

As Above As Below

I found my way to the top of a small knoll one day. I was out seeking a vision near a place similar to the mountains in this painting. There was a heavy breeze as I reached to grab a rock next to a plant to pull myself on top. Just next to my hand a leaf from the plant shimmered in the sun. It was summer and a small patch of Indian paint brushes were growing from a split in the red rock. I turned and looked behind me at the massive red rock that reached upward pushing through the bottom of the clouds. The wind blew the clouds in such a way they came closer to the ground. When they lifted back up a herd of buffalo formed in the lower rocks and was coming towards me. They seemed to be coming straight up out of the ground and a dust storm followed behind them. The power of their thrust carried a voice that suggested they were coming to assist the earth. The vision had begun and the magic of the mountain had come to life.

Faces in the upper rock caught my attention. Arms of these rock beings reached skyward and the vertical spires of the rock formation turned into wings. Seven of these spirit Eagle Dancers slowly came to appearance. I could almost see these rock spirits dancing to a drumbeat when the thunder crashed off in the distance. The sunlight coming through the clouds made them appear to be moving on the rocks on this stormy evening.

Lightning in the distance had a slight yellow cast when it bolted from the clouds, hitting a distant red rock mountain. I knew my vision was in a sacred manner when the lightning flash formed into a white buffalo. It reminded me of a vision of a white buffalo I had seen long ago from a remote cave high in red rock cliffs. That had marked the beginning of an important time when I was making shifts in my life and was beginning to paint visions and their stories.

The old vision seemed to return when the entire landscape had come alive and was filled with spirits. The clouds above the red rock formation formed into a spirit with out reaching arms. One arm gifted the ways of the Eagle Spirit bringing new vision with its eyes of far reaching sight. The other arm sitting in the shadow of the cloud offered out four horses, bringing the powers of the four winds. One arm was the color of the sun while the other was the color of the night. Together they formed a harmony that had connected to earth and as above was as below.