

Thunder Mountain

A vision begins to surface. A sacred mountain slowly disappeared in a blowing dust storm. The times on Earth were finding it's greatest challenges. The people seemed in chaos as the shifting winds of change moved across the planet. I could feel the disharmony filtering through the sacred winds. Blinded by the dust storm blowing through my on world, it ripped elements out by the roots. Challenge after challenge blew across the things important to me. A year in each direction came and went, four years passed. Even the nature of my spiritual path was subject to the same dust storm. My paths normal visibility seemed to disappear and I found myself trusting that I could find my way through havoc in front of me. Elements of my physical, material world appeared to no longer have foundation. The fierce thunder and lightning spirits pierced everything.

For some the storm slowly began to settle and magical light began to emerge. I realized a gift of visibility had accompanied me on the journey through these winds. Trust, spirit and the pursuit of sacred vision guided me even though this dust that had been so thick. Accountability was the only answer, spirit the only passage.

The square shape of the canvas was completed with the brush and oils, a symbol of very ancient ways was painted into image with subtle visibility. It was a circle. The square of canvas and the circle in the landscape created one of the oldest symbols important in native ways, the symbol of in Harmony when all has been seen in its sacred ways.

Leaves tumbled gently through the air landing with a soft touch on pools of water. The water reflected the light that was piercing through the clouds. It opened at the cries of the Eagle spirit. It magically lit the mountains edge and highlighted the ancient ones sitting silently holding their voice in the rock. Ravens flew from the sun explaining their circle held the magic found in the passing of the thirteen moons of that year. Stars reflecting on the water flowing across the stone, the sky was on earth. The water flowed creating the belt of the Earth mother and within it, was the light of the cosmos. The lightning forming a buffalo reminding us the passing storm, held a voice that all of this had been only a teacher intended to assist our journey on the Earth. The Earth and spirit were in perfect harmony and the storms rain had purified everything. Thunder Mountain carried the smell of a gentle breeze and the rainwater reflected the stars of the universe.