

Magic

The moment calls to me. I am present and the Spirits surround me. The Jays are in the overhead tree calling in their alarming way, reporting all that they see – “These humans have come into our territory” they tell the others in the trees farther away – Alert! Alert! Alert!

Ah, it is quiet now, except for the annoying bark of a little dog. Why do people like to have these kinds of dogs out in nature? How many words from the Spirits do we miss with that kind of constant chatter?

This journey to this moment in the woods has been beautiful. It began this morning at the ocean with the vastness of the watery abyss’s passion – embracing my loving prayers to my sisters and brothers who suffer in this moment – “Oh Spirit, I call out, may my life be for a blessing!”

I get into my car and begin my travels to the south. After two hours of driving my attention is called to the shoulder of the road and there I find two barn owls on the road. Two of them about 100 yards from each other – both with wings blowing as the cars, trucks, and buses zoom by not noticing, not caring. I stop and pull them into the arms of the sacred Mother with an offering of love and gratitude. What do these owls tell me? The hawks, and ravens call to me to witness them. My mentor suggests to me that it is not good that I find these beings. Is it not good? What is calling to me?

It is true, it is not good that these precious, beautiful beings are dead. But they give their lives up and I find them, love them, honor them, thank them and remember them. Somewhat like a funeral home guardian for the owl nation. I find my silent prayer to be that I may be the keeper of their life spirit too. I pray, “Let me be the vehicle that preserves your life as well as honoring your death.”

Perhaps this is the role I am called to today. These are signs that guide my tomorrow. The owl, a symbol of the mystery of magic, omens, silent wisdom and vision in the darkness, has reached out to me today. Let my life be for a blessing! Let me remember who I am and the duty I carry on behalf of life, on behalf of eternity.

The barking fades as the breeze caresses by face with the magic of the ordinary.