

## Bears That Move of the Wind

Part of this vision came on a winter day and captured the qualities of the high mountains along with red rock country. In this vision a warrior on a horse was making his way through a shadowy fog. The warrior could see very little of his surroundings. I likened it to the difficulties in life that were often like a fog that one can't seem to see through. I felt it was comparable to what one would find when they traveled on perilous weather and terrain in the old days.

The rider paused on the trail realizing his location had been overtaken with fog and so he called on the elements around him for assistance. Since there was no direction that could be seen, he surrendered to the higher spirit asking for assistance, for direction with greater sight. The element of the earth mother and sky heard his cries. As in the ancient legends the tree spirit reached out to him offering assistance. The tree sent him the winds of a bear spirit offering visions of new strength.

It was this strength he would need to reach beyond the physical world. It formed a bridge of wind and a path for him to cross. It was a path only his inner sight could find.

The roots of the tree reached deep into the earth. An eagle spirit that formed on its rocky surface was let onto the wind. It gifted the warrior the eyes of the eagle spirit and the abilities to see into the elements that had challenged him. The obscurity of the physical world and the obscurity the inner world were the same and the relative the eagle and the bear would assist him, with new clarity, the magic of the Great Mystery unfolded. An old one found in the rocky crag witnessed his relative, the warrior on the horse, connects to the earth and the sky.

The fog began to dissipate and waterfall in the distance glittered a golden light. Guardians of the water were illuminated in the cliffs. The warrior paused reflecting his journey and thanked spirit, the old ones and the 'Bears that Move of the Wind'.