

Message from the Freyr

The Heathen Freehold Society existed before my coming and will exist long after I have passed the mantle to others. It's continued existence and success is owed to the embrace of the Hospitality culture of our ancestral traditions. We did not spring from an area with a large enough Heathen population to subdivide into the various streams and traditions of Heathenry, rather we had to learn to build community that was inclusive right from our founding. We set Roof Beam Thew as part of our basic law, so that even though we agreed on

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		a place to come together, as individuals, as
		kindreds, where those who are heathens, or those
		who wish to learn about heathenry can come
		together in frith, secure that the peace of our hall
		will be kept and the community will be frithful and
		positive.

As part of our work we have joined the Troth Kindred Affiliation Program (KAP), and the Heathen Freehold Oath ring, and that of the Hrafnar Kindred of California both received the oath of the incoming Washington State Steward, serving to bind us closer together as a Heathen community that runs from the far north to the Mexican border. Our oath ring has also received the oath of Heathen Service men taking their oath of allegiance to the Queen, which shows how much Heathenry has grown in acceptance, that the

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Canadian Armed Forces will accept the oath of service sworn upon our relics.

Serpent Lake Kindred has formed our first functioning Shire in the Okanagan, bringing a new centre of activity to the Freehold and showing the promise of continued growth and access for Heathens all over our region to the communal practice of our faith, for it is in this blending of hospitality and practice that we build our community, and our community strengthens and sustains us.

How fitting is it that this year we will be acting to organize Trothmoot 2016 in partnership with our Washington State neighbours. This year, June 9-12 at Fort Flagler Washington, we invite Heathens from all over Canada, the US, and the world to join us and take part in building the greater Heathen community, and celebrating all we have to share with each other.

Althing Summary

Officers of the Freehold elected at Althing	
Freyr	John T. Mainer
Secretary	Aaron N.W. Brookes
Treasurer	W. Keith Baldwin
Ombudsman	Freydis Heimdallson

Amendment of the Freehold By-Laws, major changes include: the Freyr now having a three year term; introduction of a Social Media Policy; simplification of the Shires and Guilds; and the establishment of an official Order of Precedence.

Resolution confirming Serpent Lake Kindred of Vernon B.C. as a Shire of the Freehold, with Graeme A. Barber as Jarl.

Winner of this year's Tyrbold award is Sergeant Tatyana Danylyshyn.

Winner of this year's Lifetime Achievement Award is Mikhail Heimdallson.

Results of the Guild Elections are pending.

Artistic contributions

Poems

Voluspa Excerpt

Now she remembers the war,
The first in the world,
When Gullveig
Was studded with spears,
And in the hall of the High One
She was burned;
Thrice burned,
Thrice reborn,
Often, many times,
And yet she lives.

She was called Heiðr
When she came to a house,
The witch who saw many things,
She enchanted wands;
She enchanted and divined what she could,
In a trance she practised seidr,
And brought delight
To evil women (*)

Picking a translation - <http://norse-mythology.org/gullveig/> - from this:

Völuspá, stanzas 21-22

Þat man hon folkvíg
fyrst í heimi,
er Gullveigu
geirum studdu
ok í höll Hárs
hana brenndu,
þrisvar brenndu,
þrisvar borna,
oft, ósjaldan,
þó hon enn lifir.
Heiði hana hétu
hvars til húsa kom,
völu velspáa,
vitti hon ganda;

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seið hon, hvars hon kunni,
seið hon hug leikinn,
æ var hon angan
illrar brúðar.

That is who our daughter is named for.
I think (*) actually means women who cause harm
- who curse, inflict harm, strike hurts. There's
much in the sagas of that and its association with
seidr, finishing with the saga of Grettir the Strong,
whose saga is used in law to mark such cursing as
criminal.

The war in question is a famous one - as we'd say
now, between the Aesir and Vanir.
-Teunis Peters

Taken

Old woman sitting in the chair where she was left
And then she's left alone
Her blood was far from her and off about her lives
While hers was all but gone
Except in dreams

Parked in the garden in the chair to which she's
bound
But not alone
The sunlight on her hair is warm and grey holds
flash of gold
And he is there
The golden one
He stands before her in his uniform



From long ago
He smiles an easy smile, a devils grin
And all for her
As she for him

There was a time that she was young, as young as
he
And there was war
He was a pilot then, in Hurricanes he flew
So high up in the sky
He danced with death

There was another side to him behind his eyes
Behind the pain
With her he laughed again and they did dance
They danced all night
And loved 'till dawn

We have tonight he said and held her close
But that is all
No lies between them then not even one
He danced with death
And fell in flames

He never promised her he would return
Nor bade her wait
He was the only one who held more than her arms
He held her heart
And held it still



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Old woman in the garden with ancient eyes
She sees him now
He takes her hand in one that burns like fire
He calls her name
And bids her dance

Her old and tired bones and flesh were bound to
chair
But she was not
With him she laughed again and they did dance
Her tired flesh
She left behind

The nurses found it there the standing chair
And empty shell
Had they the eyes to see the fairer halls they see her
and her lover still
They danced all night
And loved 'till dawn

Stories

Freya's Bees

Long Ago when the worlds were young, Freya was petting her cats as they sat quietly on her lap. They were quiet you see because cats have not always purred. As Freya stroked her cats from point-of-ear to tip-of-tail she gazed out upon Folkvangr watching her half of the Einherjar train and practice. When out of the corner of her falcon sharp eyes she saw a little bee collecting the last drops of nectar from the flowers before winter set in. Being quite fond of bees, for they make honey from which we make mead, Freya decided to go out and thank the busy little bee before his work took him back to his hive. Her cats followed her as they were wont to do.

"Greetings and welcome little bee," Freya said melodically, "How fairs the nectar harvest this year?"

"Quite well, my Lady," the Bee replied.

"Shall you have enough to share with my meadery before winter sets in?"

"Oh, of course, my Lady. We have much and more than we could possibly use we will gladly share with you who appreciates our labours so," the little Bee offered.

"Excellent, I am most grateful to receive your golden coloured offering. You are a truly generous hive. Please inform your Queen that I will send my cats to collect what you can spare when she sends word."

"With pleasure my Lady, we will fill them to bursting with golden honey to rival your brilliant necklace Brisingammon."

A few days later a different little bee buzzed up to Freya's window as she scratched the heads of her cats.

"Excuse me Lady Freya, I am here to tell you we have prepared the honey for your meadery. Shall I lead your cats to the hive?"

Freya replied, "No my little friend my cats are quite intelligent and will find their way to your hive. Please hurry home and have a well deserved rest."

"Now my little sweets it is time for you to take my chariot to the hive so that the bees may load the honey they have prepared. Please be careful for they have worked very hard to produce this crop and I hope to use every golden drop for mead or to sweeten my food."

At Freya's command her cats leaped from her lap and ran to the stable so that they might be fitted to their harnesses and pull their lady's chariot to the hive. As they raced they played pranks on each other and tried to trip one another as cats are wont to do. Arriving at the stables one of Freya's Einherjar hooked them up to the harness and lead them out into the yard. Once out of sight they continued their games, and such games they were, for knowing the ways of cats Freya made sure they could run, and jump, and weave between each other without tangling their harness.

About halfway to the Hive the playful cats who regularly adorn Freya's lap were in the middle of a game when a fork appeared in the road before them. Having no voice the cats both went for the

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fork they thought correct, and weaving to the path on the opposite of their own side they snagged the harness upon a tree standing at the fork in the road.

This was a serious problem, for they could not drag the chariot without their enchanted harness and the Queen of the bees was expecting them. Just then a bee happened upon them, "Oh dear, you're harness has been snared in the tree. How will you be able to retrieve the honey for Freya?"

The cats stared at the bee in a most irritated manner, as cats will do when caught being clumsy. "Oh, please follow me, I shall lead you to our hive and perhaps my queen will know what to do," the busy little Bee told them.

So they followed the bee, the cat who had known the correct path scampering merrily along, while his compatriot trudged down the middle of the path. Upon reaching the hive the Bee informed his Queen, "Your Majesty, these are Freya's cats and they have a problem. Their harness became snagged upon a tree while they were coming to retrieve her honey. The chariot had to be abandoned for they had no other way to pull it here. Is there anything we can do to prevent Lady Freya's honey being late?"

"Of course there is my busy worker bee. For I know a little magic myself and I can enlarge their stomachs so that they might transport the honey without the chariot, but we shall need to be careful in the pouring," the Queen replied.

The Queen bee set about her spells immediately; powerful magic it was, considering bees are quite small. She enchanted the cats so that they might carry the honey home to Freya, without damaging it in their stomachs. Then her workers set about their task, pouring the honey ever so carefully so that not a drop was wasted. In no time at all the bees had the entire batch of honey ready for the cats to take home. It was only after they departed that the Queen noticed several of her Bees were missing.

Freya's cats immediately set upon their way home, running and laughing, and playing. They purred their first purrs, and ran full of joy and

honey.

Once home they immediately went to the meadery, and emptied most of the honey into the vats in which mead was brewed for Freya and her warriors.

Next they went to the Kitchens and emptied the rest of the honey into jars for Freya's toast, tea, and porridge.

Then they returned to their lady, and sat upon her lap. She absently scratched their ears and pet them from point-of-ear to tip-of-tail, and they purred in contentment.

Shocked by the new voices of her silent friends, Freya asked them, "Where did you gain these pleasing sounds?"

From within her cats she heard a busy little Bee reply, "We were trapped in here when we became careless in the pouring of the honey, my Lady."

"Well, I shall just have to get you out now won't I."

With powerful magic she pulled the bees forth from her cats, and released them from their honeyed cells within. "Oh, thank you my Lady," the Bees all said, "We were afraid we would never get out." But they spoke with smaller voices than before.

"It seems I could rescue you but I was unable to retrieve all of your buzzing. Will you be able to return to your hive?"

"Yes my Lady, we have much more to do before winter sets in. We shall leave at once it is not a long way back to the hive," the Bees all said at once.

And so they departed, leaving behind a small amount of their buzzing. If you ever seek to prove the truth of this tale, just put your ear to a cat and hear the buzzing that was left behind.

Hostess and the Horn

On the Island of Bornholm in the seas East of the Dane-Mark, poised between avaricious Swede, wild German, and witch loving Finn was a new growing Dane colony. Founded by hardy Viking folk, this was a wild untamed island, whose new masters aimed to carve wealth from the sea trade as both traders where they were permitted, and raiders where they were denied. The blessings of the warm currents made the land fertile and productive beyond the harsh scarps of their homeland, so the steadings spread inland fast to support not only the colony, but the trade fleets of the Northern seas.

As in any wild land, the settlers found themselves contending with beasts their settled brethren had not faced in generations, as well as trolls, jotnar and alfar that were not used to sharing the land with men. Too in a place as wild and untamed as this, among the first comers walked others whose names were called, to whom offerings were made, and invitations given. It is a tale of folk new to the land, of folk ancient beyond measure, and guests at the feast, that I tell you now.

Akirkeby was a new steading in the high hills. Timber from the woodlands, good graze for cattle, and well watered soil for farming made it well worth the taming, but it was an ancient land, with more to be feared than the wolves who came across the winter ice, or the occasional Auroch. Much of the manpower of the settlement was gone to Ronne to trade the timber already hewn and shipped, or with the cattle drive that brought both the steers from the last year, and the store of hides and furs from the long winter's hunting and trapping. In the new-built hall, it was a time of feasting, as the meat of those cattle not fit for the drive must be butchered and preserved, a time of plenty to eat, sunny days, and less work than usual.

The lady of the hall was Ragnild, a great beauty in her day, whose features had been weathered and carved into great strength and presence by years of building a new community from the bare rock and

tree. Her husband Bjorn (called the Hammerhand) was leading the cattle drive, as he hoped to make good trades, and lure away some skilled smiths to the growing settlement. Along with the many of Bjorn's kinsmen and shipmates from his Viking days, she had her own growing brood of children to assist her, including Ragnar (called the Red Ragnar for his hair), Boli (called Squirrel for his endless climbing) and Gudrun (who was far too serious a girl to be called other than Gudrun). Ragnild and Bjorn had done their best to hammer some sense into the children, but living in the wilds had left the boys at least with manners closer to her husband's Viking crewmates than what she thought a Jarl's sons should have. Gudrun, oddly enough, had the manners of a Queen, and even as the youngest of the three, was the only one to ever rein in her wild brothers.

It was to this half empty hall, ready to relax and feast, that three strangers came. The father was an old man, still straight and proud, but with a full white beard that flowed down from his deep blue hood to nearly his belt. His two sons were quite different, the first a great red bearded bear of a man whose steps thudded like a harness ox, and whose laugh bellowed like thunder. The second was whipcord lean, with a ready smile and ready jest, who never seemed to move fast, but would simply appear beside you without seeming to have moved at all. In a voice harsh and rough like an old seaman or battle chief, the elder asked for hospitality for the night, as he and his kinsmen had walked far, and would not be back to their own steading before nightfall. Holding his great spear before him, the elder oathed for all three to harm none of or guesting at this hall, and keep well the peace. He further offered stories of their travels and news of their homeland.

With the seriousness of the very small, Gudrun lifted her own drinking horn, and dipping it in the mead barrel already opened for the evening meal, she walked carefully out to the guests:

“. No great thing needs | a man to give,
Oft little will purchase praise;

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With half a loaf | and a half-filled cup
A friend full fast I made.”

The old man took the horn gravely from the little girl and drank before passing it to his kinsmen who also drank gravely.

“You will have to wait for the loaves” she confessed. “I burned the last ones so they are hard like rocks.” But looking earnestly at each she assured them “Mama is making more, and she never burns anything”

The red-beard struggled manfully to swallow his laughter at the serious little girl, but his fox-faced kinsman offered lightly “You could always feed them to Jottun, they prize loaves hard as rocks”

Gudrun wasn't sure he was joking.

At the feast the old man proved a very skald, entertaining all with news of the endless strife of the hundred courts of the north, of the thousand and two blood feuds, who was in exile, who had run off with whose wife or daughter, and who had found ways to settle feuds or end outlawry. The last tale of the night was a scary one. As the flames of the fire fell low, the old man's voice grew hard like a whetstone on steel, sending shivers down even the spines of the men. He told of Bergelmir the old, a Jotnar who had fled the flood of Ymir's blood to this very island. The great giant was one of the old Frost Jottun, a wild old giant, wise in magic, bitter and angry at the loss of so many of his kindred to the Aesir, and of so many of their lands to men. Full month ago, out of a cold fog on a white mooned night, Bergelmir and his two sons came out of the fog to a farmhouse that sat where they wanted to graze the wild Auroch that were their only beasts. Finding humans where his herds should be, and seeing the great horns of his herds mounted above the doors, he raged about the steading, killing man and beast with wild abandon. So old and mighty was he that the swords and spears of men were nothing to him, though sorely was one of his sons wounded by the farmer's heavy spear.

Boli and Red Ragnar looked with wide eyes at the old story teller, but Gudrun frowned and asked

if there was any other stories about Bergelmir the old. The old man smiled, and his cold grey eye flashed in the firelight. In a voice soft and clear he told another tale, of the death of Kvassir, the mead of poetry, and how Bergelmir once asked a wanderer for a sip from the mead of skaldship, and oathed that if he was given a single sip, he would never refuse a drink from any god, wight, alf, or human.

Boli and Ragnar loudly protested that the story was no help at all, because mead would not stop a jotnar, they needed their father, the Hammerhand to protect them. The red beard asked the boys if their father's hammer-hand could kill Jotun like Thor's great hammer, the boys told him,

“Father says the best way to hit someone with your fist is with a big axe in it” They then concluded, “I guess Jottun need a really big axe”

Gudrun said thank you for the story, and she was sure the information would come in handy. When her brothers protested mead had never stopped anyone, Ragnild laughed and said that mead had felled more warriors than any sword, which all the guests laughed loudly and agreed.

Gudrun concluded with great dignity, that hospitality could end feuds an axe could only begin. The old man eyed her strangely. When all had bedded down for the night, the old man walked slowly to the high table where the girl's horn was kept. By the banked fire light he carved the wee horn with runes and sigils, whispering and chanting quietly beneath the heroic snores of the red-beard. The next day when Gudrun saw her horn, she was greatly impressed by the runework and fine carvings on her horn, now even more decorated than her father's great horn.

While the spring had been warm, the winter was slow to give up, and one morning the next week was ice cold. Fog had rolled in, thick as stew, and cold as Niflheim. The animals were quiet and nervous, and in the deep woods beyond the farm, a terrible crashing was heard. The cows began to low, and push towards the house, eager to put distance between themselves and the oncoming noise, even

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as the hounds began whimpering.

Calling the children and thralls back from the outbuildings, the old men and boys took up their weapons with knuckles stark white, and faces grim. Ragnild took up her husband's second best sword and belted it on, sure that whatever made such a terrible noise from out of the white cold fog would require more than old men, maidens, and boys to turn back. Still, this was her farm, and her folk; she would not see them fall.

Out of the fog came a sight that chilled all watching to the bone. Great jottun strode from the fog, blue-white skin, as of the great glaciers, deep blue eyes set deep in a head two man lengths high, and beards white as any ice-bears. They bore crude spears shaped from tree trunks, like stone-tipped ship masts, and had axes belted at their waists that looked to weigh more than she did. Two strong and restless like young bulls pushed between the trees making a terrible crashing, while a third, far greater strode behind them, his every step crashing like thunder upon the protesting ground. Age hung on the jotnar elder like a cloak, his eyes were weathered like the mountains, and his skin was a map of scars of blade and claw, testament to centuries of hard living, long before men walked the northern lands. "Bergelmir" she whispered.

Remembering the words of her skald guest, she told her boys to run swift to the kitchens, and grab up the rock hard loaves their sister had overcooked. To the terrified thralls she turned, sending them swift for the mead keg, and smoke house. When her children and thralls had returned, she had Boli and Ragnar lift platters of rock-hard loaves, while Gudrun dipped her new carved horn in the mead barrel, filling it to its little rim.

Ragnild hid her fears beneath a the calm of a Jarl's wife, striding forth to face the elder jotnar, she addressed him by presumed name.

"Hail Bergelmir the old, and your strong sons. Take this guest horn of sweet mead and be peace holy unto us, take these jotnar loaves and accept guest rights at Akirkeby!"

Ragnild hoped her ruse would cause the jotnar

elder to bind himself and his sons to the laws of hospitality. According to the white bearded skald, Bergelmir was oath bound to accept any horn offered him, but he was not bound to accept guest rights.

The two young jotnar snarled in anger to see a mere human woman dare stand before them, let alone with children clearly unafraid, but a cuff from their ancient father who loomed over them as Ragnild above her own children kept them from doing more than snarl.

Bergelmir leaned down to take the great horn from the small Gudrun, it looking to hold no more than a single sip for so great a jotnar. He glared down at the proud chieftain's wife and children and spoke in a voice low and harsh like the crash of icebergs cracking off glaciers in the bay.

"For no longer than it takes to finish this horn will I guest with thee, intruder on my land. I came to this island when Bur and his dread sons Odin, Hoenir and Lodur slew my father Ymir, and drowned half the world in his ice-blood. Never will I let the gods pet humans live upon the lands I claim as my own. When this horn is drained, I will cleanse your stink from my island."

Boli, Ragnar, and Gudrun looked scared but held their place, the thralls trembled, but the spears of the old men and youths stayed rock steady as their lady chieftains unwavering courage held them all.

"With half a loaf, and half filled horn, full friend found" said Gudrun gravely as he handed the brimming horn to the looming giant. That caused snickering among the young jottun, but the jotnar elder eyed her with greater intensity.

"That I was told many ages ago by a stranger who I begged a sip of the mead of poetry from. For that sip I swore an oath that binds me still, here in the presence of my enemies. For that oath I gained the gift that keeps the memory of my drowned brothers, my slain sisters, and all my fallen kinsmen bright and fresh. I was tricked by your hanged god, bound by your oath lord, and beaten by your battle glad; but not again. When this horn is done, little one, so are you."

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Bergelmir threw back the horn with a mighty toss, and his great throat worked like a great smith bellows to swallow, once, twice.....thrice..... again! Again! A cry went up from the young jottun as they realized they had been tricked, the horn that should have held but a single swallow had held more than a human keg!

Boli and Ragnar gravely offered the hard baked loaves to the angry jottun, who snatched them up and made to tear them like soft corn when their stone teeth caught at the heavy biscuit and they found themselves chewing manfully, as if on proper jottun fare, and not weak man-food.

“Who among you finally learned how to bake jottun-bread and not that soft milk food for peasants, tooth-less birds and crones?” laughed the youngest jotnar chewing happily. Boli pointed to his little sister who received the bows from the three jotnar with the regal calm of a queen, and the satisfaction of a cook who has seen her stone hard failures praised as the finest of cooking.

As Bergelmir passed the (clearly enchanted horn) to his sons, he looked at the fine rune carvings, the raven, wolf, and eight-legged horse carvings around its rim, he realized the author of his trap, and his anger at the mortals softened into amusement. Tricked by the trickster, trapped by an oath given to the crafty Odin himself, Bergelmir yielded himself to the laws of hospitality as one who remembered the early days when both war and peace could be found between the Aesir and jottun.

“My kinsmen and I accept your hospitality, let there be peace between the kindreds of Bergelmir and Akirkeby” At Bergelmir’s words, a great shout went up from all, and the thralls commenced to light the great fire, for clearly whole steers would be required for this feast.

Boli and Ragnar overcame their fear first, and were soon demanding the stories that Bergelmir hinted of his lost brothers, and the early days of the world. Bergelmir was touched by the younglings eagerness, and proudly recounted the deeds of his ancient line in the early days when gods, jottun, dragons, alfar, and great beasts long forgotten

strode the wild new worlds. Late into the night the feast went, until dawn threatened all with its coming. Through the long feast, the stories and boasting, grew a respect between the young mortals and ancient jottun that would not end the feud between their kind, but it would end it between their clans.

When Bjorn Hammerhand returned to his steading, he was greeted to the strangest sight. His children and thralls were chatting and working happily, clearly cleaning up after some great feast. For some reason, two great Auroch were grazing placidly in the middle of the field, tethered to a great spear the size of a drakkar mast that was plunged head down into the field as if driven by the hand of the largest jottun that ever strode midgard. Beside the two tethered bulls was a hollow tree, clearly cleaved by some great axe in a single stroke, and dropped in the middle of the field where its hollow core clearly sloshed with the promise of honey enough for a dozen casks of mead, judging by the buzz of lazy bees surrounding it.

When Bjorn came at last to his wife and gestured mutely to the odd and seemingly impossible things in his field, his wife threw her arms around her husband and laughed.

“These are guest gifts from some new friends we had over for dinner. As their chieftain said when he left

To their homes men would bid | me hither and yon,
If at meal-time I needed no meat,
Or would hang two hams | in my true friend's house,
Where only one I had eaten.”

She smiled at her husband, and told him to ask the children to tell the tale. It was a good one.

John T Mainer

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Oaths, Boasts, and Toasts

Teunis Peters and Rachelle Hall boast the birth of their daughter Heidi (for Gullveig) Hall-Peters, born the 13th of January 2015.

Our daughter has proven to be our pride and joy, a cheerful presence who brightens a room and brings joy to many who meet her, even briefly.

It is our boast, that we have such a glorious daughter, a child who shines golden, into a home that has a place for her, into a life where her parents, friends and family all have place for her.

Many years now I lived a shattered life, and it is once more whole.

- Teunis Peters

Aaron and Kate Brookes brag about their daughter Audrey Elizabeth Dianne Brookes who was born on the 12th of November 2015 weighing 8 pounds and measuring 20 inches long. She was named before their gods, family, and friends on the 22nd of November 2015.

Aaron Brookes has sworn an oath to have the Freehold registered as a religious body for the purposes of the Marriage Act, thus enabling the Freyr and Jarls of the Freehold to solemnize marriage within the province of British Columbia.

The Freyr has boasted that the Freehold shall create a third volume of Kindertales, a book that contains rituals, and a book that contains ritual dramas. These books shall be published and available for sale by Yule 2016.

Upcoming Event

The Freehold will be hosting Trothmoot 2016 at Fort Flagler Washington from 9-12 June 2016. The Freehold will be responsible for re-enacting the marriage of Thor (as Freya) to Þrymr, and a workshop on Sacred Drama to enhance ritual.

More to follow as the schedule is confirmed.

From the Editor

First I would like to thank the Trothed Freeholders for their confidence in my ability to perform the duties of Secretary of the Freehold. Second I hope you have all had a pleasant and relaxing Yuletide filled with family, friends, and feasting.

I announce to all Freeholders that I am embarking on an endeavour to have the Freehold registered with the British Columbia Vital Statistics Agency as a religious body capable of registering Religious Representatives who shall be empowered to solemnize marriages in British Columbia. This will give Heathenry in B.C. legal standing. The intention is to register the Freyr as the Governing Authority of the Freehold, the Secretary as the Signing Authority, and the Jarls as Religious Representatives for the purposes of the Marriage Act. If all goes well the by next Yule we shall have two people authorized by the Government of British Columbia to solemnize marriages.

In the coming year I shall publish the Freeholder Newsletter by the 21st of March, June, September, and December respectively. To do this I shall need you to submit stories, poems, articles, and events. We are attempting to build our community in order to honour our gods and ancestors; this can only happen if people are willing to do the necessary tasks. I believe that the Freehold is capable of accomplishing anything we set our minds to, hopefully we shall see great things.

Wassail,
Aaron Brookes,
Secretary