

Global Warming Woman

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KHONMADI

The Heartbeat of Mother Earth

By Dr. Ruby Gibson

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This is the story of one woman's sacred dream
that became a global remembering and
an inspired movement to listen
and then whisper a word
to strengthen the heartbeat of Mother Earth
with compassion, gratitude and deep love.





For

Tulley Spotted Eagle Boy
(Mi'kmaq Chief)

***A very great vision is needed and the (Wo)-man
who has it must follow it
as the eagle seeks the deepest blue of the sky.***

~ His Crazy Horse (Oglala Lakota)

Original Wisdom

The entirety of nature speaks a silent language as a dialogue of formlessness. Each world responds to the other: animal to plant, plant to water, water to earth, earth to air, air to human, all without uttering one single word. And yet there is a cohesive moment, an unseen intelligence that guides the interaction of all species.

This is a voice that does not use words.

- Dr. Ruby Gibson

CHAPTER ONE



THE DREAM

*"I said in my heart,
I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have a need of the sky.
I have business with the grass."*

Richard Hovey

It was late August 2004 when I was blessed by a dream. Maybe one could call it a vision, or possibly a delusion. It did not come like the pitter-patter of gentle raindrops, but rather full and strong like a thunderstorm in late spring. It took all of me to dream it and much more than that to follow it. Let me tell you the story.

The earth smelled moist and rich in the hollow, an ancient aroma lingering on the exhalation of the group. One hundred, or more, were gathered in an underground cavern. Chanting and swaying to an indistinguishable rhythm, they clutched hands in a coalition of hope, in unison of cause, in a sweet remembrance of the sanctity of life. What could not be heard could certainly be felt. It began in their toes as a silent hum, slowly gaining measure and building into a beat. Oh yes; now it could be recognized. It was an echo, a distant tempo that traveled up their legs, through their veins, into the thoroughfare of their hearts. This cadence of compassion pulsed through each one simultaneously until it erupted into sound out loud.

"Khonmadi, Khonmadi, Khonmadi," they chanted over and over - almost as a whisper - a soothing stroke which only served to heighten their purpose. The word issued from their tongues, rolling this way and that, blessing all the minerals and the fissures in the earth, rocking the souls of the congregation and comforting their doubts.

Trance-like they continued their subterranean worship until they were one; one voice, one movement, one vision. Aligned now in essence with their common ground, they could clearly see the big picture. Primitive insight seared through the light fibers of their beings and they began to remember.

"At the heart of us, whatever our imperfections, there exists a silent pulse of perfect rhythm, which is absolutely individual and unique, and yet which connects us to everything else." - George Leonard

I awoke with the word "Khonmadi" reverberating in my head, swaying the day into focus. Climbing out of bed and out of my dream, I inherently knew that this dream was very important. I had no idea what the word meant, but I was inclined to remember it and so I wrote it down as it sounded. Later, I searched the Merriam-Webster dictionary, but could find no reference. It was in *The Women's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets* by Barbara Walker that I found a clue.

Khon-Ma was listed as, "the Tibetan name of Mother Earth, the 'old mother' Goddess who rules over all spirits emanating from the earth element. That made sense. I repeated the word, "*Khonmadi, Khonmadi, Khonmadi*" - boom-boom, boom-boom, boom-boom - it was like a thump, a pulsation, a deep throbbing. *Khonmadi* must be a vital rhythm. It was the heartbeat of Mother Earth that they repeated with reverence! And it had a sound; it had a series of syllables that found their way to expression. It finally dawned on me - *Khonmadi* was the sound of Mother Earth's heartbeat!

Dreams are funny things. By the time they are translated from the frailty of night into the boldness of day, they are somewhat altered, rearranged perhaps by our mind's ability to accept the truth of our experience. What seemed so real in the dream could now easily fade into a vague memory. But there was something different about this one. I could not shake it. It was looking for fertile soil, a place to root and anchor its vision. Many times it is easier to leave a dream floating in the ethers of possibility, because to manifest it in the world of substance requires one to have self-determination. Following one's dreams is a courageous act. It requires faith in the divine, reassurance from the tangible, and motivation from the heart. This one had all of these components.

To get back to the story, this particular dream came at the perfect time. It just so happened that in two weeks I was to attend a conference of spiritual leaders from various Indigenous cultures across the globe. My self-conceived job would be to interview all thirty elders for a book that would bring the wisdom and simplicity of earth-centered Indigenous healing models and prophecies into a photo essay.

This diverse medley of interviews with the global *Firekeepers* - individuals who carry the collective wisdom of their tribe, culture or tradition - was a long-standing idea of mine that was finally coming to fruition.

It has been told that the most important job in any tribe was to carry the fire or coal from camp to camp, which allowed for the group's survival. Without the *Firekeepers*, all would perish. Spiritually speaking, keeping that fire aglow translates into not letting the memory or heartbeat of a culture be extinguished. These spiritual leaders are the keepers of the wisdom and sacred medicine of the earth.

In September 2004, twenty-one years ago, *The Gathering: An Alliance of Elders, Healers and Wisdomkeepers* in Big Bear, California, was produced by a non-profit group. This annual happening provided neutral ground for all of us to come together for all of our relations, to insure that we do not lose the stories, myths, healing traditions and ceremonies that are an integral part of the each culture.

Documenting the wealth of information presented over the seven days we were together was my job; supporting the grandfathers to have a voice and the grandmothers to leave their tracks. I was humbled to have the opportunity to communicate their precious words and deep heartbeats into meaningful text.

On the day I arrived in southern California, it was dry and hot, even in the mountains. The elders arrived on a bus; modern methods of transportation creating the capacity for them to come from all corners of the earth - Australia, Africa, Mexico, Canada, Europe, Hawaii, Peru, Nicaragua, and Trinidad - to join together in this place. Colors, aromas, languages and laughter of diverse ethnic variety bubbled out of the bus doors and immediately blessed the land as they stepped foot in the retreat center. Eyes of wisdom, handshakes of humility, smiles that penetrated the core of my heart abounded as the landscape was transformed with the group's down-to-earth holiness.

There is a Sacred Mayan Prophecy that states, "A time will come when the Eagle of the North shall meet with the Condor of the South. At this time, all the tribes will join together and form a Gathering of Elders. In these Gatherings, the Elders will share their traditions and medicines with each other. When the elders have gathered, they will disburse to share this ancient knowledge and wisdom with all of humanity."

Standing there in Big Bear, CA that afternoon, dry pine needles crunching under my sandals, a faint breeze easing the heat of the sun, staring into the many faces of destiny, I knew that this prophecy had come to pass.

Recognizing my place within the greater plan, I had prepared a mock up of the concept of my book for each presenter in order to familiarize him or her with my ideas. Seated in the dining hall later that afternoon with a group of elders, I excitedly shared my concept for the book - appropriately entitled Khonmadi: The Heartbeat of Mother Earth.

One man in particular took interest. Thaayrohyadi, the Great Dabadi (Spiritual Chief) and Guardian of Otomi wisdom from Temoaya, Mexico, immediately corrected the spelling of the word Khonmadi. He told me, "The word is spelled Jamadi (pronounced Khamadi) in my language. It is a word of my ancestors, the Atlantean/Lemurian people, which means Cosmic Mother."

Staring at him in disbelief, I asked with great respect, "You know this word? You use this word?"

His eyes shined astutely as he replied in broken English, "It is the word we use in our prayers as you would use the words Amen, Namaste, O'Mitaukuye Oy'asin, or All my Relations. Sometimes we gather in caves and pray to our sacred Earth Mother in this way."

Without thinking, I jumped out of my chair and threw my arms around him, hugging him like a long-lost friend. I was simply astounded. Jitterbugs circled round my head and butterflies filled my belly. Something akin to Déjà vu was happening, as a deep connection and memory began to awaken in me.

I began to share my dream with a few of the elders that were present there and we all laughed at the synchronicity of life. Kajangu Kykosa, a wisdom teacher and poet from the Bashi people, and a professor at Southwestern University in Austin, Texas, was very interested in the vision and encouraged me to share it with all the elders. My dream was beginning to breathe, and for a moment I had the most profound feeling that I belonged. Not simply as an inhabitant of the earth, but to a larger collective weave of spiritual family that I had yearned for my entire life. Instantly I knew who I was, not as ego, but as the piece of the cosmic puzzle that I represented.

The following day, as I was speaking with the interpreter for the Bushmen of the Kalahari from Africa, the puzzle became even more astonishing. I learned that the clan name for this particular group of Bushmen was the *#Xhomani* clan (# representing the clicking sound in their tongue that precedes the word). *Xhomani San* literally translated in their language means "Born with vision", and the interpreter explained that they chant this word in caves to bring vision to their people.

Wow! Grace enveloped me as I stared in awe at these humble people who, making their inaugural visit to the U.S., came across continents with the gentle ways of their spirit and the rumbling, thick blood of their ancestors, preserving the instinctive memories and traditional stories that led us to this day. What grand choreographer organized this moment that allowed us to meet so unexpectedly on common ground? I bent to the grass and kissed the earth; I reached to the sky and proclaimed my gratitude. My dream was not only breathing now, but was hollering and stretching as a newborn that feels the first fire of life in its lungs.

Again, I shared my dream and the brilliant smiles of the Bushmen came alive. The translator explained that the Elder of the group told her, "that having *#Xhomani* in my dream represented my ancestors coming to tell me that I will bridge together many traditions and lead a movement to awaken my dream. Being led in a dream in this way makes the vision strong."

*I am like the sunrise,
coming up over the horizon of tomorrow,
illuminating my shadowed eyes,
shooting rays of fierce love into my heart and
pulling me into my warmth
like a walking angel in search of her home.*

- Ruby Gibson

This process of elucidation continued on for many days. I sat in utter reverence as I interviewed and shared my dream. I learned that I had stumbled upon a word – or a sound – that had cross cultural and symbolic meaning. Shared by many indigenous tribes around the world (who otherwise may have had no documented contact when the sound originated in their native tongues), this sound seemed to serve as a link to a memory that binds us as one. Chanting this cosmic sound, just as in my dream, serves a higher purpose of accessing original wisdom.

It did not appear to be as prevalent in the Latin languages, but rather had a relationship in the various tribes' indigenous languages. For example, when I interviewed Lauro Hinostroza Garcia, a recognized shaman and healer in Peru, who carries in his veins the legacy of ancient Peruvian traditions like the Inka and Shipibo lineages, he explained, "that *Kumari* is the mythical big bear in Quechua language. The bear comes from the cave and stands with its arms upward, holding his burden with strength." And, of course, we just happened to be staying in a town named Big Bear.

Mrs. Pauline E. Tangiora is a tribal elder from Aotearoa, New Zealand and her tribal affiliations are to Rongo-mai-wahine and Ka-hunga-unu. She is one of the 21 members of the Earth Council. With a tattoo of a whale's tail on her chin and neck, she held the simplicity of a child and the vastness of a sage, Pauline told me that in her language the word is pronounced *Kumara*. "*Kumara*" is the sacred sweet potato that Mother Earth has given us for sustenance," she declared fondly.

Ove Svensson from Sweden is dedicated to teaching and re-weaving the traditions of both ancient and modern Nordic peoples with other multi-indigenous cultures. Ove explained that in his Nordic language "*Ku* means Cow, which is equivalent to the feminine".

The great-granddaughter of Geronimo also knew of this word, *Khonmadi*. She told me that it hadn't been used for hundreds of years. She told me this, "*It is from the language of the Before-Time.*"

I learned that *Kumari*, in Sanskrit, means the living goddess, and that *Kumari* also means 'Virgin', a name to designate Sita and Durga. In the temple of Kanya-Kumari, located on the southernmost tip of India, Shakti is worshiped as a virgin.

In addition, *Comadre* in Spanish means godmother and defines the relationship between a godmother and a parent.

While interviewing Michael Ortiz Hill, co-author of *Gathering in their Names*, a kinship story he wrote with his spiritual brother, Mandaaza Kandemwa of the Shona People from Zimbabwe, and who is widely recognized in Southern Africa as a nganga (traditional healer), my dream began to open its eyes and coo with delight. Upon revealing yet once again my story, Michael looked at me oddly and reached into his pocket. He pulled out a slip of paper and roughly scrawled in pen was the name *Kumari* and a phone number.

In his soft-spoken and very thoughtful voice, Michael explained the coincidence with a half smile. "I was just checking my voice mail, and I had a message from a woman I've never met. She said her name was *Kumari*. Ruby, this is very strange, but I must tell you that *Kumari* is coming here." I was stunned.

It was the following day, during the heat of noon, as I was perched under an umbrella interviewing another presenter, that Michael came hobbling up the stairs. He was eagerly exclaiming, "Ruby, *Kumari* is here, *Kumari* is here!"

Slowly making her way behind him was an elder African American woman, long roots (dread locks) swaying with her gait, a shyness hiding behind her eyes. I stood to face her and she placed her hands together as in prayer, and bowing ever so slightly, she said sweetly, "*I am Kumari*".

Not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, I reached out and embraced her wholly. She was warm and round like the earth, and I took a moment to feel her heart beating. The compassion in her eyes filled my soul and I instantly knew that my dream had gained two legs and sprouted a pair of spirit wings.

The essence of *Khonmadi* / *Jamadi* / #*Xhomani* / *Kumara* / *Kumari* was no longer my dream. It was a collective dream that I had been given as a rare gift of remembrance that all people - all shapes and sizes, all colors and nationalities, all religions and languages - are united through the heartbeat of Mother Earth.

I had recently heard a story of the *Kogi*, who call themselves *Kaggaba* or *Gaggaba* (The People), and inhabit the remote Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta mountains of Northern Columbia in South America. They believe the Sierra Nevada to be the 'Heart of the World.'

As the self-designated Elder Brothers of Humanity, they also believe that they have the spiritual responsibility of maintaining the heartbeat of Mother Earth. I wonder if they have a word for that. I wonder if *Khonmadi* is their religion?

The more our world changes, the more value will be placed on the wisdom that has been carefully guarded and protected for many years by these 'Elder Brothers and Sisters' living in secluded areas around the globe.

The Wisdomkeepers have acknowledged that now is the time to bring forth their prophecies into the collective consciousness. Prophecy comes like a beacon of hope in the face of unrequited adversity. Prophecy is not segregated truth; it acknowledges the global family. And most importantly, prophecy does not come in as a step-by-step instruction manual that will appeal to the left side of the brain. It is not orderly, sequential or always easily digested. Prophecy comes in story, in dance, in ceremony, in art, and in symbols that awaken the truth in us; and as in my case, prophecy comes in dreams.

I believe that this remembering of original wisdom is our healing. This is the remedy to what ails humanity. Not to amplify our differences, but to remember our similarities. Remembering is the primary occupation of our generation and is the movement that is healing our deepest wounds. Our ancestors are crying out loud to be heard, and it is by breathing life into the memories of those spiritual fires that our hope for peaceful survival is kept alive. It is by creating the vibration of oneness that we begin to resonate to a new paradigm.

The last day, before heading down off the mountain and back into urbanity, I watched as the elders stood in a circle, a hoop of hope. Many spoke of the suffering their Indigenous group has had to endure, many spoke of the hardships that have passed and continue to inflict their people, many spoke of the prophecies that had been protected and hidden from view that have guided their people for many years. And many expressed that now the time had come, like a tree coming into flowering, for these truths, these teachings, for this original wisdom to be shared.

Multi-colored wraps, ponchos and turbans sweetened the room like eye candy for the soul. The sun had set on this gathering, on the cultural bevy of beauty that twinkled like precious gems in the eye of the observer. But I was no longer the observer. I was standing, feet fully planted, in the hoop of hope with them. This is my story. I am honored to share it with you.

CHAPTER TWO



THE CONSEQUENCES OF REMEMBERING

The place of emergence is the womb of the earth . . .

Our deepest and first memory is of the heartbeat, the sacred pulse of life that reverberates through us all. When we are pregnant, the child is carried under our heart. The maternal heart is the source of her children's life. The heartbeat of our Mother Earth is the basic rhythm of the universe, the life-blood that feeds us and that also bonds us. Whether four legged or two legged, swimmer, flyer or crawler, we all have the mystic dance of life going on inside our bodies.

The heartbeat creates the fundamental tempo for music, poetry, song and dance. So vital was the idea of the heartbeat in Oriental religions that the very center of the universe was placed "within the heart" by Tantric sages. The sages said, "Nada (sound) represents the State of Power. It is experienced by the yogi when he plunges into himself. It is made manifest in the heartbeat. And since the microcosm is finally identical with the macrocosm, when the yogi hears this Sound of Power, he is listening to the heartbeat of the absolute."

Researchers have found that the human heart has a beat that synchronizes with the magnetic resonance of our planet. In a book entitled, *The Heartbeat of Indigenous Africa: A Study of the Chagga Educational System* by R. Sambuli Masha, he explains: "These two halves of an entity are like two mirrors placed face to face, reflecting reciprocal images: man/woman is the microcosm which reflects the larger world, the macrocosm which in turn reflects man/woman."

This concept of reciprocity instigates the discussion of autonomy - the capacity to make moral decisions and to act on them - and the ability to engage in life while consistently recognizing the intricacies of our human bond. It seems to come down to the basic task of unifying all that we know, feel, sense and love into a shared articulation of experience.

Sambuli Moshia expresses this most clearly,

"What would be classified today as religious values, teachings, doctrines and rituals are for Indigenous People fundamental spiritual or human values that are lived and practiced spontaneously in everyday life in the same way people do everything else. Life is lived holistically. As Indigenous People breathe, they also have reverence for the Sacred - they work, worship, venerate ancestors, hold community meetings, celebrate weddings, bury and mourn the dead, and bear children, in an holistic, non-departmentalized way . . . the words religion, spirituality, and politics seem to imply that each of these is a separate entity that can be viewed, studied and even lived independently of the others. In the Chagga worldview, and indeed in the basic African worldview, such distinctions do not exist. One word includes them all: Life, lived as one integrated whole."

This principle is at the core of this book; you will understand it as a primary theme in the words of the Wisdomkeepers. It is something to be remembered, not sought; something to feel, not think; something to experience, not design. I experienced this quite profoundly a few years ago when on a spiritual quest. In a vision that I had, I was led down a path lined with many different types of people, all ages, colors and races. They were tossing rose petals onto the path that was winding up to meet a large tree. The tree was very ancient and deep-rooted, the broad branches of leaves hosting an abundance of people in its shade.

As I stood before the tree, it opened up - similar to two doors - and from inside emerged the oldest man and the oldest woman of all time. Their skin was brown and leathered, and their long braided hair hung like roots to the ground. The Grandmother walked up to me, her eyes filled with compassion, as well as sadness. I could see that inside her chest was a throbbing heart, bright red and glowing through her translucent skin. The Grandmother reached into her chest and pulled out a piece of her heart and placed it in my chest.

I gasped at the intensity of the beat. She took my hand, placed it over my heart and said, *"Granddaughter, we are the Firekeepers of the ancient ways. We have been holding the memory of the First People for countless years, but we are old and tired. Right here in our hearts is the recollection of all traditions, sacred ceremonies, truth, prophecy and all goodness. We hold the memory of living in a balanced way on this earth. We cannot carry it ourselves anymore, but the light, the fire, must not go out or the people will die."*

We must pass it forward and we are passing on a piece of the fire to you. Now you also have the responsibility to be a Firekeeper. "Let it burn brightly inside you - with each beat of your heart feel the wisdom that lives in the truth that all things are connected in the giant web of life." I gratefully accepted her plea to be a Firekeeper, and it has impacted my life in every possible way.

A Nez Perce woman from Oregon once told me that there was a time when the ancient trees were living burial tombs for her people. Upon the death of a tribal elder, a great tree was scooped out enough to hold the folded body. Then the bark was laid back to grow over the small bones like a rough-hewn skin graft.

"The old trees held our people for thousands of years," she said softly. If you cut those ancient trees, you lose all your own ancestors, everyone who came before you. Such loneliness is unbearable."

"On a physical, emotional and spiritual level, we are linked to these breathing trees. And every time a great tree is cut, our kind die, too - lost and lonely, and longing for what we may someday recognize as akin to ourselves." -Brenda Peterson, *Pacific Northwest: Land of Light and Water*

This vision rekindled the deepest knowledge of myself, which had become diluted with modern existence and technology. I accepted the responsibility and in doing so have been blessed beyond measure.

A funny thing about hearts: There are two parts to every heartbeat - the in and the out. Blood returning to the heart always returns from separate vessels, whereas blood leaving the heart always leaves from a single vessel and then splits to go in opposite directions. The two parts of the heartbeat come from the same initial impulse but require that we both give and receive. Our heartbeat, our vital pulse, leaves from our one heart but the same pulse returns back to us from many sources. This is the embodied gift of the shared unity of all life.

This Gathering of Elders in Big Bear was lead by a circle of Grandmothers. The eldest of elders, Grandmother Connie Mirabal, is a Hopi Wisdomkeeper and the epitome of kindness and gentleness. Much like a matriarchal society, albeit for a week, Connie held the seat of respect. The Grandmothers were honored in the Sacred Ways - they oversaw all the councils and proceedings; they were the ones to give prayers for our food and the first to eat; all dreams of their clan were given to the Grandmothers in the morning so they could interpret the meaning(s); they were primary in any ceremony; and they were the law in all disputes.

It was a beautiful thing to witness the humility of the Grandmothers, and the way in which it softened the many debates that erupted from cultural differences. It was healing for the women to hold gentle authority in this male-dominated world. The singular intent of healing Mother Earth, the reason we had all come together, was being actualized in the intentional care of the women; the reverence for the feminine was so instinctual that it seemed to give birth to an innate balance. As if the mirror of the macrocosm was at last matching the microcosm. A natural order settled in which synchronized our hearts to a planetary pulse - *Khonmadi, The Heartbeat of Mother Earth*.

"Heart to heart, we are linked by a code so primordial it defies explanation: so elegant in its wisdom the most exquisite of catechisms pale by comparison," states Paula M. Reeves, Ph.D. from her book, *Heart Sense: Unlocking your Highest Purpose and Deepest Desires*.

Continuing, Reeves adds, *"Heartbeat, the essence of your hearts rhythm, has woven itself inextricably throughout our language, keeping modern humankind unconsciously linked to the enduring wisdom embedded in many of the mystical beliefs of the past and undergirding a number of scientific discoveries of the present. Arising from an inexplicable sense that there is a source of deity within all that sustains and guides us, we too cannot help but be strongly influenced. Unconsciously we are drawn by our connection to a relatively unexplored and unrecognized lineage whose history is recorded within the energetic memory of our heart. This human rhythmical force is electromagnetically linked to the heart pulse of nature and ever deepening into the rhythmic rise and fall of the dancing pulse of eternity."*

I imagine that you are reading this book because your heart guided you to its pages. Maybe there is something you are remembering. Maybe you hold a piece of the fire. If you are willing to listen to your heart, then the guiding principles from ancient lineages shared within can only deepen your connection with yourself, with your own heartbeat and with the common destiny that our Mother Earth, our humanity, and all life on this planet share. This is the language of the 'before time'.

These gifts of knowledge however come with a price - the acceptance of responsibility for the choices we make and the things we do. There is no way to ignore this. We are all at cause, and we are all at effect. We are one wheel within many wheels. Our lives are circular. A wheel can roll, it can move, it can change, it can progress. A circle can never be stagnant.

Of all the planetary and life changes we experience, none of them will lead us to emptiness. Movement is always evolutionary and although change is a risk, we inherently know that stagnancy is death and movement is life.

The Consequences of Remembering hopes to convey the origin, substance, means and outcome of generational and collective looking back. It is meant to inform and offer physical, psychic, and spiritual remedy, as well as to raise questions about the significance of our relationship to the Earth in our healing cycles and patterns. The objective is to develop understanding and tools to embrace the past and become accountable for our actions and life experiences; to explore a clear awareness of the embodiment of our personal archaeology in the present; and to chart a conscious, joyful path into the future that allows all of our relations to come full circle and reconcile suffering, or more specifically, to remember, evolve, and look forward.

*There are no unsacred places. There are only sacred places,
And desecrated places. - Wendell Berry*

Gathered in a large circle, the Wisdomkeepers revolve around their unseen unity. We look around us. Mother Earth is shimmering; she is vibrant and ever in motion. Cohesion exists as a deep spiritual urge, as the primal force of humanity and nature. We are from many places and cultures. We are many colors and traditions. We speak many languages and respond to different symbols. Yet woven into the substantial fabric of this unlikely encounter are fibers of truth and patterns of simplicity that represent our deep commonalities. It is from this constant, from this circle, from this hoop of spirit, that movement can occur with grace.

Cradle these words and images as you would a delicate and precious child; treat them carefully and with reverence; savor the sweetness of our ancestral fruit, for it has been carefully guarded for this exact moment - for your eyes, for your lips, for your breath. Let it bypass your reason and resonate in your heart. Let this guidance awaken your deep-rooted memory and set fire to a sacred dream that is manifesting all around us. With blessings of peace, I am
Nighthawk Woman