

CALLING IN THE FOUR DIRECTIONS CEREMONY



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Aho, Powers of the East, first and foremost I call you, Sacred Ones, to act as guardians, to use the luminosity of fire to see, to keep out and filter out and burn any toxic or stupid or malevolent energies and to help me learn how to do this for myself. I ask for help, Sacred Ones, to bring the luminosity of fire and sunlight and starlight and my Spirit into my work of Truth Speaker. I ask for help, Sacred Ones, in working with this book so that it touches the Spirit of those who read it, that we communicate Spirit to Spirit. I ask for help, Sacred Ones, in this creative process so that I can bring in my love of creativity, sexuality, and sensuality, so I can bring that hot energy into this book so that it is enticing and fun. I call in the power of men's lodge that the men who are touched by Truth Speaker get some gifts of learning; how to be a man of power and integrity and honor in this changing time. That our men learn not to cut off their balls to be men of honor. That our men learn that we women love your sexuality; we just want you to learn how to use this powerful, sweet, intense energy in a way of integrity and Spirit. Aho.

Aho, Powers of the South, powers of this beautiful rain and water. The waters that are life-giving fluids to each and every one of us. The waters of our body, our bloodstream and lymph. May there be healing for us. I call you, Sacred Ones, to act as guardians to wash out any toxic, stupid, or malevolent energies and keep them out of this book and my life. May I have many dragon women, sacred bears, and raccoons to help with this intent of protection and healing. Powers of the South, help me to get skilful in a gentle, Beauty way in tending to, caring for and cleansing my own lymph and blood system on a regular basis. I ask for help, Sacred Ones, for each and every person who is touched by this book that they can also risk caring enough to tend to their own waters. Maybe as we get stronger and more healed and generous of heart, we can tend to the waters that we share of our planet that we must have in order to live. Our water is precious and it is being threatened with toxicity. I call on the war chiefs and the peace chiefs and the discernment to know what is worth fighting for and against. What is worth making peace with and reforming, recreating a relationship that can be peaceful? Having the discernment to know whether to step into war chief or peace chief. There's a playful, fun energy in the south. Sacred Ones, help us make play and fun a priority because our Spirits need those as part of their daily diet; it is an imperative part of healing. The keepers of the belts of history are in the southwest. We cannot change the past, but we can rework our relationship to it. How can we reframe so healing turns to wisdom? To turn shit into fertilizer? Keepers of the belts of history, I worked so fucking hard to remember what happened to me that drove me insane, reworking my relationship to my past so I can become the person I most yearn to be: a medicine person, a healer, a woman who loves deeply many people. The medicine singers and medicine dancers

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are also in the southwest—not just the shaman people, but all of us need the freedom to find our own voice, our own song, our own dance. Sacred Ones, help us recognize that we do not have to be the exquisite best in our tribe, but we need to be able to dance and sing; that expression is part of our healing and becoming. These are my prayers for the people who are touched by this book. Aho.

Aho, Powers of the West. Sacred Ones, I ask for your help first and foremost as guardians that you help each and every one of us that is touched by this work of TruthSpeaker learn natural process. Learn how to keep out and filter out any toxic, stupid, or malevolent energies. I ask for help that we each learn how to let go of something like a leaf falling from a tree, turning to rot, which turns to compost to feed the tree of life, thus learning to ally death to feed life. I ask for help for each and every one of us, Sacred Ones, that we learn to let go of our past hurtful patterns, our past pain, our past anguish, that we allow and encourage that natural decomposition process so that whatever it is can transform into compost to feed the richness of our lives. I ask for help, Sacred Ones, for ones who read this book that they see this lesson over and over and over again through my own life experience. That those who read this can learn a quicker way than mine. Powers of the Earth, help us to learn to tend to our bodies as a sacred gift with which to express our lives. As we grow up, help us to learn to work together to tend to our earth, this fragile, beautiful planet we live upon and stop shitting in our own nest like stupid, squawking nestlings. Powers of the West, I call on women's lodge, these keepers of the great mystery, the deep dark-as-night looks-within place. I ask for help, Sacred Ones, for using my breath and intent as I go into these deep, dark places and bring up the teachings that are of value for this book so that my readers will be touched by it. I ask for help, Sacred Ones, for the women of our world, that they learn how to be strong and stand alone and together. Our women have been taught to fight each other because our women are strong when they band together. I want them to learn not to use jealousy and competition to separate us. I want our women to learn to stand beside and in front of our men to take on a shielding guardian role so our men can go into their own dark places to explore the mystery. I ask for help in teaching our women and men to alternate positions so we learn how to stand for each other, beside each other, in front of each other and behind each other, so that we each learn how to do all those different relationships so we don't get locked into one role and learn a new way of integrity and honor with each other. I ask for help, Sacred Ones, that each and very woman who is touched by this book will become a woman of power and magic and mystery and stop being a fucking doormat. That all women learn how to give from a place of generosity instead of Sacrificial Whore. That they learn how to take, not only give, because that is correct action for balance. I ask for help so that our women step forward so that we evolve as a race to choose life instead of death. Powers

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of the West, I call on our beloved dead and ask for help for each and every person who has lost a beloved, whether a four-feet or a two-feet or a piece of land they loved. I implore each and every one of you to rework your relationship with your beloved dead, to connect to your beloved dead with something other than grief and anguish and loss and guilt. The relationship must now encompass something you didn't know before. Everything's different now. You cannot help but be changed by the presence of death. Aho.

Aho, Powers of the North, wind, breath. I call on you medicine people of the north to stand first and foremost as guardians to help us to blow out and filter out and keep out any toxic, stupid, or malevolent energies. I call on the powers of heart and mind and rage that we learn how to ally our mind--please fucking god--to our purpose so it no longer sabotages us and we can learn to use our mind in a good, creative way to accomplish what our Spirit most deeply desires. That we can learn to use our intelligence in new and creative ways. May we also use the attributes of the northwest, where the keepers of natural and magical law reside, also the keepers of human law and laws of our tribe. Northeast: the design of energy; the life that we design. We have to use our mind a lot in the design of energy—what is ours to create in life and what is immovable? How can we dance with what is immovable? Help us learn how to use our mind and heart in alliance instead of in conflict and in a way that helps Mend the Hoop of the People. I pray that my book can reach out and touch many people who I may never meet, but who I can touch with my heart, soul and experiences. That we take the experiences of our life and transform them into wisdom because in the north reside the wisdom keepers. That we learn to become wisdom keepers ourselves and share our gems of wisdom with each other. That we learn to use our breath in a healing way, a way of renewal, bringing life to cell tissue that has begun to die and transform and reorganize it in a whole other way. That we learn how to make the dream of our life come true, knowing that we must be flexible and quick enough on our feet to accommodate how it changes as it comes into being. I have to dance with dreams I have for this book in a way I can't quite conceive of yet, but I pray that I'll be quick of foot enough to dance in Beauty with it. Aho.