



THE PATH OF PLANTS IS THE WAY TO FAERIELAND by Fred Adams

According to the magic of moon phase, for every one of the [Nine Festivals of the Sacred Year](#) , plant or help a native tree of your own wilderness region.

Become the faerie guardian of these nurslings of paradise all year round. Make friends with trees as unique individuals like yourself.

For necessary information and instruction, check with your local botanical gardens. Significantly enough, botanists are usually very humane beings.

Inquire at your local forestry department in what parts of federal, state or county wild-lands you may contribute appropriate saplings, forbes and herbs. Find out which ones are most urgently needed.

Plant wildlings about your home. Your health depends on a liberal land-breath of Leaves.

Transform tree-planting and care into sacrament and evocation of nature spirits. Make love through and to the trees.

Dress beautifully and seasonally. Conduct your love-play-tree-care as solemn rite, and as gay, passionate celebration.

In the holy name of great nature, never let this work become grim toil. The magnum opus is art and display/play, or it is nothing.

Grace the trees with poetic names, according to their appearance, their seasonal revelations, the spirit of place. Imagine what poetry could be written and lived if all the elements of nature had poetic, magical names, rather than chance historical or taxinomical nomenclature.

Nature religion is a matter of the grand soul-moods of the earth-being...