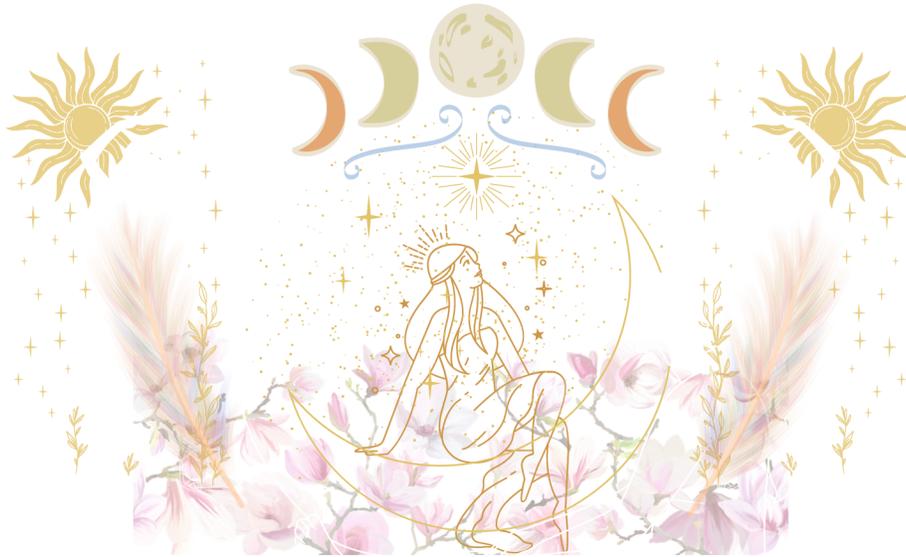


METRO VALLEY PAGAN PRESS

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Spring Awakenings ; Ostara & Other Sacred Days of Spring



Imbolc

by Elliott W. Stewart-Sundahl

Imbolc has always been one of my favorite holidays. Since Brigid first called out to me one day before Imbolc many years ago (through Tumblr “dashomancy,” if that dates me as enough of an old fart), I’ve tried my best to do a little something to honor it. Even in times when I wasn’t practicing, I’d at least give the day a cursory nod.

I think for some, Imbolc can be a hard holiday to get a grasp of if they aren’t on a Brigid path. In Huntington, it was a little difficult to see the day as “spring is coming” when the roads were still covered in thick sheets of ice (Thanks, MayorFerrell!) I nearly

turned my ankle carefully tromping up the steps of where I was celebrating. But inside was friendship, conversation, and a hot bowl of potato soup. My Imbolc was an evening spent manifesting fertile possibilities, so a little more metaphorical than literal, and I feel good about the prospects of those new ideas and hopes.

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A lot of folks had spent the previous month setting New Years Resolutions, making goals for the year and even doing vision boards. This is all well and good, but it seems like February is really where rubber hits the road with plans. And maybe that's a natural cycle! Pop psychology says it takes 30 days to form a new habit. If January 1 is about setting goals, Imbolc can manifest those that have been worth the month of effort.

If we align the wheel of the year with the tarot, Imbolc would be the Fool, brashly stepping forward into a new adventure. It takes courage to turn a new leaf, and sometimes courage is a foolish venture to those outside of the situation (or heck, even your own nagging self-doubt). With the guidance of our deities, our ancestors, and our ethics and values, we can safely arrive at Yule/the World with lessons learned and hopefully goals completed.

The world is... not great right now, to put it lightly. So what lessons can we take away from Brigid and Imbolc? May we turn this dumpster fire into a forge; to sharpen our spirits so we can stand up for justice. May we use the forces of poetry and song to give a counter narrative to the one in the zeitgeist telling us to fear our neighbors and conform, consume, and capitulate. May we take time to grieve and rest. And most of all, when we lose hope, may we see the snowdrops sprouting up in the snow to remind us that spring is right around the corner.

Spring Cleaning: Freshen Up Yer Pantry

By Ylva Wolfe

Spring is almost here! We are all noticing the warm sun peeking out more and more. The lengthening days reminding us that it's almost time for action. The urge to Spring Clean is trickling in, and Mercury retrograde (2/26-3/20) is a very good time to indulge in that instinct. (Since everything else seems to go haywire, anyway.)

This year as you're getting into your cleaning groove, don't neglect your pantry! As spiritual people, we know the hearth has an important role in the home. Keeping our families healthy and happy is paramount, but it has never felt harder to give that importance the focus it deserves. One way to invigorate the energy of your home is to focus on how you fuel it: the pantry. The energy of your pantry shouldn't feel stagnant and musty, that won't inspire anyone to make a healthy delicious meal around the hearth. To be the best Kitchen Witch you can be, you need to feel inspired in the kitchen! Here's some suggestions to get you started on a stocked pantry you are excited to work from:

* Pull out all the things that will never get eaten at your house, donate the good stuff to your community and feed the rest to the coons.

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* FIFO your stores! First In, First Out - this is a well known food safety practice to ensure freshness and ease of access. To achieve this, simply put all like foods together and put the oldest items in the front to be grabbed first. Once you get the order sorted out, it's effortless to maintain. Just restock from the back.

* Build up your supplies - It can be hard to fully stock a pantry in one go, but it's pretty easy to start buying a few extra cans and boxes with every grocery trip. Don't overthink it, just grab one or two extra items that will keep each time you go shopping.

* Give your pantry an aesthetic upgrade! This can be in the form of fancy clear containers that the Pinterest babes drool over, cheap but gorgeous shelf liners, peel and stick wall paper, sleek can organizers, or you can do something silly (and free) like put your food in rainbow order according to labels.

* Build up a large pantry quickly by ordering in bulk! The Church of Latter Day Saints has an excellent selection of affordable long term storage that ships for \$3. Bulk shopping centers like Sam's Club are another solid option. (An editor's note-the irony of pagans ordering in bulk for staples from LDS is not lost on me, but I would like to point out that it is a resource folks may choose to use or not at their own discretion. Speaking with Ylva, they have said that they have not had anyone knocking on their doors and no strange-related mailings sent to their address-it does require name, address to mail things. Hopefully we will be able to offer such things to our own community, but right now, we make do with what we have at hand.)

Make your last step of this working a declaration of your success. Cleanse your space spiritually and say:

"My pantry is overflowing
with enough blessings to share
Abundance is my birthright
My hearth is alive
And my home is happy."

(Customize to suit your needs and practice)

Honoring your home is honoring yourself, and having a full pantry is wonderful for your peace of mind. We don't know everything that's ahead of us, but we can take some small bit of control by acting with intent and honoring our homes.



Why I Don't Celebrate Ostara

By Cináed GreyRaven

Irish pagans do not historically celebrate a festival called **Ostara** because the name, goddess, and liturgy of Ostara are not part of the native Irish tradition at all; they are modern, largely Germanic/Anglo-Saxon and Wiccan imports layered over the pan-European spring equinox.[2][4][8]

Where Ostara Comes From

Ostara (or Eostre) is a reconstructed spring festival centered on a hypothesized Anglo-Saxon dawn goddess whose name survives in English as "Easter." [4][2]

Modern Pagan and especially Wiccan calendars place Ostara at the spring equinox and associate it with eggs, hares, and themes of balance and renewal.[8][2][4]

These customs are rooted in Germanic and broader European folk practice, not in specifically Irish myth or medieval Irish sources.[2][4][8]

Some scholars even argue that there is little or no solid evidence for an ancient cult of "Ostara" as a distinct, widely celebrated festival, further undercutting any claim that it belongs to Irish Pagan history.[6]

The Irish Seasonal Cycle

Irish Pagan practice is grounded first in the **quarter days** or fire festivals: Samhain, Imbolc, Bealtaine, and Lughnasa, which mark seasonal shifts in light, land, and agricultural work.[3][5][7]

In Irish folklore, spring begins at Imbolc (around February 1), associated with Brigid, lambing season, and the first stirrings of the land, so by the time of the equinox, Ireland is already in "mid-spring," not the first touch of spring that Ostara narratives often assume.[1][5][3]

Alongside these, the solstices and equinoxes themselves are marked in the landscape by monumental sites and alignments, but without a named "Ostara" in the Irish language or lore.[5][7][1]

The Irish name for the spring equinox is Cónocht an Earraigh, literally the spring equinox, not Ostara.[7]

What Irish Pagans Celebrate At That Time

Around the spring equinox, Irish Pagans who are working in a culturally rooted way generally focus on:

- The **balance of day and night**, recognizing the turning of the year as light begins to dominate and winter's hold breaks.[1][5][7]

- **Renewal of the land**: cleansing, blessing, and preparing fields, gardens, and homes, in continuity with old agrarian concerns about planting and livestock.[5][1]

- **Connection to sacred sites**: recognizing that megalithic cairns and stone circles in Ireland and across Celtic lands were built to catch the equinox light, and treating the equinox as a time to align with land, ancestors, and sovereignty rather than with an imported goddess-name.[7][1][5]

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Many Irish Pagans fold in devotional work to deities who make sense in this landscape and season—such as Brigid’s continued presence from Imbolc, land and sovereignty goddesses, or deities connected with water and fertility—rather than turning to Eostre.[9][5][7]

Simple practices might include water offerings at springs or wells, fire and smoke for purification, feasting, and time outdoors in the lengthening light.[9][1][5]

Why Using “Ostara” Is Misleading For Irish Practice

Calling the Irish spring equinox “Ostara” can unintentionally:

- Center a Germanic/Wiccan framework instead of Irish cosmology and language.[4][8][2]

- Suggest that Irish people historically venerated a goddess or festival for which there is no evidence in Irish sources.[6][7]

- Blur the distinctiveness of Imbolc as the true “first of spring” in the Irish cycle and reduce the equinox to a copy of a pan-Pagan template instead of a land-specific turning.[3][1][5][7]

For Irish Pagans, it is more culturally coherent to speak of Imbolc and Cónocht an Earraigh, and to celebrate the equinox as a moment of balance, cleansing, and renewed relationship with the Irish land and its spirits, rather than as “Ostara.”[1][3][5][7]

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The Wind Rallies Freedom

Poem by Fee Schrader

aka Lady Ferrous NightWind

The Wind Rallies Freedom

The wind screams freedom
On the haggard breaths of the oppressed.

Our soil is soggy with the tears and sweat
of so many disenfranchised souls.

Riverbeds run red with the life fluid of the
forlorn.

The wild soul fire cries "Burn it!"
But the Mother touts, "Easy now, would it
be less reckless to fight for peace?"

The very wind howls for freedom, that
boisterous, joyous change is a comin'.

Magick up, dear ones, magick up I say, and
fear not.

For the first shall be last and the last shall
be first.

And by sheer will and laser focus Utopia is
no arduous task.

So fear not, friends, for mighty spirits are
on our side.

Because I heard the wind cry, I felt the
wind whip.

The wind rallies...

FREEDOM

Peace be upon you



I'll leave the door open.

By Dottie the Psychic

The lesson of the mountain is isolation. Through all of this I have tried to avoid cutting off or blocking people. There were some. Some have cut me off because they don't agree with my opinion. I have been clear about my opinions. If you are confused feel free to ask in the comments. The reason the door is open, despite core disagreements, is a Pagan sense of redemption.

I too bought the ball and dang danged the diggy. It was a long time ago, but definitely after Kid Rock's black friends stopped talking to him. I never went full volkish. I was never with THOSE white people, but early YouTube occultism was a spiritual redpill pipeline. I watch some asshole argue that the Holocaust (yes that one) was an attempt to open a Hell gate. I don't remember why he wanted to open the Hell gate. That video came down when the channel was nuked because a follower killed somebody around a half decade later. It was a redpill pipeline. There are parts that still very much are.

I was very isolated at the time. My ex was an equal opportunity hater. He hated everyone I knew. They heated him back. I hated life and some imaginary oppressive minority that could be assigned to anyone except the real problem. I had to leave or die. That's what it took to break my oath.

I left my ex not knowing who I was. Everything felt like a shock. I didn't know how to interact. I had to piece together the truth. I had to change the way I speak. Becoming who I am took intentional growth, some great people, and a YouTube trans woman.

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It took a very loud ex-marine asking me if I'm F-ing high more often than I care to admit.

Change takes courage and shows character. It's a hard process and it takes patients. You have to have patients with yourself, but also find people that have patients with you. Transformation is an ugly, uncomfortable, tumultuous, and intentional process. I'll leave the door open for anyone leaving the bad old days, but you have to be willing to unpack your baggage. Better sooner than later.



*Bottic the
Psychic*



Announcements

March 5th 2026 Onward

We are going Quarterly! If you'd like to submit an article, send an inquiry on the website, or submit an article to mvpaganpride@gmail.com

The 2nd Wednesday of every month is the **MVPP Business Meeting**, we shoot for 7, but it can sometimes be delayed if waiting for key officers or planning leads to get in

The 3rd Wednesday of every month is the **MVPP Event Planning Meeting**, we shoot for 7, but it can sometimes be delayed if waiting for key officers or planning leads to get in

In the community

Broom Not Vroom September 26th, 2026 at Teays Valley Park. The Big Shelter in the back, starts about 11. If you want to get involved, come to the meetings and see what you can do to help! Keep an eye out on the FB page for the form links for Vendors, Entertainment, Classes, and Volunteers!

Magickal Meet-Up of Teays Valley the 2nd Saturday of every month at Barnyard BBQ in Teays Valley. Tends to start around 11am, people have food, talk, and there is a group discussion after the meal. Watch the MVPP page or check out Phoenix's Event page for updates, topics, etc! This is not an MVPP meeting, but we love Phoenix, and he is a wonderful, dedicated member of our community.

Events

Beltain May 1st - 3rd, 2026 at Kanawha State Forest, hosted by Spiral Moon Grove. Details to be released later, so watch for updates online.

A Midsummer's Eve Faire June 20th, 2026 at 4pm taking place at Hiller Volunteer Fire Company. 911 1st St, Hiller, PA 15444, United States. It is being hosted by RiverSong Coven. See the Facebook Event Page for vendor links and other information.

Pagansinrecovery.org

A 12-step fellowship virtual and online meetings every day of the week.

MVPP is putting together a small scholarship fund, and working on a book of Appalachian Essays, Poetry, and Art about being a pagan in Appalachia. If you'd like to participate, please check out the form on the FB page for details.

Magic in Your Backyard: Spring

By: Sorcha Faolain

You spend months in the cold and the dim gloom the air that once held crisp magic has become burdensome and heavy, the body tired and ready for the season's turn. Then, one morning you step out onto your porch and there's a change. Perhaps the snow hasn't quite lifted but the birds are warbling where once they were quiet, the air has a little less chill in it, and the sun seems to have graced your skin once more. If you are anything like me, you feel the stirring of the world awakening and answers in kind within your spirit stretching and yawning. And then you look down, and the first little yard flowers peek back up at you, both medicine and magic in one, discounted as weeds yet the proof the cold is nearing it's end. These little friends I know well, and am going to introduce you to in the hopes you come to love and appreciate them as I do.

The first little friend you may see, is Chickweed, it peaks it's tiny leaves and little split star-like white petals in mid to late February and will stick around often until September. This little plant is easy to miss as it's flowers are tiny, it is low growing ground cover, it's leaves are light green and they and the stem are somewhat succulent. Chickweed is edible, mainly the leaves, stems, flowers and seed pods. It tastes similar to spinach or corn silk, is nutrient dense and is often used in salads. Medicinally, it has powerful anti-inflammatory properties, is a demulcent and expectorant, and can promote healing. This little friend is used for skin care, respiratory/ cough relief, digestive issues and so much more.

Magically, Chickweed is just as soothing. It's energy is cooling, it aligns with the moon and it's element is water. This plant brings with it renewal and growth; it represents new beginnings, personal growth and reliance. Emotionally soothing and healing, Chickweed is associated with cooling hot emotions and releasing long held resentments and providing gentle soothing energy to the heart. Used also in rituals to enhance psychic abilities and deepen connection to the spirit world. In folk lore, Chickweed was known for drawing in abundance and protect against negative energies as well as the ability to foster connection to the faeries or nature spirits. Though Chickweed by tiny it is indeed a mighty little plant.



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The Crafty Chameleon

Not long after, usually in March and peaking in April you may start to see another friend known as a mint, with bronze-tinted, serrated leaves, and and tubular purple- pink flowers. This is called Purple Dead Nettle, and is a crucial early season plant for pollinators so if one decides to harvest I as you do so responsibly (not taking the first you find nor all). This plant is also edible, usually mainly the leaves being used in salads or teas though it is known to have a somewhat bitter taste. Medicinally, it is one of my favorites as it is a little powerhouse. High in vitamin C and iron, is anti-inflammatory and gives immune support. It is a diuretic and aids in kidney health as a detoxifier and can help with stones, infections and the sort. It is an astringent, antimicrobial, and antifungal. I currently use it to help my mother with her MS as it also acts as a nervine, calming the nerves and helping to reinforce and protect the nerve coating.



Magically, it's element is air and planet is Mercury. Purple Dead Nettle is associated with joy, protection and high energy. A plant linked with new ventures and communication it is used for success in such. It is used often in healing magic

of the mind, body and spirit and in sachets or charms for safety and stability. The presence of it in the yards as well as in magic work promotes happiness and can lift spirits. In folk practices, it is woven into braids and wreaths for protection, positivity and for overcoming obstacles. I won't deny that personally, Purple dead nettle is a personal favorite and highly sought after.

As I've introduced you to two powerful, useful friends one can find in your backyard, I encourage you to use this article as a jumping off point for learning more about them on your own. Also, I feel it is my responsibility as both an Herbalist as well as a decent human to place a disclaimer; always consult your doctor on any medical advice or before trying anything new. When researching a plant please do not forget to look up it's interactions with any medications you take. When identifying a plant make sure to have at least three different methods of making sure what you are looking at is what you think. When harvesting, never take the first of what you find and never collect all of what's in an area. Also make sure you are collecting from areas you know haven't been sprayed with chemicals and never from the sides of roads or polluted areas. I sincerely hope you've enjoyed this journey with me and I have helped you to see the little faces of your yard a little differently, as allies greeting you with the awakening of the season.



Memories of Traditions; A Budding Mountain Witch's Recollections of Springtime Celebrations

by Shannon Diaz

I remember growing up in the holler. My Mawmaw grumbling, and hissing as she moved around, deciding what was a weed and what wasn't when we knew the snow was gone and not just a false spring. To this day, I still find myself borderline panicking when I know it's a false spring and a friend tells me they were about to put out seedlings for their garden. Watching my mom lose countless seedlings when we moved to Ohio because she wouldn't listen to me was frustrating...At least my friends will realize there's a reason I look like I'm about to scream in terror...Namely because I am-I know my Mawmaw would reach out in my dreams and smack the snot outta me for not telling someone something so important that could lead to potential starvation according to the way I grew up. I learned names for plants that weren't scientific, or completely accurate among the mass population, but eventually-learned them for those names as well. I learned more about what I could take to help with my coughs than I did proper names before I was ten...

When January 31st would roll around-we'd start up getting ready for actual Spring...My grandma would have me set out a sweater or a jacket or a scarf, said that a spirit would bless it so I wouldn't get sick in the coming season. I later learned about Brigid. Come February 1st, I'd get my to-do list for Spring Cleaning...I was shorter back then, my job was usually taking everything out of the lower cabinets in the house-all of them-there

were a lot...It would take days to take everything out and wipe them or dust them and clean shelves...I'd get the far corners that were hard to reach for dust or ash when we had fires. When we had animals, we'd start our customs for making sure they were flushed of winter germs and parasites-usually special diets, herbs mixed into water, and baths once the weather was nicer...It was also the dreaded time that followed the spring cleaning where it was staggered and some of us-usually the ones she could catch, would be given some things we would not really give kids nowadays to do the same to get out parasites and worms that could have accumulated in the intestinal tract over winter, and I'll admit, I didn't get sick that often...But also-once I could run away and keep away-I wasn't drinking that anymore..A little old-fashioned farming remedies didn't kill me, though I'll admit, there are better tasting and easier methods nowadays...We'd have a nice dinner to celebrate the world waking up, and I later learned most would call this Imbolc...

My grandmother, like many women of her generation, hid their pagan practices in the open...Old mountain traditions...Granny magic, which was just considered old-fashioned know-how...We just did some stuff that were just for us, and other people could enjoy it-they didn't need to know about the rest, and if they were meant to know, then they'd know, or they'd ask the right questions when the time came.

We started getting the garden plots ready, and then when she or my grandpa decided it was time to start planting, I'd be given another to-do list...These were customs carried out until I was 11 and ended up with sun-poisoning and found

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out no more sun for me because of a sun sensitivity-not what I was expecting when I'd joke I was gonna grow up to be a vampire, but here we are. My Pawpaw was funny, though-He welded a sun shade and cooler to the riding lawnmower so I could still help. Funny man with a unique sense of humor with his practicality.

Easter-time for normal folks came about, and my mom was adamant we celebrated, but my grandma told me that Easter was celebrated by Christians for Jesus' resurrection, but really, it was about a goddess from the Middle East, and she liked rabbits, which was why he had the Easter Bunny...And eggs were a symbol of fertility-when most animals would find themselves getting ready for breeding...She never did tell me the name, but later learned about Eostre and Ostara...

Even April Fool's Day had a spin from my Mawmaw-A day traditionally meant for jokers and pranksters-she decided I wasn't doing that-instead we would start making flower crowns for late April, turning into May...The wreaths for Beltane...And I later learned of the goddess Flora that is traditionally celebrated in late April. Though, to be a fair-An undiagnosed autistic kid that you knew if someone pulled a prank she didn't like on her-the ensuing psychological warfare to come probably needed to be avoided, so I don't think we can blame her for that.

Then came May-Day...And always bonfires...We'd have eggs of different kinds, little fireside feasts in the guise of a cookout or family barbecue...Later learned the word 'Beltane.'

As I've grown, I've learned words,

learned traditions...The logical part of me wants to say there's a reason that words like Sigrblot or Alban Eilir or Anthesteria or Floralia speak to something inside me I can't explain...I want to say there's a logic behind learning or reconstructing what we know of old traditions and customs makes me hear an inner note of joy that I never found anywhere else...These traditions that were hidden behind other words, concealed old traditions that couldn't be forgotten or stamped out because they permeate the fabric of our reality in so many ways...

I look at the few Native traditions that were passed down by women in my family, and what my grandma learned from other elders long before I was even born, and I feel more connection to that than I ever have with any hymn or scripture...The reconstructed teachings we are trying to connect to once more gives me more peace than any chapel my mother dragged me to growing up.

We have heard a great deal of Christian concerns about The Pagan Threat-they've written a book about what they think of us...Like most things, we can only show with our actions the sort of people we are. We believe in helping our neighbors, we believe in helping others help themselves, we believe in making sure everyone finds their purpose-even if it isn't on our exact paths-because we all need that purpose, and we celebrate our blessings, talents, and achievements... We give offerings to and thanks to those who made it possible for us...That is who we are...

We are Pagan, We are Proud.

Not screaming it from the rooftops, not going door to door asking if someone has heard of the All-Father, not leaving

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magazines out telling people that there is only one way, one truth, and one light...

We know better...

And I believe that is more important than any philosophical disagreements we might have amongst ourselves, and so far that is the side I have seen when I have interacted with the community. I hope we continue to grow, and I adore everyone who wishes the same.

So-whatever path it is you walk; whatever spirit or god or goddess you pay tribute to; I hope you have so many wonderful holiday traditions that no matter what your children or grandchildren know it as by a word that it sings to them like the beliefs my Mawmaw helped lay the groundwork of instilling in me sing to me.

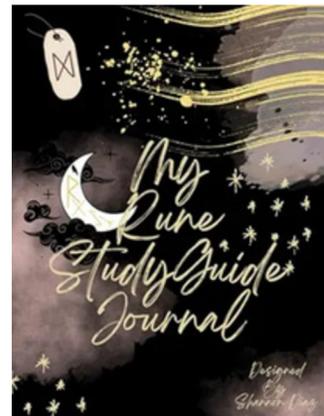
Many blessings, good health, and monumental joy to all of you.



Would you like to help us put on Broom Not Vroom, but don't wish to be a monthly member? You can scan the code below and make a donation.



Remember the Announcements talking about establishing a scholarship for Pagans in the Appalachian area? There is already one project finished. Shannon Diaz created a DIY-self-led study rune study journal. 75% of proceeds will go to the scholarship. You can find it on Amazon.





A Special Thanks

Our Merchant Affiliate Program and our Member Subscription help us pay for the site, and our Broom Not Vroom Event in Fall. The larger we grow, the more events we hope to sponsor.

If you'd like to get involved, come to our Discord meetings each month and learn how you can get involved.



Autumn Sky



Dottie the Psychic



Raven's Nest Kindred

The Crafty Chameleon
Unique Creations & Face Painting for All Ages



The Crafty Chameleon
Lisa Diamond & Melissa Scherrep
St. Albans, West Virginia
304-533-4616

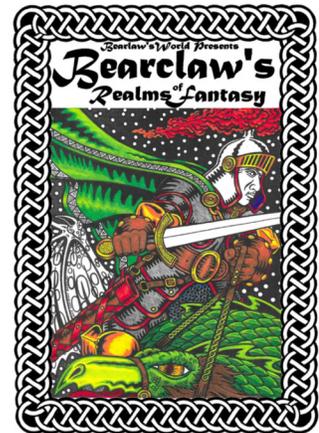
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The Crafty Chameleon



Hodge Podge Shop



Bearclaw's World



Our Broom not Vroom 2026

Theme

Our logo this year was created by Cináed GreyRaven
of the Coven of the Red Ember!

We hope to have merchandise
with the logo available soon! So keep an eye out for that!

