

Keepers' of the Land

Many had traveled a great distance and were now gathered upon a sacred ground in the open plains.

The air was gently being driven over the people by the arms of the wind. The grasses that were golden swayed in response to the same wind. It was a grand circle that was stretched in its fullness, against the blue sky.

The only thing that was heard was a great bird that had joined the group from above. It was a messenger from heights beyond the treetops. The great bird circled, hovering above the people, as it seemed to sense the purpose of the gathering.

All ages joined together in the great circle, as it was a circle of forgiveness and thankfulness.

The sign had been received by the elders and recognized by all. People now remained in the circle but wept openly.

The great bird had returned and was to oversee and protect them once again. Their prayers had been answered and from the plains rose the energy of the people who were gathered.

The sun was positioned in the west. The motion of the circle, stopped on the signal of the Chief. All listened and the words were uttered:

We have once again been recognized, as worthy of life. The great bird has noted that we are keepers of the land. It has once again joined our circle and we must rejoice for our people have been accepted and acknowledged.

All heard the words that broke the silence and stood perfectly still, not knowing where they would begin and then the silence returned, not another word was uttered.

The great bird soared higher and higher until it was no longer in sight.

Everything looked the same, the grasses blew in the wind, the sun shone, the colours were vibrant but something had changed. There was now hope amongst the people gathered. They were received and had been given a sign of acceptance from above.

Their energy still travels above the plains where the grasses blow and sway to the rhythm of the wind. Their prayers can still be heard as a whisper in the echo's of silence.

It serves as a reminder to all, to be thankful for all we have and to recognize the balance of having and not having.

Keepers' of the earth, we shall be,
Whatever that bestows on me,
It is felt, it is seen, it is up to me.

How will I face it?
How will I do?
When witnessed from above by the
eyes of the great bird.

Will I be blessed or
Will I be cursed?

Have I looked after the smallest of creatures
Caressed the grass and honoured its life?
Or have I passed by and trampled its
existence.

Take a look and see for yourself
Do you measure up?

Teach the young to see what is theirs', for the earth brings
its beauty to all. Show them the ways of times that have
been forgotten, when a flower was real. Help them touch
with a sense of purpose the nature that surrounds them. For
they are at great risk of not being aware of what is real and
what is not.

The great bird still watches from above and sees that the people have become worthy of only a picture, or, image of what was once real.

Keepers of the land are keepers no more, is it so that they are keepers of memories, visual representations only?

The beauty is still there, the partnership still valid. The earth continues to give. Many people recognize the struggle and once again there will come a time of the great circle, the gathering, the cry for acceptance.

This time will we be heard? Will the great bird appear from the heavens on high and bless the keepers' of the land?

That is the question once must ask of self. The answer remains in the silence of the echo. Listen to your own soul and proceed with new awareness as a 'Keeper of the Land.'