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Letter from the Editor

Arden Taylor - San Diego

Welcome to Autumn, the favorite season of many an Urglaawer, including me. So many amazing things happen in Autumn: Pagan Pride festivals, Ernfescht, Allelieweziel, secular harvest festivals, pumpkin patches, school pictures, falling leaves...

It always takes me a bit longer to get into the fall spirit here in San Diego. As usual we ended up having at least one massive heatwave in September, and I was hard pressed not to snap at people about how autumn in Southern California is a social construct.

But the week after the heatwave, the weather took an abrupt turn. We were blessed with an entire week of overcast days and 70 degree breezes. It was glorious. My daughter exclaimed "Mommy it feels like fall!" I replied with, "I don't trust it, but you're right!"

Experiencing exactly what I expected, and still feeling salty about it, immediately followed by a very pleasant surprise, has me thinking this season about how we manage our expectations.

We spend a lot of mental energy on preparing ourselves for the worst. It doesn't matter how evolved you are. It's instinctive; probably part of our lizard brain or something. Everybody does it. But maybe sometimes it hurts us to expect the worst. Maybe we trap ourselves into a suspicious and potentially destructive, or even self-fulfilling, mindset.

While not explicitly stated as a core value or virtue, an underpinning of our culture, both the one we came from and the one we're trying to rebuild, is an appreciation of the mundane. Maybe experiencing a state where we're managing to truly balance the adage "expect the best, but prepare for the worst" is a part of that ideal.

I wish you all a balanced and mindful fall.

What We've Been Up To

Philadelphia Pagan Pride!



Upcoming Events and Observances

ES ERNTFESCHT



What is Erntfescht, anyway?

Ready for easy answers? I have some! There are lots of easy answers to that question!

Erntfescht, or Erntdankfescht, is the original Pennsylvania Dutch Thanksgiving. As a matter of fact, it was so ensconced in the Pennsylvania Dutch culture that there was resistance to the Yankee Thanksgiving in November. In a way, it makes a lot more sense to celebrate the harvest as it is coming in rather than two months later, when one is already having to conserve for winter.

We Urglaawer believe, though, that one can never be too thankful, so we'll happily share the bounty at both days of Thanksgiving.

Erntfescht is the Harvest Home. This event is still widely observed in Lutheran and UCC churches (likely others as well, but they are the principle "high churches" of the Pennsylvania Dutch). This tradition precedes the conversion, though, and echoes back to times when communities tended to the needs of their own. In Urglaawe, we do take up a food donation drive.

Erntfescht is the Second Harvest. Really, it is far more than the second because there are all sorts of crops that are harvested throughout the growing season, but this is the "official" observance of the major crops' bounties. This also is the apple harvest observance. Those who grow specialty crops (in our case, particularly herbs) may bring seeds to share or portions of their crops for trade.

Erntfescht is reaping what one has sown. This is a time for friendships, understanding, and acceptance. It is also a time to finish up any incomplete tasks related to New Year's Resolutions.

Erntfescht is the Fall Equinox. That balance of day and night (also opening everyone up to dealing with all of the crazy Libras in our midst... lol) is a reminder to seek harmony within ourselves... to be the placid tea in the teapot within the tempest. It is the Schpotyaahr ("late-year"; autumn) and the "last hurrah" before Allelieweziel crosses us over to the Dark Half.

Erntfescht is the celebration of the Ase. On this day we shall honor Ziu, Zisa (has Her own simultaneous observance to be described under separate cover), Wudan, Freid, Dunner, Siwwa, Idunn, der Vorsetzer, Waahra, Saaga, and other deities who are part of, or associated with, that tribe.

Erntfescht is a time to eat, to engage in fellowship, and to play Kubb.

Erntfescht is when Distelfink's Associate Members become Full Members.

It is possible that the Suevi feast to Zisa that resulted in the throttling of Roman troops under Titus Annius at Zizarim in 1 BCE was a form of this observance. The two feasts bear certain markers in common, but this is only a theory at this time.

ZISASEGE

Please note that communal ritual gatherings in September often combine Erntfescht, which is celebrated around the autumnal equinox, with Zisasege, which begins on September 27 at sunset (Urglaawe "days" begin at sunset, so this begins 29. Scheiding on the Urglaawe calendar) and ends at sunset on September 28 (29. Scheiding). Erntfescht was covered in a separate post.

How can YOU observe the Feast Day of Zisasege as a solitary or new practitioner of Urglaawe?



Because what little information we have of the Roman defeat under Titus Annius in 1 BCE at Zizarim/Cisarim indicates that the Suevi had amassed in the city for a harvest festival. The Suevi feast day may have been their iteration of what we call Erntfescht now, so many Urglaawe communities hold their Erntfescht and Zisasege rituals on the same day. Distelfink Sippschaft is combining the two this year on Saturday, September 21, 2024. We typically have two altars so that each observance has its own space.

Zisa is a fascinating goddess. Hers is one of those cases in which the Church unintentionally preserved lore about one of our goddesses after having relegated Her to an aspect of Mary. Mary Undoer-of-Knots encapsulates many of the aspects associated with Zisa. She is the remover (or placer) of obstacles for just causes.

Her name appears to share the same root as that of Ziu, which makes a connection between the Sky Father and Zisa. Some words that relate to Ziu in German instead referred to Zisa in the Suevi dialect. The word for Tuesday, "Zistag," was replaced by the Diocese of Augsburg with "Aftermontag" ("after Monday") in order to try to erase the goddess' importance. The modern city of Augsburg was Zisa's city, "Zizarim" or "Cisarim" at the time when the Roman army was defeated in an attempt to seize the city. They happened to choose September 28 (current calendar) of the year 1 BCE, and discovered that the city had three times (more or less) the anticipated population because many Suevi from the heath had come to the city for celebrations. (Note: Those celebrations might have been harvest festivals that share roots with our Erntfescht. It makes sense that the Suevi would hold a feast to their primary deity at the harvest, but more research is needed).

There are references in Deitsch lore that can easily be connected to Her. A charm refers to the South Star being the delight of the North Star's eye. The association between the North Star and Ziu are known, but, for many years, I was puzzled by how a northern people knew of the South Star. To the rescue came Ben Waggoner of The Troth, who guided me toward references of the star Vega being used by northern navigators as a reference point to the south. Vega was once the North Star and, due to the vagaries of our axis precession, it will be again in about 13,000 years.

Norse lore's Lokasenna makes a reference to an unnamed wife of Tyr, whom Loki says bore him a child.

There is evidence of some conflation between Zisa and Isis due to Roman recorders' placing Zisa into a context they understood.

Centuries after conversion, Duke Esnerius (or Esenerius), Duke of Swabia Castle chapel to Zisa at Hillomondt (modern-day Kempten). The Swabians are the successors of the Suevi, serving as an indicator of the importance of Zisa even so far after the Church attempted to wipe out the memory of Her.

Pine cones are sacred to Her. She protects the Suevi the way the pine cone protects the seeds.

The color red is associated with her, just as it is with Ziu.

Newer lore: The Deitsch rune Kerze (cognate in meaning to Kenaz) is associated with Zisa. Kerze is proactive elemental metal, harnessed fire, and illumination of hidden information. In dry conditions with wind and fire, the pine cone releases seeds, allowing regeneration.

Post-modern question for consideration: Who tends to Ziu's hand after He loses it? Who is, essentially, the other hand of Ziu?

Although we often combine Zisasege with Erntfescht due to practicality and time constraints, we have separate altars for each observance. Our Zisasege altar is very much red in color with pine cones and knotted strings on the table. As part of the ritual, participants are invited to take a string home with them and to meditate upon the knots in their lives. Once the meditation is completed, they can sympathetically undo the knot while appealing to Zisa for aid. Remember, the basis needs to be right action coming from a right mind.

Also, some knots are better off left tied, and sometimes loose strings need a knot. If you come to Zisa for aid, be sure you understand the potential consequences of untying your knots. Many times we think our actions are pure, but they are often agenda-driven, and it is important to be honest with ourselves about that fact.

This year, several of Distelfink's Associate Members will become Full Members, taking their oaths at Zisasege.

This is, though, a day of celebration. Eat heartily and honor this great goddess of the Suevi!

ES ALLELIEWEZIEL



How can YOU observe Allelieweziel (sunset October 30 to sunset November 11) as a solitary practitioner of Urglaawe or as a new Urglaawer?

The Term

Es Allelieweziel is a major observance on the Urglaawe calendar. All observances are important, but a few of them have been growing in scope over the last few years, and Allelieweziel is one of them.

The first thing you might want to do is to understand the term. An old article from 2010 actually describes the term:

<https://urglaawe.blogspot.com/2010/11/allelieweziel.html>

In 2018 or 2019, we learned that a cognate of the term does not seem to be found in German, but one can be found in Dutch in relation to All Souls Day. There is likely a connection between the word "soul" and the "Ziel" (literally, "goal") portion of Allelieweziel, which might have been an attempt at approximating the Deitsch word "Seel" (soul). At this point, though, it doesn't matter.

Respondents and informants about the term and the observance were fairly consistent. This is the "goal of all love" in our modern understanding. This is Allelieweziel.

Ancestor/Forebear Shrine

Many Urglaawer have an ancestor or forebear shrine, a generic term for which in Deitsch could be "die Vorgengersweih" or "die Vorfaahersweih."

Linguistic segue: The semantic difference between "ancestor" and "forebear" is much more slight in Deitsch than in English. Both "Vorgenger" and "Vorfaaher" can mean either "ancestor" or "forebear." Most Deitsch speakers, if asked to say the word

for "ancestors" would use "Vorgenger" (in the plural form: "they who went before"). If asked for the word for "forebears," the response would be either "Vorgenger" or "Vorfaahrer" ("they who fared before"). It is important to note that forebears cover a wide range of people who have influenced our lives. They might be unrelated to you by blood, but there is more to life and existence than blood. We do venerate our ancestors (and each other's ancestors), but we have room on our shrines for our personal heroic figures and those who aided our ancestors, etc.

Note: I tend to use the term Vorgengersweih for the shrine to those who have gone before.

The Vorgengersweih can be as simple or as complex as you want it to be. Because Urglaawe's understanding is that there is a general continuity from birth through life, through death, and through rebirth, it is not considered improper to honor the living alongside the dead, so living forebears (and even Noochkummer/Noochgenger - descendants) may be included on the shrine.

References

There are numerous blog posts on [Urglaawe.net](https://www.urglaawe.net) and articles in "Hollerbeer Hof," among other places. One place folks should always keep in mind for resources on observances is the Files section in the main Urglaawe group. The three anchor rituals of the Allelieweziel observance are called:

- Allelieweziel, but the main components here are the Butzemannsege, or the burning of the Butzemann, and Holle's departure. The 2022 Ritual Program can provide a lot of details about the observance and how we conduct it: <https://docs.google.com/.../1Ru0VeQx4gseJ4kSplp8P.../edit...>
- Shtarewes: Quite literally, this means the "dying." Although this observance typically falls in the middle of Allelieweziel (around November 5-6), the ritual has most frequently been presented at South Jersey Pagan Pride Day in early October. This ritual is important because, as a society, we tend to focus on life and on death, but we try not to deal with the realities of the process of dying. Shtarewes 2023 Ritual Program (from SJPPD): <https://docs.google.com/.../15xflo0wXoOtYhYwLLqFM.../edit...>
- Ewicher Yeeger Sege, the feast day of Holler, also known as the Ewicher Yeeger/Eternal Hunter (Death). We also recognize the "little deaths" that often

go unremarked in our society: divorces, miscarriages, broken relationships, etc. The 2022 Ritual Program can provide insights into the purposes of the observance and into how we conduct the ritual. Please note that this also includes the Hound Blessing: <https://docs.google.com/.../1iV5guZ1qTQk.../edit...>

Thus, the two main deities associated with Allelieweziel are Holle and Her consort, Holler. In 2020, we also included honoring Holler's brother, der Schlumm, who is a blind and deaf deity who can only walk in dream states and altered states.

Deities are not tied to calendars or calendar dates. Our observances are nailed to linear time concepts that might bear little true resemblance to the spirals or helices of time and matter throughout the cosmos. Yet, while our calendars and our brains might not be able to wrap themselves fully around cosmic time and matter concepts, many of us see the "short cycles" of the seasons and of the life cycle. It is often said that we are "star stuff," born from the same matter that burns inside the stars themselves.

Indeed. Stars are born; stars die; from the remnants of the stars' death comes the setting for the birth of more stars.

Meditations

I could wax poetically more and more on the topic of spirals and helices (a discussion did arise on the main Urglaawe group about the spirals and helices) and how the very fibers of our being are connected to the larger spirals and helices of the cosmos, but that is the sort of thing we consider during this Allelieweziel season.

- Why honor Death? (see: <https://www.thetroth.org/news/20161111-214300>)
- What does Death mean in the great cosmic scheme?

One of the pitfalls of the meditations of Allelieweziel and of Voryuul is that we can feel very small and insignificant. Perhaps we can work on posting guided meditations so that folks don't get lost in the abyss of self-doubt and questioning of self-worth within the enormity of cosmic discussions that are increasingly likely to arise during Allelieweziel.

The Great Cosmic Observance

You know, after all the years of running Allelieweziel rituals, I think 2020 was the first time I ever fully framed it in the macro. Holle's departure signals the onset of

the Wild Hunt, also known as the Furious Host and the Parade of Spirits (native Deutsch term: die Geischderschtrutzt).

All of our other observances, including Yuul, are focused on Mannheim (here, where we live) and on human activity and points of reference. Even Wonnennacht, with Holle's return, is mostly about the return of life to Mannheim, though it does hint at all of the realms joyously celebrating the passing parade).

No, there is something unique about Allelieweziel and the departure. This is about that moment when the star explodes, or when we die, or about huge transitions putting out energy. Holle's journey is cosmic, not just limited to Mannheim.

Perhaps this is about the spiral outward from Mannheim when we die? Or with each rebirth and stage in our evolution? What happens in those other realms as the Hunt approaches? Where are we as a race in our evolution? Are we any closer to being where the deities were when this cosmic day started? Is part of Allelieweziel about the point at which all of existence becomes a singularity?

Heck, as this point, I am not even sure "cosmic" is the appropriate term to use.

Simple Stuff

Besides pondering the wonders of all of creation, we should also note that, historically, Allelieweziel was the time when male ancestors and forebears were honored (much like the Idise are at Entschanning) for their work and sacrifices that helped to build the community. This goes alongside the beginnings of die Schlachtzeit, or the culling/butchering time. The actual culling and maturation of meat (beef takes 10-30 days) traditionally falls almost entirely in the time between Allelieweziel and Yuul. Often it is the bulls and elderly cows that were culled to serve as food for humans and domestic pets, and their culling also conserves food resources for the heifers and younger or healthier cows through the winter.

Resolutions *(with a side trip into the weeds and the sand trap)*

Most Heathens know how significant oaths are. Whether they are called oaths, promises, pledges, or resolutions, they typically last for a finite period, at the end of which they should be completed. So goes it for most New Year's Resolutions. Many Resolutions are completed earlier in the year, but for many personal changes or improvements to be successful, many individuals (and Brauchers) will lay out smaller

chunks of the overarching goal. These chunks are typically timed so that the entire resolution is completed by Allelieweziel and then the old habit is symbolically killed in the fires of Allelieweziel or of Hollersege/Ewicher Yeeger.

Some of the people I interviewed felt that any time prior to Erschdi Nacht/First Night of Yuul is acceptable because that finishes one resolution cycle right when it is time to consider any need for a resolution in the next cycle.

Now I'll stray off of the fairway and wander into the weeds, while hopefully not getting stuck in the sand trap that Voryuul can become.

A few of the people I interviewed believed that the deadline for a year-long resolution cycle to be completed is sunset on December 8, and the next is to begin at that time. This is when the time we call Voryuul (fore-Yule) begins, and the mindset is supposed to gradually switch from the darkness and isolation of the Schlachtzeit and to become more and more enlightened as Yuul approaches. Those of you who had front-row seats to the trainwreck that last Voryuul turned into for me will probably agree with me that facing the shadow side during Voryuul can result in one finding many things about oneself that could use change and improvement.

I think we should always be thinking of how to improve ourselves and to take on better habits, but some efforts to change are more sacred than others, and those often end up as resolutions. I think the lessons learned during Voryuul should become part of the stage of drafting the resolution, and, when one ties the drafting to the calendar, it falls within Yuul rather than Voryuul.

To Build a Hex

Stacey Lynne Stewart - Clementon, NJ

When doing almost any working, an important step is to build a focal point to help with our intentions. This could look like a rune or a sigil, but my go-to for something like this is to build a hex sign. When building the hex for a specific purpose, I start with the bottom layer and mark the boundaries of the circle while concentrating on the specifics of my intent in full. Then, as I add layer by layer, I concentrate on matching the energies I am trying to bring to the hex that match with the design. I'm about to describe an example, but you can use a wide variety of shapes, symbols and colors to create a hex sign.

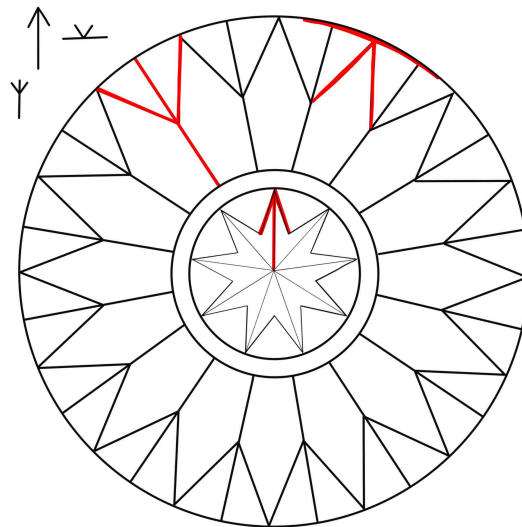
A jagged triangle edge can provide protection, rain drop swirls offer movement, and specific runes bring their own energies. The final layer "pins" all the layers, intention, and magic into the hex sign.

For the first layer, I draw the outer circle first and then I sketch the bigger parts of the design like the inner circle or star. I build the design with the runes or symbols I want to charge the hex with. The next layer is a thicker outline of all the finished designs. The third layer is where the color is added and the last layer is that little red dot to pin in the magic.

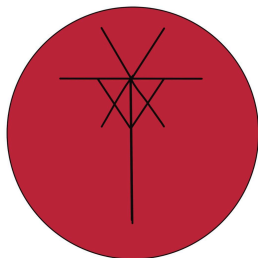
When thinking about my intentions for this or any project, I first make a list of what kinds of energy I want for the hex. In this case, I am looking for protection, road clearing, and clear sight. With that energy in mind, I settled on three runes for the basic design.

The first rune is Schild. This rune translates to "shield" and is the rune associated with Ziu. This rune offers the power of protection and safety as well as vigilance. The next Tuisko rune bears the name of the son of Ziu and Zisa and it is the rune of right action and path clearing. It can also be used for community struggles for a cause. The last rune is Kerze which translates to "candle" and is associated with Zisa. It is the rune of controlled fire which can be harnessed and used for focus and fuel for our work.

I took these three runes and arranged them to make a few bind runes, or stacked runes. At this point, I may use them in the center, or for sealing, but we aren't ready for that yet! I start placing the runes as components in the hex design. When they are all in place, I thicken up all the lines and then I am ready for the smaller designs and color.



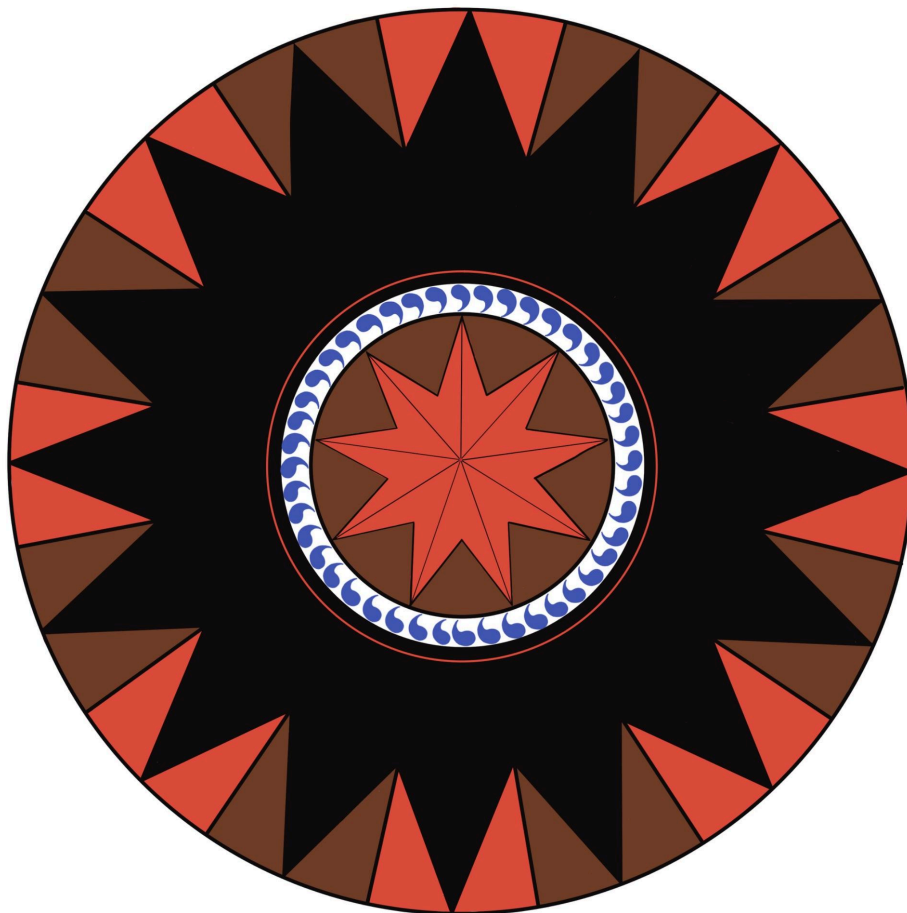
I created a small circle area for a special design component. I wanted to add the raindrop symbol often found in traditional hex signs for two meanings; smooth flow and little resistance, and a blue wave. Speaking of blue, now is the time to think about colors for our hex design. I have the blue which symbolizes calm in the chaos and peace. I will add black for protection, brown for steadfastness and strength, and orange for success in endeavors. The process for coloring is just playing around them in different areas to see how they look together. I ended up using orange for the design in the middle to center success in endeavors with the brown for strength and steadfastness. I used the black as another layer of points for protection.



Once I am happy with the coloring of the hex, I create the last layer. This layer is in the design, but not visible because I create the hexes digitally. If I was painting the hex, It would go on with the clear coat before I coat the whole thing. I create a small red circle and either a rune or bindrune for the center to seal the work. This time, I used one of the bindrune designs I created

when I first started the project. It was made with Kerze, Tuisco and Schild. It looked to me like someone lifting someone else up. It also created the runes Gewwe for creating partnerships and Haigel which is another protection rune with added transformational power. It also deals with powers that are out of control. It is the perfect rune to seal this hex.

The finished hex is already charged with the energy put in while creating each part but sometimes I will charge it further with intent. For this hex, I charged it while asking the Idise to help with protection and clearing the way for success. It is a perfect focus for meditation and spellwork. May you find much success in creating your own hex signs in the future!



Success for Democracy Hex - Stacey Lynne Stewart

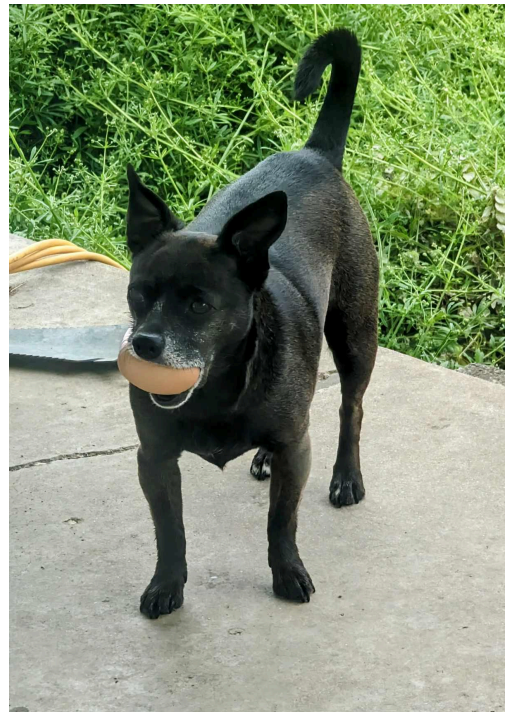
Ewicher Yeeger and a Culmination of Second Chances

Chass Cornwell - West York, IL

About a month ago I found myself struggling to get motivated when I put on music to help me complete tasks, and it was odd as this had always worked to get me moving in the past. After some consideration I decided to switch to Podcasts while being active, which led me to really take a look at what Podcasts would be appropriate for the task. Some can be very soothing or somewhat dull while others require too much undivided focus, all of which are less than motivating. I landed on relistening to the episodes of Holle's Haven: The Urglaawisch Podcast in continuity and selected a few more for when I had finished that one. And I left it at that for a while, life just kind of happened...as it does.

Shortly after resolving to change up my routine to keep me motivated, we lost a beloved pet, unexpectedly. Our rural little slice of home was her second chance and I'm certain she felt like she had won the lottery. She was punchy, adorable, and unsinkable in many ways. This marked the second loss of a second chance fur friend in a few months' time for us and we grieved pretty hard. The second chancers always seem to tug at you a little bit differently.

Once I finally got back into the swing of things, my stove went out. The irony is that the stove was the first major item we bought after purchasing our home in 2019, and here we were five years later back where we started. Conventional stoves are expensive, and like many people our pennies are



pinched at the moment. We've been downsizing our unused stuff considerably in the past few months and I remembered the 18 quart roaster oven that's been tucked away since our last large gathering. I quickly decided I was up to the task of making it and a couple of countertop burners work for now. Problem solved and the defunct stove was removed, and cleanup began.



As I cleaned and reorganized to make the most of newfound space, I decided to move my computer into an unused corner of my kitchen counter. After all, my dining room is my craft space, so why not? Upon setup I realized this was perfect for playing podcasts as I cleaned, and threw on Holle's Haven. I noticed that the host was naturally encouraging and motivating, and that the subject matter seemed to give more meaning to the menial tasks that I'm so quick to begrudge. As I cleaned and listened I began to realize that most of the menial tasks that I'm so quick to begrudge are what are sometimes referred to as "hearth-tender" tasks; things historically assigned to female roles that support the household overall.

It provided me an opportunity to unpack that a little beyond what was modeled for gender roles and family of origin dynamics, although I'd be lying if I said that wasn't a factor. I have a few chronic illnesses. At some point, cooking and tending tasks started eating up my spoons more than I had realized. Don't get me wrong; I knew I couldn't throw down in the kitchen like I used to, but I hadn't realized the change in my internal dialogue surrounding these tasks. I also hadn't thought about the multiple attempts to accommodate my abilities in order to bring balance and order into my home consistently with less than satisfactory success.



The next day my partner and I headed into town for a little light grocery shopping. With the topic of eating seasonally fresh in my mind from the previous night's podcasts I decided to browse the produce section. This is prime time for cantaloupes, and I love cantaloupe, so I picked out what seemed like a good one and off I went. I decided to take a short coffee break before cutting up said cantaloupe, and I realized I don't buy cantaloupe because it's not well liked within the house overall. I resumed my listening from the previous night and got to work cutting up my produce.

It just so happened that the episode titled "Allelieweziel and Ewicher Yeeger " queued up to play. In quick summary for those unfamiliar with Ewicher Yeeger, which means Eternal Hunter, he is the Urglaawe god of death, second chances, and scrapple (food preservation). There is a story where he drives game back over the Blobarrick mountain area to aid starving settlers. The host was explaining how food preservation is a second chance we give our harvest to sustain us and put it to the use it was intended for...and it made perfect sense as I was processing a melon that I knew was too much.

I pulled down two food preservation cookbooks, one from the early 1960's and one that's much more modern, to look up freezing methods for my excess melon. They both essentially said the same thing, freeze in syrup or in a flat layer with a little citric acid sprinkled over. From there I decided to Google how to roast the seeds (yes, they're edible and comparable to pumpkin seeds in nutritional content) for salad later. And slowly, as I'm listening and working I begin to reflect on all of the small deaths that we've experienced in the past year. Then since 2020, until ultimately I had

panned out to view the bigger picture of moving into our home in 2019.

-Painting by Olivia Teska



There have been so many small deaths, which means there have been so many second chances. Admittedly even some third and fourths to get it right in certain areas. I came to understand that the

midcentury farmhouse with its remnants of an old family farm is very much a space of second chances. We were also surprised with a wonderful memorial painting of our fur friend that day that really captured her determined spirit, and it now hangs above our ancestral altar.

As I cooked supper that night in my roaster oven with my little ½ sheet pans and my electric skillet I noticed that I could keep up with things a little better than I had been. By the time I was done I realized that I wasn't exhausted from cooking like I usually was. And when supper was eaten and cleaned up I actually felt up to continuing to work on organizing the kitchen. Body snatchers had come to visit, indeed. I hadn't realized such a drastic change in my routine would be the accommodation I needed to be able to enjoy my time in the kitchen again. I've also noticed that it has kind of naturally forced us to vary our foods, as larger quantities of food take longer to cook. So it is cutting down on the stuff getting forgotten in the back of the fridge or in the back of the pantry too.

I've since decided to forgo the conventional stove in my kitchen and look for something that's going to accommodate mine and my family's needs a little better. My mind also kept floating back to Ewicher Yeeger and how every small death I had examined had opened up a beginning or second chance. Discerning which is which is the tricky part when looking at it with present eyes, hindsight is always easier. And I also kept thinking back to how I instinctively grabbed two cookbooks, one old and one new. I think part of my future cooking journey will explore some cooking methods of the past. It may be time to dust them off a bit and see if there is room for modern applications, especially in lean times.

I've also softened to the idea that I am and always have been a bit of a kitchen witch. A much deeper look at kitchen herbalism and kitchen based practices is needed. Herbalism, as I have been taught, is the medicine of the people. That medicine does little good if it's inaccessible or people are unfamiliar with its usage and preparation. I will be building a solid foundation of local and/or commonly accessible food medicines on my journey forward. This solidly includes safe and effective food preservation methods.

May everything grow from there, Mach's Immer Besser!

The Battle of der Giwoggel - Part I

By Arden Taylor



Haaptmann Erich Von Vianden's company had been marching for three days, and one of those days had been almost entirely spent marching through thick mud. It was the rainy season in the eastern part of the Deitscherei, and Erich tried to put on a good face as he led his men through hour after hour of steady rainstorms and swamp.

His metal armor gave piercing screeches as the wettest bits of it scraped against each other with each motion. The whole of Erda seemed to be full of obnoxious sounds during this journey; the shriek of armor scrapes, the groans of his men, the squelching sound of boots trudging through mud, and the coughing of men who would probably be ill if they didn't get dry soon.

He could now see his brother's banner in the distance and felt the pain in his legs lessen as a surge of gratitude and relief coursed through him.

“Look ahead!” he cried out, and heard similar gasps of relief behind him. “No longer than an hour now!”

He stopped walking for a moment and looked to his left. Anselm, his second in command, lifted a massive arm to wipe sweat and rain from his tanned brow.

“I don’t know why I even bother,” he said shortly, looking up and squinting as more raindrops stung his eyes.

Erich laughed darkly. “Soon, my friend. Soon.”

Erich dragged his right boot out of the mud that had swallowed it, and surged forward again. His muscles screamed at him, and were it not for the urgency of his brother’s message, he might have stopped right there and let the mud swallow him whole.

The messenger bird arrived only four days ago. Erich had not personally intercepted it, but a page had run out to where he was on the practice field and delivered it. While not exceptionally dire, the tone of the message was concerning enough for Erich to immediately call for the mobilization of his company.

Bandit horde larger than anticipated, and they have at least one Hex. Send Erich.

It was also highly unusual for any commander, even his brother, to request a captain specifically. Such decisions were usually left to the Erzmarschall, who would send whatever company was the easiest to assemble at the time.

“I’m sure he has his reasons,” the Erzmarschall said when Erich showed him the note. He seemed somewhat less than concerned, which put Erich at ease.

That may have been the point.

Fortunately, Erich’s company had not been difficult to assemble. No one was on leave at the time, so with the exception of needing to drag a few of the more rowdy soldiers from the local taverns, deploying was as simple as packing the arms and tents into wagons and took less than a day.

“I’d forgotten it was Dunnerwedder season,” said Anselm grimly beside him. “I’d have had the men pack more oil for the leathers and wax for the bows.”

“I didn’t think of it either,” Erich replied. “If I had, maybe the Erzmarschall and the Schulhaus Meeschdere would have let us bring a weather Hex.”

“Unlikely,” Anselm snorted. “You know how the Braucherei are about weather witching. They don’t like to mess with the natural order of things unless absolutely necessary. Weather doesn’t often react well to meddling.”

“True,” Erich agreed. “Still, I bet you could’ve charmed one for us if we’d had more time.”

“Me?” Anselm shook his massive head, rain spitting from his straight dirty blonde hair. “You’re the pretty one.”

It was Erich’s turn to snort. Erich may very well have been pretty, but Anselm was a full two heads taller than most of the company and was well aware that a great many women, and quite a few men, found the gentle giant irresistible.

Erich struggled to cling to his moment of mirth as they approached the encampment. Now that they were closer, it was becoming clearer that there was significant damage to the banners of his brother’s company. Was it his imagination, or were those tatters something more than usual wind and rain damage?

Shouts rang out as they approached, and pages rushed out to help guide horses to their temporary berths, and wagons to their designated areas. A herald, looking miserable in his soaked livery, trudged toward Erich and Anselm.

“Kommandant needs to see you at once, Haaptmann von Vianden,” he said shortly. “I will see to your horse.”

“Very well,” said Erich, sharing a look of grim apprehension with Anselm.

Erich walked as swiftly as he could through the camp, taking in the sight of weary soldiers huddling around small fires, trying to dry their clothes and warm their limbs. The smell of wet wool and wood smoke mingled in the air as they wound their way through the tents.

While the command tent was not marked as such, to prevent it from becoming a target of opportunity, camp layout was an early part of any soldier's training. The command tent would be in the same place in any Deitscherei Army encampment. For that, Erich was currently very grateful indeed. He was much too cold and wet at the moment for critical thinking, and he let his training carry him to the command tent with ease.

As he approached, He steeled himself for whatever news awaited him inside. Pushing aside the heavy flap, he stepped into the dimly lit space.

His older brother, Konrad, stood at a table covered with maps and reports, his brow furrowed in deep concentration. He looked up as Erich entered, his eyes tired and somber.

"Erich," Konrad said, his voice rough with fatigue, and something else that Erich could not identify. "I'm glad you're here."

"What's the situation, brother?" Erich asked, trying to mask his concern. "Or did you just miss me?"

Konrad did not respond to Erich's attempt at levity, and it worried him.

Konrad gestured to the maps spread out before him. "The bandit horde is larger and more organized than we anticipated. They've fortified their position in the old ruins near the river."

Erich stepped closer to the map, and grimaced. "That's a defensible position if I ever saw one."

"It gets worse," Konrad continued, his brow furrowed. "They have a Hex among them, possibly... probably more than one."

"More than one?" Erich's gaze snapped to Konrad's. A Hex who was on his or her own, particularly one who shared company and employment with the unsavory, generally worked alone. It was almost unheard of for a Hex working for bandits to be working with another of their kind. "What makes you think it's more than one?"

"They're summoning Giweggel," said Konrad.

Even more bizarre. The Giwoggel, like the Hexe they were summoned by, also tended to appear alone. They were monsters, and fearsome enough, but they were usually only conjured to terrorize a farmer or defend a lone Hex.

“Giwoggel,” Erich was struggling to imagine it, “as in more than one of them?”

“Hundreds, Erich,” Konrad’s mouth was set in a thin line, and now Erich could see a terrifying desperation in his expression.

“Kommandant!” Anselm called out from outside, and then burst through the flap to the tent. “How many dead need to be retrieved when we finish the bandits? Your damned herald won’t answer the question.”

“What are you talking about?” Erich asked sharply, still trying to imagine hundreds of Giwoggel.

“Half of this company is gone,” said Anselm. “It’s like a ghost town. I figure if they’re calling for reinforcements they must have lost half their number, but I don’t see any fresh graves or pyres, which means they must have had to leave them behind until we arrived.”

“They’re not dead,” said Konrad, not meeting their eyes.

“Well,” Erich felt like his brain had been swallowed by mud now, “where are they?”

“Deserters, all.”

Erich and Anselm’s jaws dropped in shock.

One or two deserters wasn’t unheard of in some of the younger companies. There were sometimes soldiers who panicked in their first engagement. Some even got a hold of themselves before they’d run too far and come back, and it was an unspoken rule that their fellows would not speak of their cowardice because in the end, they’d come back and fought.

Neither Erich or Anselm had ever heard of half a Deitscherei company fleeing an engagement, even an engagement involving a hex; certainly not in a company as experienced as Konrad's.

What the hell had happened here?

"Leave us," Konrad said shortly. Anselm glared, and even bared his teeth a bit, but he did as he was ordered.

"I don't know how they're doing it," said Konrad. "It's got to be something else the hexe are doing. But somehow, they turned some of my most loyal men."

Konrad leaned over the table and gestured to the river area.

"We were all in position, and it seemed a sure win. There were only forty or fifty bandits and I brought two-hundred men. I led them all to the ridgeline, and we had about fifty that broke off ahead of time to come round below and attack the ruins from the riverside after we'd begun our frontal assault." Konrad's frown deepened. "We heard them before we saw them, and before I'd signaled to begin there were hundreds of Giweggel coming from the other side of the river. They didn't look... normal."

Konrad looked up at Erich and held his gaze, struggling to find the words.

"Giweggel nearly always seem sort of bumbling and dumb, but these were vicious things. As soon as we saw them, some kind of dark dread seemed like it was engulfing my head in a cloud. All I could think about was getting as far away from them as possible. I managed to hold my ground, but half my men fled - including all fifty that I'd sent to come at the ruins from behind."

"Is it possible that the Giweggel were an illusion?"

"The thought had crossed my mind," said Konrad. "Before I called for a retreat - in the hopes that we'd be able to catch up with and calm some of the men we'd lost - my Haaptmann of archers fired into the Giweggel horde."

"And?"

“And it struck flesh,” Konrad sighed with disappointment. “So that one, at least, was really there.”

“Did you ask the Erzmarschall to send you some of our Hexe?” Erich was struggling to understand what his company could possibly do to help in this situation.

“I don’t want him to know,” Konrad hissed through gritted teeth.

Thinking it over for a moment, Erich understood, at least in part. In the ranks of the Army itself, such sins could be forgiven with redeeming acts. But if it got out that somehow a Hex had turned half a company into cowards, the civilians were unlikely to be as kind and the whole company would carry that reputation indefinitely.

“Still,” Erich mused aloud now, “without an alternative, their lives and the safety of the Deitscherei must come first.”

“I know that,” said Konrad, meeting Erich’s gaze again with a frightening intensity. “*You* are my alternative.”

Erich shook his head, trying to understand.

“My company isn’t any more prepared for this than yours,” Erich protested.

“I didn’t summon you here for your company. I don’t need them. I need *you*.” There was so much Konrad was not saying, but he was clearly trying to make Erich understand.

Clarity hit Erich like a stone wall. He looked at his brother in horror.

“No,” Erich went rigid. “No. You *cannot* ask that of me.”

“Brother,” Konrad walked around the table to him and gripped his shoulders tightly, “I *must* ask this of you.”

“What would you tell your men?” Erich pleaded. “What would you have me tell my men?”

“You tell them nothing,” Konrad snapped.

“You can’t...” Erich said desperately. “I won’t.”

“You must.” Konrad’s grip tightened on his shoulders. “If you don’t, I may be one of the ones who runs next time...” Konrad looked quite mad now. Erich had never seen him like this, and it almost quieted his indignation at the impossible request his brother had just made of him.

“...and I would rather die.”

Anselm found him later, sitting on a felled tree near the edge of the encampment. His burly second-in-command attempted to gingerly sit next to him, but even with great care the sheer weight of him made the downed tree shift and nearly toppled Erich over. The man sighed, and Erich got the sense that he was being stared at, though he hadn’t yet raised his head to meet Anselm’s eyes.

“So,” Anselm said finally. “I got an accounting of it from another soldier, finally.”

Erich nodded.

“It sounds quite bad.”

Erich nodded again.

Anselm ran his tongue over his teeth and looked skyward. The rain had actually stopped for awhile, and the whole encampment seemed just slightly less bleak in the quiet mist left behind.

“What did Konrad want to talk to you about?” Anselm finally asked the question Erich knew he’d been wanting to ask. He was probably hoping Erich would volunteer that information, as that was normally how things went.

Not today.

“He, uh...” Erich cleared his throat awkwardly. “He was explaining to me why he hadn’t asked the Erzmarschall to send a Hexe.” Erich tried to keep his voice level, but he couldn’t manage to keep the edge of bitterness out of his voice. Anselm probably would know that Erich wasn’t telling the whole truth anyway.

“Ah...”

Oh yes. He knows alright.

Anselm looked awkwardly at the ground. A moment later, Erich saw his shoulders relax at the edge of his vision. Anselm was prepared to stay here with him until Erich told him what was happening, or dismissed him.

Erich thought very seriously about telling Anselm everything, but fear and shame kept him frozen.

He hadn't used his *verkehrde* in years, not since the first time. He'd been 14 years old, and his brother was 18. Konrad had already been training with the army for two years, and had been invited to be a participant in the *Erntfescht* races that year.

The races were always held on one of the fields outside the city, generally whichever field was the one to be planted with clover, beans and or peas the following year. That field would be harvested first at *Hoietfescht*. A makeshift arena would then be constructed, with elevated seating for nobility and open areas for any other citizens who wished to observe the races.

Some of the nobility preferred to watch from those areas, because that was generally where one could get the best food and drink. *Schnitz un Gnepp*, miniature *Pannhaas* sandwiches, *Melassichkuche*, *Brotwarscht* and *Kraut*; all the best of these would be available from tents set up in those open areas.

Lines would be so long that any nobles sending pages for their foodstuffs would likely end up getting cold food. It helped that the nobles who deigned to join their vassals and merchants on festival days had far better reputations among the merchants and guildsman than those who did not.

The friendship between Erich and Konrad's father and mother, the *Freiherr* and *Freifraa von Vianden*, was centuries old and quite strong, so while Erich and Konrad would normally have been in the open areas watching in their parents' stead, their parents had chosen comfort over image in their old age.

Erich himself was not a competitor, and normally would have been by himself or with friends in the open areas without his brother. Konrad and Erich were incredibly close, and Konrad had convinced the race coaches to let Erich hang around the sidelines as an errand boy, bringing water and rags to the competitors after their heats.

It happened right before the third heat, Konrad's heat. Erich stole a glance over at his parents, who smiled reassuringly at him and Konrad. They'd chosen an excellent vantage point, just high enough to see the entirety of the race path clearly. Erich's mother favored white and pale green gowns, which made her easy to spot among the more seasonally dressed nobles in their rusts, reds and purples. She and his father were sitting right next to a row of Schulhaus Meeschdere and administrators, who were also welcome to the elevated seating area.

Konrad elbowed Erich, and gestured to one of the rags in his hands. Erich refocused his attention on his brother, and gave him one, which Konrad then used to wipe sweat off his brow.

"Are you nervous?" Erich asked, regretting his question immediately. At 14, he hadn't yet learned to keep some observations to himself.

"Wouldn't you be?" Konrad grinned, shoving the sweaty rag back at his brother.

"You're the best racer I've ever seen." Erich stood a little taller, as if trying to give more credence to his statement with his posture alone.

Konrad ruffled his hair in response.

"Then you haven't seen much, boy."

Erich frowned. Konrad caught his expression, and grasped both his arms.

"You've no idea how much it means to me," Konrad said, more seriously now, "that you believe in me."

Erich gripped both his brother's elbows. "I mean every word Konrad," he began, but as he was about to say more, he felt... something. A warm buzzing sort of sensation. He looked down, and saw whispers of what looked like pink ribbons

coming from his own arms and hands. They were both there, and not there, glowing iridescently before fading away. Konrad appeared not to have noticed it.

He pulled Erich to him in a rough embrace. "Thank you brother."

Seconds later, the racers were commanded to take their positions. Erich backed away to his designated position, and the herald sounded the starting horn. The racers took off, dust blooming in their wake. It was several seconds before it cleared enough for Erich to be able to see the position of the racers as they hurtled toward the first turn.

It was difficult to discern who was in the lead at first, but as the runners collectively passed the first red flag and began to veer left, Erich could see that Konrad was several paces ahead of the pack.

He whooped with glee, and then immediately put his hands to his head, worrying that Konrad may have put too much into the first half. He was normally neck and neck until the second half, at least that was how he'd won most of the practice bouts.

As he watched, Konrad proceeded to pull even further ahead as the runners neared the second turn. A roar went up from the crowd as he passed the second red flag, now ten places ahead of the other runners. Erich whooped again, and was so wrapped up in the last few seconds that he didn't even flinch when one of the coaches slapped him on the back to congratulate him.

The sound of rapid footfalls on dirt started to hit Erich's ears again, and Konrad was first to cross the finish line. The moment the last runner finished, Erich rushed him, shouting congratulations unintelligibly as Konrad caught his breath.

Erich looked over at his parents, eager to see the looks on their faces, and was taken aback. They weren't looking at Konrad. They were looking at him. And they didn't look happy.

They looked terrified.

...

Erich learned later that while neither of his parents had seen it, one of the Schulhaus Meeschdere had seen his gift and immediately told his parents what they had seen.

It likely wasn't meant to be malicious. He was assured that he wasn't in trouble. But still, he could sense that something was wrong. After the race, when they'd returned to their house in the city, Erich's parents had pulled Konrad into another room.

Erich couldn't hear everything, but what he did hear disturbed him.

"That's not FAIR," he heard Konrad yell. "He didn't know what he was doing! No one knew he could do that."

Then murmuring from his father.

Konrad was too quiet to hear after that, but when he stormed out of the room, he found Erich standing behind the door, and looked at him with something that resembled pity before stalking off to his room.

After a few quiet days, during which Erich was not permitted to leave the house, Erich's mother came to find him and led him to her sitting room. She told him to sit down in her favorite armchair, and then inexplicably left the room, looking to the window before closing the door.

Erich followed her gaze. Standing by the window on the opposite side of the room was a tall woman who didn't look like anyone Erich had ever seen inside his home before.

She had a massive mane of thick, curly chocolate-brown hair. She was a full head taller than any woman Erich had ever seen, not that he'd seen all that many at age 14. But the most unusual thing about her was the provocative way she was dressed. She wasn't wearing nothing, and wasn't even showing that much skin, but her iris-blue dress was more form-fitting than anything Erich had seen ladies wear.

He was genuinely shocked that his mother had allowed a woman wearing a corset that tight and low anywhere near him, and suddenly he was worried that she was some sort of prostitute.

Please not here. Not in my mother's favorite chair.

Erich flinched at the thought. What was going on?

"I'm not a prostitute," she said dryly, sauntering toward him.

"How did you..."

"You're fourteen, that's how."

She dragged a plainer chair from the corner toward where he was sitting, and straddled it, planting herself in front of him so she could look at him eye to eye.

"Well," she said after a few moments of staring at him, "the smug bastards got it right this time."

"Got what right?" Erich tried to keep his voice from cracking in panic. "Who are you?"

The woman gripped the sides of the chair, sitting up straighter.

"I'm your new Meeschder," she said, the corners of her mouth tilting upward into a faint smile.

Erich had so many questions, but he couldn't seem to assemble any of them sensibly enough to say them out loud. Instead, he just sat in confused silence.

"My name is Gisela," she said when he didn't respond. "I am a muse, like you."

Erich again said nothing, absorbing this new information.

"A muse," she continued, "is a person who uses magic to inspire the best in other people."

Konrad. The race.

Erich was beginning to understand what was happening. Finally.

“No matter what anyone has said to you, or says to you,” Gisela grabbed his chin and caught his gaze as she said this, “ours is a gift from the Gods, just like all verkehrde. Never forget that.”

Erich nodded.

This seemed to satisfy Gisela, who let go of his chin and leaned back in her chair. She crossed her legs and folded her arms, the buttons on the undersides of her fitted cuffs making a hissing noise against fabric as she settled into her new posture.

“Your parents would like me to teach you to hide your gift,” Gisela bit her lip. “You are highborn, and we muses are possessors of a somewhat controversial gift.”

Erich nodded again, slowly, thinking about what the conversation between his parents and brother might have been about. As though she were reading his mind, that was the question Gisela answered next.

“Your parents thought that because of what you did, by accident of course, that your brother may have to forfeit the race. Not to worry, he doesn’t. The judges, discreetly, assured your parents that because it wasn’t something he did, but something you did, his victory can’t be considered cheating.”

“Would it be different if I had known what I was doing? Or if he did?” Erich asked, feeling unsettled and defensive.

“I don’t know,” Gisela answered honestly.

“You’ll teach me how to hide it?”

“Sort of,” Gisela cocked her head to the side. “You can’t hide what you can’t control, youngling.”

...

You can’t hide what you can’t control.

The words echoed in his mind. No. He wouldn't tell Anselm. Maybe after, but not yet.

"My friend," he said finally, "I need to be alone."

Anselm looked grim. "Very well," he replied.

Erich steadied himself as Anselm eased himself up off the trunk. He wasn't really stomping as he walked away back toward the tents, but a man as large as Anselm had to make a real effort to walk quietly, and it had been a very long day.

Erich tilted his head back, and looked at the sky. He was just at the edge of the wood, and the tall pines seemed to frame the dimming sky. Two stars were already visible, which seemed somewhat miraculous and hopeful after the thick rain that had dominated the day.

He knew, now that he'd taken the time to think about it, that if they were to have their best chance tomorrow he would have to begin tonight.

But not until after dark, until the chances of him being seen had dwindled some. He had a few hours yet, until it would just be the scouts taking the night watch left awake.

He would need every bit of focus, and he would need every bit of constitution of will. So now he let his mind wander, and filled his lungs with the clean air of the wood. He made his best attempt to let all of his fears and reservations fall away, letting his attention be claimed by the sounds of the forest around him, and the painted look of the clouds as the sun sank below the horizon.

There was no hope for some of it. Perhaps it was fear of the Hex, or fear of his brother, or fear of himself, but he couldn't help feeling just a little bit sick. He was as calm as he could make himself, but there was a hold on his chest that just would not let him go.

Darkness spilled over the landscape. Lanterns were lit in the tents, and then they started to go out, one by one.

Erich stared again into the sky, and now it was full of stars. Only sparse purplish clouds were left, floating across the deep blue.

A moment after he looked back down, the last lantern went out. He sighed heavily, and hung his head. It was time.

“It’s reaching inside yourself to a special part. Remember that moment when your instinct was to hold your brother, and make him believe in himself as much as you did.”

Fourteen-year-old Erich had been shocked when he opened his eyes and seen the rose-colored bands of energy coming from his body, this time of his own accord. Now, 29-year-old Erich opened his eyes and observed the same power now. It was even more startling to look on in the darkness.

The energy seemed to warble with his distraction, so he closed his eyes again and began to focus on what he wanted his brother’s men to feel. Not the ones in the tents, he would focus on them tomorrow. Tonight was about getting back what they’d lost.

I swore an oath to protect the people of the Deitscherei. I trained to fulfill that oath. No one can perform that task better than I can. My brothers and sisters need me. I must return home. I am an oath keeper.

He didn’t open his eyes, but he did start whispering his chosen words out loud. On the second repetition, he held the layout of the woods and the river beyond in his mind and began to reach out. Despite his lack of physical vision in this moment, he could feel the verkehrde energy broadening, stretching, following his mind as he concentrated on filling every empty space he could with it.

He’d never done this without touching someone before, but somehow he knew he could. He kept whispering his oath keeper prayer, and slowly opened his eyes. To his immense relief, he could see the magic, faintly, exactly where he’d pushed it.

Now all he could do was wait. He experimentally pushed more magic this way and that, testing his control over it. He whispered the prayer until his voice grew hoarse.

Finally, after over an hour, he heard movement in the trees. Slowly but surely, the deserters were returning. Many of them struggled with gaits that betrayed their extreme exhaustion, but they all crept back to the camp with quiet determination.

As was customary, the scouts said nothing to announce their return, but at least one of them left their post briefly to help a comrade trudge the last few steps home. Some deserters exchanged muffled exclamations of joy at finding one another again and embraced.

When he noted the return of at least 50 men, Erich let go. The faint pink ribbons of energy winked out of his vision, and he almost fell off the felled tree in exhaustion.

He reached up to wipe sweat off his face, and came away with a tear-covered hand. He hadn't realized that he'd been crying. A treacherous voice inside him screamed that nothing good could come from manipulating his brothers like that. He brought his arms up to his face to muffle a sob, and replayed the moment his brother, with madness in his eyes, begged him to do this.

"Remember boy," said Gisela, all those years ago, "the Gods choose us to be verkehrde for a reason. Those reasons aren't always for us to know, and you may never feel like you know why. But it's the truth. You were made this way for a purpose."

Erich's sorrow had twisted him up in his chest, his throat and his jaw. He breathed in shallowly at first, then deeply, applying Gisela's words like a balm to his mind.

He had to calm down, and he had to find sleep.

Tomorrow, the real trial would begin.

Part II will be released with the next Hollerbeer Hof!

Artist's Corner

Submissions to artist's corner can be short poems, paintings, photographs and anything else that can fit neatly on a page for everyone to enjoy. Please send submissions to arden@ur glaawe.org.

This month's submission comes from Susan Elizabeth of Williamsport, Pennsylvania



Resources

Books

The First Book of Urglaawe Myths

Available on [Amazon](#)

A Dictionary of Urglaawe Terminology

Available on [Amazon](#) and [Lulu](#)

Websites

[Urglaawe International](#)

Social Media

[Urglaawe Facebook Community](#)

[Heathens Against Hate](#)

[Alliance for Inclusive Heathenry](#)

[Heathens in Recovery](#)

Blogs and Podcasts

[Blanzenheilkunscht](#)

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[Deitsch Mythology](#)

[Urglaawe](#)

[Holle's Haven Podcast](#) (also available on Spotify and Apple Podcasts)

Regional Groups

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Bristol, PA 19007

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Landmarks

[Lüsch-Müselman Graabhof](#) (Graveyard) Pennsylvania

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Submissions for the Winter 2024 issue must be received by December 1, 2024 and may be submitted for consideration to arden@urglaawe.org. Artists retain all rights to their work. By submitting, the artist agrees to allow Hollerbeer Hof to publish their work within one year of the submission due date; after that year, Hollerbeer Hof must reacquire permission to publish.

