?” he asked fully prepared to forgive her.

“Fixing the Healing Quilt. It’s got a few little rips in it and tomorrow’s Imbolc.” “What’s Imbolc got to do with the quilt?” he asked.

“Every Imbolc Eve I lay the quilt on the bush outside by the door for Brigit to bless as She goes by,” explained the witch. “That’s part of what gives it its special healing properties.”

Pooka’s eyes widened. “The Goddess comes here? To our cottage?”

Elsie nodded. “I always leave a little offering out for Her. In turn, She comes by and blesses our quilt.”

“What sort of offering?” the cat asked.

“I leave some cheese for the Goddess and a small pile of hay for Her cow.” “What cow?”

“Brigit’s cow,” explained Elsie. “The special one that always travels with Her. Haven’t you been studying your lessons?”

“Oh, THAT cow,” Pooka said quickly.

The little witch gave him a Look that told him she knew he’d slacking on his homework. Before she could start lecturing, he asked, “Tell me more!”
Elsie shook her head and continued: “Well, besides being the Goddess of healing, she’s also the Goddess of poetry and inspiration. So I wrote a little poem and I’ll leave that out for Her as well.”

Pooka looked up eagerly. “If I make up a poem for Brigit, will you write it down for me?” “Sure!” Elsie agreed. The cat sat up straight and cleared his throat. (It sounded like a purr.)

“Goddess Briget, You’re so fine,
Bless my catnip all the time!”

And then he did purr. He was very proud of himself.

Elsie laughed. “Pooka, that’s a terrible poem! But, no doubt, Briget will like it. I’ll write it for you and leave it out tonight with mine.”

Later that evening, as they climbed the stairs to bed, the rain was still falling. Pooka curled up against Elsie’s tummy and drifted off to sleep listening to the patter on the roof. Sometime in the night, he was woken by a tiny rap at the window. He stretched and yawned and padded over to investigate.

Thistle’s tiny face appeared through the darkness on the other side of the glass. He pushed the window open with his paw.

“Come on!” the fairy grinned. “The rain has stopped! How about a little moonlight romp?”

Pooka gave a glance back at Elsie softly snoring behind him. He knew she worried when he slipped out at night and wondered if he should wait for her to wake up. But the stars shone overhead in a crystal clear sky and the snow was reduced to small icy patches here and there. The chance was just too good to miss.

He slipped through the window and shimmied down the tree. Thistle’s iridescent wings fluttered just ahead of him in the moonlight. “Can’t catch me!” she sang over her shoulder.

Pooka took up the chase ... down the garden path, over the bridge that crossed the stream and deep into the dark woods.

Thistle laughed and circled a bush, Pooka hot on her heels. “I’ll get you!” he called.

The pixie giggled and darted off the path toward the embankment along a creek.

Pooka dashed full speed after her but began scrambling, slipping and sliding as soon as his paws hit the slimy mud of the embankment. He banged into a large rock, dislodging it, and the next thing he knew, both he and the rock were tumbling down the slope. The little cat landed half in the shallow, icy water.

He felt a hard stab of pain as the rock bounced and then landed on top of him. Stunned, Pooka just lay there for a moment trying to catch his breath – but the pain wouldn’t let him!

Thistle fluttered anxiously overhead. “Pooks! Are you okay? There’s a Stupid Rock on you!”
The fairy pushed at the rock with all her tiny strength but it wouldn’t budge. “I’ll get help!” she said and putting two fingers in her mouth, gave a shrill whistle.

Within moments, dozens of fairies and elves had arrived on the scene. Sizing up the situation, they all worked together and managed to roll the rock off the cat. “There you go!” they told him smiling.

Pooka tried to get to his paws, but he was numb from the freezing water. His limbs didn’t seem to work. He also noticed that, even though the rock was gone, the pain was still there. “I could use a little more help,” he admitted.

The fairies, with their wings beating furiously, pulled on his ears and tail until he was upright and shivering. He tried to take a step, but his hind leg refused to cooperate. Not only that, it hurt something dreadful!

“I think his leg’s broken,” said one of the elves.

Thistle hovered over him anxiously. “Oh, Pooks! It’s all my fault! I’m so sorry!” She hugged his nose. The cat looked at her cross-eyed. “Thistle, get off me,” he groaned. “I’ve got to get home.”

“Yes!” Thistle agreed. “Elsie will fix it! She fixed my wing when you broke it. Remember?” Pooka didn’t think the broken wing had been entirely his fault, but he was too cold and in too much pain to argue.

He concentrated instead on crawling up the embankment. It seemed to take forever, even with the fairies and elves helping. Pain shot through his leg with every step. “I’m not going to make it,” he gasped.

“You’ll make it! Come on now,” wheedled Thistle. She grabbed him by the whiskers and tugged him forward. Eventually, they reached the top. The fairies and elves all high-fived each other, then disappeared back into the forest.

Pooka slowly began limping home with Thistle fluttering alongside. He kept expecting that any minute Elsie would wake up, knowing he was in trouble, and come rushing to rescue him. But the long path remained dark and deserted and she never appeared.

Finally, they saw the outline of the cottage through the trees. By now, Pooka was shivering violently. “I’ll go get Elsie,” said Thistle and flew up to the second story window of the bedroom. The window, however, had blown shut while they were gone. The fairy tried rapping on the glass with her tiny fist, but perhaps the witch’s hearing wasn’t as keen as the kitten’s. Thistle swooped back down to the injured cat. “Look!” she said. “There’s a quilt on the ground. Maybe you can get warm in that until Elsie wakes up?”

Pooka stared dimly ahead and noticed the quilt had fallen off the bush where Elsie had placed it the night before. He dragged himself toward it and collapsed in a little heap. Exhausted, he closed his eyes and tried to sleep.

It seemed that only a short time had passed when Pooka suddenly realized he wasn’t cold. In fact, a golden glow like liquid sunshine was filling his whole body!

Pooka slowly blinked his eyes open and found a beautiful face leaning over him. “Hullo,” he mumbled.

“Blessed Be, Cat,” smiled the Lady.
He sensed some movement behind him. Turning his head, he saw a white cow with red ears happily munching on the bit of hay that Elsie had left out. The cow sniffed him, and then went back to grazing. “Nice cow,” he said.


“You shouldn’t chase fairies.” The Lady examined his leg.

“This one’s my friend,” said Pooka. “It was a game.”

“That’s all right then.” She seemed to bend nearer and nearer, her golden hair spilling over him and rainbows reflecting from her face. “Shall I make your leg better?”

“Yes, please,” sighed Pooka and closed his eyes again.

He felt a gentle touch on his leg. His eyes sprang open. The pain was gone … and so was the beautiful Lady. Alert now, he raised his head and looked around. Even the cow had vanished! Only little Thistle was still there.

“Did you see that?” he demanded.

The fairy just grinned. “You’re okay now and Elsie’s awake, so I’m leaving. Happy Imbolc!” The tiny creature waved her hand and soared away.

Dawn pierced the forest with long fingers and Pooka snuggled deeper inside the quilt. He heard the cottage door open and Elsie’s boots clattering down the steps. “There you are!” she cried. “What are you doing out here? Are you okay? What happened?”

The little cat purred up at her. “The most Wonderfulllest Thing,” he said and then added, “but at first it was Awful! I was playing with Thistle and I got hurt. I didn’t know if I could get home and you didn’t come for me! Even though Thistle was with me, I felt so alone and scared!”

Elsie scooped him into her lap and held him close. “Then what happened?”

“Well, somehow, I managed to get back here. I crawled into the quilt to get warm and then the most amazing thing, Elsie… She was here! I saw the Goddess! And She knew I was hurt and She made it better.”

The witch gently kissed the top of his head. “I’m sorry I didn’t wake up right away to come help you,” she whispered. “But Pooks, even when I’m not there, you’re never really alone. You know that now, don’t you?”

Pooka thought about it for a moment, then said, “You mean that even when I don’t actually see Her, the Goddess is still with me and knows when I’m hurt or scared?”
Elsie nodded. “And, if you let Her, She will find a way to help you.” The witch narrowed her eyes thoughtfully and added: “Granny Witch always said that Things happen for a Reason. Maybe the reason I didn’t wake up, was so that you could learn this for yourself.”

Pooka thought there might have been an easier way for the Goddess to teach him about Her Presence. But when he thought again about that ethereal vision bending over him and the marvelous warmth of Her touch, he knew he wouldn’t have traded the experience for anything in the world.

“Okay, so maybe the easy way of learning something isn’t always the best way,” he sighed.

Elsie gathered her cat up in the quilt and rose to carry him inside. “You really are getting wise!” she said proudly. Then she grinned and shook her finger at him. “Now, do you think next time you’ll know better than to go off chasing fairies in the middle of the night?”

Pooka doubted it. Playing in the moonlight with Thistle was much too fun!
Make your own butter

- Whipping cream
- A jar with a lid
- Salt

1. Fill the jar half way with cream and a pinch of salt.

2. Put the lid on tightly and shake as fast as you can for a minute or two. (You get whipped cream!)

3. Put the lid back on and keep shaking until the butter separates from the buttermilk.

Bon Appétit!
A beautiful, edible Brigid’s Cross
created by Sara Greenawalt Lewis of Kentucky.
Modified by Momma Witch Carmen
with Sara’s Permission

Making these are simple enough for children to do with a bit of parental guidance. First gather everything you need and make several to share.

1. **Pretzel Sticks** - symbol of the God’s energy and fire.
2. **Chocolate** - symbol of the Goddess, friendship, self-love, nurturing, love, balance
3. **Chopped Almonds** - symbolizing peace and hope and the white of the snow beneath the frozen ground.

Melt your chocolate.

Dip pretzels (you will need 12 for each cross) and place **three together** (as seen in photos) and place on a silicone mat or a parchment paper or wax paper lined cookie sheet, and continue in the pattern of Brigid’s cross. See photos. You can add a little more melted chocolate where the pretzels are joined, if necessary.

Before chocolate sets, sprinkle with chopped almonds. **If allergic to nuts, sunflower seeds can be used.** Sunflower seeds are symbols of the fiery glow of the Sun.

Cool in the fridge to set chocolate completely before moving your crosses.

Sara’s ‘Grand’ Kitty Gypsy, was excited to help by bringing some of her cat energy to Imbolc. A cat symbolizes patience, which means just take your time. There is no need to rush your Brigid’s Cross. They will be beautiful, tasty and sacred treats when you have ‘patiently’ completed them to enjoy at your Imbolc feasting.

Have a blessed yummy and warm Imbolc.
Comfrey

Sometimes we all get Booboos, Bruises and Owies....just like Pooka. And, when we do, the best herb in the whole world is Comfrey! It's one of the most important herbs to grow in your garden and, as Elsie's Granny Witch used to tell her: It's sovereign inside and out." (That means its good for both your insides and your outsides!)

If you cut yourself, lay a fresh, crushed up comfrey leaf on the wound and the bleeding will stop almost instantly. You'll even notice the hurt going away. It also disinfects and kills any nasty germs trying to get in. On top of that, your cut will heal nicely in about half the time it would otherwise take.

If you fall down and get a bad bruise, a comfrey poultice will help it heal faster and help the pain go away.

And, if you somehow manage to really hurt yourself and break a bone, drink comfrey tea every day while you're recovering. Again, the bone will heal in about half the time. In fact, comfrey was called "Knitbone" in the old days...and it works.

So, without using all the big words for these effects: Comfrey kills germs, relieves pain, stops bleeding and speeds healing.

**To make Elsie's Comfrey Salve for Booboos:** Chop fresh comfrey leaves and pack them into a jar. Melt some coconut oil (the kind that's solid at room temperature) and pour enough over the leaves to cover them. Put the jar in a crockpot and add enough water to come an inch below the top of the jar. Leave the lid off and turn it on "warm" or "low" setting. Let this sit and "cook" for 3 days, adding more water as needed. Then strain it well, add a little bit of beeswax (to help it solidify) and let cool. Store in a cool place until needed.

*Note: It's said that the root is even stronger than the plant when it comes to healing, but Elsie's never had the heart to dig her comfrey plant up and kill it just to find out. In her experience, the leaves are good enough!
Draw your own snowdrop.
"You're going to love this!" cried Thistle. "It's so much fun!"

"Wait!" panted Pooka. "Some of us don't have wings, you know!" The snow was almost up to his little black tummy and the cat bounded through it in an effort to keep up.

The fairy just laughed. "Don't worry. We're here now. Watch this!" and she skated daintily across the ice covering Farmer Gellis's pond.

As Pooka caught up, his paws hit the smooth slick surface and he slid quickly toward the center. "WHEEEE," he sang happily. "You were right! This IS fun!" There was a Crack, a Splash and then a sudden Silence.

Thistle darted over to the dark hole in the ice where Pooka used to be.

"Pooka?" she called anxiously. "Pooka!"

The cat's head surfaced. He coughed and gasped. The water was freezing! He tried to get a grip on the ice to pull himself out, but it's thin edges only shattered beneath his claws.

Thistle grabbed her friend's collar and, wings beating furiously, tried to hold his head up.

But, by herself, the tiny fairy wasn't strong enough!

"Edgar! Help!" screamed Thistle.

The crow cawed and swooped down from a nearby tree. He, too, grabbed the cat's collar in his beak and pulled, but the soaking wet cat was still too heavy. He cawed again...that sharp, repeating call that crows use to summon help and within moments the air above them was filled with crows. They all flew down and grabbed various Pooka parts.... his ears, neck...even his poor whiskers!

They tugged and pulled and eventually dragged him from the pond.

"Next time, you should be more careful," Thistle scolded him cheerfully.

Pooka was shivering too hard to answer.

The fairy tilted her head to one side and examined him with a critical eye. "We'd better get you home," was her expert opinion.

Pooka's legs hurt so badly from the icy water, he couldn't even take a step. Besides that, his chest hurt. In fact, Everything hurt! And he was exhausted. Now that he was finally out of the water, all he wanted to do was sleep.

When the crows and the fairy couldn't get him to move, Thistle made another executive decision.

"We need to get Elsie," she said. Luckily, crows and fairies can fly pretty fast. And Witches whose familiars are in peril can move even faster!

Elsie was at Pooka's side, bundled him in her cloak and had him home in no time. She rubbed him briskly all over with a hot towel, wrapped him in a quilt on her lap by the fire and made him drink lots of warm milk.
Eventually, Pooka began to feel better.

"That was a close one," he murmured drowsily as he snuggled against his witch.

"Too close!" said Elsie. "What's with you and all these accidents lately? A few days ago you fell out of the apple tree. And a few days before that a spark flew out of the fireplace and almost caught your tail on fire. And before that you stepped on a sharp rock buried under the snow and hurt your paw."

"Bad luck, I guess," mumbled Pooka and immediately began snoring.

Elsie gazed down at the small black cat in her lap and frowned. She carefully tucked the quilt more tightly around him and left the sleeping Pooka close to the warm hearth. The witch then went to her desk. She pulled a parchment paper from one of the drawers and several books from a nearby shelf.

By the time Pooka woke, Elsie had a triumphant look on her face. "I found the problem," she said.

"Whatever it is, I didn't do it," yawned Pooka automatically.

"No. I mean the reason you're having keep getting hurt lately." She waved the parchment with his astrological chart in the air. "Mars and Uranus are both squaring your ascendant right now."

The cat scratched his chin with a hind paw and tried to remember his Astrology Lessons. Mars could indicate violence. Uranus brought things you don't expect. A square aspect was challenges and the ascendant affected his physical body. Added together, it could mean...

"Accidents that can hurt you?" he guessed.

"Right," nodded Elsie. "We need to do a Protection Spell"

"I'm all for that!" the cat agreed.

That evening, Elsie used red embroidery thread to stitch an Algiz rune of protection on a piece of white silk. She then sewed the silk into a little bag.
She then set up her altar in front of the hearth in the parlor. Pooka parked in the middle of the altar while Edgar supervised from his perch on the sidelines.

After casting her Circle, the witch carved the cat's name on a white candle. Over it, she carved the Algiz rune again. After anointing the candle, she lit it along with a special incense she'd made earlier. She then began to fill the bag with botanicals collected from her Herb Room.

"What's that stuff?" asked Pooka.
"Protection herbs and a jade stone added as well," she told him.
"Should I be taking notes?" sighed Pooka.
"Not this time," smiled Elsie. She used her scissors to take a small snip of fur from his chest.
"Hey!" yelled Pooka. "I was attached to that!"
"And, psychically, you still are," said Elsie. "That's why it will help focus the spell."

She then held the white bag over her head, breathed deeply and focused her own energy.

"Ancient Guardians, Rise from the East!
Rise from the West!
Rise from the South and Rise from the North!
Ancient Guardians, old and wise,
from deepest earth and starry skies,
Upon the wind and from the sea,
I summon you, Attend to me! Gather now and hear my Call, Protecting one who's weak and small..."

"You mean Me?" interrupted Pooka indignantly. Elsie gave him a Look and he quickly shut up. The witch continued:

"Lend your strength and lend your might,
Surrounding him with Guarding Light."

She attached the small bag to Pooka's collar, saying:
"By the Powers of the God, the Goddess and Me
By the Powers of the Guardians of Earth, Air, Fire and Sea,
This is My Will and So Mote it Be."

Pooka looked down at the little white bag on his collar. He felt safer already.

The following day was Market Day. Elsie packed up her basket and they headed toward the village. As they walked up the cobblestone road past the shops, Pooka paused to talk to his friend Trilby, the little white kitten that lived above the bakery. Trilby's mistress out on the balcony as
well, busily tending the potted plants along the railing. Suddenly, her watering can bumped against one of the pots and it came crashing down... inches away from Pooka!

Elsie rushed over to him. Trilby peered over the balcony and mewed anxiously: "Pooka, are you okay?"

The cat shook the dirt from his fur. He was fine!
He and Elsie proceeded down the road. As they passed the Book Shop, Pooka dashed to the window and, rearing up, pressed his front paws against it. "Look, Elsie! A Rune Coloring Book!" The witch followed him over to look.

Just then, a delivery truck lost its brakes on the ice. It careened out of control down the road as pedestrians jumped out of the way. The truck came to a stop in a snow bank and, thankfully, no one was hurt. But Pooka knew that if he’d still been in the road, he'd have frozen in fear and gotten run over.

"Elsie," he said. "This amulet really works! The Guardians really are watching over me!"

She scooped him up and hugged him hard. "Of course it does. And I’m so glad!"

The next few days were even colder and Thistle judged that the ice on the pond would be thicker. She challenged Pooka to try skating with her again. The little cat shook his head. "It's too dangerous," he told the fairy.

"But it’s so much fun and, besides, your magic amulet will protect you," Thistle insisted. "Elsie is a Very Powerful Witch!"

Pooka thought about that and had to agree. When they got there, he hesitated, then took a running start and hit the ice. This time he slid smoothly across it!

"It works! It really works!" he cried triumphantly.

"That's right," nodded Thistle, grinning. She dug a tiny elbow into his ribs and said, "I bet you could even jump off Elsie's roof and not get hurt!"

"I bet I could!" agreed Pooka happily and, to her surprise, the cat wheeled around and headed back to the cottage. Thistle followed him. Surely he wouldn't? The fairy had only been kidding!

Back at Elsie's cottage, the little cat used his claws to shimmy up the apple tree to the roof. He peered over the edge.... It was a long way down.

Thistle was a teensy speck against the snow below him. "Maybe this is a Bad Idea," she called up.

Part of him was thinking she might be right, but then he felt the amulet laying against his fur.

Pooka jumped.

He managed to miss the larger tree branches on his way down and an especially deep snow bank saved him from being splattered on the newly shoveled walkway. But the impact jarred every bone in his body and knocked all the air right out of his lungs. He smacked his
chin on one of the smaller branches and a sharp pain shot through his leg as he landed. He lay in the snow beneath the tree without moving.

"Pooka! Are you okay?" The fairy hovered over him. She held a few fingers up in front of his face and asked: "How many lives do you have left?"

"Not enough!" groaned Pooka.

"I'll get Elsie!" said Thistle.

The witch appeared promptly. She quickly examined him and said, "I'm afraid your leg is badly sprained. You'll have to stay inside and off of it for at least a week. I'll put some Comfrey salve on your chin. That will stop the bleeding and help it heal. Other than that and a few bruises, I think you'll be okay. It's amazing you weren't hurt a whole lot worse."

"But Elsie," objected Pooka. "I DID get hurt! My magic bag didn't protect me this time! I think it must be broken or something. Can you fix it?"

Elsie straightened up and planted her hands on her hips. "You deliberately jumped off the roof, right?"

"Yeah," Pooka admitted.

Elsie picked her cat up out of the snow. "Your bag isn't broken. It's still protecting you from accidents." And then, she sighed and shook her head. "But, Pooks, I don't know of any magic that can protect you from Stupid."

(Elements image by El Sharra Woh at el-sharra.deviantart.com)
What is it you’d like to grow inside yourself? Is it Patience, like Pooka? Or maybe you think you need to be more tolerant and kind towards kids who are different from you? Maybe it’s a talent you want to grow – like art or music or dancing. Sometimes talking to a best friend or grownup can help you realize an area in which you should focus.

When you’ve decided on something you want to grow this year, here is Elsie’s spell that will help:

First, draw a little picture that symbolizes what you want to grow... a musical note for music, or a pallet and easel for painting.... A thunder and lightning cloud in a crossed out circle for Patience. Maybe your job is to take out the trash and you always forget. Draw a picture of the trash bucket overflowing... Whatever it is, you can think of a picture to represent it!

Then, put your picture in the bottom of a clay pot along with a tiny crystal to focus your magical energies. Add some moist dirt and then some seeds. (Sunflower or Marigold seeds are good. They represent the Sun and Success!) Hold your hands over the seeds and feel the magical energy pouring through you.... Down your arms and through your hands...blessing the seeds with your magical intention.

Add a little bit more dirt and, on top of the dirt, add some crushed ice. In the center, partially bury a small golden or yellow or orange candle to represent the sun.

Light the candle and say:

“This year I will grow............(whatever you intend to grow) May the Gods bless me and help me. So mote it be and Blessed Be.”

Then watch the sun candle burn down and the ice melt, all the while thinking of your goal...seeing how you will accomplish is, seeing how you will act and be when it is done. What will be different?

When you are done, blow out the candle and let any remaining ice/snow melt.

Light your candle again every night and repeat the words until the candle is gone. Then place the pot in a sunny window sill and take good care of the little seedling that emerges! It’s part of YOU!
A Spell For Wee Witchlings:

Right now, Mother Earth is sleeping. But You can help wake her up! Go outside and stomp 3 times on the ground with your foot or staff or, better yet, smack 3 times on a bare patch of earth with the palm of your hand.

Yell, “Wake up, Ma!

Soon after, if you look very close, you will see baby buds on the trees and tiny green shoots coming out of the earth.

Light the candles, Welcome the Sun,

And know that with the Lifting

of Winter’s Veil

The Warmth will soon come.

Imbolc Blessings!

Carmen Sanchez Bezzard
One Imbolc tradition we carry on in our home is the lighting of candles in every window. We decorate our candles with pictures and wishes for the year and I make a poem candle to honor Brigit, the Celtic Goddess of Poems, healing, and Smithcraft. I either write a poem or use a favorite one from a book.

**You will need:**
A encased glass candle or glass candle holder 2 or 3 cups of cold coffee
A print out of a poem, spell, or picture you want to age. I used a page out of a Edgar Allen Poe book I had that had fallen apart and I couldn’t bear to just throw away. NOTE: *I do not ruin a book for any project. They must be already damaged for me to use them.* Cookie sheet or aluminum foil
Dish that paper will fit in and deep enough to add coffee Decoupage or Elmer’s glue and water. Equal parts, mix well. Same as decoupage.

Embellishment: I used twine and a piece of bark.
Preheated oven at 200 degrees

1. Take your piece of paper you wish to age and place it in your dish.
2. Pour coffee over paper making sure you cover it completely. Let sit for 45 minutes. That is the length of time I had mine in the coffee.
3. Rub the edges of the paper while wet to roughen up the edges giving it an aged appearance. See picture 1 to see the color difference.
4. Place on cookie sheet and put in oven for 5 minutes
5. Remove from oven and carefully take paper off cookie sheet with fork.

6. To give it the appearance of old and dirty dips your finger in the coffee and dab on your paper in a couple spots. Let dry.

7. Take your decoupage or glue mixture and cover the entire back of your paper and place on the glass where you wish it to be. Take your brush or finger and rub out any bubbles pressing it firmly onto the glass.

8. Take more decoupage and brush on the top of the paper covering it and smoothing it out. When you have this in place wipe off the glass of any glue as close as you can to the paper but not up to the paper. You want to seal the paper onto the glass. Let dry and give one or two more coats.

9. Place on your candle anything you like. I added a piece of bark had that was curled already and tied it one with a piece of twine. That’s it!

*See picture 3*

I also aged some yellow tissue paper and decoupaged it to a candle holder and added flower petals.
Hex signs are functional circular art with geometric shapes, birds and/or floral designs. Each Hex has a Magickal attribution like protection, balance, rain and sunshine, invocations, luck, etcetera. And no a Hex symbol does not mean you are putting a Hex on someone or that you should because that would just be wrong.

The use of Hex symbols stems from the Old World and has traveled with families as they have immigrated to various places. Specific symbols and designs would adorn important documents; symbols of Blessings and Prosperity could be found on wedding certificates and symbols for rain and sunshine could be found on Hex signs painted proudly on family barns.

The most commonly recognized Hex symbol is the Rosetta, a geometric design consisting of 6 petals. It is this design that we get the term, Hex. Hex being short for Hexagon which is a 6 sided object. Though these sometimes very intricate and very time consuming designs are traditionally Dutch (‘fancy’ Dutch), they get their name from the German word for six which is “sechs,” and was pronounced as “hex” by the English.

Today, there are many different options you can choose from to create your very own, specifically built Hex symbol. Each Hex sign is designed based on Color, Symbols, Design and Meaning. Now, try creating your very own Magickal Hex signs, taking careful consideration of your choice of Colors, Designs, Symbols, Meanings and other options you choose to include.

Here’s what you will need:
- Paper and Cardboard or Cardstock (for older kids; wooden circles from the craft department)
- Pencils, Markers, Colored pencils, Paints (acrylic paints work best on wood)
- Ruler, Compass or other round objects to make circles

Instructions:
First ground and center yourself. Focus on the intent or the purpose of your Hex sign.
Now take into consideration your colors, designs, meanings that you will use to create your hex sign they should reflect your purpose. (I have included a Quick chart below to help you get started)
Let your design come naturally. Using your pencil, ruler, compass, etcetera Start at the center of your circle and work your way to the outer edge. (I have included some examples to get you thinking)
Once you are happy with your design, color it in. Cut it out and hang it up where it can do the most good, for the intent you designed it with.

Because you created your Hex sign with so much love and care, be sure to treat it well and take care of it, so that its intent will never fail you.
The following quick charts are just a guideline to help you construct your very own Hex Sign.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COLOR</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Red</td>
<td>emotions, passions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yellow</td>
<td>health, the sun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>peace, calmness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>purity, the moon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>mother earth, friendship</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green</td>
<td>growth, success</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violet</td>
<td>things that are sacred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black</td>
<td>protection</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orange</td>
<td>abundance</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SYMBOLS
Rosetta  Good Luck
Sun Wheel  Warmth, sunshine
Tulips  Faith, Hope
Distelfink  good luck and happiness
Stars  protection against fire
Raindrop  water, good crops
Heart  true love, lasting love
Rooster watching over home & family

DESIGN
A symbol or pattern repeated twice gives you double its meaning.
A symbol or pattern repeated three times gives you triple its meaning.

Using the traditional 6 points in a Rosetta
Using 8 points like in a sun wheel
Using 12 points representing the 12 months in a year

Here are some examples for you:
The 6 pointed Rosetta is one of the oldest Hex symbols. Color in your Rosetta, then when you are done, cut it out and attach it to a piece of cardboard (larger than the Hex circle), add a small hole at the top and attach a piece of string so that you can hang up your Good Luck Hex sign because we can always use a little more luck.
Imbolc Word Search

ALTAR
ART
BIRTH
BRIGID
CANDLE
CREATIVITY
EARTH
EVE
FEBRUARY
FIRE
FLAME
GOD
GODDESS
IMBOLC
LAMB
LIGHT
MAIDEN
MILK
OMELC
POETRY
SABBAT
SACRED
SNOW
SNOWFLAKE
SUN
WARMTH
The Blessing and the Bee

The sound of delighted laughter echoed through the snow covered land around the mound. Icicles jingled the echoed happiness from trees. The sun too sparkled off the snow making everything the blue-white vividness of winter. It was a very pretty sight indeed.

“What are they looking at?” asked a puzzled Attila the Bun, who absolutely hated not knowing something.

“I don’t know,” answered Meg the cat with half a tail, “but they sure are tickled by it.” Unlike Attila, Meg was happy to let things happen in their own time. He knew they’d find out soon enough what was making The Cailleach, Angus Óg and Bride so happy.

Attila, on the other hand, was having none of that. He needed to know – now. He hopped over to the Gods and plonked himself at Angus’s feet. Attila looked up, expecting one of the three to notice him and at least give his ears a stroke of welcome.

It didn’t happen.

Slightly miffed, Attila looked up even harder. A small golden light buzzed between the outstretched hands of The Cailleach, Angus and Bride. It flitted and danced, ducked and dived and as it did so, it left a small golden trail behind it. Attila noticed the golden trail was some kind of powder and the powder had made the hands of the immortals glow golden too. Attila was really puzzled now. What was this?

Meanwhile, Meg the cat with half a tail had also wandered over to the group, taking his own sweet time about it, as cats will. His half a tail had started to buzz – a sure sign of magic and mischief afoot. Meg was a magical cat, sure, but he was still a cat. A cat who moved from lazy to alert on spotting the small golden light buzzing around. He made ready to pounce.

The quiet sound of Bride’s voice broke his concentration. “No, Meg,” she said. “This is not a toy for cats. This is a manifestation. Look.” Bride crouched down, the golden light cradled in her hands.

“A what?” asked Meg.
“A manifestation,” said The Cailleach, “a prayer made visible. Means you can see it.”

Meg still wasn’t too sure what either a prayer or a manifestation were, but if they moved in such interesting ways, he definitely wanted to learn more. Attila too wanted to learn more, but he wanted to know more about it, not bat the thing out of the air. He peered closely at Bride’s hands.

She held a bee. A beautiful, golden, furry, fuzzy bumble bee. It was slightly larger than any Attila had seen before but it was still a bee. Even though it had the black and yellow stripes of a bee, it was at the same time golden. Its wings glimmered and glinted, shimmied and shimmered. Small puffs of golden powder coloured the air around it as it moved.

“Isn’t it wonderful?” cried Angus, “a blessing bee indeed!”

At this, the two Goddesses laughed in agreement. Attila and Meg frowned in puzzlement. Angus laughed, The Cailleach smiled.

Then Bride said, “It’s the joy and belief of a child made real. Listen.”

Both Meg and Attila strained their ears. At first, they heard nothing. Then – faintly – the voice of a woman saying, “Athelia Tyler, you are a big girl now. Would you like to say thanks to the earth for our food?”

A very small girl’s voice piped up:

Thank you earth for our yummy food and to the sun that makes it good.

Dearest earth and dearest sun, joy and love for everyone.

Blessing bee.

“Blessing bee?” said Attila.

“Blessing Bee,” replied Bride, firmly, holding out her hand where the small insect nuzzled happily.

“It’s the magic of a child,” chipped in The Cailleach, “so simple and so real.”

“We’ve decided to send it out into the human world,” said Angus. “We think the Blessing Bee is needed by the children now and that’s why Athelia called it in to being.”
Bride raised her hands as the light in the Otherworld changed to the purple light of the border between there and here. With a glint of gold, the Blessing Bee flew from her hand and crossed the border between the worlds.

The Cailleach sighed happily. “Now children can ask the Blessing Bee for help, for protection and for blessings, knowing the little bee is their special friend.” She shook herself. “Ach, I’m getting soft! Time to blow up a hoolie of a storm!”

And she stomped off to do just that, leaving Angus Óg, Bride, Attila the Bun and Meg, the cat with half a tail gazing at the spot where the magical little bee, made by the words of a small girl, crossed into the human world. Each of them were lost in their own thoughts, each of them happy the Blessing Bee existed, made by a child for other children.

**Fiona Tinker**

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Thank you 🌍 Earth for our 🍗ḥexecutable Food and the ☀️ Sun that makes it good. Dearest 🌍 Earth and dearest ☀️ Sun 😊 Joy and ❤️ Love for 🧙🏼‍♂️🧝‍♂️🧙‍♀️所有人 Blessed 🐝 Be

Graphic: Jan Tyler
Brigid

Liliane Grenier
Make a Bridget’s Cross

A Bridget’s Cross is made at Imbolc to honour the Goddess. It is hung above the front door of the house to protect it.

Traditionally, Bridget’s Crosses are made from grasses called reeds. These grow wild by river banks in Ireland and Scotland. However, they can be a bit hard to find elsewhere in the world – but there are alternatives!

You can use paper straws or pipe cleaners – or even plain old straw, as in this video tutorial from a fabulous website by an Austrian lady called Barbara shows: Bridget’s Cross Tutorial Just click on this link to visit her webpage.

How to fold the reeds / straws (Internet diagram: source unknown.)

They are really easy to make and looks great when they’re finished. Just remember to tie the ends with string or thread when you’ve finished.
A Letter from Scotland

Dear Little Witches,

“Stop it, you’re doing that on purpose,” moaned Meg, the cat with half a tail. “It’s not nice.”

“Doing what?” asked Attila the Bun, genuinely puzzled as to what Meg was talking about now. “Doing what?”

“That glowing thing,” answered Meg. “It’s creepy. It makes my tail buzz a bit. That’s a trouble warning, that is. So stop shining, please.”

Attila the Bun looked at Meg. “I’m glowing?” he queried. Then he looked at Meg and a big grin spread over his little rabbit face. “You know what that means; don’t you?” he squealed.

“You had your porridge?” answered Meg.

But Attila was suddenly too excited to be bothered with the silliness of Meg’s reply. He began to hop about happily, sniffing and snuffling in the undergrowth and digging in the snow. Meg watched in amazement as his little rabbit friend scrabbled around.

“What are you doing now?” asked Meg.

“I’m looking for the first snowdrop,” answered Attila. “It’s important I find it before the Old Woman of Winter does. The glowing is telling me it is time for the first snowdrop and time for me to be a magical rabbit again.”

Meg felt his fur stand on end at the mention of the Cailleach, the Old Woman of Winter. She wasn’t really nasty as such, but she was the winter in Scotland. She was not the kind of woman who had a warm, welcoming lap for cats. A lot of things could turn Meg into a scaredy-cat and being scolded by the Cailleach for getting under her feet again was right up there at the top of that list. Meg knew he shouldn’t ask the question because he just knew he wouldn’t like the reply. But he asked it anyway.

“Why?”

Attila stopped his frantic scraping in the snow. “Because it means that the story of the year begins again, of course!”

Meg looked at Attila in complete bafflement. “I know you’ve learned a lot since you came to live in the Otherworld,” he said. “And I know you’ve always enjoyed being so
much cleverer than me. But honestly, sometimes you are so clever that you don’t make sense.”

Attila stared back at his friend, feeling a little guilty. It was true he’d always been the brains of the outfit and that was even truer now he was a creature of magic. Maybe he should remember the advantages he had and not be quite so impatient with Meg.

“The first snowdrop is the key,” he said. “It’s the key to the first stirrings of the earth and new growth. It means the winter will soon fade away and spring can start. It’s the key needed to wake Angus from his long winter sleep.”

“Can’t he just use an alarm clock?” asked Meg.

Attila’s decision to be more patient with Meg stretched a little at that answer. But he swallowed hard and said, “Uhm, no, not really. They’re all Gods, you see, remember? They’ve other jobs to do besides make bannocks for greedy cats.”

“They’re good at that, though,” murmured Meg, thinking fondly of all the treats he’d eaten over the years.

“ANYWAY,” snorted Attila, somewhat irritated. “Unless I find the first snowdrop, it’ll be a long time until Angus makes you another.”

This was serious.

Meg began to dig through the snow too. “So, where is Angus sleeping? Why can’t we go wake him up?”

“He’s in the care of another Goddess called Ochil,” he said. “She weaves the patterns of the years and of lives and she protects Angus when he has his winter rest.”

“Where does Bride go?”

“Ah, she’s trapped in winter by the Cailleach,” said Attila. “Angus has to rescue her and when he does, we’ll have three nice days in February that’ve been stolen from August. That’s how we know the magic has happened.”

Meg sat down abruptly, trying to work all this out. “But Bride is such a strong woman… Goddess,” he corrected himself, “why does she need rescuing? She heals, she smiths and she creates in beautiful words. Can’t she just heal the winter or make a sword to fight the Cailleach or something?”

Attila stopped what he was doing; trying not to look puzzled because he knew what Meg had asked him was a very sensible question for once.
“It’s to do with the power of myth, the power of stories,” he said, a little hesitantly. “Things have to happen in a certain way or they don’t happen at all.”

Then, a bit more self-assured, he continued, “It’s like spells. You need the right words and the right intent. One won’t work without the other. And we need to find the first snowdrop because that is the key to starting the story again.”

There was silence for quite some time as the two friends hunted through the undergrowth, looking for the first snowdrop. Eventually, Attila sat back on his haunches, whiskers twitching. He looked very sad indeed. “This is impossible,” he said. “How am I to find the first snowdrop in this huge forest?”

“I’m here too,” said Meg, sniffily. “Tell me about snowdrops and see if that helps?”

Attila stared at Meg in astonishment. That was the second sensible question he’d asked.

“They grow in the forest. They grow by water. They grow where the light plays with the day and dapples the ground. That sounds like most of the forest to me,” said the little rabbit.

“And that sounds like a hunting game to me,” said Meg. With that, Meg stood up straight and stuck his half a tail even straighter in the air. His ears twitched. His whiskers danced. His stump of tail moved side to side. Suddenly, he stalked off in the direction of the fairy mound.

Attila bounded after him. “Wait! Wait! The Old Woman of Winter is still living in the mound! We can’t go there – if she finds out what we are up to, she’ll have us for breakfast.”

But Meg ignored Attila. The rabbit had no choice but to bounce after him, worrying that the Cailleach might fancy making him into a rabbit pie.

Meg swerved to the side of the mound, to where the stream flowed, his little tail twitching all the time like a dowsing rod. He stopped by a small hollow at the edge of the water. The light played across the dip, dappling the snow and reflecting off everything it touched.

And in the middle of the hollow grew the first snowdrop.

“There you go,” said Meg, somewhat smugly. Then he sat down beside the delicate little flower and began to wash his whiskers and ears.

Attila was too astonished for words. He was also very impressed but he wasn’t going to let Meg know that.
“Now what?” asked Meg.

“Now I do some magic,” said Attila.

With that, Attila the Bun pressed his little nose against the delicate bell of one of the flowers. As he did so, he glowed even more and the glow flowed from him to the snowdrop. Just as the glow was almost too bright to look at, he thumped the ground. As he kept thumping, the glow flowed from the rabbit to the flower to the ground.

Suddenly, a horrendous screech came from the mound and filled the air. Meg jumped and Attila broke away from the snowdrop.

“Done,” he said. “I thumped the magic into a ley line. That’ll flow to Angus and wake him up.”

“You two!” screamed a voice behind them. “Can you never leave me in peace?” The Old Woman of Winter glowered at the animals.

“No,” answered Attila, bravely. “Waking Angus was my job. Yours was Winter but it is nearly over now. It’s time for you to go to your house at the top of Ben Nevis, where it is winter all year round.”

“It’s not over yet,” she growled, as she stomped through the snow heading back to the mound.

“No, but it nearly is,” said Attila, who was pleased with himself now he’d played his part in starting the story of the year. He’d woken Angus and now Angus would rescue Bride from the Cailleach. He knew he was a very important magical rabbit.

“Oh, good!” exclaimed Meg, who was just an ordinary cat with half a tail, who also happened to be very happy indeed at the thought of the return of the Summer Gods and a plentiful supply of bannocks.
On Imbolc night, just before bed, Pooka saw Elsie heading out the door of the cottage. She had her special quilt over her arm. Pooka followed Elsie into the garden. He watched as Elsie lay the
quilts over a bush. "What are you doing?" asked Pooka. "I'm putting this quilt over the bush for the Goddess to bless as She passes by during the night," said Elsie. "It's a very old Imbolc custom." Then she and Pooka went to bed. But Pooka must have gotten out of bed during the night, because when Elsie went to collect her quilt in the morning, she
found Pooka's catnip mouse hanging from the bush as well.
Pooka is delighted that Fabian agreed to help him out by organising all the birthdays for this edition. His mum, Shelly, helped him – but only a little! Pooka says thank you, Fabian - you did a grand job!

January

Juliette 15 on the 30th. Grandma says: “Where did all the years go? Happy birthday, my gorgeous granddaughter!” Callen 8 on the 20th He loves to dance, sing, and paint. Evelyn 12 on the 13th. Isobel 4 on the 28th. She loves cats, singing and dancing. Brigit 11 on the 15th. She loves school, Minecraft, art and everything witchy. Roux 3 on the 21st. She loves playing at Debdale Nature Centre and looking after her chickens. Her favourite toy is Fuzzy Parrot (she takes her everywhere.) Gwydian 7 on the 14th. His mum says: “My brave, long-haired knight loves to sword fight and is a whiz at building with legos. Not only is he skilled at hitting a baseball but also at showing off his sweet dance moves.” Xoey Kelly (Gwydian's mum) is 41 on the 17th. Shelly is 39 on the 27th and loves reading Pooka's Pages with her son Fabian who is Pooka's number one fan. Chesnut Fam is 34 on the 15th and her daughter, Willa Rose Chesnut is 10 on the 18th. Can’t believe it...time goes too fast! Declan is 11 on the 16th he loves animals, especially cats and dogs, camping, having campfires and playing the drums. He also plays video games. Reut Tuloo Nistel is 30 on the 15th. Israel will be 19 on the 23rd. He is graduating from US Marine Corps Boot Camp January 21st. He likes building computers, and taking care of small pets. (Many congratulations, Israel on both your birthday and your graduation! Love, Pooka x) Ronan’s birthday is on the 16th. He loves the outdoors, puzzles,
herbs, and his family. **Lucy** is 12 on the 23rd. She loves her cat, Calli, and spending time creating nature crafts, as well as whittling and learning about medicinal uses of herbs. **Sarah Hosking** is 50 on the 17th and she is a witch and cat lover from way back. A vet nurse for a long time looking after Lion Cubs and other wildlife.

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**February**

**Trystan** is 10 on the 11th. He is a Pied Piper of animals and loves to work outside. **Evelyn Beasley** will be 10 on the 9th. She loves dragons. She loves to read, currently loving Harry Potter. Her favorite color is gold. **Annika Weeks** 9 on the 12th. She loves gardening, finding wild mushrooms and crystals. She is very empathetic and sees the life in each individual thing – including plants and fungi. She has two gerbils called Bart and Milhouse. **Josiah Swanson** – 7 on the 17th. He loves animals loves to paint, enjoys working with crystals, loves being with his family and spending time together. **Leon** will be 9 on the 5th. He loves to draw, write stories, and learn about nature and science. **Fabian Baah**, Pooka’s fabulous helper, will be 11 on the 5th. He loves animals, especially cats (Pooka is his favourite). He is a natural homeschooled witch & is always making new potions. It's so lovely to see him learning & practising his magick every day. **Tiffany** will be 3 on the 5th. She loves the outdoors, walking along the canal, collecting nature finds and feeding the ducks. **Tabitha** is 9 on the 1st. She loves her dog Luna and her cats Treme and Blaze. She’s also the queen of fire. **Sammy Fones** is 2 on the 5th. He LOVES Paw Patrol, trains and cats. His favorite person is his brother he calls “Dee” (Dean.)
Neville & Harriett are 8 on the 12th. They are twins. Neville loves caterpillars and Harriett loves singing. Persephone is 7 on the 16th. She has a cuddly tiger, named Tiger, who often pretends to be Pooka. She loves being outside in nature. Aletheia is 5 on the 2nd. She has a cuddly leopard, called Leopard, who often pretends to be Grimalkin. She loves reading. Kathryn – 8 on the 26th. Her favorite animal is cats and she loves all things glam and fashion. Thomad is 4 on the 16th. He loves everything to do with trains and dinosaurs! Chloe – 6 on the 6th. She loves her dog Nielen, playing outside, creating in the kitchen, and making art in various forms.

Justine – 9 on the 24th. She spends her days with Clementine our tabby cat. Aslyn – 13 on the 18th. She loves to draw and anime. Justin – 11 on the 3rd. He loves his kitties Salem and Thor, and loves reading anything mythology, and loves playing with his lego. Bowie – 2 on the 27th. He loves playing in mud puddles and "driving" his car. Maeleigh – 8 on the 21st. She loves art, music, dance and the outdoors. Juan Pablo – 11 on the 1st. He loves to play in nature and video games. He likes quartz, lego, cats (we have 7) but the cat Pinguina is his. He makes videos and stop motion and likes to use clay to create diverse characters. Love fantasy AND reading about that. Fav food: pizza AND tamales. Lil Titania Rose – 3 on the 14th. She is looking forward to this step closer to spring when she can help mom in the garden.

March

Taryn Saveen – 9 on the 15th. Loves all things witchy, specifically the herbs and cooking aspects. Preston Fox – 12 on the 4th. He loves bushcraft & outdoor living. Matthew Garrigan – 7 on the 10th. He loves his cat, Tabby Heart. Logan Todar – 9 on the 9th. He loves pokemon, and circle time with Mommy (rituals/altar time). He is still deciding his path, but he feels drawn to the Norse gods. His favorite color is red. Jen Whelan – 18 on the 10th. She has been reading the
Pooka Pages since she was a little girl. **Martha (Marz)** – 5 on the 6th. She adores crystals, amethyst is her favorite, loves anything to do with the moon and fairies. **Luna** – 10 on the 7th. She loves learning about outer space and cuddling unicorns. **Oliver** – 5 on the 2nd. He's full of energy, and he loves to be outside. He loves frogs and lizards. **Ana** – 12 on the 10th. She likes music, art, reading anime, loves cats, and listening to music. She has...witchy inclinations. **Calla Lily** – 6 on the 2nd. She loves art and is a very talented little artist. She has two puppies named Cookie and Roka and her two pet chickens are Mary and Baby Mary. **Leland** – 8 on the 3rd. He loves rock climbing and talking to the sea, Minecraft and Lego! **Zoe Conner** – 6 on the 7th. She loves her dog Nova, her cats Meelo and Twitch, playing horses, unicorns, and dressing up. Her mum, **Megan Luke** is 37 on the 8th. **Kailo** – 9 on the 11th. He is the most amazing big brother and does so much to take care of our family. **Renesmee** – 1 on the 10th. She the best thing to ever happen to my family and the one with the biggest heart. She’s been through so much this first year of life. But she always comes with a smile. **Merida** – 8 (sister) on the 4th. She loves crystals and music. Both just love being artsy and wild. **Matthias** – 4 (brother) on the 15th. He loves robots and dinosaurs. Both just love being artsy and wild. **Isaac Henry** – 11 on the 6th. He loves magik, gardening, and woodwork. **Athena** – 9 on the 10th. She loves her hamster, fairies, being a Brownie, Cheer and reading. **Hunter** – 1 on the 10th.
“And above all, watch with glittering eyes the whole world around you because the greatest secrets are always hidden in the most unlikely places. Those who don’t believe in magic will never find it.” ~ Roald Dahl
Thank you, Lora, Pooka and Elsie, for all the wonderful magic over so many years.

We love you.