


RUNEPEBBLE

OSTARA  2018



AN ASATRU PUBLICATION FOR YOUTHS BY

THE ASATRU FOLK ASSEMBLY

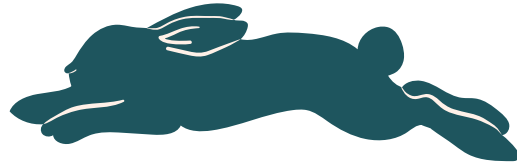


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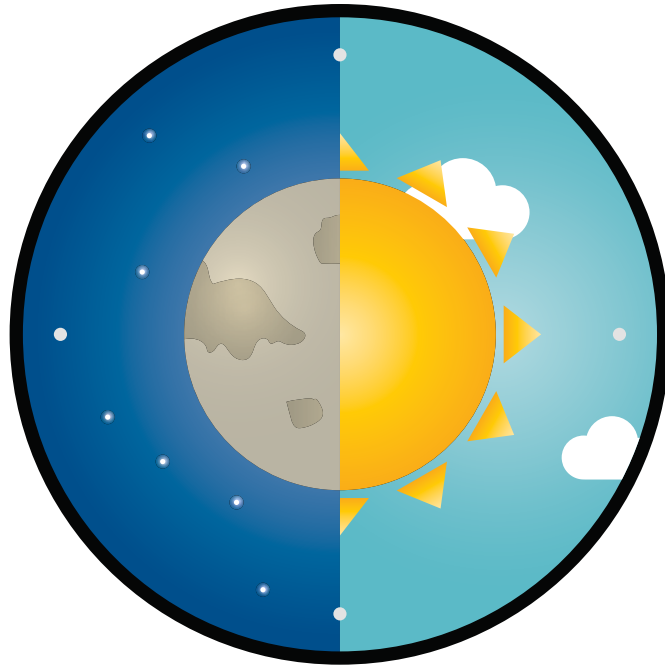
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Ostara or Eostre is the name of the Germanic Goddess of the Rising Sun and spring. She is known in the Slavic countries as Vesna. As the sun rises in the east we see her as the gentle renewing warmth of the coming spring and summer.

For this reason we associate her with the Spring Equinox. she is the pre-Christian influence of the modern holiday Easter. The Christian church was unable to wipe away her celebrations so they instead decided to include them in the celebration of the resurrection of Jesus which is also very much a celebration based on the Spring Equinox if you view their God as a sun God. The hare is a messenger of Ostara and legend has it that the hare lays the colored eggs herself.

All the imagery surrounding Easter like rabbits, eggs, chicks, flowers, are of Pagan origin. We will learn more in the following pages.



SPRING EQUINOX

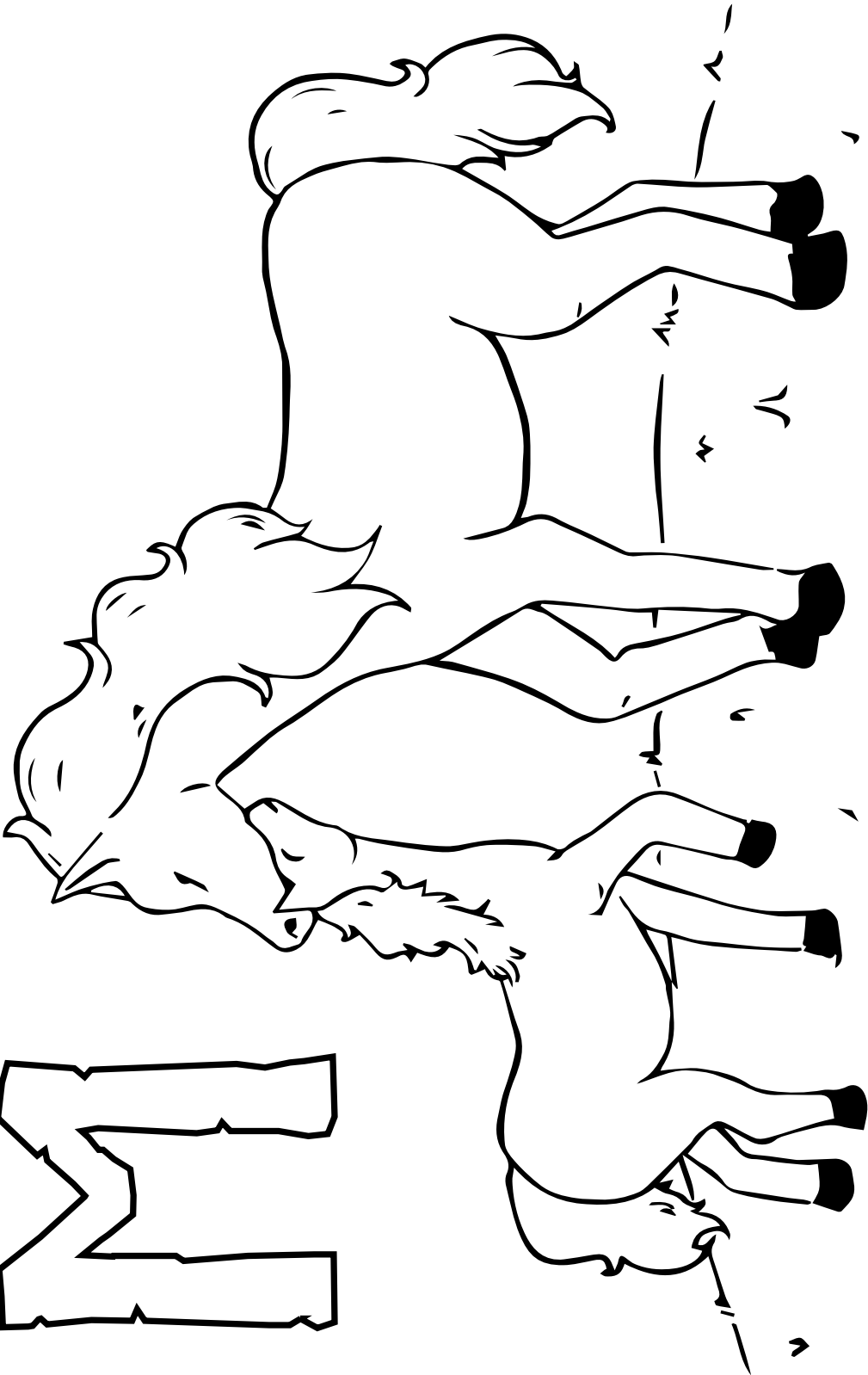
Remember when we talked about the Autumn Equinox and how the word Equinox comes from the words "Equal" and "Night"?

It is the time when the day and the night are almost equal and the Spring Equinox signifies the point when the days will begin to get longer than the nights until Summer solstice when the northern hemisphere begins its slow descent back into darkness.

This is all opposite in the Southern Hemisphere of course and on the Northern spring Equinox those south of the Equator will begin to have more darkness than light.

For those of us in the North, we rejoice in the coming spring. The warmth of the sun, and how nature begins to come back to life. Go for a walk in nature, listen for the song birds, watch for the buds on the trees and the plants starting to push their way through the freshly thawed ground.

W



WAWAZ

THE EASTER BUNNY

AS TOLD BY RUDOLPH BAUMBACH

There was once a wealthy count who had a beautiful wife and a little curly-haired, blue-eyed daughter, whose name was Trudchen. Besides many other estates the count possessed an old hunting-castle in the midst of the forest, and the forest abounded in stags, does, and other game. As soon as the oak-trees began to be green, the count came with wife and child, servant and maid, to the forest castle and indulged in the jocund chase till late in the autumn. Then came numerous guests from the country round, and every day was full of gayety and pleasure.

One day there was to be a great hunt. In the courtyard stood the saddled horses, stamping their feet impatiently, the dogs coupled together were tugging at the leash and could hardly be held, and the falcons flapped their wings. In the open doorway of the entrance-hall, which was decorated with gigantic antlers and boars' heads, stood Trudchen by the side of her maid, delighting in the beautiful horses and the spotted hounds.

Now the count with his huntsmen stepped out into the courtyard, and Trudchen's mother followed; she wore a long riding-dress of green velvet, and waving ostrich plumes in her hat. She kissed Trudchen and mounted her white horse. The count lifted up his

little daughter, caressed her, and said: "We are going to ride in the forest, where the spotted fawns leap about, and if I see the Easter rabbit I will give him my Trudchen's love, and tell him that next year he must lay a nest full of bright-colored eggs for you." And the child laughed, and kissed her father's bearded face with her little rosy mouth. Then he swung himself upon his raven-black horse, and the train rode out at the castle gate. "Frau Ursula, take good care of the little one!" called the count to the maid, as he rode away, and he waved his hand once more. Then he passed out of sight.

In the afternoon of the same day, Trudchen was playing in the garden. Frau Ursula had twice in succession told her the story of the ancient Easter hare and her seven little ones, and now the good woman was quietly sleeping on the stone bench under the linden, where the bees were humming about. The little girl had caught a lady-bug and began to count the dots on her wings; but before she had finished, the lady-bug flew away. Trudchen ran after her until she lost sight of her. Then she saw a brown butterfly with great eyes in its wings resting on a bluebell. Trudchen was just going to seize it cautiously, when all of a sudden it was gone, and on the other side of the garden wall.

Of course Trudchen could not follow him over there; but what was the gate in the wall for? The little girl stood on tip-toe and pressed down the latch, and then she was in the oak forest. "So here is where the Easter hare dwells with her seven little ones," thought Trudchen. She hunted all about, but the little hares must live deeper in the woods. So the little girl ran on as chance led her. She had already gone quite a little distance, and was thinking whether it would not be better to turn round, when a black and white spotted magpie flew along and stood in her way.

“Where did you get that shining chain around your neck?” said the magpie, and looked spitefully at Trudchen, with his head on one side. “Give the chain to me, or I will peck you with my bill.”

The poor child was frightened, and with trembling hands she unfastened the gold chain, took it off her neck, and threw it to the magpie. He seized the ornament with his bill and flew away with it. Now the little girl was tired of the woods. “Oh dear, my little necklace!” she sobbed; “how they will scold me at home if I go back without my chain.” Trudchen turned round and ran, as she thought, back the same way that she had come; but she only got deeper into the forest.

“To-who! to-who!” sounded out of an old hollow tree; and when Trudchen looked up in affright, she saw an owl glaring at her with great, fiery eyes, and cracking his crooked bill. “To-who!” said the owl, “where did you get that beautiful veil on your head? Give the veil to me, or I will scratch you with my claws.” Trudchen trembled like an aspen leaf. She threw down the veil and ran as fast as she could. But the owl took the veil and put it over his face.

Again the child wandered aimlessly about the forest. Twisted roots like brown snakes crossed her path, and the briars tore Trudchen’s dress with their thorny claws. There was a rustling in the top of a tree, and a red squirrel skipped down on the trunk. “That will do me no harm,” thought the little one; but there she was mistaken; the squirrel was not one whit better than the magpie or the owl.

“Ah! what a beautiful little hood you have,” it said; “it would make a soft, warm nest for my young ones. Give the hood to me, or I will bite you with my sharp teeth.” Then the little girl gave away her hood,



and continued her wandering, weeping bitterly. Her feet could hardly carry her another step, but her distress impelled her on.

Now the woods grew light, and Trudchen came to a sunny meadow. Bluebells and red pinks grew in the grass, and gay butterflies danced in the air. But Trudchen never thought of catching the butterflies, or gathering the flowers. She sat down on the grass, and wept and sobbed enough to melt the heart of a stone.

Then there came out of the woods an old man with a long gray beard. He wore on his head a broad-brimmed hat with a wide band, and he carried a white staff in his hand. Behind him flew two ravens. There was a rushing sound in the tops of the oaks, and trees, bushes, and flowers all bowed down. The man came straight to Trudchen. He stood still in front of her, and asked in a gentle voice, "Why are you weeping, my child?"

Trudchen felt confidence in the old man, and told him who she was, and what the wicked creatures had done to her.

"Never mind, Trudchen," said the old man, kindly. "I will send you home." He beckoned to the ravens. They flew on his shoulder, and listened attentively to the words which the old man spoke to them. Then they spread their wings and flew away as swift as arrows.

It was not long before they came back again; but they brought something with them. It was a stork. When the stork saw the old man with the broad hat, he bowed so low that the end of his red bill touched the ground, and then he stood meekly like a slave, awaiting his master's command. And the old man said: "Beloved and trusted Master Adebar, you see here a lost child. Do you know where her home is?"

The stork looked closely at the child, then he clapped his bill together with joy, and said: "Yes, to be sure, Herr Wode, I know the child, for I brought her myself to the count's castle four years ago." "Very well," said the man; "then carry her there once more." The stork moved his neck thoughtfully to and fro. "That would be a hard piece of work," he replied.

"It must be," said the old man. "Have you not often carried twins and even triplets in your bill? Quickly to work, or we are friends no more." "Certainly; if it is your command, I must obey," replied the stork, submissively, and seized the child around the waist with his bill. "But my little chain, my veil, and my hood," bewailed Trudchen.

"My ravens shall take them away from the wicked creatures and bring them back to you," said the old man, comfortingly. "Master Stork, fulfill your task faithfully."

The man nodded kindly to Trudchen, and in a moment she felt herself lifted up, and the stork bore her through the air. Oh, they went like the wind! Trudchen looked down and saw the forest far below her like a bed of curly parsley. Then sight and hearing left her.

When Trudchen came back to consciousness, and opened her eyes, she was lying in the grass in the castle garden, and Frau Ursula was standing before her, chiding her: "Child, child, lying here asleep in the damp grass! If you catch cold, it will be again, 'Old Ursula doesn't take any care at all of the child' - and I haven't taken my eyes off from you. And there is your beautiful gold necklace lying in the middle of the path, and there lies your hood, and your veil is hanging by a thorn on the rose-bush. Get up and come into the

house with me; it is growing cold in the garden. Oh, dear Heaven, what anxiety you put upon me!”

And Trudchen got up and let her scold on, without opening her mouth. How fortunate that Frau Ursula did not know all that had taken place! That would have made a fine commotion.

THE ORIGIN OF EASTER.



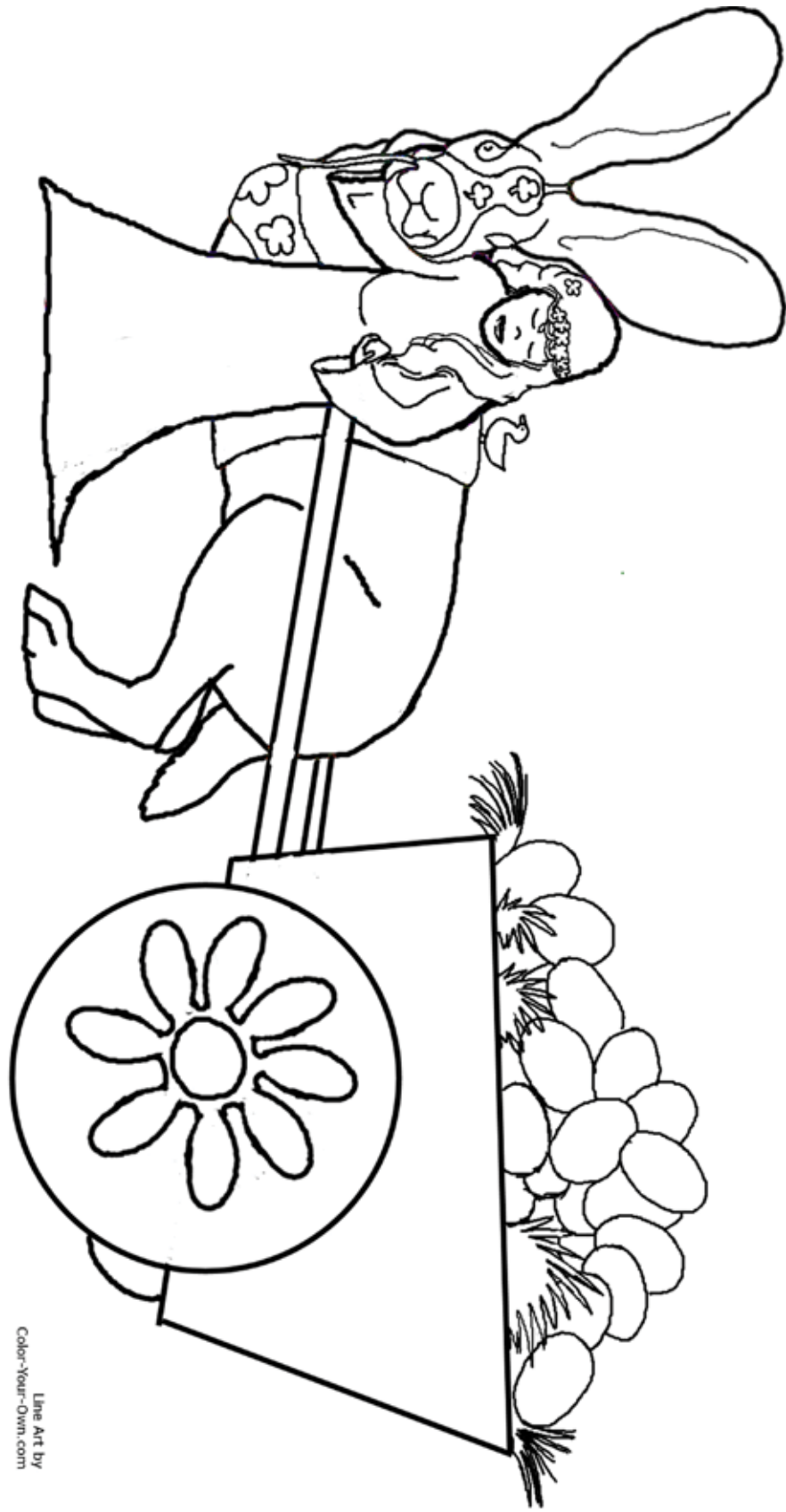
Ostara the Pagan Goddess of Fertility







OSTARA



Line Art by
Color-Your-Own.com

NATURE PAINTBRUSH

CRAFT



Get closer to nature as the weather starts to warm up with a nature hunt to find items for this fun project.

What you will need:

- Sticks
- String or rubber band
- Feathers, Leaves, Flowers, etc.. Experiment with different textures for your brushes.
- Paint (or use homemade paint recipe)
- Paper

What to do:

- Go for a nature hunt and gather your materials.
- Put the “brush” on your stick with the string or rubber band.
- Use your brushes to paint on paper.
- Try painting an Ostara Egg or the Ostara Hare.

Design idea from: messylittlemonster.com

HOMEMADE PAINT



Feeling Crafty? Make your own paints too from items you already have at home.

What you will need:

- 1 Cup of Salt
- 1 Cup of Flour
- 1 Cup of Water
- Food Coloring

Mix it all together and use your own paints with your new paintbrushes!

Asatru Animals Word Search

E	L	F	G	S	K	I	N	F	A	X	I	I	A
G	U	L	L	I	N	B	U	R	S	T	I	B	I
N	L	H	P	P	O	T	L	L	U	G	K	M	N
I	N	N	I	G	U	H	U	R	N	R	V	A	E
K	K	N	L	R	K	P	N	M	X	A	R	K	I
N	M	E	A	S	G	E	R	I	N	T	K	N	K
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L	N	U	R	D	I	E	H	K	U	S	A	U	R
F	I	X	A	F	D	L	O	G	M	K	A	G	N
E	I	R	T	S	O	J	N	G	N	N	A	T	I
S	X	N	I	A	D	I	N	I	V	S	L	A	R
T	I	L	N	N	L	S	L	E	I	P	N	I	R

RATATOSK
 TANNGNJOSTR
 GULLINBURSTI
 EIKTHYRNIR
 GULLTOPP
 FREKI
 FENRIR
 SKINFAXI
 ALSVIN
 GOLDFAXI
 MUNINN
 SLEIPNIR
 HRIMFAXI
 ARVAKR
 GULLINKAMBI
 GERI
 HUGINN
 DAIN
 HEIDRUN

Forward, backward, up and down. Can you find them all?

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huginnandmuninn.net

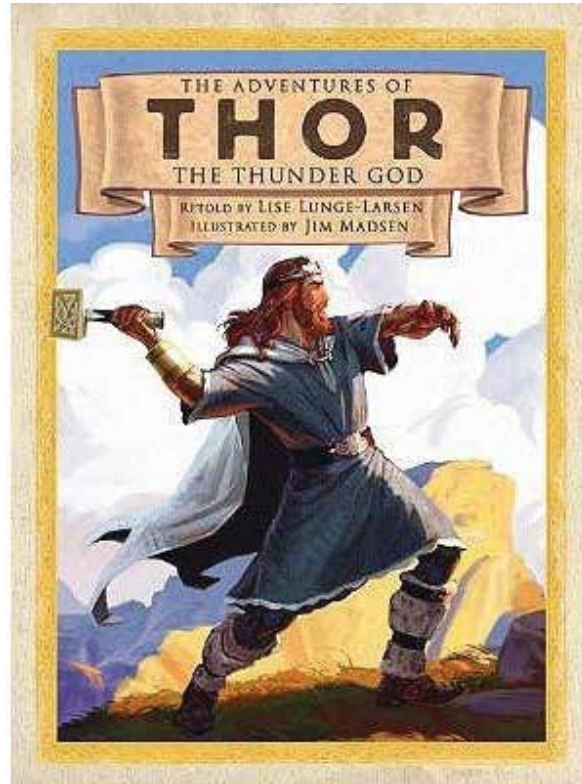
OSTARA



The Kids get to play outside
as its nice and warm.
Moms are planting in the
garden
as the bees swarm.
Sounds of laughter all around
as the sun shines on the
ground.
The sun is getting warmer,
The days are getting longer,
Because spring is around the
corner,
It's time for OSTARA !!!

by,
Devlin Johnson
Tru-Folk San Diego

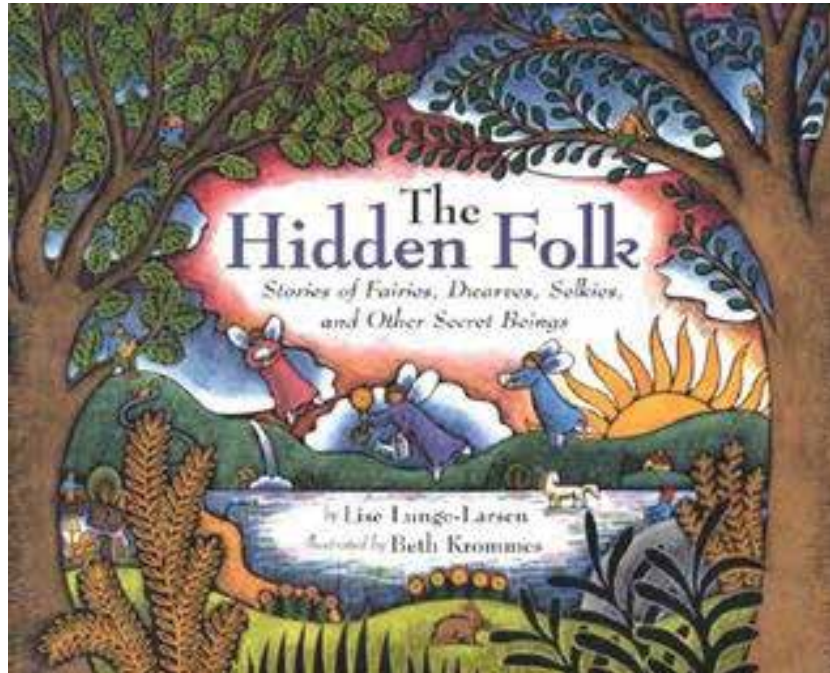
BOOK REVIEWS



The Adventures of Thor the Thunder God By: Lise Lunge-Larsen

A great retelling of the stories of Thor filled with lively colorful illustrations. This is my childrens favorite book about Thor and mine as well. The illustrations make the whole book worth checking out. My girls never stop laughing when they see Thor in his bridal gown.

BOOK REVIEWS



The Hidden Folk Stories of Fairies, Dwarves, Selkies & Other Secret Beings By: Lise Lunge-Larsen

Another book by Lise Larsen. This one teaches about land and house wights. It gives a description of the wight and then tells a few stories about them. What they do, how they help humans, nature, animals and how you should not mess with them or you might get a nasty surprise! There is some reference to the Christianity but you can skip that part if you feel the need. This is a truly charming and wonderfully illustrated book.

BUILDING COMMUNITY: BABY BLANKETS FOR AFA BABIES



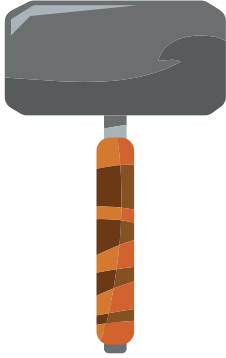
Do you have a baby? One on the way?

The **Women of the AFA** want to include you in
The Baby Blanket Project!

We're committed to ensuring all new babies born within the AFA are gifted a hand made - knit, crocheted, or woven baby blanket! It just our little way of celebrating our new folk!

If you would like a blanket for your newborn, or would like to donate to help with yarn cost (yarn is expensive!) please notify Jamie: Jsouigny@runestone.org with the subject line: **BABY BLANKET.**

BUILDING COMMUNITY FOLKISH BUSINESSES



Are you a crafter?
Do you have your own business?

Send us your contact info (website, business type, etc..) and we will add you to our AFA Business and Crafter's newsletter that will be coming soon!

This is our chance to promote and support Folkish businesses so we can help each other flourish and grow.

Community starts with working together and working in each other's interests. Lets make it happen!

Please send your info to: coverton@runestone.org with the subject "AFA Business Directory".

BUILDING COMMUNITY: ASA-TEENS

Calling all Teenagers,

A special group page just for you is being created.
We need your participation!

This group is open to teens ages 13-18, who are children of Asatru Folk Assembly members.

Our purpose is to provide a secret and confidential place to meet other teenagers with similar beliefs, to share ideas, to chat about life events and to learn the traditions and culture of Asatru.

Please look for “AFA Teens “ on Facebook or contact Michelle Graves at:

mag41267@gmail.com

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/339546329798301/>

RUNEPEBBLE SUBMISSIONS

Why was the Runepebble short this time?

We need folks like you to help us create content for the Runepebble youth publication.

If you are a parent, child or teen your participation is greatly appreciated. Our children are our future and we need to give them the best future we can.

By helping Runepebble with articles, art, stories, pictures, insights, etc.. you are helping our young folk grown within them a strong sense of who they are and encouraging a connection to the AFA community.

Please send any submissions you may have to:

Heather: HeaTHOR@runestone.org

Carrie: covertton@runestone.org

We would like to thank Heather & Carrie for making the Ostara Runepebble possible.