

Bear With Me!!

I positioned myself among the roots of a mother tree alongside a frigid mountain stream, quiet, one with all, listening to the “voice” of Spirit speaking to me through the soft sunlight, gentle breeze, gentle roar of the stream, vitalizing early spring air, scent of pine, and call of the grey jay nearby.

In this state of heavenly presence, I “saw” two men winding down the steep trail behind me. They paused, maybe two steps from me. I “understood” they wanted to converse. I turned and smiled. With a bit of formality (they were foreigners), they said “good morning.” One continued, “A park ranger has warned us of bear activity in the area.” I responded that I was certain bear were in the area—and hungry, that it was the season. It was obvious the hiker wanted me to get up, tarry not a second, follow them down the trail. I didn’t move. He repeated his message using a slightly more direct approach. I smiled again, nodded my head in respect to their concern, then I went back to my writing. They shuffled off down the trail.

The morning had called me to the park, to the very spot where I was seated. I was putting words to the information coming to me in my journal when the two hikers had stepped into my moment with Spirit. These two obviously gentle, concerned men didn’t know that I would be ok if I were attacked, mauled or killed and eaten by a bear that day—that I could be at peace with whatever the day might bring. That bear energy is good medicine. They didn’t know that my body was of little consequence to me. They couldn’t comprehend that I wasn’t “there”, but somewhere else—somewhere far away from the world at hand.

I thought about returning to the moment I had been in prior to the hikers’ arrival, but I was suddenly lifted to my feet and moved up the steep path from where the two hikers had come. Messages were being pumped into me, all having to do with water and consciousness. I thought to pull my digital voice recorder from my backpack. I didn’t, certain that I was retaining what was necessary.

I sat by the stream, quiet, one with all. It was not enough. The stream beckoned me to join it, to go the distance with it. To journey to the ocean—of consciousness. To dwell there in peace and harmony...in dolphin space. I went. What is left of me for having taken this journey? Only that which has value, nothing else.

A half hour or so later, I was abruptly turned about, rapidly retracing my steps back down the mountainside to the trail head. I wondered why the sudden end to the moment. Was a bear at hand?

Before I could pull from the parking lot, an ample charcoal cloud appeared from nowhere and let go of its content. I was “safely” in my car. I smiled thinking of the two gentle men, appreciating their concern. I smiled thinking perhaps Spirit had saved me from a bear attack or perhaps hypothermia.