

## The Heart Whisperer of Creation

The place of happiness was always waiting for the person of happiness to arrive. This beautiful place located at the beginning of time was here from the very beginning, and no one can remember when that is. No one can remember the real beginning of anything or any place, nor can anyone imagine the end. Still, it is all being dreamed by the Heart Whisperer of Creation and no one knows who She Is. No one ever imagined either; everyone has been and is contented with their ignorance. No one ever figured out how to know everything or anything, for that matter. They say ignorance is bliss, but most truly it is suffering.

Suffering is the law of the people and happiness has been on the run ever since, and lives outside of all the towns where the people live. The place of happiness is in its last domain and knows it will soon disappear from the beginning and the end, it has only the present now, a time so elusive because it can't be thought of, and no one ever can search to find it.

When someone tries to find how happy they are, they always overlook who they are and even where they are. I don't know why everyone thinks they are a someone and why they struggle so hard to find themselves to be a someone—a someone special, and when they can't find it, a someone not special at all—maybe a someone who is just another ordinary person, or a someone who is bad. I don't understand this, why people choose suffering and overlook who they are to be an idea of themselves. It is not my job to understand this, but I do know a great presence that understands this and has passed her great wisdom to me. She is a great friend to me. I call her the Heart Whisperer of Creation. She has not revealed to me when creation started, nor does she refer to it as the beginning, she only calls it (creation) the whim of God—of The only true One—the Real Self. When I ask her why True Self would have such a whim, she only smiles. I felt she was trying to hold back a big belly laugh and felt perhaps that my question must have been a bit way too foolish. For wasn't I here at this place and this time? She told me that creation was just a marvelous whim and did I know what I was doing in it? I confess I was bewildered at that idea—that I had a purpose. That idea only occurred to me because of her.

Now with her whispering in my ear (or was it my heart?) I had to find out. That was my beginning, because that is when my life finally got interesting to me. Before her whispering words to find out, I had been content with my life. I must admit I hovered around it, was a little bit too formal, a little bit awkward and apprehensive about getting my hands dirty with it. But her whispering in my ear: what was I doing in it, which repeated into what should I be doing—what

should I be doing? I started to look, to find out and this is how my story began. I went out of myself to look, to see—to see how I was here and for what purpose, not really knowing what I would find. All I knew was that she had given me an urge I didn't have before, that never occurred for me to even have. This started an adventure that was meant for me to accomplish. I just had to find the clues and follow them. This was easy, as they found me. I had to be open to recognizing them. So the Heart Whisperer gave me the idea that I had something to do which made me wonder what that was and in this gift (her gift) of wondering, she helped me to want to give, to serve and this opened me to see the needs of those that I could help. The next part was a big surprise. I'm not even sure if it is my story. I am sure that it is their story.

I was wandering and came to a place where the lighting was soft and sweet. My eyes adjusted nicely to this kind of lighting. I walked toward the pond and thought I would detect some fish swimming in it. I didn't see any fish but was surprised when a large cobra rose from the water and towered above me. He was very large, enormous, and I thought he must have possessed some magic to be that large. He hissed at me and became aggressive and I knew that he could eat me in one big gulp. I had no time to run away. I suspected that if I tried, that would only agitate him further, so I spoke to him in a calm-as-possible manner, given the circumstances. "You are welcome to eat me," I bravely told him, "and I am sure that will satisfy your hunger." He stared at me and listened. Obviously he could allow that, as by his size he had all the advantage. I continued, "I can offer you more than just one satisfying meal." He looked at me and again he allowed me to continue. "I offer my friendship, my heart, my service in companionship to you. Perhaps this could satisfy a deeper need, a deeper hunger." He looked deeply into my eyes and I felt all his aggression leave, and I was surprised when he lowered his head, as if bowing to me. He let me touch his head and I knew that this was the marking of an extraordinary event, that having offered my life to him and then my heart in the form of friendship, he had chosen my heart.

We became friends. I always attended to him and he wandered with me at times. His name was Rogen and his nature was very regal. I told him about the Heart Whisperer and he always enjoyed my tales of her. He asked me if I had found my purpose yet and encouraged me to recognize all the obvious clues. "We met, me a magical creature and you, a young maiden of this place and time, there must be a purpose in it, don't you think?" I agreed and Rogen showed me the ways of the serpentine energies in my own magic body. He showed me the doorways where the energies of heart and mind connect with my body. I learned how we dreamed being

and being here and both of us felt the hand of the Heart Whisperer in our adventures. We could feel her with us, as I felt Rogen's magic help me, my sense of her called me out of my set ways of being like I was. I was not just a maiden of this time or place, I was linked to a bigger time and an endless place. I was finding my way and Rogen showed me much. I suspected that he knew much more than he was letting on, he let me discover the way of myself so I could enjoy the adventure of it. Maybe he knew the purpose I was supposed to find out and to live as my service, my purpose, but he did not tell me so. There would always be more clues.

I moved with the demands of my life and what Rogen showed me and opened in me showed me that I was being prepared and guided by many creatures. They sought me out and I had the feeling they were waiting for me to be ready. I did not know what it was that I was being made ready for. The hummingbirds, friends from my childhood, hovered about me and I delighted in their play, and one night as I played with them in my dreams, a ruby-throated one dived into my forehead, and the eye of all knowing, of all potential, opened to the light of seeing. I had many visions and traveled to many realms. I travelled to the place where all plans were recorded on maps of light scroll. My heart skipped a beat when I found a scroll with my name on it. I eagerly unfurled the scroll, my fingers were trembling and I felt unprepared to be revealed to myself and couldn't decide to continue to read what was said about me on the scroll. Would I understand it, could I comprehend it, follow it and succeed at it? I stood there unable to decide what to do when a voice called out to me. "What are you doing here? How did you get here?" I turned around with the scroll still in my hand and saw a luminous being that was shrouded in a blue light, a man tall and lanky, and I was not afraid of him as he seemed warm and familiar to me. He moved toward me like he was gliding on a thermal, and his features changed from a man's to a hawk—he seemed to embody the qualities of both—those of a raptor and those of a man. He repeated his question, "How did you get here?"

"The hummingbird, it showed me the opening." The hawk/man smiled, "Your eye of opening has opened access. Welcome, I am Jimin, I oversee the scrolls of all that will happen, and why what happens can lead to what is truly important." He pointed to the scroll in my hands, "I see your name is on it, you are..."

"Kreateama," I replied. Jimin smiled and thought to himself, Of course, I sense the Heart Whisperer has a hand in sending her here. "Come, bring the scroll." I followed him behind the wall and there were a few long tables that fit the width of the scroll. He motioned to me to hand

him the scroll and I did. The scroll unfurled and when it was securely magnetized to the table, he flipped the table up so it was at eye level. “There, all ready for you, are you sure you want to know what’s on it?”

I don’t know why but I said yes. The first line I read brought an inner terror to me. Kreateama is an agent for big change. This change will be difficult but necessary. No one will escape it.

How could these words bear any truth? I wasn’t anybody. I had no power of my own. Did I dare read more? I looked at Jimin, he raised his eyebrows, questioning if I wanted to continue. I didn’t believe I had the heart or will to continue to read the scroll. I signaled to him to close the scroll, he did carefully and slowly and before he closed the seal I saw the last line. It said, “And they all agreed and they all wanted this and it will happen in the place and time that is never found and always overlooked.

Jimin took the scroll and I followed him to where he returned it to its resting place. I think I was still trembling and he unexpectedly hugged me and soothed me. “It’s alright. The Heart Whisperer has mysterious ways.” I was surprised at his mention of the Heart Whisperer. “You know the Heart Whisperer?” I asked.

“Of course,” he replied. “She oversees everything here.” He rubbed his chin as he spoke and it made his nose look more prominent like a beak. “We can’t know her in the ordinary familiar sense of knowing someone. It would be more accurate to say she knows me—she knows us.”

I reflected on this and knew it was true. I had met with her several times, I thought of her as my friend, but I never had asked her anything about herself. She had always challenged me to know something about myself. “She, the Heart Whisperer, was always whispering to me about some whim, a purpose that I must get to. I had never had any ideas like that before.”

Jimin smiled and clapped his hands. “Yes, yes—that is the Heart Whisperer we know nothing about but love anyway. I imagine you are on some kind of adventure to find out your purpose? Did the scroll help?”

Kreateama scratched her hand, something she always did when she was nervous. “What it said only made me more nervous, it said I was an agent for a big change that will affect everyone.”

“Well,” Jimin stretched his neck and Kreateama thought she saw his feather unruffle. “I hope it is a beneficial change.”

“The scroll said it would be difficult.”

“We’ll have to trust that the Heart Whisperer knows what is best.”

Kreateama felt tired, her grip on staying with Jimin in the library of all knowing was fading. Jimin understood her departure was imminent and he playfully called his steadfast steed—a horse of feathers and feathered wings, a beautiful steed with green-blue iridescent feathers—to his side. He whispered in the horse’s ear, “Fly her home, she is not of this realm.”

The horse flipped his head under her collapsing body and she fell unconscious onto his back. She woke up in her bed directly. She felt very tired and slept all afternoon. When she finally awakened, the sun was setting, and for a few minutes she couldn’t remember if it was day or night. She got up to see the sun setting and got her bearings. A hummingbird was hovering around and it flew close to her before it skyrocketed up. She remembered everything.

What she had learned frightened her. An agent for big change? She was a steady kind of gal, didn’t change much, at least about herself. She had never even changed her hair or hair color—not even once. She got her treasure map from its not-so-secret location under her bed. She looked over what she had depicted so far—meeting Rogen, her supersized cobra friend. She added a few hummingbird sketches, showing a hummingbird piercing her forehead, and drew a luminating staircase that lead her to the scroll library. She drew what she remembered of the library and wondered what stories all the other scrolls told. She drew two versions of Jimin, one as a man and the other as the man/hawk he kept turning into. She liked him—he was very helpful and kind to her. And he knew the Heart Whisperer too, said he worked for her. She wanted to draw the Heart Whisperer but when she tried to recall her features they slipped from her memory. That’s strange. I know what she looks like, we have talked often in the past years, but now I cannot recall a single feature except that she is a feminine presence. Is she tall, young, or old? Is her hair dark or light? I attempted a few random sketches. I couldn’t even remember the shape of her face. I puzzled over this and became discouraged that I would never recall her form. I looked at my sketch of Jimin and I swear I saw him wink at me.

Time for a hike, I thought, and I threw a small sketchbook into my backpack in case my memory of Heart Whisperer would return. I loved to walk, it always cleared my head and

helped my creative juices flow. The sky was darkening, so I added a light raincoat over my sweatshirt. I was ready to hike my usual favorite trail up through the oak forest to “Where it is” mountain, but instead I kept driving for over two hours and found myself in an open preserve simply called, “Wander Trail.” I was excited to have found a new trail. A breeze was stirring up and a hawk was circling overhead and calling out. The trail ran side by side to the flowing streams. The cows that were resting and drinking water hardly gave me any notice. After I crossed the stream, the trail began to get rough. The uphill was straining my thigh muscles, and I had to rest very often to catch my breath as well. After an hour of this kind of workout I could see the view of the valley—my car looked very far away and very small. I kept climbing and decided to give it another hour before I would turn around. I snacked on some trail mix to keep my strength up.

At the end of the second hour, the trail got a lot easier and I knew I didn’t want to turn back yet as I had decided earlier. I was now full of energy and felt I was on the verge of discovery. I saw the hawk that had called out before at the beginning of the walk. He was sitting on top of a boulder that resembled a profile of a hawk. This made me think, “Hawk on hawk,” and it also made me recall Jimin’s face. I thought of taking out my sketchbook but this was not the time to be the observer, it was my time to follow deeper into the adventure I was in. I must have climbed up at least 2000 feet and there were golden poppies everywhere, it took my breath away to be in the home of the poppy fields on what I now call Poppy Mountain. I walked through the flowers and enjoyed their bright, happy, colorful home. I followed the curve of the hill and the flowers were astounding and bountiful. Some had grown to waist high. As I circled the mountain and came to the other side and closer to the top, the fields of poppies disappeared and the trail was fading into a rocky summit. As I approached the summit I thought I saw a figure sitting there. The sun was in my eyes and I thought maybe it was just a stump or a rock shape that resembled a form. The rocks were loosening under my feet and I almost lost my footing. Sanity told me to turn back now, but I wanted so much to reach the summit, having come so far. The assumed stump turned when it heard my footsteps and I saw what I couldn’t believe to be real. It was a gorilla. It was too late to turn around. He was watching me. There was a faraway look in his eyes. He must have been up here contemplating or meditating. Was he a magical creature like Rogen?

He stood up. He was immense, big, strong. His black fur shone in the sunlight. I nodded in a reverent way to this impressive, massive being.

“We are ready. Let us go.” His deep voice vibrated throughout my chest.

He continued, “It is our time. A few of your people are trying to preserve a life for us here. We cannot stay. It will not work.”

I wondered why he was telling me this. He moved toward me. This frightened me and he saw I was afraid. “You don’t need to be afraid of me. I would never hurt you,” he said. He stopped his forward motion toward me and held out his massive hand toward me. I let my hand be wrapped in his massive palm. He took my hand and held it to his face and I could feel a strong magnetic force hold my hand to his face. My hand was held there for a long time and I became uncomfortable. I tried to remove it but the force held it there like glue. He seemed unaware of my discomfort, so I finally took my other hand and tried to unglue, unstick my hand from his face. He allowed me to do this.

He repeated, “We are ready to go.” I didn’t ask where, it didn’t occur to me.

“Our evolution here is finished.” When he said this three hawks circled overhead, calling to each other. I could feel his sorrow and his acceptance and also his depth, his wisdom. I didn’t have anything to say, I just gave him my acceptance and this seemed to relax him. I didn’t know why he had to tell me this and I didn’t really understand, but I could accept it. That was what I could do. He turned back to face the mountain and as he did this, he disappeared.

I sat on the very rock, the summit where he had been sitting when I first saw him, and got my sketch pad out of my backpack and drew the gorilla and wrote down his strange words and message to me. I managed to get a rough sketch done when the first drops of rain began. I tossed everything back into my backpack and made it down the trail in half the time it took me to get up it. There was a hawk sitting on a tree stump by my car. As I approached, he threw his body forward and flew away. I was tired and slept deeply that night, a powerful flow of energy moved throughout my body. At times I felt massive and my form was the form of the magical creature, the gorilla that I had encountered earlier that day.

After that encounter, my life became a series of spontaneous wanderings. I followed many off-the-beaten-track trails and instead of bringing my sketchpad, I bought a digital camera and took pictures of the beautiful landscapes. I couldn’t (of course) take pictures of the magical encounters I continued to have. I created art from the landscapes and the secret meetings of spirit

animals. It wasn't only animals that I met that communicated to me about this mysterious change that was to come, that I was a part of somehow.

I also met ancient beings who had lived on the earth and evolved from the physical but kept themselves tied to this place. I met the grandmothers in the mountains, their spirits living among the ancient bristlecones. Their spirits lived and danced in the rarefied air of the ancient forest. Their presence was gay, loving, and they accepted me like their very own granddaughter. Like the old bristlecones that survived with deep roots and a few living cells, the grandmothers breathed the mountain air and rooted themselves to the oldest living trees. They seemed free of concern and enjoyed their dance of waiting. They kept themselves tied to this mountain, this forest. The purpose of their waiting and their tether seemed mysterious to me. Over the years I walked their mountain forest many times and I always enjoyed their warm acknowledgment. I asked them if they ever left the mountain trees and one of them came forward and spoke to my heart. Estrella spoke, "It is not our time to leave here, but we are dissolving, our presence is leaving." I asked, "Where are you and the grandmothers going?" She smiled at this question. "Will you not ask us?" she asked. My heart skipped a beat, "Would you come home with me?" I asked. I didn't know how they would accomplish such a feat. Estrella answered, "I will lead the way and come to be with you, as your grandmothers like how you feel our presence here. The others will follow in their time." I don't know why I needed to ask this, but I did, "Will the grandmothers come and bring their happiness and wisdom to this world?" Estrella was quiet and I could feel the grandmothers talking to each other. "Because of you, our dear granddaughter, we all want to take a body to help you in your work and most difficult task. We will appear in your life in the necessary time."

The grandmothers were coming directly, taking a body and coming to this realm. This made me very happy and it strengthened me to accept and grow into the purpose of my difficult work. It was all very mysterious to me, what the change would be as I was still in the learning and gathering phase. I had accepted that my life didn't have an ordinary purpose, that I was being led to and contacted by many creatures both visible and invisible, to help bring about a change that I had not learned anything about. I didn't feel that there was anything extraordinary about me. I was not special or particularly capable in any way. I only knew that the Heart Whisperer had whispered to me, to my heart, and that the natural world knew it, that they were leading me to the next encounter and the next one. I was willing to go, to follow their leads and accept their link. This had led to the startling, wonderful news that the grandmothers were



coming to live a lifetime. Estrella found her way to keep her presence with me. I found a simple stone statue of the grandmother and her presence imbued the statue, and she has lived with me in my room ever since. I wait to meet the great grandmothers in the flesh and to be reunited with them in a big circle, a big hug of welcoming love.

The grandfathers, whom I met in the mountains of the Southwest, were of an entirely different nature than the grandmothers. They knew of the ways of power and demanded respect. When they made their presence known to me, it was in a powerful display of nature. Dark clouds amassed quickly and they tossed lightning bolts from mountain top to mountain top. This display was meant to intimidate me. They wanted to show me their authority by humbling me with fear through their dangerous displays of power. I acknowledged their display as wonderful, not the response they were expecting. One of the grandfathers spoke in my mind and asked why I was not frightened. He was a great chief, chief of all the chiefs and acknowledged as such. Unlike the grandmothers, there was no gaiety in his manner. He was frustrated with me and his presence was stern and powerful. I don't know why but I was not frightened by the great chief. I was calm and my heart was open and clear. I didn't know why they thought I was a person of power, but they wanted a challenge or some kind of showdown with me. I never felt that I had any aspect of power, or that I was powerful in any way. I had felt that the Heart Whisperer had set me on this course and I had no choice but to follow it. My encounters and experiences were surprising to me. I had begun to accept the validity and reality of them. I could feel that the greatest of the chiefs was waiting for a response from me, so I spoke up. "The displays of all the chief grandfathers are an incredible display of power, of control over the natural forces, and of light. Can I show you grandfathers what I am?" They replied, "Come, show us your power and your strength then." My spirit grew bigger and jumped from one mountain top to the next and then, having touched them all, I danced in a circle of motion and burst into light. The light that I am radiated their forms and they too burst into the light of what I am.

Their subtle form and presence returned as I smiled up at them. They sat in the silence before they spoke to me. They all spoke to me at once with the same voice. "Your power is greater than all of us together. We can control the natural elements, but your power is beyond that. How are you the light itself?" they asked. I replied, "That, the light, is our true self." They were stunned by this revelation. "You have shown us our true self, your power is greater than ours and we acknowledge you as the greatest chief." Such an acknowledgement seemed foreign

to me and my purpose. Their way of seeing this revelation and experience of it in terms of position and power eluded me. “Is there anything we can do to serve you, as you have given us the most powerful experience of all?” I just wanted to be on my way and wanted to decline their offer, but I knew they needed to serve me as a sign of their respect. The etiquette of respect was important to the grandfathers as the grandmothers enjoyed love and played in happiness. I asked the grandfathers to serve the feminine in this world, to give women hearts of courage and conviction so they could live their power in this world. They were surprised at this but told me they would accomplish it. I thanked them for the gift of their service. I felt the Heart Whisperer with me saying, “That a girl.” I was longing to see her again and I was dismayed that I still couldn’t recall her face.

I traveled through the grand vistas of the Southwest and took pictures of the Grand Canyon and the mighty Colorado River. I made my way to the Four Corners area and stopped to wander in Monument Valley. The day was cool but bright. As I walked I didn’t enjoy the usual beauty that such rough landscapes usually invoked in me, an incredible sorrow was tangible in the air. This sorrow invaded me and it soon felt unbearable. I knew that it wasn’t my own sadness, as I had not owned any kind of personal sadness since I had taken up my purpose. “Please tell me who you are and why you are so sad,” I asked. I looked around me, the silence was settled everywhere but the sadness pervaded everything. A voice arose from everywhere all at once and spoke to me. “I am sad,” though it did not use the word “I”. It felt to be a collective voice, strong and powerful and compassionate. Where was this voice coming from? It seemed to be located everywhere and it had great depth to feel, to know. Its beingness was massive. I recognized it to be the voice of the Earth. The Earth spoke, “We, the I am, the Earth is sad because the people have forgotten that the Earth is a part of the people.”

“How is the Earth a part of the people?” I asked. I knew that my survival and the survival of all living things took from what is here, from what the Earth provides. Without the Earth our own livingness was not possible. The Earth was the giver, the mother of form and the sustainer of it. But how was the Earth part of the people? “How does the Earth need the people?” I asked.

“That is why Ourselves Earth is sad. The people have lost the knowingness of how Ourselves Earth needs the people. We need this relationship of the people.” I struggled with the Earth’s revelation to me. “Please, I would really like to understand this communication. Are you sad because the people have not cared well for your gifts and bounty?” I asked. “No, the people

struggle as they can, they grow slowly in the knowledge of stewardship. The people and all the creatures and all the living things are intertwined as the Ourselves Earth. No voice is apart, we share all the one voice. The Earth is a part of everything in the unifying field of oneness. And in the field of unifying oneness, consciousness is awakened to be lived by all. We need the people to understand that when they are consciously awakened in the unified field, the Earth knows and shares in their awakening as its awakening as well.” This was astounding to me. The Heart Whisperer had never revealed this to me, but then again, she had set me on a course to discover myself and to be the agent for change.

What did this mean? Did the Earth so love all the people living on it?

“Yes, the Ourselves Earth loves all the people, the true happiness of all the people is our happiness as well. Ourselves Earth and all the people are on the same journey to be awakened.”

“To be awakened?” I asked. The Ourselves Earth laughed. “We like you, you remind us of the Heart Whisperer.”

“You know the Heart Whisperer too?” I asked.

“Yes, she used to visit us very often, but we haven’t seen her for ages. When we saw you we thought that you might be her.”

I grew excited at the mention of the Heart Whisperer. “I too haven’t seen her for a while and now I can’t remember...”

“You can’t remember her form?” the Ourselves Earth asked.

“No, I can’t.”

“But your heart remembers her, doesn’t it?” Ourselves Earth asked.

“Yes, she is always felt but I cannot see her,” I replied.

“Yes, we feel the same way, we don’t see her, but somehow she still is here.”

The Earth’s voice and my own voice were silent as we pondered this mystery.

The Ourselves Earth spoke to me again when I returned to my car. “You have enlivened our heart today, know that our heart is gladdened by your heart and presence with us.”

“Thank you, dear Earth,” and I added, “I hear your voice and know it is true. I acknowledge you with all my love.”

As I drove away from Monument Valley I laughed to myself. How can I drive away from the Earth, everywhere I go she is with me, she is everywhere here. And this reminded me of the Heart Whisperer as well. Both the Earth and the Heart Whisperer are with me wherever I go, but both are usually overlooked and their known presence remains hidden.

Before I found a modest hotel to rest in for the night, I visited a shop that contained native art. I purchased an Eagle Kachina. I placed the Eagle Kachina doll by my hotel bed on the night stand. As I was resting, I felt the Earth’s voice once again and felt in awe of the mystery of her sadness and purpose that she shared with me. I felt a deep love for her. I felt her love and as I laid there, the unified field of our love opened a flooding of energy throughout my body. I became the Eagle Kachina and I was dancing as I stepped, my wings unfolded and grew larger and larger and encompassed the whole world. As this was occurring, I became conscious of every living thing, all the rocks, all the trees, all the mountains, all the peoples, all the lands, all the waters, everything—all the bugs, all the animals, and even the life forms that were now extinct. I wanted to pass into the Samadhi of light, as being conscious of all of life, of everything, was an intense pressure. Instead of passing into the Samadhi of light, my awareness would return to the dance—being the Eagle Kachina once again. This experience continued for hours and eventually I did slip away into and as the Light.

I awoke in the morning feeling Earth’s love for all beings and its sacred relationship to all. The Eagle Kachina was always dancing, its awareness and conscious recognition was always given. The peoples here danced this dance of conscious relationship and the Earth was seen and felt and allowed its own awakening in this dance. We are all dancing together!

A storm had passed in the night and my journey home was blessed by a double rainbow that made its brief appearance in the sky. The Earth was a living voice that lived with me. The signs of her heart livingness were everywhere and they lived with me and I danced for her, for all livingness.

I drove in the silence that is so alive. Simply open, simply happy. The energy of all livingness flowed through me. In this fullness I felt the Heart Whisperer of Creation and I asked her, “Can I see you again?”

I heard her sweet voice and I was so thankful, full of gratitude to hear it once again. “Your journey is going well, my dear daughter.” Her dear daughter, how sweet those words. How I had longed to hear those words that I had never even known to ask for. I wanted to tell her everything about my journey, about learning how to serve and the dance of the Eagle Kachina.

“I know,” she said, “I have seen it all. I have been with you every step of the way.”

“Where is this journey leading to?” I asked.

“Are you the same girl who started this journey?” she asked.

How could I be? I had been a girl with no purpose, with no idea that I could even serve a true purpose. I was settling to just get by until the Heart Whisperer whispered into my heart.

“Oh Heart Whisperer, it is you who set my course into this new life and understanding.”

“Yes, there are more open roads for you to travel. I am with you.”

The Heart Whisperer’s voice faded. There was still so much I wanted to know, where this journey would lead me and all in the Kachina dance. I knew the Heart Whisperer was with me and she had called me her daughter, this meant everything to me. I returned home and created art and poems from my journey to the Southwest.

The years continued by and my own home, my seat of here became my own seat of sacred relationship and power. I often dreamed of lions and tigers, they lived in my house and roamed the lands that surrounded it. I consecrated the mountain peak behind my house, “Where the Lions are Mountain” to set apart a place where their spirit and invisible form could always live with me. Every day I walked the lands in my wilderness town. The river flowed down from the mountains and the foothill mountains watched the river fill the big basin each spring. These mountains also spoke to me on my daily walks and were aware of living in the unified field of oneness. I lived in such grace and couldn’t remember anymore the girl who had lived apart from herself and the livingness of everything, of the Earth. I hadn’t thought of myself anymore as having a purpose, and the Heart Whisperer was felt to be always here with me. But still, from time to time I would be called, attracted to another journey, to another place to do some work of “purpose”.

One such journey called me to a place I often frequented. I loved this place and had walked it often. It is called Pinnacles National Park, a place of old volcanic action. I had even gotten married there at a rock form that resembled a phallus. I climbed up the peaks and did a small, quiet ceremony leaving a rock from my own mountain there. The heart, the voice of the Earth spoke to me that day and asked me to create links of the transmission of already bright conscious heart, to the rest of the world. My place and this place, the Pinnacles, were the stream of already happy heart that linked the whole world of everywhere place to the awakened field of unified consciousness. I brought back three stones from the Pinnacles and laid them down as transmission links on my mountain and places of residence. That night a rainstorm gathered over my place and a lightning storm, a dome of many bolts, was displayed in the skies above. My loved ones and I watched in awe of the magnificence of the storm. The sky was igniting the links of transmission.

After that, for a period of a couple of years, I traveled to different places of beauty—frequently on mountains—and linked the places there with the place of my home, of the transmission of the unified field of consciousness. The Earth was lit up with this transmission, and the people and creatures that lived there could recognize this link and know and feel the oneness that all lived in, and all could rest as their true self there. No one and no thing was apart from the true place, their true home.

I became old and was tired but happy and lived my final years loving all as myself. My work, or purpose was my mere play of being happy and seeing all as my heart. I had become a place of happiness for those who felt my links of transmission. I had become the place and the person of happiness. The Heart Whisperer is with me, and as I still can't recall her face any longer, I can't recall my face either. But I see her and myself—my face—her face, our form in the everywhere and everyone.

Now, my body is fading. I will leave it tonight—a great friend, a great place that served the heart of all very well. So this was the purpose I came to fulfill and I will return to the Heart Whisperer of Creation now. The last Samadhi of Light beckons me, my old aged form will not be returning. The old body is breathing its last. On my last journey, the lions and tigers are by my side and the animals—the monkeys, horses, the hawks and bears and the wildlife of all kinds travel with me. We are going together. I see the Earth spinning in space and my wings open and I dance the Eagle Kachina dance one more time and my wings cover the Earth and all are

enlivened at my heart. This time I will not return to the dance, this time all will burst into the true Light with me as I truly Am. But before I step my final dance I see the Heart Whisperer's face once more. It is my own face that smiles back at me. How could she be any one else?

Santosha Tantra, November 2017