

A Gathering of Nations

I jumped from one stone to another crossing a stream that was coming out of the high mountains. It flowed like glass across the red rock surface. Sparkles of light graced it's surface and it seemed like the stars had fallen from the sky and were moving across the water, gifting it knowledge of the universe.

I hiked several miles up the red rock stream. Some of the hard wood trees were brightly colored. A maple tree in the stream was bright red and was looking like it soaked up the purity of the red rocks. Along the way I felt the spirits in the rocks. I could feel their voices whispering on the wind. They carried a magical sound that seemed to sing in harmony with the creek. "Relative," I called out. "Thank you for visiting my circle." Off in the distance a high mountain revealed three faces watching the sky. They looked like they had been etched into the surface and had sat there since the beginning of time. They were the highest red rocks towering into some clouds. A cliff edge showed several relatives from the Four-legged nation as well as some of the Winged nations. I saw an eagle with his head drawn back, mouth open, screaming to the sky. His wing was tucked back. The curves of his feathers looked like the wind. Along a wall that had been carved out into a half circle by rapidly moving water I saw a rider on a horse. He was ducking down moving through a herd of buffalo. I think the buffalo thought he was one of them.

I had been walking towards a vision. It was a time I was seeking new direction and asking for assistance from the realms of spirit. I walked farther and other rock spirits began to show themselves, the wolves, bears, mountain lions, otters and the buffalos. They seemed to emerge from the rocks one at a time as if to announce their presence. The nations had gathered to answer a calling voice. All that was needed was for one to hear. I was surrounded by the voices of ancestors and relatives as they sent their magic into my circle.

I remember one of the elders once explain that these Four leggeds, Winged nations, and crawling nations were all given by spirit and carried a teaching that was able to assist the human beings on the walk of the earth mother. He said that there was a time when the people could listen with better ears. They were beginning to learn once again.

I spent nearly a year seeking the vision for this painting. When the vision began to surface, only different animal spirits came to view. Only fragments of the vision had come to view. There was nothing as cohesive as a vision for a painting. However, feeling this vision was close by, I hiked up into a well-known canyon in the Sedona area called West Fork. After searching for this vision for so long and after having gone through so many ceremonies, it was this walk through the canyon that completed the manifestation of this vision "A Gathering of Nations."