

Spirit to Spirit

By Sheila Johnson

Yesterday, burrowed down in my warm, feathered home of mountain rocks and foraged plants, I heard sounds of female humans. Some were talking softly, while others fought for space in the conversation by elevating their voices. Many were laughing so loud that their joy bounced off of the stones of the southward-facing mountains, rolled down into the rushing streams, and merged into the beautiful Grand Lake. Others cried liberating tears caused by untold stories that had been harbored for decades inside their souls. Still others were silent, listening to the gentle wind, whispering leaves, and chirping birds. I didn't dare move out of my comfort zone so as not to interrupt theirs. These ladies went on for what seemed like hours, and as night appeared, they turned their talks of failures and triumphs to adorations of the dark sky and bright stars and the magical orange moon. I'm not sure how they measured their time, but I soon fell into the night, musing at their amazing tales, and I suppose some truths, and fell into a deep sleep.

Now if you know my kind, you understand that I embody many great spiritual tenets. I usher in resiliency, resourcefulness, and meditation. I also teach souls how to create and maintain boundaries, how to speak their truths, and how to follow avenues of success. To know me is to truly love me! I am a Marmot, better known in North America as a cousin of the groundhog. Unlike my cousins, the skin of my arms extends to my round, rough bottom, and when spread out, appears to be a cloak covering my body. I am elusive, elliptical, and quite handsome.

When morning arrived, I was awakened by the sounds of other varmints like myself, a few small squirrels, a black bear, deer, a mountain lion, and those loud female voices. I decided to bare myself on that shiny rock that served as my front porch. I saw the faces that held the sounds of the day before and were now sitting at a round table smiling at the sun, drinking coffee, wearing crumbs covered with strawberry jam, and staring down at me. "What is that?" one of them whispered. "It's a beautiful fat squirrel," another replied. "No, it's more like a ground hog," still another echoed. But I didn't move, neither did their stares. Pretty soon, more humans joined the group, and the silence returned as they glared at me. Finally, I put on my cloak of wisdom, and as I stared back at them, this is what I discerned:

The red-headed pastor lady reached a resolve about having another baby. The short-haired professor's heart could hardly contain the joy she felt about marrying the long sought out love of her life; the young black female with the long braids was informed by the awesome beauty of nature to continue her quest of freezing her eggs for her future progeny; the brunette proudly and bravely stood by her decision to perform another same sex marriage; another human, with short cropped hair, was still trying to climb out of her despair about her beloved child who suffers with schizophrenia; one of the older dark-skinned ladies was desperately trying to wrap her arms around what "residential" care for her special needs grandchild would do to his sweet spirit; and the tall Romanian pastor was recharged by the recent miraculous survival of her husband from heart surgery.

I, the Marmot, witnessed resiliency, resourcefulness, boundary setting, success, truth speaking, and a lot of meditation. Spirit to spirit, we were one.