

**April 2011 Newsletter for Ancient Pathways and Mauri Natural Therapy:**

**Time to Step onto Your Path, Follow Your Heart and let the Magic happen.**

Hello

Paul and Phoebe Welcome you to the April Newsletter



Dogon Dancers at Indaloo, Bandiagara Escarpment, Mali West Africa.

They were dancing just for us.

April has come and almost gone so quickly that we will just squeeze a newsletter in here for you all.

We have realised that our next journey to the Inuit and land of the Polar Bear and its spirit, is only a few weeks away...we thought we had plenty of time to carve the next symbol and get ourselves fitter. Were did the last few months go?



The Wanderbird...the ship we will be sailing up the coast of Labrador in, with the strong intent to visit with the Inuit and the spirit of the Polar Bear and of course see the physical ones on our way to place the 10th Sacred Stone Symbol. Then to the Button Islands and hopefully Baffin Islands and then a 60

hour dash across to Greenland.

Paul has been very busy in the sound studio getting our next cds down and I have been creating the new covers. We are thrilled with the result of both and you can have a sneak peek [here](#).

You can also pre-order and be one of the first to have a copy. The mp3 version will, fingers crossed, be available first in a week or two and there is nothing like having the physical discs in your hand just in case. Those we hope to follow a week later, all being equal.

We have a wonderful article for you by Carla Woody founder of [Kenosis](#) and [Kenosis Spirit Keepers](#) We have put it in whole to give you the full impact.

We met Carla in 2004 when we traveled with her and her group to Peru to meet and spend time with the Q'ero and [Don Américo Yábar](#)

Since then we have been back to Peru and travelled to Mexico with her and are honoured to call her our dear friend. Carla is a Spirit Keeper in the true and deep sense of the word and gives her all to the preservation of the ancient knowledge held by the indigenous people of our planet.

### **METAPHORS FOR CHANGE:**

The Wolf and the Dog story will be completed. A brand new one will begin next month along with an exciting deal we have for our readers.

We know you will enjoy this issue so have fun and blessings to you all,

Cheers Paul and Phoebe.

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### **FEATURE ARTICLE FOR APRIL BY CARLA WOODY.**

The Seeds of Compassion:

The Transmission of Spiritual Strength from a Hopi Elder to His Lacandón Maya Brother

Carla Woody

We were gathered in the silversmithing studio of [Gerald Lomaventema](#) on Second Mesa. Gerald creates exquisite traditional Hopi jewelry and has won numerous honors, including the prestige of having a one-of-a-kind piece placed on permanent exhibit at the [National Museum of Ethnology](#) in Osaka, Japan.

In a separate effort, Gerald, Japanese organizer Atsunori Ito, and Zuni artist Tony Eriacho, Jr. came together to found the [Hopi-Zuni Show](#) in Japan, held annually since 2007, and have been working to protect the authenticity of Hopi and Zuni art. It's become so popular in Japan that the inevitable copies are being widely produced with the claim they're Native-made.

At home on Second Mesa, the Hopi Senom Artists are forming for much the same reason — to protect traditions and ensure the development of their community.\* I was invited to be an advisor and had come for that purpose. Artist [Alan Staiger](#) accompanied me and would later give a photography workshop to the core group of Hopi artists present that day so they could document their art to best advantage.

Sitting in circle, we were discussing the group's intent and some practical aspects of evolving their purpose when the conversation shifted slightly. Hopi elder Harold Joseph commended those present for wanting to benefit their community as a whole, the meaning of larger connection.\*\*

And then he began to tell a story. He spoke in Hopi, in a voice of the same lyrical resonance that drew me into his prayers during times he has traveled with us. He punctuated his tale with English words now and then. As they listened, the artists, too, became absorbed. Expressions became serious and then light, heads were shaking or nodding depending on what Harold was imparting. Periodically Harold looked over at me and we shared an understanding. You see, I didn't have to comprehend the Hopi language. I knew the story he was telling and could testify to its far-reaching importance.

Don Antonio lighting the godpots  
Photo credit: Carla Woody



In January 2009, Harold went with us to the village of Najá located in the Lacandón jungle of Chiapas, Mexico near Guatemala. Sent as an emissary by his religious leader to share traditions, he was also given the instruction to come home and report what he'd seen. To prepare Harold, I'd told him how

decimated the ancient Lacandón Maya traditions had become, with elder Don Antonio Martinez carrying on the sacred ceremonies nearly alone, only a few young men periodically present. At that time, there were no apprentices who had stepped forward; and from Don Antonio's own lips issued the sad words that it was hopeless. No one cared. Too many outside influences pulling the young people away and outside Western-based religions convincing the villagers the old ways were evil. Soon the ancient spirit-keeping beliefs and practices of the Lacandones — those of inclusion and respect for the Earth — would go the way of countless other such Indigenous religions and disappear into the mists of time.

But I had hope. I had a strong sense that if we could bring outsiders to be with Don Antonio — in respectful tribute — to partake in ceremony, to hear the stories, to just sit and be fully present to the beauty offered, then just maybe the village young people would recognize the important foundation their birth tradition gave them. And this would be an act of, what in the Andes they call, *ayni*, a sacred reciprocity.

One of my readers recently contacted me — in his message describing this opportunity as a "field trip." I wrote back relaying my agreement. For me, his words brought to mind Rumi and his invitation: *Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing there is a field. I'll meet you there...* That's the way when we enter such a sacred space. Respect, acceptance and support. And in the more traditional meaning of "field trip" it's a sojourn we take to bring home an experience or knowledge that can radically inform our lives, a distinctively positive influence.

By bringing Indigenous people together who have common roots, there's intent that such sharing will enter another level altogether, one of great healing. But there was no way of knowing ahead of time. And we had no inkling of the devastating situation that would greet us when we arrived that year. One of Don Antonio's sons had just died suddenly. The pressure for him to abandon the traditions was intense, applied consistently by the members of the new religious sect in the village. But Harold's presence and support to Don

Antonio those few days we were there, bringing his own traditional prayers to merge with Don Antonio's; offering the Hopi creation stories so like those of the Lacondones; speaking about the plight of his own people, so that by the time we left there was a glimmer of expectancy. One that had touched all of us present. In *A Humble Connection*, I wrote in depth about that time in Najá.



After the balché ceremony

Photo credit: Alonso Mendez

The effect of that short time, those moments of compassion and quiet camaraderie, would be revealed over the next year. In March 2009, I received news through my friend Alonso Mendez. During a village gathering in Najá, Don Antonio stood and made a public announcement confirming his traditional religion saying he would

continue the sacred practices. Shortly after that, Don Antonio formally entrusted the caretaking of his godhouse to his son-in-law Chan K'in.

Both these incidents are quite significant. Just prior to our arrival in January 2009, with pressure mounting for him to discard his faith in favor of the new one, Don Antonio was wavering. While we were there, he had lamented its demise while grieving for his son at the same time. It was heart-wrenching. Harold had entreated, "You must hold on."

It appears that Harold's words found a resting place and Don Antonio strengthened. Turning over the care of his godhouse to Chan K'in signaled apprenticeship and continuity — the same as Chan K'in Viejo passed the ways on to his son-in-law Don Antonio from the time he'd been a young man.

With this news I began to prepare for our next journey to further these connections. Once again chosen by his religious leader on Shungopovi, Harold was to return, and this time, Gerald Lomaventema and Augustine Mowa would accompany him. In January 2010, this small group of Hopi Spirit Keepers and other travelers supporting this work arrived once again in Najá.

Lacandón boy during ceremony

Photo credit: Carla Woody

This time was radically different. A good number gathered for the balché ceremony, too many to fit comfortably in the godhouse, and the atmosphere was light in a way I had never witnessed. There were lots of smiles and laughter. Don Antonio was visibly shining. Aside from the traditional chanting and prayers, music was played. And, for the first time in my experience, a very young Lacandón boy was there participating with the others. The gods displayed happiness. Their godpots blazed, none of them exhibiting shyness by refusing to light. The perfume of copal filled the air.



Back on Second Mesa, all these months later, we discussed our return to Najá in [January 2011](#), the intent to continue the connection and mutual support. It's about community and seeking strength to hold the integrity of heritage whether its folkart, language, right livelihood, traditional religion and cultural practices — those things that nurture the soul and hold the world together. Through such interaction, any of us are taught to protect and retain what is of value to us — to disallow attempts by others to pluck away pieces of ourselves.

"There was much depth that day," Harold ended his recounting. He sat silent for a few moments, lost in reverie. We all did.

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\* *Senom* is a Hopi word meaning "people."

\*\* Harold and Charlene Joseph appear in our documentary [One World Wisdom](#) and will be featured in our [Spirit Keepers Series](#) on November 6-7, 2010. Both are on the advisory board for Kenosis Spirit Keepers.

For a related article see [Inclusion](#).

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### **Metaphors for Change.**

#### The Wolf and the Dog or The Importance of Salka.(wild undomesticated energy)

##### Part Two.



The Wolf froze in his tracks.....he was weak from hunger and was not really in the mood or condition for a fight. He slowly turned and as he began to walk away he noticed that the dog was wagging his tail and also seemed to be unable to chase him very far..something was holding him back.

"Come and talk to me," called the dog, I haven't seen you around here before." The Wolf walked slowly towards the dog. He seemed friendly enough so he casually sauntered right up to him and sat down. For a short moment they both eyed each other and then the wolf spoke. "What is that thing on the ground in front of you?"

"Oh you mean the bowl, that is where my master, the farmer puts my food each day!" the dog said looking a little puzzled.

"You get fed everyday?" the wolf asked.

"Why yes!" said the dog," and sometimes twice if we have done a lot of work on the farm."

"And what is that structure behind you?" queried the wolf as he took a step towards the strange timber shape a little way from where the dog sat.

"That is my kennel!" the dog proudly replied, "I sleep in there at night with my blanket to keep me warm and dry and during the day it shelters me from storms or the heat."

"Wow said the Wolf," now pacing back and forth looking very interested indeed. He stopped in front of the dog and peered at him closely, " and what is that thing around your neck?"

"That is my collar. It tells people I am owned and who I belong to."

The Wolf looked deeply at the dog for a few moments more and then stood up and began to walk away.

"Where are you going?" the dog asked. Wouldn't you like to stay here with me and be fed each day by the farmer who is really nice and caring. Wouldn't you like to share my kennel with me and be able to be warm and dry?"

The wolf stopped and turned his head back to look at the dog. "Would I have to wear a collar?" he asked in such a low voice that the dog only just heard the question.

"Oh yes!!" the dog barked excitedly.

Without hesitation the Wolf turned his head back to the hill and as he walked away the dog heard him say.

"I would much rather be cold and hungry."

