Autumn 2026



Hollerbeer Hof

Volume 18 Issue 1

In This Issue

1. Letter from the Editor
2. Upcoming Events and Observances - Rob Schreiwer
    a. Erntfescht
    b. Zisasege
    c. Allelieweziel
    d. Ewicher Yeegersege
3. Growing with Flax - Jay Gregory
4. Es Gaarde-Blaudsh - Arden Taylor
5. Sacred Flame and the God of the Controlled Spark - Justin Slavens
6. Urglaawe Beneath Southern Skies - Ryan Edmonds
7. Artist's Corner
8. Resources

Letter from the Editor

Arden Taylor - Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

Spring 2025. That was when our last issue was published. While there are various reasons for the long wait, ultimately it comes down to this—it was a really hard year. For all of us.

Since Spring 2025, I have moved twice. Once from the West Coast to the East Coast, and the second time from my parents home to the first home I've ever owned. Each move was costly, arduous, and took longer than we wanted it to.

But the closer we came to Central Pennsylvania, the more at home I felt. And while it's been the ancestral home of my family for hundreds of years, it's not so much the people as it is the land.

"Wake up! Es Feierveggli!" I shook my children awake so they could see the lightning bugs. They were only just beginning to light up the field next to the gas station on the final leg of our trip.

Like so many things, it is old and it is new to be home again. You'll see a lot of that theme in this issue of Hollerbeer Hof. Flax is one of the oldest crops in human history, and Jay Gregory grew it for the first time this year. I'm starting a my first gardening column, Es Gaarde-Blaudsh, and I've been away so long that I have to relearn Pennsylvania's native plants and zone challenges. Justin Slavens has some interesting takes on the role of fire in our modern lives and our interpretation of its mythological history. Perhaps most exciting, I get to feature a new column from Ryan Edmonds about creating an Urglaawe community and practice in the Southern Hemisphere.

It was a long season without Hollerbeer Hof, and I apologize for the long wait. But we're back, and here to stay. Mach's Immer Besser.



Distelfink family member, private lecturer and Doctor of Philosophy Mathias Weifert, next to the great goddess, Frau Holle, in Miltenberg (Lower Franconia/Germany)

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 Urlgaawe 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 Vorfaahrersweih."

Linguistic segue: The semantic difference between "ancestor" and "forebear" is much more slight in Deitsch than in English. Both "Vorgenger" and "Vorfaahrer" 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 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…
- Schtarewes: 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. Schtarewes

2023 Ritual Program (from SJPPD): https://docs.google.com/…/15xfIoowXoOtYhYwlLqFM…/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 helixes 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 Deitsch term: die Geischderschtrutzt).

All of our other observances, including Yuul, are focused on Mannheem (here, where we live) and on human activity and points of reference. Even Wonnenacht, with Holle's return, is mostly about the return of life to Mannheem, 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 Mannheem.

Perhaps this is about the spiral outward from Mannheem 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 Entschtanning) 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.

EWICHER YEEGERSEGE



Ewicher Yeeger: Why Honor Death?

Tonight starts the final day of the Urglaawe observance of Allelieweziel. Now we honor Holler, who is also known as Ewicher Yeeger. His association with death is reflected in the translation of His byname into English: the Eternal Hunter. Indeed, He is seen by many as Death personified, and imagery and versions of folk tales over the centuries have presented Him as a bringer of disruption, disease, destruction, and, well, death. So, this begs the question: Why honor Him?

There are many possible answers to this question. Ironically, the most significant tale (http://deitschmythology.blogspot.com/…/ewicher-yeeger.html) about Holler shows a merciful side to Him that is not typically associated with death. While death appeared imminent to the settlers of Lynn Township, the fact that they recognized the error of their ways and gave up offerings caused Holler to save the colony. Driving game over the Blobarrick Ridge provided the settlers with food to survive through the winter months.

While this story is one version of the best known tale of Ewicher Yeeger, there are bits of knowledge and remnants of other tales that reflect a complex character to this god. One of the more curious remnants reflects the push and pull among the various forces in existence as viewed within our physical world. After Holle's departure and the burning of the Butzemenner, King Frost's armies are on the move into our realm. The Frost Giants seize the spirits of the plants and animals (and humans, for that matter?) that they kill, thereby removing them from the cycle of life, death, and rebirth. In this

tale remnant, Holler brings death and/or dormancy to the weaker plants and animals. Those who die are released to the Wild Hunt, which ensures their continuity in the cycle of life, death, and rebirth. The Frost Giants pass by the dormant spirits, who sleep safely until Spring under the care of an entity named Schlumm.

In this case, we see Holler playing a role in tandem with Holle. He aids in the ongoing cycle of life even while bringing death. This reinforces the idea that death is a part of life and also of rebirth.

Another tidbit is a little more confusing because it conflates Ewicher Yeeger with aspects of Krampus. In these tidbits, Ewicher Yeeger is a punisher and a wild, primal beast. This tidbit is an outlier from most understandings of Ewicher Yeeger, but it is not the only one. Other versions reflect lore related to the Wild Hunt found in other Germanic lands. Some say Ewicher Yeeger is actually a cursed nobleman (much like Count Hackelberg in Germany) who is doomed to hunt as payback for his misdeeds in life.

These stories are worth mentioning, though, because they reflect the convolution of tales over many centuries and across many lands, including the Deitsch lands in Pennsylvania. However, the most intact story from the Deitsch cultural context places Ewicher Yeeger as an entity (or in the Urglaawe context, a god) strongly associated with death yet not to be pigeonholed.

The understanding converted to me about Ewicher Yeeger throughout my lifetime has been one of an entity who is much larger than our understanding. He has His own agenda and purposes for actions that we cannot always fathom. In Braucherei, He is appealed to for brute strength, terminations, and transformations.

The transformation aspect plays a major role in our understanding of death. Death is scary. Death is unwanted. Yet Death comes to all of us at some point. One theme of Allelieweziel is that we live in a society that, on the one hand, likes to pretend that death does not exist. Yet, on the other hand, we are obsessed with it. We depict is so cavalierly in movies and on television, yet we don't want to plan for the end of the lives of our loved ones or of ourselves.

Most Urglaawer believe in some form of rebirth. The most common belief is that at least one part of the soul is reborn into a new, unique construct, thus giving us opportunities to grow and to expand our consciousness from lifetime to lifetime. We hope that, at the end of this cosmic cycle, we will be where the deities were at the beginning of it. Our corporeal forms have limits to our lifetimes, but each experience in this physical realm affords us the opportunity to increase the human life wave.

Thus, death is not to be feared per se; instead, it is part of the continuity of life and the evolution of existence. While we are to embrace our lives and to make the most of them, the eventuality of death is something with which we all must reconcile ourselves.

Thus, we take a moment at this time of Ewicher Yeeger to understand our mortality, to consider how to make the most of the current life we have, and to ponder the prospects for a better future for humanity. We honor the god who helps us to prepare for and to confront the reality of death even while celebrating the life we have.

Thus, at this time of the observance of Ewicher Yeeger, let us hail Holler.

Railing Against King Frost



Typically, the Railing Against King Frost takes place alongside Ewicher Yeeger Sege.

The Frost Giants are aware of Holle's departure on the Wild Hunt, and they begin their advancement toward the Hatzholz (Midgard/Mannheim: where we live) from the Northern Leaves. In some versions of the King Frost tale, the Giants' army includes some familiar names: Dreizehdax, Vatzehvedder, and Fuffzehfux. These are the Giants who come in May in an attempt to destroy the expanding fertility of the

land. Their visit at this time of year prepares the way for the arrival of King Frost, who brings the killing frost to the land.

The old mountain Hexerei tradition is to rail against him and his armies. While the Giants ultimately take the land in Holle's absence, the railing weakens their ranks and allows more time for Holler to direct their souls to the Wild Hunt.

How this is done:

Winter is natural and necessary for this region. Many seeds need extended time in frozen temperatures, etc. Thus, the best way to frame this entire effort is to focus on winter's grasp over us as individuals. Each of us can assert our authority over ourselves not to become sullen from the heavy snows or the cabin fever. Thus, we are railing against our own reactions to winter, too.

The tool we use is a staff (Schtaab) or, not so ironically, a rail (Riggel). Defensive words are spoken into the end of the staff that will start out in the Abscheechendi (shooing/removing/banishing hand).

Admittedly, curses against the destructive forces have also been spoken historically. These words would be spoken into the Aawendendi (application hand).

What is said: The contents are pretty much up to the individual. This is a form of sympathetic magic, and there are chants or incantations that can be uttered. There are, however, Verbots in place, so I will not write them; a future translation without Verbots is a possibility within the Urglaawe guilds. This is not a matter of withholding as much as it is respect for the practice.

One thing, though, that can be said into both ends of the staff liberally is, "Zing!" This is likely a contraction of "zieh dei(n) Gift" ("move thy poison"). It is said like "TSEENG."

After the words are spoken into the staff, the staff is then lifted above the head and then wielded, shaken, and/or swung in the dominant hand ("more [insert noun] than you can shake a stick at") in a sympathetic striking of the target of the rail. Words may also be uttered during this process. When one feels he or she has sufficiently made a

statement, the rail is lowered. It can later be stood in a doorway or hung on a wall for at least three, six, or nine nights… after nine nights, it may be removed at any time.

We are keeping this defensive. The act of cursing is very dangerous as the energies it creates can harm the self and witnesses. There may be times when cursing is necessary against truly destructive forces, but the coming of winter in the era of modern conveniences is not worth a stain on our Wurt. By framing this as a struggle against ourselves, we have no need to curse and can instead focus on defending ourselves against our own reactions.

Growing With Flax

Jay Gregory - Philadelphia



After last year's "chaos gardening" experiment, I decided to do a bit more planning for this year's spring/summer growing season. Just when I had every seed placement mapped out, die Ziewe threw me a curveball.

This cosmic curveball came in the form of the PA Flax Project, a nonprofit organization dedicated to reestablishing the flax industry in PA. One Tuesday afternoon in mid April, I found myself at the Rittenhouse Square farmer's market during my lunch break, where the PA Flax Project had an information booth. Their logo, a simplistic, almost runic, drawing of stooks of harvested flax, was the first thing that caught my eye. The logo looks pretty close to our Haagel rune.

At first, I tried to resist the pull toward their booth, because I knew that I didn't have the spare time to get heavily involved with another nonprofit group. Ultimately, I was "weak," and couldn't resist striking up a conversation with the person running the booth to learn more about the group, and I'm so glad I did.

I walked away from that conversation with a little less money in my bank account, step-by-step instructions for planting, harvesting and processing, and a packet of seeds to grow one square yard of flax. About a week after planting the seeds, a second packet of seeds and the same informational brochure arrived in the mail. I guess there was a clerical error on their end, but I made sure not to waste the seeds.

When life hands you seeds; plant them!

I planted the first batch in the front of my house and the second in the backyard. Both batches grew well, but the batch out front seemed to be more hearty and strong. I think some of the problems with the flax in the backyard happened because corn started growing wildly in the same patch with the flax and the roots started competing for space. I also have some kind of bindweed growing in the yard that really enjoyed wrapping itself around the flax. Fortunately, it wasn't too difficult to control and I was able to free a good amount of the flax from the bindweed before it could kill the plants, but I do think that it still contributed to the "floppiness" of the flax.

The batch of flax out front of the house wasn't without its own set of challenges. I planted it in the worst spot. I should have planted it in a corner where I wouldn't have to walk through constantly. I've learned that flax seedlings are indeed strong and hearty, but it can quickly become a "floor is lava" situation when you're in a small space and trying your hardest to not step on the seedlings.



Thanks to the guidance in the recorded webinars from the PA Flax Project in conjunction with an incredible book that Stacey passed along to me, I harvested both batches of flax successfully!

What I enjoyed most about the harvesting process is that flax is supposed to be pulled, not cut, because the fibers within the flax extend down to the root. Also, keeping the roots attached to the stalks helps with the drying and retting process. I haven't quite yet committed the

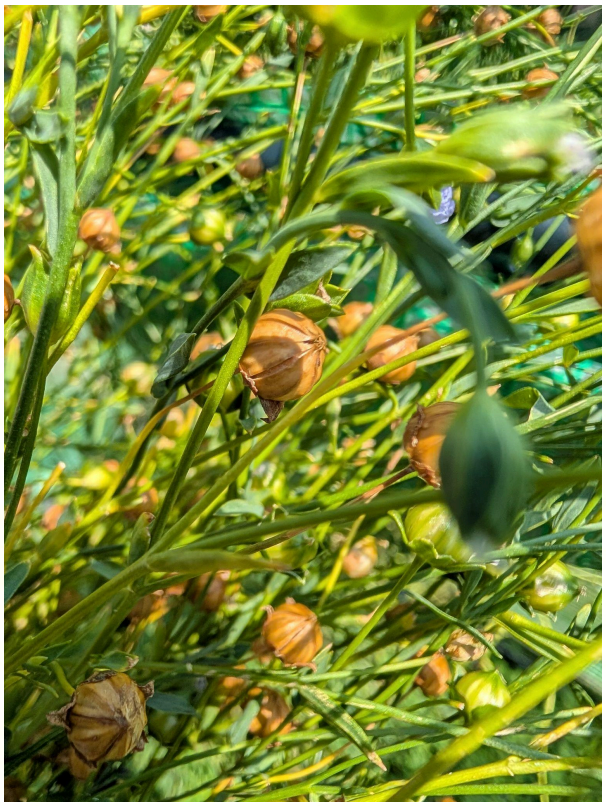
plant-related verbots to memory, so defaulting to pulling helped ease any lingering anxieties I had regarding breaking any verbots.

I set aside a bit of the flax and dried it in my shed for next season's Butzemann and I plan to bring some as an offering for the Hoietfesch altar this year.

Currently, I'm in the drying/stooking phase of post-harvest flax processing. My two little stooks propped up in my yard are nowhere near the scale of what a properly equipped farm can produce, but I'm still incredibly proud of what I've accomplished so far.

The next step is to commission someone way more handy than me to build a tabletop flax brake so I can break down the fibers after the drying and retting process finishes.

After that, it will be time to pass off the flax to the spinners of our community to work their magic.



Growing flax helped me grow spiritually by helping me immerse myself deeper into the Urglaawe worldview. The flax I grew here is the same flax in die Bollwies in Dunkelgegend. Before growing flax, the visualization of the flax meadow was very "generic field of tall plants" in my mind's eye. I had a general idea of what flax looked like from pictures, but now that I've grown flax and interacted with and studied the plant up close in detail, that same visualization of the flax fields in Holle's realm is much more detailed. The best way I can describe it is that my visualization upgraded from HD to 4K!

I'm looking forward to this next phase of the relationship I'm forming with flax and I'm hopeful that my next flax-related article will feature pictures of finished thread!

Mach's immer besser!

Es Gaarde-Blaudsh

Arden Taylor - Bellefonte, Pennsylvania



The house I bought is very boring. It is a single-level mid-century ranch house, painted in beige. The yard in front is flat, though fairly substantial for being on the highway. The backyard is also flat, and large enough. When I bought it, there were a few small arborvitae in the front, framing the driveway.

It occurred to me, while we were waiting to close on the property, that I'd have to mow almost a half an acre. I'm very fortunate to have a mostly flat yard, but my hatred for mowing cannot be overstated. It is my least favorite chore. I knew I'd have to mow the back, because I have a dog and she needs a bit of space.

But the front? The front I was free to destroy.

There is a particular kind of electricity that comes with standing in front of an empty yard with the whole season ahead. The ground is unwritten. The combinations are endless. A blank canvas in a garden is one of the genuinely rare opportunities in a creative life — the chance to build something wonderful from something ordinary, to make a place that didn't exist before and that will keep becoming itself for years after the first planting.

The challenge isn't the freedom. It's channeling it — turning infinite possibility into a coherent plan without losing the energy that made the blank canvas exciting in the first place. Too much constraint produces a garden that feels designed rather than grown. Too little produces one that never quite comes together.

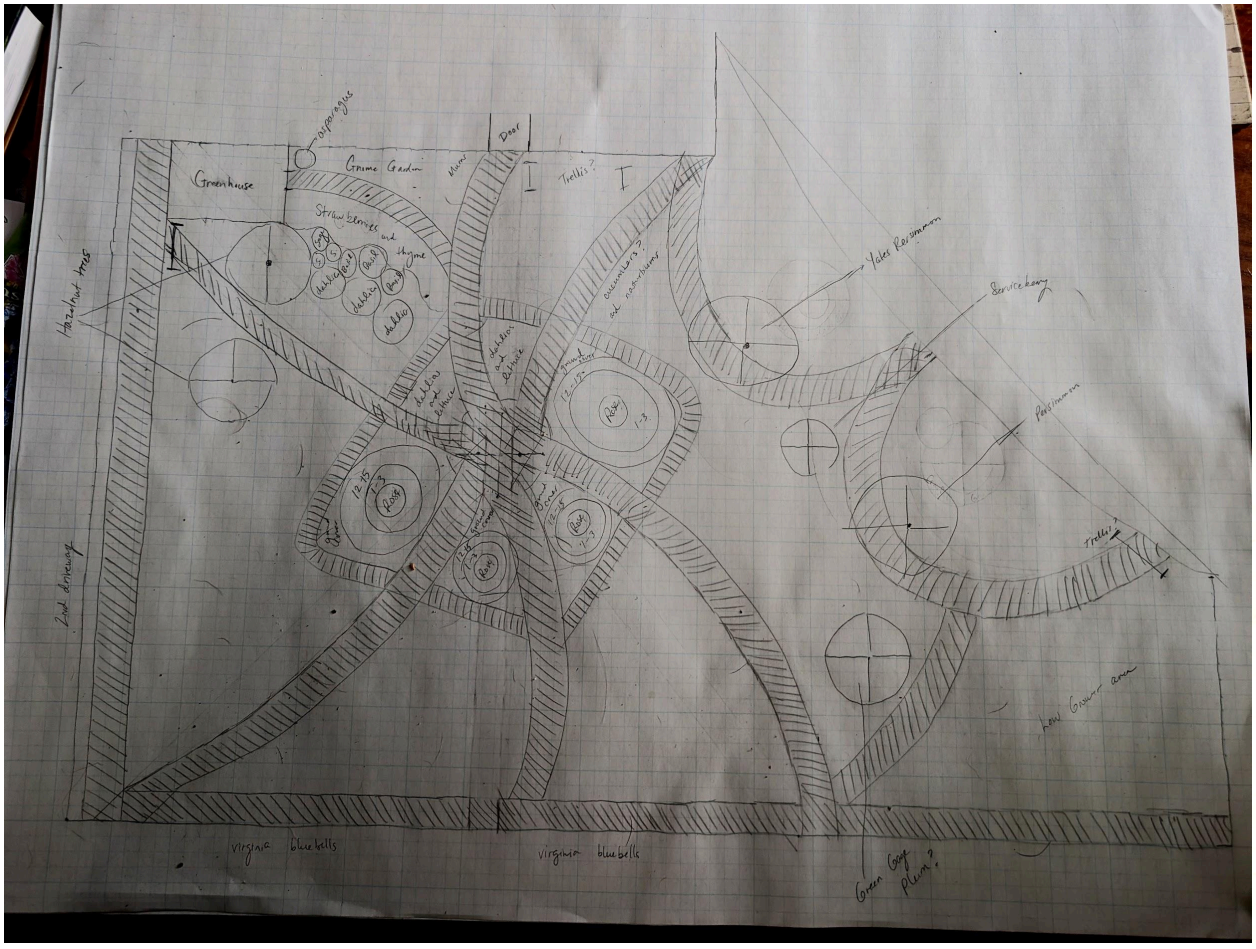
The answer is a process: a sequence of decisions that narrows possibility into intention, each step building on the last until the garden has its own logic and the

choices start making themselves. Keep in mind, no garden looks exactly as it did on the first version of the plan. Mine will be no exception.

This first column will be mostly about the plan.

Step 1: Walkways

Maintaining a garden takes work. Work requires movement. Where will you walk in your garden? Do you require your pathways to be handicap accessible? Or wide enough for a wheel barrel? Do you need a path for a dump truck to get through? Are people going to be stepping on delicate plants if you don't visually contain them?



I decided to make my garden paths a giant bindrune. I spent several days re-reading all of our information about Urglaawe runes, and consulting with our guild

rune expert. Once my bindrune was complete (and superimposed on a to-scale map I made of my front yard) I could start with plant selection.



Apparently parts of the bindrune are now visible on Google Maps, because they retook their satellite images during my layout process.

Step 2: Identify Priorities

What are the goals of your garden?

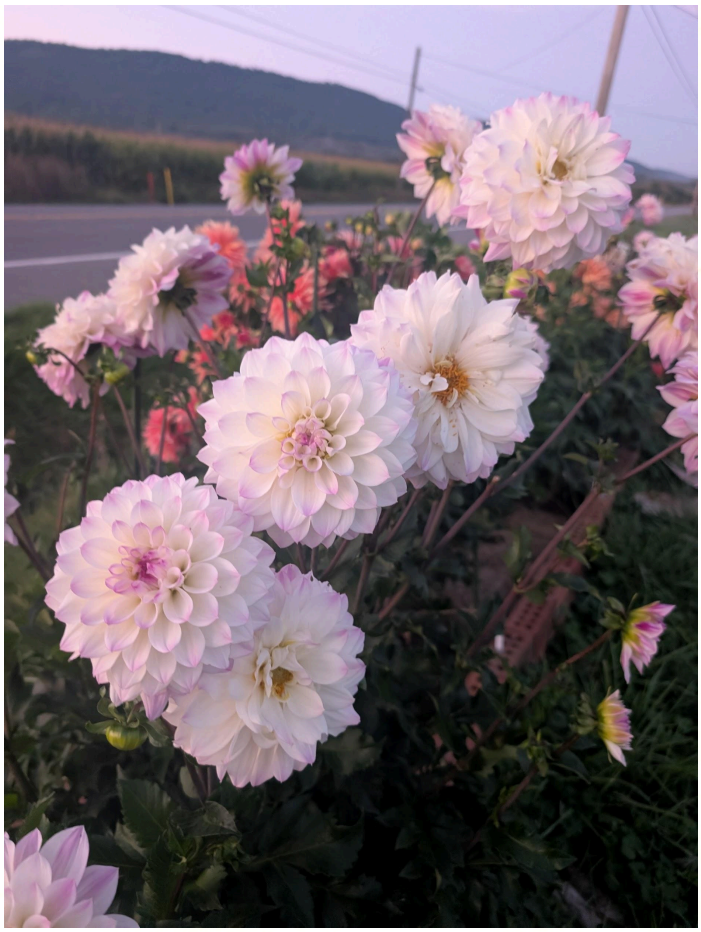
A garden can't do everything equally well, and trying to make it do so produces a garden that does nothing memorably. Before the first plant list is made, name your priorities explicitly and rank them honestly.

Are you gardening for pollinators and wildlife, or for cut flowers, or for food production, or for visual beauty from the house? Is low maintenance more important than seasonal drama? Do you want a garden that peaks in spring, or one that carries interest across all four seasons? Is fragrance a priority? Evening use? Children's play?

The answers to these questions don't just inform the plant list — they determine the garden's structural logic. A garden prioritizing pollinators and low maintenance will be organized around native plants, self-seeding drifts, and minimal intervention. A garden prioritizing cut flowers will be organized around succession planting, regular deadheading, and access for harvesting. A garden prioritizing romance and atmosphere will be organized around fragrance, enclosure, and the quality of light at different times of day.

None of these is wrong. You might be told that trying to optimize for all of them simultaneously produces a garden with no clear identity and no clear hierarchy of

decisions. I disagree, but you still must list your priorities so you can make tradeoffs that are acceptable to you and get creative with your choices.



Overall, I want my garden to look very beautiful and inspire my neighbors and community. So visual impact is paramount to me. A palette for a garden is not just a list of colors — it's a set of relationships and a register. Cool tones (blues, purples, lavenders, whites) create a different atmosphere from warm tones (reds, oranges, yellows). A narrow palette sustained across many plants creates a sense of inevitability and depth. A broad palette creates variety and energy. Neither is wrong, but they produce fundamentally different experiences, and the choice should be deliberate rather than accidental. When you're creating your wishlist, don't just list by color. Think about the shape of the blooms and the height of the plant as well. You're building an outdoor bouquet.

And if you love fireflies, like I do, you'll want things that you can easily leave dead so the fireflies have plenty of spots to overwinter. Your garden needs its dead matter for beneficial insects of all sorts to thrive. So choosing plants that grow to different heights and have different textures creates a garden that looks kinda cool even when everything is dead.

It's too early to tell if my garden palette will give the effect I want, but I've been pleasantly surprised by how much visual impact it already has just in season 1. Some of my foundational choices might need to be changed in light of challenges in different parts of the yard. This is fine. If it's still pretty, I'm still happy.

Step 2: Build in ecological function from the beginning

A garden designed around ecological function — for pollinators, for birds, for host plants and food webs — is not a different kind of garden from a beautiful one. It is a more beautiful one, because the ecological relationships it supports produce a living quality that no amount of purely decorative planting achieves. Once you see it in the gardening choices around where you live, you can't unsee it. A bed covered in bees, a monarch caterpillar on a milkweed leaf, a thrush eating spicebush berries in October — these are the garden's most valuable moments, and they happen only if the plants that support them are there.

From a practical perspective, not just a sentimental one, this also supports other goals you might have for your garden. I don't just want my garden to look pretty, I also want it to feed me.

Step 3: Locate edibles and ornamentals in relationship to each other

A garden that integrates food production and ornamental planting is more interesting than one that separates them entirely — but the integration requires some consideration.



The most useful approach is to think in terms of a gradient rather than a binary. A kitchen garden at one end of the property, a purely ornamental garden at the other, and a middle zone where the two blur and overlap produces a garden with genuine depth and surprise. In addition, do some additional research and see the gradient that exists already in our plant selection. What "ornamental" plants can you also eat?

Because my yard is right on a highway, I decided to put almost all the edible plants between the midpoint of the yard and my house, and the inedible plants (or just plants I don't intend to eat) between

the midpoint and the road. This makes it easier to keep track of what goes where, and to keep foraging children safe.



I want my garden to feel romantic and whimsical. So with few exceptions, plants are spread out and not grouped together by type. Lettuce is scattered around the strawberry patch and some of the dahlias. Squash plants border a massive patch of native mountain mint. Chives and basil tower over tiny gnomes I put in a part of the garden I built a castle in for my daughter.

Step 4: Defer decisions that the garden will make for you

Not every decision needs to be made before planting begins. Some of the most important design choices — the position of a canopy tree, the location of a seating structure, the exact routing of a path in a new section — are genuinely better made after a season or two in the ground, when you can see how the light falls, where you naturally want to linger, which plants are thriving and which are struggling, and what the garden actually feels like to inhabit.

And some of your initial choices WON'T WORK and will need to be retried, or changed entirely. I lost one persimmon tree, a serviceberry, two dahlias and three delphiniums in a strange bermuda-triangle of yard where fungal rot seems to be the only thing that thrives. Next year I will have to try something different in that section.

If you pay attention, you may also find treasures that can change your plans for your garden. This year I found twenty different white vervain plants growing in different parts of the yard. I gently dug them all up and created a patch of them in a part of the yard I'd originally intended other things to go. They are beautiful and do an interesting feathering thing with their foliage after they bloom.

Pay attention to the things that aren't grass that you find in your yard. You may find treasures too.

Step 5: Focus on what you've achieved instead of what you didn't

I lost a lot of plants this year.

No one noticed.

I constantly have complete strangers pulling over when I'm outside, or knocking on my door after they've pulled off the highway completely, to tell me how much they love my garden and to ask questions about what I'm working on. And it's a beautiful garden. I can't wait to show you more of it.

March 2026 - Beginning of Project



September 2026 - Current State of Project



Sacred Flame and the God of the Controlled Spark

Justin Slavens - Greenland, Arkansas

In the early days of humanity, a fire started by a lightning strike would have been like a gift from the gods. Fire was survival. It cast a circle and in that circle we were safer. If the fire went out, you had to hope to be gifted fire once more. We would carry embers and torches from location to location. Hoping all the way that the fire stays alive. I suspect the concept of hearth spirits go far back into prehistory. Losing your ember would be like losing a close friend. Later on, someone had the creative idea to keep spinning a stick between their palms just to see how hot it would get. Because of that spark of creativity, we could now create the ember with materials much safer to travel with.

The spark was more literal once someone struck a sharp piece of flint with a piece of pyrite. They identified the spark for what it was. It had the potential to change life. Through practice and luck, we learned to control the spark. The striking method is still the primary means of starting a fire to this day. The materials may have changed but the concept is still the same. The lighter is a direct descendant of the flint and pyrite method. A large percentage of people carry that controlled spark with them everyday, and never think anything of it.

In much of Europe, specifically Germanic territories, ceremonial fires would be lit through friction/churn methods. In one account, the ember was created on a platform built into the barn for that purpose. The fire was then lit and a piece of it was carried around the barn to create a safe space for the animals that live there. In some accounts, a fire door would be constructed and a large branch or log would be mounted in a door frame-like structure and spun back and forth with a rope. Sometimes the number of spinners would be specified. Nine was very common, but other numbers were also mentioned. This would be used to start community bonfires for large events.

While I love the churn method in theory. It's a lot of work. I would love to build a fire door as a group to make a ceremonial fire. But, in the modern age I could only see

that being done at very pivotal gatherings. I personally try to use a flint and steel to start my forge. But like I mentioned earlier, the lighter is using a striker as well. It's just a little more advanced. If you can't use an alternative method I would consider finding a zippo style lighter, or look into making one. But, even a plastic disposable would work. Decorate and dedicate your lighter. Acknowledge the spark that it holds.

People often talk about Prometheus when the history of fire use is brought up. But, I think Prometheus is more akin to the lightning struck tree. While it was very important in our development, it was merely a starting point.

I believe the same energy that causes advancements in the physical crafts is the energy that taught us to control the spark as we do today. I call him Weiland, but he has cognates stretching back potentially to proto-indo-european. This is why I think he is more than just a smithing god. He was with us before we even learned of metal. He was the god of the controlled spark.

It would make sense for a deity like this to settle into the smithing role. Nothing really expresses the concept of controlled spark like the work of a blacksmith. Using the fire you created to mold and shape an unshapeable object into something useful is magic in and of itself. But before that, we had Flint knappers, woodworkers, and potters.

He was there when the first woodworkers learned to fire harden their Spears or that flame could be used to shape the wood more quickly. He was there when the first knapper discovered that heat treating a piece of flint makes it more easily worked. He was there when the first Potter discovered that you could cook the Earth to make Stone.

He will be here for everything that follows.

Urglaawe Beneath Southern Skies

Ryan Edmonds - Johannesburg, Gauteng South Africa

Where do you think the sun's light goes to when you are in the depths of winter? What happens to die megge (the life force energy) inside the fruits and flowers when the trees sleep and lose their leaves?

Where do you think Holler is vacationing to when the snows have melted and the summer days shine hot and bright?

... the answer to all the questions above is simple: The Southern Hemisphere!

Welcome to "Urglaawe Beneath the Southern Skies". My name Rev. Ryan Edmonds. I am an ordained Pagan priest, the Public Relations Officer of the South African Pagan Council (SAPC), and a Southern Hemisphere Heathen. I am also an initiated and lineaged Braucher and Hex in the Blobarrick Freindschaft, and a friend to the Distelfink Sippschaft (an inclusive Urglaawe kindred with members in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, for those who are still learning).

Did you know that a few centuries ago, Mother Holle had a vision that Her people would end up seeking refuge in Distant Lands? She threw a handful of Elder berries into the air and, in her heart, she wished that the seeds of those berries would be carried to New Soils - taking with them Her blessings, Her magick, and Her wisdom, so that Her people would one day remember their ancestral ways.

Some of those seeds landed in the rich black earth of Pennsylvania, sprouting a culture of enchantment - people of warm hearts, earth-centred traditions, and a penchant for magick. But did you know that a strong South-Easter was blowing that day as well, and that a large portion of those seeds ended up landing in the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, in 1652?

My own ancestors have been here from 1695, and I am a patchwork quilt of traceable ancestry that is German, Dutch, English, Afrikaans, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, French-Hugenough, and German-Jew. In order to understand the context of how Urglaawe has reached African shores, it might be helpful to share a bit of my story...

I was raised by an amazing single mother in a home that fostered the Old Religion. Wicca has been my spiritual home for nearly 30 years, and still holds a special place in my heart and life. In the 90's I discovered the writings of Silver RavenWolf, which led me to HexCraft, Pow-Wow and, eventually, Urglaawe-based Braucherei. I have always felt a deep connection with this tradition, and devoured every book I could find on the subject. Most of the core texts I drew from were written through the lens of Christianity, which has never been my personal worldview. I was never Christian; Paganism was the cosmology

I lived, loved and dreamed in. So I found myself needing to adapt the charms and prayers, which I managed to do in a way that felt more aligned to my spiritual path.

Oh yes, I forgot to mention: During my childhood I was like an amateur sleath-folklorist. These were the days "pre-internet" (I am a child of the 80's), and much of my time was spent in the local library devouring texts on magick, superstitions, ancestry, herbology, astrology, New-Age spirituality, and all sorts of related writings. While my mom was out working, I enjoyed spending time with my grandmother (Nanna), great-grandmother (Ouma), and their friends - I seldom enjoyed hanging out with kids my own age.

It was from my Ouma that I first learned about the tea-leaf readers in our family (her mother was one, as was one of "the aunties"), and mom and I would often read one another's tea cups and tarot cards when I was growing up - memories I deeply treasure! I would actually grow up to study psychology, and end up choosing to rather be a professional diviner, healer, and medium (but that is another story).

During my childhood I had many magickal teachers, and gathered many bits and pieces of lore and Old Wive's Tales. I realised that South African culture was rich in magic, faery lore, superstitions, ghost stories, unsolved mysteries, and legendary figures - mostly preserved through the Afrikaans culture (a people who are mainly a mixture of German, Dutch, French-Hugenot ancestry), and its interaction with traditional African tribes. We as South Africans developed our own Euro-African folklore over 300 years - the study of which is still a passion of mine, and something I am actively working to preserve.

Some of the things I learned growing up included prayers and herbs for healing, charms (often written on paper) for protection, “sprokiesverhale” (faery tales) and animal fables (which used to be a big deal in Africa, before the rise of TV and social media). I learned ways to stop bleeding, soothe burns, pull out headaches, and assist with sleeplessness.

My Anglican Granny (dad’s mom) was an avid grower of roses, and she taught me the power of caring for the soil, and also how to use Holy Ash to bless the ill and suffering.

My mother and her friends taught me how to dowse using a ring on a strand of hair in order to determine the gender of an unborn baby. We also hosted seances as our home growing up, and Mom always encouraged my love for herbalism and faery gardens. It was a magickal childhood - one I am deeply grateful for.

During my later teen years and early 20’s I initiated under Wiccan elders, became a Freemason, studied Druidry through OBOD, certified as a Herbalist, and trained as a Sangoma. My love and yearning for Spirit has always been what kept the drum of my heart beating.

Little did I know that Holle had other plans for me…

On the 1st of January 2022 Rob Schreiwer reached out to me and invited me to join the Blobarrick Freindschaft’s new intake of Braucherei and Hexerei apprentices. It wasn’t until June 2025 that I formally began my training under my mentor (and dear friend), Monica Rice.

During that year, I immersed myself in the teachings I was so blessed to receive, and at the Summer Solstice of 2026 my partner and I travelled to the States to participate in Guild’s annual retreat, and for me to receive my Passing of the Power. It was during the Blobarrick apprenticeship that my interest in Urglaawe began to spark. Spirituality is a mysterious beast, and my desire to learn has taken me down some rather wonderful roads. The soul must grow, and I believe spirituality should not be stagnant. Our roots need to explore new soils in order to enrich our understanding of Self, the Divine, and Universe. As Rob once told me, “Everyone has sovereignty over their own spirituality.”

Because most of my Wiccan and Druidice background satisfied my Celtic ancestors, and my training as a Sangoma offered me a way to connect to the Land upon which I live, I was always looking for a system that connected me to my Germanic heritage. I tried Asatru many times, but it felt (to me) like the focus was often on the "warrior" side of life. The gods all wore battle helmets, and the goddesses were often portrayed as sex symbols. I wanted to focus on Odin as the Wandering Wizard, not the King of Slain Warriors. I desired to know Freya as Witch and Medicine Woman, not a flirtatious harlot. The people in the Asatru communities I attempted to connect with online were all bikers, covered in tattoos, and often seemed to border on a bit of racism. I am a gay man and (although I have nothing against bikes or tattoos, mind you) I grew up under Nelson Mandela's "Rainbow Nation" - the New South Africa. I wanted nothing to do with those old connections to Apartheid. So, although I loved the lore and legends offered by the Eddas, and a deep pull to the Runes, Asatru just didn't fulfil my personal spiritual needs. I was not a "rough, buff, horn-wearing" viking! I was a soft-hearted, home-and-garden-loving, homosexual, vegetarian Witch - I still am!

Enter Urglaawe! As if by fate or design, the Threads of Wurt (Wyrd) started to weave together. Braucherei healing, Hexerei folk magic, and Urglaawe cosmology. They all honoured home, garden, family, and the virtues of kindness, love, inclusivity, courage, truth and study. This was more my kind of Heathenry! The Urglaawe goddesses are all tender, loving, mysterious and wise. The gods (although still brave and strong) feel to me more like supportive fathers, kind uncles, and protective older brothers - not the "smash-the-woman-over-the-head-and-drag-her-to-your-cave" kinda guys I had found in other forms of Germanic Heathenry. The spirits I was learning about in Braucherei all loved spending time in the home and garden, like I do, and the medicine wheel and seasonal cycles are all adaptable to one's own land - Sacred Ecology at its best.

Now, I was already accustomed to inverting the Wheel of the Year, which is something many of our Northern kin might not realise is something we need to do. We also need to adapt certain ritual aspects. For example, our sun rises in the East, culminates in the North, and sets in the West. This means that the movement of our heavens (and the flow of geological energy) works ANTI-clockwise for us. Also, most Pagans in the Southern Hemisphere assign elemental Fire to the North (the heat of

midday, the equator, and the peak of the summer sun), and Earth in the South (where we get our cold from, and which is the darkest quarter of the sky). Others adopt a more localised elemental connection, looking to where the mountains are, where the wind comes from, where the rain/sea might sit in alignment to their homes, etc.

While Neo-Paganism was well-established in South African soil back in the 1980s (and our constitution, being the most liberally-inclusive constitutions in the world, protects our rights to freedom of religion), Urglaawe is certainly the new kid on the block. How exciting! I am also (as far as I know) the first, and only, initiated Braucherei and Hexerei practitioner in my country who carries a PA Dutch lineage given directly from the people of that sacred land - a badge of honour I wear with great honour, humility and pride.

I have been teaching folk magick and Craft for nearly 20 years. This includes regional variants of Braucherei which are known here as “Boererate” (Folk Remedies), “Wonderwerk” (Miracle Work), “Towerkuns” (Sorcery) and “Heksery” (Witchcraft). I have also been facilitating public Pagan seasonal rituals since 2006 (yes, at 19 years old, I was often hosting Sabbats of over 100 people in my small home town of Boksburg). However, now that my natural love of, and respect for, the healing and magickal systems of the PA Dutch have woven together with my own localised ancestral traditions, it is inevitable that my teaching and public ritual work would begin to take on this organic integration.

We have now formed a small, localised Urglaawe community called the Hollesvolk Study Group, which will most likely establish itself as a Freehold naturally over time while we tread the Wheel of the Year together. We are situated at the base of the Helderberg mountains, right next to the sea, in an area of the Western Cape called the Cape Winelands (a very German-influenced region of South Africa). We are a fully inclusive group, and open to any respectful seeker who wishes to learn and practice these sacred traditions.

Within our group we have a beautiful mixture of eager students from various backgrounds, all loving the newly formed connections to ancestral spirituality. I am also teaching more and more of the Braucherei-style traditions I grew up with, alongside

public-domain (non-verbot) teachings that exist within books like HexCraft. The Urglaawe Primer is currently our core textbook.

One of the most exciting challenges our group will soon be engaging in is the research (and preservation) of our own local healing lore, myths, legends and magical practices as it relates to the ancestral roots of Urglaawe and Braucherei. We have already discovered some interesting connections, such as an Afrikaans preservation of the Butzemann (here called die Boetseman) in a song sung by children. Another connection is a cultural staple of South African cuisine called Vetkoeke (a sweet or savoury cousin of the PA Dutch "fettkuche"), which are often eaten here on Shrove Tuesday alongside Pannekoeke ("pancakes", which are crepe-thin version of flapjacks). Unlike sweet Fettkuche, Vetkoek is famously sliced open and stuffed with savoury curried mince or apricot jam and cheddar cheese. Recently we also discovered that our local variant of the groundhog (called a Dassie) has his own spring lore. We also have our own version of the Hexenkopf, called the Hexrivierberge (Hex River Mountains). The stark connections are both exciting and beautiful!

Looking forward I predict we might naturally develop (to borrow a phrase from Wicca) an "inner-court" style group of those interested in the more serious study of folk magic and Heathen spirituality, and a more "outer court" community who are only interested in attending public rituals, but not really wishing to commit to deeper study. We will see over time.

I am currently busy working on a website (launching soon) which will act as a living archive of our own local traditions, and also a resource for Germanic-based Heathens living in the Southern Hemisphere - with a specific focus on Urglaawe.

For now, there is a gentle wurt-weaving happening... a magickal triangle connecting Pennsylvania, South Africa, and the Old Country. The love and support from the Blobarrick Freindschaft, and Distelfink Sippschaft, have been immensely fortifying! The guidance from the tradition elders has proved to be invaluable, and our recent visit to Pennsylvania has forged a deep friendship and community bond which I will carry and treasure for many lives to come.

I don't presume to know what Holle has planned for Urglaawe in South Africa yet, but I am delighting in the synergy and love that feels like it is going into the weaving of this tapestry. For now, I am just happy to follow Her guidance, and allow the story to unfold in natural timing.

We are the newly sprouting South African Urglaawer - Brauchers, Hexen, Seekers and Weavers. Our ancestors are your ancestors. We share magick, stories, songs, food and folk ways. Our roots draw from the same well.

We are the Urglaawer beneath Southern Skies. Hail!

Artist's Corner

From Justin Slavens Forge:





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@urglaawe.org.

Die Urglaawich Sippschaft vum Distelfink

Robert L. Schreiwer - President

Adam Izquierdo - Vice-President

Michelle Jones - Secretary

Michael Stewart - Treasurer

Becke Spille - Logistics Officer

Stacey Stewart - PR, Fundraising and Publications Officer

Urglaawe International

Robert L. Schreiwer - President & CEO

India Falkabarn - Secretary

Michael Stewart - Treasurer

Arden Taylor - Webmaster and Managing Editor

Submissions for the Winter 2026 issue must be received by November 20, 2026 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.

