

Breath of the Wakan

(The Sacred)

The magic of this painting came to me one day when I was in the desert. But first let me begin by saying I live in a beautiful place on this planet. So it is easy to love it. I went on a road trip that took me near a flat, open desert. It caught my attention because it seemed I could see forever. At first glance, my casual thinking suggested there was nothing there except flat that disappeared on the horizon.

Its starkness evoked a feeling of wanting to look closer. I approached a pullover on the side of the road and stopped, looking out into the distance. Huge thunderhead clouds rolled against the depth of a blue violet sky. The sun burned the edges of the clouds. A rain had fallen on the singed desert floor and left a fragrance that permeated the air. A heavy sweet fragrance drew me into the open space. Puddles of water glistened in the afternoon sun.

I held my hands skyward in amazement of the beauty that surrounded me. A breeze blew cool air through my hair. I walked towards the sun then stopped noticing a small dried out plant. Its wood deeply weathered by the sun twisted in a spiral towards the sky. Larger fragments of desert sand had gathered around its base. I reached down grabbing a few pieces cupping it in my palm.

I looked closer remembering for a moment where I live. My ways tell me that the entire planet has this beauty when we look closely. So how could I find spirit and beauty in a grain of sand? It too needed to

be honored in the same way as the place in which I live. Glancing up to the sky, the sun projected rays from behind a cloud. The clouds rolled exposing the moon that had been hidden behind it.

A vision began emerging when I saw the face of a native spirit looking in the direction of the sun. Next to it a horse reared towards it. I felt sacred space emerging and the story of the powers of sacred wind in front of me. This spirit of the clouds that had magically emerged explained it was the one responsible for the powers sitting in the sun. In the native way of spirit, this would be Sky Father revealing himself. In this demonstration of connection it was revealing stories of the Great Mystery.

A native women's face began appearing near the moon. She looked skyward amongst the mist of the clouds. A horse formed near it. Almost like a whirlwind within the cloud the braids of the two spirits in the clouds spiraled together as one. They spun downwards to a point where seven feathers had gathered. It glistened with the stars of the universe in the shimmering sun. The seven eagles reached from the center moving outward on the wind with the ways of the eagle's spirit aligned to the seven directions. It carried winds of sacred vision.

The vision showed the balance that existed between the sun and moon, night and day, male and female and the harmony that sits in those sacred places. The beauty of the cosmos had emerged to tell me a story and gift I tried capturing in the painting called "Breath of the Waken~ (The Sacred)".

In the distance, this vision brought to view what seemed to be a magical horse rearing on the desert floor manifesting into reality. The cloud nations, sky nation, and the spirit had explained to me how these qualities that sit in the sacred winds which had formed in the clouds,

were there to assist all of the Earth. It was manifesting to Earth through unseen realms and the true nature of spirit.

Wah-we-nah