

# Voices of the Ancient Ones

Little Grand Canyon of the Colorado's was one of the places this painting was inspired by. It is a branch of the Grand Canyon that is on the reservation. I made my way along its craggy edge. Sheer stone walls dropped into the canyon for half a mile straight down. At its bottom, an occasional wash would fill if a storm had rolled through. The canyon made me curious as to its origin. Perhaps some great earthquake or millions of years of this wash carving a trail through it had created it. It carried the feeling of the Wolf Nation when I looked at the moon sitting near the horizon and a mound at the canyon edge looked like a perch this relative would call to the moon from. A wolf spirit looked like a heat wave against a darkening horizon singing its song.

Ancient trees lined the rim of the canyon. I had been sitting in ceremony near one of these trees when I looked up to see an eagle spiraling in the skies near the sun. I was sitting inside a stone circle I had made, that for me was a circle of spirit. The eagle came closer to me spiraling downward from the heavens. It left me with a feeling that it was bringing a message from the sun. With out stretched wings, I saw his talons open to grasp the arm of a tree on the rocky edge of the canyon. When I looked at the tree I realized there was a spirit inside it and it was as if his arm was raised skyward to make ready a place for the eagle to land. Next to the tree on the edge of the canyon was a stone figure. The Stone Nation people were speaking loudly. The image of an old elder was honoring up to the eagle in flight. The echo of the Stone Nation people resonated in the canyon as if carrying a voice from the beginning of time. The voices of the ancient ones sang to my heart. New visions came to view of a journey that would soon be so magical that it could have only come from the winds of the eagle spirit and the waters of the universe. Spirit was flowing through the circle when these ancient callings sounded with the tones of the cosmos.

I could only remember the circle of my lodge. Everything natural and the things of the spiritual realms are of the circle, the moon, Earth, trees or the stones. Even the sound of a drum is round. I sit in ceremony listening to my ancestors whose voice is held in the rocks. I remember to connect my heartbeat to the heart of the Earth Mother. When I look at the sun, I remember to connect my heartbeat to the heartbeat of spirit and the sky. We are one.