

Welcome to Ancient Pathways August Newsletter



One of the awesome icebergs we passed on our way to Illulissat, Greenland.

The 10th Greenstone Journey is now complete and it was one of the most amazing and beautiful journeys we have done.

Our first challenge was actually getting there. Not only did we have 7 flights and 13 stops we had a 2 hour wait in LA just to get through customs.

St John in Newfoundland was our first rest stop and we finally found our little funky B&B,

The Admiral's Adventure Inn on Outer Battery Road and by that time we were outta batteries.



Our room was on the far right and we drifted off to sleep for two days to the sound of waves underneath our room.

We went for big long walks around the nearby cliff tops and it was a truly beautiful place to be.

Then it was off to Makkovik in Labrador. The planes got smaller as we neared our destination and when the pilots swapped their uniforms for jumpsuits we knew we were in for a special flight. The twin otter we flew the last two legs in was basic to say the least and because we only flew a few hundred feet off the ground we had an amazing view of the Labrador landscape below and the tiny gravel runways the pilots lunged the planes at and skidded to a stop on, in a cloud of dust.

We met our fellow passengers with whom we were to sail on the Wanderbird with,

the next day and one of our challenges was to spend 17 days with at least 6 people who had the most polar opposite views to ours, you could imagine.

To balance that out Captains Rick and Karen we instantly felt at ease with and

so the two crew, Kyle and Ryan as well as Pitsik the husky

and Paulo the rescued Puerto Rican street dog.

We could keep on writing about our journey until the cows come home and we will, but not in this newsletter as we are about to put the story up on our website, so you will have to go there in a few days time to check it out.

Of course you are not getting the whole story there either, as that is for the book.

Needless to say we both had our challenges with all sorts of things and we overcame them all in one way or another.

As usual lots of magical, synchronistic, wonderful things happened along the way and we were truly in a part of the planet

that was as wild and remote as you could possibly imagine.

One thing we came back with, if we didn't all ready know it, was how important

it is for people to remember who they are, where they came from and to hold onto their culture

and stand tall in that knowing.....to hold their knowledge sacred.



Makkovik Country



Township of Makkovik (Mack O Vick)



To get an idea of how big these icebergs are, see if you can spot the Fulmar, a bird a bit bigger than a seagull flying above it. Remember also that only 10% of the iceberg is above the water.



This is the beautiful coastline of the Torngat Mountains area.

Some of the sheer cliffs
rise from the water to over 3,000ft.

With the mist surrounding them they looked like something
out of Jurassic Park.

Ok that is enough pics for now..don't want to spoil you too
much.

We will be keeping this newsletter brief and would like to
share with you that all our
exciting new CDs have arrived and are waiting for you to
purchase them.

They are also available as MP3s as well.

Touching the Earth Stories of Hope for a Changing World is a
2 CD and to keep the
audio quality to a high standard as an MP3 you will need to
remember to put both
CDs in your cart...you pay for one and get the other one
free....sort of.

To complete this newsletter we would like to begin a story,

a legend widely told in Nain Labrador about the Polar Bear that can be seen in the rocks across the bay from Nain.

Enjoy the story and blessing to you all
Paul and Phoebe.



The Polar Bear in the Rock
Two Windows on the World
By
Nanuk Ujagammi

In the very beginning the rocks and the cliffs had spirits and it was all one.

In those times when the Earth was new, the country north of Nain was born.

The hills in Nain are high and old, and hold many secrets.
One secret is the story of the Polar bear in the rocks.

One day, long ago, all the hunters in the camp went off in their kayaks to look for seals.

The women stayed behind, busy with their sewing.

The children stayed behind, busy with their string games.
And one old, old man stayed behind, because he was too old
to hunt anymore.

He was *angakkuk*, a shaman, half blind and crippled.

Near Mt Sophie there is a brook, and the name of the brook
is *Annainak* which means
"only women being there."

When the men went away, the women would go there to fish.
They had their husky dogs with them.

Suddenly a voice called out, "An enemy
approaches! *Tikigattauliqut!*"

And across the grey and black hills, the bare hills of Northern
Labrador,
came *Nanuk*, the polar bear.

There is an echo, *innaminuak*, high in the cliffs of Nain. This
echo caught the cry,
saying over and over, "*An enemy approaches!*"

The children were crying and the women screaming and dogs
howling.

They had no shelter but their skin tents, and no weapons but
their ulus.

The women picked up their ulus and made a line in front of
their children.

They were willing to sacrifice their lives to save their
children.

To be continued....

*An ulu is a woman's knife and is curved and shaped rather
like a fan.*



Captain Karen showing us how to use an ulu on dinner
for that night.
A freshly caught caribou gifted to us by the locals of Hebron.



A beautiful husky pup at Hebron settlement, Labrador.