



Celtic Women International

Quarterly Newsletter

www.celticwomen.org

P.O. Box 58, Butler, WI 53007

Summer 2007

Greetings!

I hope everyone is enjoying a lovely summer - made even more so by the growing number of Celtic-related events and festivals! Please spread the word so others may enjoy. Providing awareness of events that celebrate our glorious heritage is one of the main reasons CWI exists. We hope to find each other in Milwaukee at their wonderful IrishFest and invite all to the CWI annual meeting at the Chicago CelticFest!

We need your support - Contribute to the newsletter - Forward news of events - AND become a CWI member with your dues. This is a volunteer organization but we do have website rent, licensing fees, postage costs, etc. We keep our website and newsletter open to all but Please consider becoming a formal member.

Slainte,
Mary McGough Schultze
President - CWI

Upcoming Events

July 17 Chicago Branch *Third Tuesday* meeting is held at the Irish American Heritage Center, 4626 N. Knox Ave. Anne McCaffrey will lead annual book review meeting on "Light of the Evening" by Edna O'Brien 7-9pm

For more information about the "Third Tuesday" gatherings in Chicago, check our link on the CWI website, www.celticwomen.org

Annual Meeting

September 15 - Annual CWI Members Meeting; location TBA; 10:30 am. Watch the CWI website - www.celticwomen.org - for more information.

September 18 - Chicago Branch *Third Tuesday* meeting at the Irish American Heritage Center, 4626 N. Knox Ave. 7-9

October 16 - Chicago Branch *Third Tuesday* meeting at the Irish American Heritage Center, 4626 N. Knox Ave. 7-9

November 20 - Chicago Branch *Third Tuesday* meeting at the Irish American Heritage Center, 4626 N. Knox Ave. 7-9 - Annual holiday traditions meeting and party.

Other Celtic Events

July 22-29 Welsh Heritage Week in Madison, Wisconsin. Welsh Heritage Week is a week-long course on everything Welsh, including: language lessons, folk dancing, clogging, hymn singing, harp lessons, Welsh literature, and so much more. For more information: www.welshheritageweek.org

July 25-29 *Far from 'ome*: the 14th Gathering of Cornish Cousins. Keweenaw Peninsula, Michigan's Upper Peninsula - www.keweenawkerneek.org

August 16-19 Milwaukee Irish Fest, Milwaukee, Wisconsin - www.irishfest.com.

September 9 Annual Celtic Mass and Faire at Blessed Trinity Parish in Sheboygan Falls WI. Call Mary Kunert 920-893-5139 for details.

American Conference For Irish Studies (ACIS) www.acisweb.com for more information about: **October 5-7** *From Emain Macha to St. Andrews: Finding the Intersection of Reconciliation and Traditions*

October 18-20 *Voices and Visions: Ireland Across Disciplines*

November 10 meeting of the new England Region of the ACIS at the University of Massachusetts-Boston.

Where in the World is the CWI Tartan?

What?!?!? No one went anywhere interesting with their tartan in the last few months?



Well, maybe travel's been off the agenda, but the tartan is beginning to pop up in the fashion world. This new CWI tartan sweat-shirt, created by Mary Kunert of the Sheboygan chapter is available by special order in sizes S - XL, as well as some larger sizes. For more information about sizes and prices

contact Mary at mary.kunert@gmail.com.

News from the Local Branches

CHICAGO

March

We didn't have a regular meeting in March, but collaborated on a veryspecial event with the Chicago Women's Art Series Connective (WASC) called "Imperfect Balance." Performance pieces included our own CWI board member Jamie O'Reilly in "Songs of a Kerry Madwoman" as it has never been performed before. Other performers were Anne Hills, Sheila Donohue, Monica Kass Rogers, and Emily Rogers. In addition the the four performance pieces, "Imperfect Balance" also included an art exhibit with a discussion of the art, and a memoir writing working by Carol La Chapelle. CWI supplied a bookmark to advertise the event and a "work in progress" recommended Reading List on the theme of Imperfect Balance - Art from Trauma, available on the CWI website.

April

Sharon Shea Bossard, author of *Finding My Irish*, has been involved in researching her Irish roots for more than three years. The author recalled family stories perceived through parents' whispered accusations, and she grew up believing that being Irish was akin to suffering from a dreaded disease--you knew you had it and lived with it as best you could. Recently becoming curious about her family history, she began to search for any information regarding her Irish-born grandparents. Old documents revealed a story - one she couldn't ignore. Facts concerning the lives of her grandparents emerged and secrets were uncovered. An overwhelming curiosity directed the author to dig deeper into family records, to travel to the villages in Ireland where her grandparents were born, and to locate family who still reside in those villages.

Sharon told of her experiences in Ireland when she felt she had finally tracked down a relative, including when her research leading her up to a cottage door and she was asked what she wanted, her enthusiasm burst out "You're my cousin!" Only to find that the research was faulty. Sharon had lots of wonderful advice for anyone seeking their roots, including a workbook accompaniment to *Finding My Irish*.



May

May brought us the wonderful fire and passion of Welsh Actor Winston Evans, as he offered us a program on Women in Welsh Poetry. Winston started with poetry from the early 15th century, introducing each poem



with a glimpse of the history, status of women in Wales and politics of the day. Who would think that a program on Welsh poetry would lead to one of our most interactive meetings ever!

Winston thoroughly engaged all of the attendees as we led him constantly off-topic to learn more and more about Welsh history, roles of Welsh Women, and the relationship between Wales and England. No one wanted the program to end. Winston has agreed to return to a meeting in the upcoming year, this year with a focus on Welsh history.

June

Mary Schultze, CWI President, commuted from Michigan to offer us a Cajun Mardis Gras in June. Opening the meeting with lively music from LaBotainne Sourante with , accompanied by Mary on her washboard tie, Mary stepped back into history as she described the migration of culture as people migrated from Breton in France to Canada and eventually to the southern United States. The Cajuns are descendants of French-speaking Acadians banished from Nova Scotia in the early 1700s, who settled in the coastline bayous and prairie lands far west of New Orleans.

One tradition they brought with them was celebration of Mardi Gras. Mardi Gras in the Cajun country of Louisiana and Mississippi has a different form than that in New Orleans. Mary thoroughly enjoyed attending a Cajun Mardi Gras last spring and, as always, had some great stories.

The meeting ended with a bit of a Cajun dance. Another fun meeting!

SHEBOYGAN

This Celtic Banner, THE HAND OF GOD, was designed and created for the Celtic Mass at Blessed Trinity in Sheboygan Falls. The banner will be on display the Sunday after Labor Day at the 2007 Celtic Mass.

The Hand of God blesses the congregation, rising up from earth into a cloudy sky. The snakes that are entwined form four frames that contain the symbols of the Four Evangelists.

On the right are seven Celtic designs that symbolize the Seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit. On the left, ten Celtic designs that symbolize the Ten Commandments.

On September 9 the parish will be holding their Annual Celtic Mass and Faire. Call Mary at 920-893-5139 for details.



Celtic Quills

Ancestor's Hands

by Barbara O'Donnell

Look at your hands.
Imagine your grandmother or grandfather.
That skin, those bones, the sinew,
The very copy of your ancestors' hands
Going back for hundreds of thousand of years.

Where did those hands first begin?
What tool or cup did they first hold?
What cabin or what castle did they build?
And what child did they first caress?

What sun lit field did they first sow:
And what rain-soaked earth did they first claim?
What wild pony or gentle cow did they first lead to a barn?

And what oaten bread did they first knead?

How many babies shawls did those grandmothers knit?
And how many old one's shrouds did they eventually sew?

How many beads did the count out in prayer?
And how many candles did they light for their own?

Look now. Look at your hands
And see the evidence of the life force
Living in you in this moment of time.
Evidence of grandmothers and grandfathers
Stretching back
and back

and back
To the beginning of the world.

Poetry is a word picture of the thoughts and feelings of the poet, hopefully mirroring the thoughts and feelings of the reader.

Fragments, a book of original poetry, is available by contacting Mary Kunert, 725 Tallgrass Lane, Plymouth WI 53073. My phone is 920-892-5139 and my e-mail is mary.kunert@gmail.com. The price is \$6.00 plus .85 p&h.

Websites you may want to visit

www.jesjams.com/dove2.html

Peace necklace featuring a charm designed by Jen Delyth (www.kelticdesigns.com), proceeds going to the Susan G. Komen Foundation.

www.fiddlersretreat.com

Irish music and culture holiday, Co. Tipperary, Ireland

www.myspace.com/jamieoreillymusic

Galena Getaway Weekend Gathering April 20 -22

Members and friends from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois travelled to Galena, IL. to enjoy our second annual weekend get-away at Frank O'Dowd's Irish Cottage Boutique Hotel. Our weekend began Friday afternoon with a gathering in the Dublin Room. We put our worries away for the weekend and got to know each other at a wine and cheese reception. We had so much fun (and wine and cheese) that it was evening before we knew it. We adjourned to the pub for dinner, music, laughter and conversation before calling it a day.

Saturday morning, following a traditional Irish breakfast, we again gathered in the Dublin Room. Mary Schultze told us about Father Samuel Mazzuchelli, an Italian native renamed Father Matthew Kelly by his Irish flock, who was the first missionary in the area in the early-mid 1800's. He established more than 20 parish churches in the Galena area. He was also involved in the development of Sinsinawa Mounds and founded the Dominican Sisters in the area. His story, as told by Mary, is fascinating.

Our next speaker was Tracey Roberts, a Galena resident, Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin - Platteville, and former Chicago-area Irish folk singer. She spoke to us about the Irish and Scottish immigrants to the Galena area. She enhanced her presentation with slides of the period and sang immigrant songs a capella. It was a very enjoyable morning!



The presentations left us wanting more, so we went on a road trip to Mineral Point, WI, which was a Cornish mining settlement in the 1800's. We had lunch at the famous Red Rooster Café - a restaurant featuring traditional Cornish pasties and figgyhobbin. Next we toured St. Augustine's Church in New Diggins, WI. Mary Schultze had arranged for us to tour the church, a wood church built by Fr. Mazzuchelli in 1844. Open only a few times each year, this church is in the middle of restoration. We went on to a nearby town to St. Patrick's, another of Fr. Mazzuchelli's churches. This church, built of

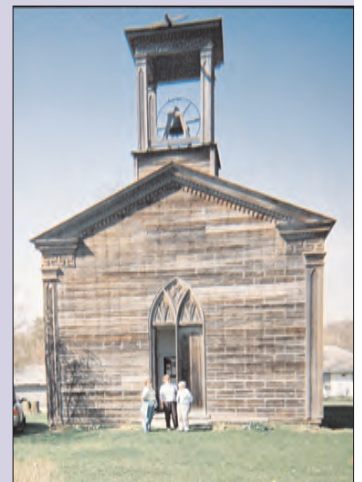
stone, has withstood the test of time, and houses the original altar from St. Augustine's Church. The parish is still active and flourishing. Father is buried in the cemetery behind the church.

A trip to the Labyrinth at Sinsinawa Mound Center finished the afternoon for some, while others headed off to an early dinner and ghost tour in Galena. The evening ended with Tarot readings in the hotel library, and live music and a pint in the pub..



Another Irish breakfast on Sunday morning was followed with lots of hugging and farewells til next time. A good time was had by all!

Many thanks to board member Betty Gavitt who planned and organized the weekend. She even managed to arrange for perfect weather! With so much more to explore and discover in the Galena area we will just have to do it again. Hope to see you all there!



CWI in the media

EARLIER THIS YEAR, MARY SCHULTZE, PRESIDENT OF CWI. WAS INTERVIEWED BY SHERRY AVILA FOR AVILA CHICAGO MAKING A DIFFERENCE. Here is a portion of Mary's interview.

What is CWI? CWI is Celtic Women International - an organization founded 10 years ago to celebrate Celtic Women.

Why do you say Celtic? Because, as you study history, you find there were many, many women from a similar background making history. They shared a common Celt background but were dispersed among the peoples of the far western edge of Europe. We refer to the 7 Celtic nations which are Scotland, Wales, Cornwall, Ireland, Brittany, Isle of Man, and Galicia (the NW corner of Spain). Since we are sisters in the Celtic traditions, we empower each other by sharing our stories and celebrating together.

How did CWI start? The group was started in Milwaukee by Jean Bills, a visionary whose hard work and determination enabled CWI to take root. She started a 2 day conference that brought in speakers and entertainers from all the Celtic areas and allowed us to become more aware of the glories of our shared heritage.

Is CWI a Milwaukee group? The organization is incorporated in Wisconsin but exists wherever there are members. And there are members throughout the US with more in Canada and overseas. Through the Internet members can participate from anywhere.

How often and where do members meet? As the organization grew, the annual conference was held in other cities - New Orleans and Toronto but the Board then redirected its focus to the support of local CWI groups to allow members more opportunities to gather. This is often done by participating in the activities of other Celtic organizations. We might join with the Chicago Tafia Club in the Welsh celebration of St David's Day or the local Scots group in celebrating Bobbie Burns birthday - I like that one since it's also my birthday!

Is there a local Chicago group? Yes, the Chicago group is actually the most active. Under the inspired leadership of Maureen Smith, the Chicago chapter meets monthly at the Irish-American Heritage Center for presentations on history, books, traditions, music and a fascinating eclectic mix of topics.

What kind of topics have they had? The Chicago chapter has had speakers on genealogy, Irish history, Chicago history - e.g.the early Chicago teachers were almost all first-generation Irish - US history, book reviews and holiday meetings to share recipes and holiday tradition and eat these traditional foods!

Are there other ways to participate? There is a Yahoo group for members to post comments and chat and a very robust website, again the hard work of Maureen Smith, which keeps members up-to-date on CWI activities as well as activities of other Chicago area Celtic groups. Maureen wears many hats and she also publishes a lengthy electronic CWI newsletter which includes reader contributions of poetry, travel experiences, recipes and history.

Does CWI sponsor any other activities? We support any member who organizes an activity. For the last two years, a group has gone to Galena for a weekend to bond together and learn of Celtic influence in that area. Galena had many Cornish and Irish working the lead mines. This year we studied Father Samuel Mazzuchelli (founder of 30 parishes and the Sinsinawa Dominicans) whom the Irish re-christened Father Matthew Kelly.

What is the story behind the tartan This is an officially registered tartan - the only tartan registered in Scotland to a women's group. It incorporates a color from the flag of each of the 7 Celtic nations. It was designed and is woven by Marjorie Warren, a CWI member and professional weaver from North Carolina, and can be ordered as a scarf or with a sweatshirt or as material.

How can someone learn more? The best place to check is our website www.celticwomen.org.

Visit Google Video at video.google.com to see the entire interview. You can also view Mary's interview about Women Welcome Women World Wide as well as Sherry's interviews with Winston Evans, Welsh Actor; Peg Reid from the Irish American Heritage Center.



Celtic Kitchens

SCRIPTURE CAKE *Submitted by Mary Kunert*

FUN WITH FOOD

On a visit to a haunted mansion in Ireland, we were served tea and cake. The cake reminded me of the following cake that I bake most often at Christmas. It is, however, good with strong black tea laced with milk and sugar in the raw at any time of the year. Of course, I have the actual ingredients written in my file after all these years.

I used this as a lesson in a religious ed class that I taught many years ago. I sent a bible ingredient home with each of the kids. They had to look it up and bring it to the next class. (I did have reserves.)

We frantically mixed the cake at the beginning of the lesson and threw it in the oven so we could have a piece as they left. It was FUN.

We should always let the scriptures be our guide. It even works when making Christmas goodies – at least it works when making this delicious cake. Read the scripture indicated to find the ingredients and make this interesting and informative cake for a special family home evening activity.

SCRIPTURE CAKE

- 1 Cup **Judges 5:25** (Last Clause)
- 1 Cup **Jeremiah 6:20** (From a far country)
- 5 of **Jeremiah 17:11**
- 2 TBLSP. **1 Samuel 14:25**
- 1 Cup **Judges 4:19** (Last Clause)
- 2 Cups **Numbers 28:5**
- 5 teasp. **Amos 4:5**
- 1 teasp. **Leviticus 2:13**
- 2 Cups **1 Samuel 30:12** (Second Item)
- 2 Cups **Naham 3:12** (Chopped)
- 1 Cup **Numbers 17:23** (Halved)
- Season to taste with **II Chronicles 9:9**

Mix as quick breads or fruitcakes are mixed.

Follow Solomon's directions for making a good boy, **Proverbs 23:14**

Bake as a fruitcake at about 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes. Makes two loaves

We would love to include your stories, poems, pictures, recipes, Celtic links, favorites and any upcoming Celtic events! E-mail your items to editor@celticwomen.org

Our fall issue is scheduled to be out in October 2007.
Please submit items by September 15.

Feature

Sharon Armstrong will return to Scotland in August to pursue her graduate studies in journalism. She has spent the last several years in New Orleans, frequently working at O'Flaherty's Pub (hello to Betsy and Beth), and spent the summer in Chicago with other ex-New Orleans - O'Flaherty friend Katie Smith. Sharon promises to keep us up-to-date with her adventures in Scotland.

IF YOU CATCH THE TRAIN TO GLASGOW FROM AYR, FROM THE SMALL FISHING TOWN ON THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND WHERE I WAS BORN TO THAT FAST GROWING CITY DRAWN IN BLACK INK IN THE CENTER OF THE COUNTRY, YOU MUST PASS ALONG THE NEWTON SHORE.

Off Newton beach there lies the rotting wreck of a coal boat that has lain there for as long as I can remember.

She sank within a stone throw of land and, as far as I know, everyone on board made it out alive when she foundered.

At low tide, she lies in her side on the sand, in a shroud of bladderwrack and barnacles. You can look inside and see the stairs leading downwards, covered in sea-slime. At high-tide all you can see in the top of her mast, reaching skywards through cold, murky water. There is no coal in her now, the people of Ayr made salvage within days of the sinking.

The town of Ayr, enjoying as it does the warming effects of the Gulf Stream - those hot waters that feed the hurricanes that yearly batter the Gulf Coast

of America, is relatively balmy...for Scotland.

Palm trees actually do try to grow in the more sheltered gardens on the coast. They always look a little apologetic to me, a little out of place and heartlessly transplanted - bright green tropical leaves under lowering, silver and water-sodden skies.

I like them though. They are brave. And often they are taken inside for the winter.

It rarely freezes hard on the south-west coast and the heavy snows that block the passes for months up north around Glen Coe and Lochialort occasionally dust Arran white, but seldom linger long. The salt in the air and those warm and wandering, nurturing and treacherous gulf waters keep them at bay.

Ayr is a soft shire, with a hard, bloody history. Rabbie Burns, Scotland's national poet, grew up there, wrote his poems, dallied with his women, became the toast of Edinburgh and died very young on the right side of the law.

William Wallace, loyal and brave, stares sternly from his sentinel seat in the tower on the High Street; Stirling Bridge and Falkirk are both close by.

Ayr is a town of farms and sheep and cows and llamas, strangely enough. Somewhere around the place they breed ostriches for meat.

The rain falls and they keep the land very green.

The town harbour used to be crowded with fishing boats, loud with fishermen, talking and swearing, laughing, the seagulls quarreling and screaming as they fought for the heads and the guts of the catch, and the unguarded cod or mackerel. My dad told me a story about an unfortunate fisherman who lost a finger while gutting fish, first to a careless and clumsy moment and then to an agile and opportunistic herring gull. It's a true story, ask my dad.

The Smugglers Bar, the fishermen's bar, still opens at five in the morning, but is the late-night drinkers and the town jakies, those lads on nightshift for Asda and not the newly on-shore that drink there now.

Expensive flats look out over the empty peaceful harbour; out across the bay towards beautiful Arran lying supine in the sound. The bustling fish market and the dawn ruckus is long gone. The seagulls still circle hopefully above the clean concrete and the ruined walls of the ancient Viking fort, and the high hills of Arran stare at the skies.

No, we don't see snow too much, we don't freeze too often or too hard in the winter and the summer days are long and welcoming but in January we are lashed by fierce living gales that can, and often do, last for days on end.

When the gales arrive people go down to the beach in their cars to watch the storm waters.

The high roaring waves crash white and blue and cloudy jade-green on the storm-wall, and sometimes

they cover the parked cars in frothing blankets of salt-sea-water.

It's an amazing sight although I am sure that it cannot be good for the car engines.

Last year the storm-wall, which had held back the seas time out of mind, were smashed to pieces, and the huge stones from which the wall was formed, were picked up and thrown into the grassy fields that line the shore. They broke the windows in the house, they smashed cars, they put the fear of God into the householders along the beach and now the wall is gone and the sea can reach far inland.

It is awesome in the true sense of the word.

Not too far from the sunken coal-boat there stands a light-house. It's not too big and no one mans it. It stands on a bank over-looking the pebbly beach and throws warning light out into darkness of the January and February storms.

Sometimes, from the train, you can barely see the light-house through the gleaming, iron-grey, billowing waters that batter and bash it's white-washed walls hard enough to toss salt water against the train's windows, a half mile inland.

The storm waves look like they are made from molten lead or mercury, silver and black and shredded by the wind into pale shining storm-caps, which we call 'white horses'

Herd after herd of these horses gallop landward to leap over what is left of the storm wall and break against the cars, the stone houses and the light-house.

It makes the hair rise on your neck, the sound of that ocean. Heard from the warmth of the train cabin, it is faint but full of indifferent power and still the light-house stands...and the white horses keep coming...

Maelstrom

We awake.
Five score fathoms down and coldly gleaming.
We stir.
And the cold sullen waters recoil around us.
The weight of midnight oceans, heavy on our shoulders.
Chill fingers caress sleepy flanks.
We slowly turn and twist, unquiet in our dreams.

All around us the teeming void.
Enveloping, Cocooning. Secret velvet darkness.
Black. Depths. Never lit by dawn.
The inside of a dreamer's eye, studded with night-mares. Monstrosities aglow with unearthly light.
Impenetrable murk.

Luminous sequins.
Voracious appetite.

Slowly waltzing.
An eternal dance of predatory death. Life eating life as we slumber,
Our ears pressed to the pulse of the world.

Distant thunder.
The sound invades our dreams.
Slow deliberate hearts begin to beat.
A rhythm of tides.
Beat.

Ancient eyes raise towards the unseen surface.
Yearning.

Beat.
Beat.

Listen...

The Maelstrom calls us.
Rise! Rise!

Dance on the raging waves!

Fling the paean skywards.

Lead the storm to shore!

Limbs brace against the shadowy seabed. Muscles coil under pale hides.

Push!

Upwards.

Scattering of glittering pebbles, buried under a soft silt shroud. Soaring into the eternal blackness.

Above and below us.

Icy water.

 We pale comets suspended in inner space.

Upwards.

Gathering speed.

Inky waters. Darkness gradually filling with antique light.

Gilding sea-stained skin with dapples of gold and verdigris.

Incandescent in the gloom.

The Sound. Siren sea song. Rushing sibilance.

Murmuring past our ears as the light grows stronger. Brighter.

Our eyes! The light! Stabbing and blinding as we near the surface.

Roiling water. Speeding our wild ascent.

Faster!

Amniotic waters fill with green light

Faster.

The rumble of thunder.

Faster!

Crashing. Billowing waves.

They break

against each other

Smashing into a million lightning lit splinters.

Electric white.

Neon blue.

Luminously radiant.
 We no longer gleam.
 We shine,
 and the sea catches fire around us.
 We explode through the surface
 Punching skywards.
 A germination of frothing white foam. A flower.
 Deceptively fragile like diamonds help up to the
 light.
 Hard as the heart of evolution.
 Surging around us, the sea is the flawed oily
 colour of archaic glass
 Hidden deep drowned in sunken ships far below.
 Rain falling
 Sheet
 after sheet
 after sheet
 striking the heaving obsidian surface.
 Perfect crystal beads
 glittering momentarily in the storm light before
 Vanishing forever
 amid the roar and tumult of the elements.
 Lightning flashes from cloud to cloud.
 Charging the air. Electricity raises the fine hairs on
 our icy bodies.
 Maddening us with
 a thousand prickling kisses.
 Where does the sea meet the sky?
 The waters the crackling atmosphere?
 We are
 The epicentre
 of a swirling whirlpool of shrieking wind and
 furious ocean
 and we dance the razor edge between,
 turning our faces to the wind,
 baring our fangs...
 The storms wrap us in a lover's embrace and holds
 us tightly.
 Backs arch
 against the driving force of the living gale.
 Wind
 tearing our manes into pale banners
 that catch the wounded light of the
 bruised heavens.
 Illumination
 Sliding over our skins and carving our forms from
 Crashing water.
 Promethean fire courses in our veins:
 Ichor countless aeons old.
 We throw back our heads and scream
 the battle cry skywards.
 Before
 The first sea-born abandon the oceans
 We were.
 The skies silent
 The desolate keening of the wind
 moving over the still waters.
 The stars blaze from the firmament,
 ours the only eyes to see them

The aurora undimmed
 by land-locked light.
 All that is is yet to be and
 We do not yet know how to hate.
 Now.
 Bitter eyes turn toward the shore.
 There.
 The Light-House.
 Standing defiant on its salt-wave-battered-glistening
 rock.
 Threadbare beam. Thin and brave,
 swings
 through the raging storm
 cutting a swathe through the deluge.
 Our eyes reflect the illumination
 Glowing
 ember red in the darkness.
 The Light-House.
 Fragile. Futile. Indomitable.
 The Light-House.
 Life-line thrown into raging storm.
 Battling roaring waters.
 Defying lashing rain.
 Refusing to abandon those held in thrall far out to
 sea.
 We lash the ocean to greater fury,
 Dark waters
 gather and surge,
 wave after wave
 bearing us landwards.
 Our fury rises and mists our mind with the red
 need to destroy.
 We witnesses.
 Murders.
 Crying out for vengeance in the dark.
 Unheard voices
 That will not be silenced.
 Raped and violated wonders
 Thrown aside and forgotten by the traitors of
 mother ocean.
 Forgotten
 But not by us.
 We remember.
 We do not forget or forgive.
 We await our chance and
 we are always watching.
 We live in the Seasons.
 The Encircling Waters of the world.
 The awesome synaptic voltage of the Thunderbolt.
 The Heart of the Maelstrom.
 We reach the Light-House screaming
 and,
 rearing,
 we smash our hooves against it!

Celtic Women International Membership

CWI memberships run from January through December each year. Annual dues are \$25. CWI membership:

- ◆ helps support a world-wide network connecting you with other women interested in Celtic culture.
- ◆ provides an opportunity to share in CWI's mission - to honor, celebrate and promote Celtic women and their heritage.
- ◆ makes you eligible for an elected office and serve on committees.
- ◆ entitles you to participate in our own private CWI Yahoo Group and communicate with other CWI members on an informal, yet private and secure basis.
- ◆ receive quarterly CWI newsletters.
- ◆ automatically makes you a member of our Chicago Branch or any local CWI Branch in your area.
- ◆ makes you a member of a global community of Celtic women

To join, complete and return the membership form included with this newsletter along with your \$25 dues.

The membership form can also be downloaded from our website – www.celticwomen.org and click on Membership on the sidebar menu.

CWI Yahoo Group

DO YOU YAHOO? Or want to know how? It's easy to join the CWI Yahoo group - just follow these easy steps....

To create an account: Go to the CWI website (www.celticwomen.org), select "Yahoo Group" from the sidebar menu, and then Login to the Celtic Women International Yahoo Group.

In the light gray box on the right hand side, select Sign Up under "Don't have a Yahoo! ID". Complete the next screen.

Once you have created your account: Go back to the CWI Yahoo page and click the bright blue Join This Group box. Once you have been "accepted" into the group (takes a few days), you will be able to return to the CWI Yahoo page and read or post messages. You can also choose to receive newly posted messages by e-mail, so you don't have to return to the CWI Yahoo website unless you want to post new messages.

The next time you return: Login to the group at the top of the screen "Sign In" using your e-mail address or username and password that you selected when creating your Yahoo account.

2007 CWI Board of Directors

Rosemary Baumann Milwaukee, WI baumann@merr.com <i>Membership, Nominating</i>	Gail McAleese Milwaukee, WI mcaleese@merr.com <i>Membership</i>	Mary McGough Schultze Michigan mms2770@yahoo.com <i>President Executive, By-Laws</i>
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CWI By-Laws provide for a Board of up to 12 members. We welcome volunteers on the various CWI committees. Contact any of the Board to express your interest in serving.