

Call of the Eagle Spirit

There are three sacred mountains that I have drawn and painted since I was young. Teachings of the sky came from here. This painting is one of those mountains. I felt something much more would come from them, so I watched carefully. A rocky ledge was a guide towards a place I like to sit and view this mountain. The trail opens to a large, flat, red rock area that creates a great circle. Sometimes I felt this magical mountain had stars that filtered through it, mingling with the sky. I had a calling to do a ceremony in this place when a vision came to view. The clouds had parted and sunbeams pierced through them creating shafts of light that touched the ground. The sun shed a blessing of light on the edge of the mountain gracing it with the element of the cosmos. I looked towards the clouds and saw buffalos forming. An ancient voice had brought them forward to manifest on the Earth plane. They thundered through the air raising cloud like dust, which formed an Eagle spirit above them. It carried deep meaning for me because of the ceremony

and connection I was doing and now it was sitting on the sacred winds swirling into my circle. A bear in the shadow of the cloud formed, bringing pathways of strength. The Great Mystery overcame my essence, visions of these spirits were manifesting in the clouds. I made a gift to this Eagle spirit and sent it as thank you and a voice of humble gratitude for whatever gifts were sitting on this wind.

It had rained recently and the smell of the desert was heavy in the air. Large puddles of water mirrored the red rocks and clouds. Almost like stars from the sky I saw the reflection of a warrior shape shifting in pools of water. The warrior held his pipe towards the sky. In the reflection, I saw wings forming from the warrior's arms. This silent voice was intended as a gift. Then he became the Eagle spirit.

In the old native ways, the elements, everything around us possessed teachings of spirit if one had the ears to listen closely. There wasn't anything that didn't carry a voice or a teaching or an understanding of the nature of the cosmos, spirit and the ways of the Earth mother. It is a world of plenty. Anyone who had come to

find this understanding and connect to it would, also discover their world would have synchronistic and serendipitous elements. One finds themselves moving amongst a magical realm.