

Jerome's Wedding To The Holy Wild

by Cheyenne Kowal

Thank you all so very much for being here on this day and in life. For being here with us through these times of such massive turnings.

Welcome to what I have taken to calling "Jerome's Wedding to the Holy Wild."

I have shared with many of you that I feel somehow closer to Jerome after his passing than I ever had in many ways in our life together. His wide, strikingly tall and deeply strong essence was felt on an entirely new level for me as soon as he passed. He came to me right away, comforting me and telling me, "It's ok, Mom. It's ok." I feel I now know him better than I ever had as I witness his magic and majesty as he works and reaches to us so often and so clearly from "the other side." That so-called "other side" has never felt so close or so alive. His power and knowing are vast and extremely potent medicine. The medicine he has carried and will carry forward are holographic and also mysterious in nature and I will continue to be his devoted student, advocate and biggest fan for time out of mind.

Many of you have told me about the ways in which he has visited you, shown up to comfort you and bring messages for you, me, us through you since he crossed over. The thread that runs through these tellings is one of him wishing deep healing for us all - one of reminding us all that this is THE point of why we are all here: to love and be loved and to offer and receive healing.

Jerome has taught me many, many things. One of them that comes to mind here is about how true it is that healing is not linear. It is a multi-layered and circuitous process, always leading back to its own origin, much like the ouroboros, that image of the snake biting its own tail. It goes and goes. The roots and seeds of our healing are not always visible, and yet they are always cycling. Jerome was the king of Sensing what could not be seen, and, if you were lucky enough to hear him speak of it, he was also gifted at giving voice to these realms at times, often in ways that were way beyond his years and even beyond his working vocabulary in other moments.

He has visited many of us since crossing as the brightest-of-orange-ever-seen-foxes, as crows dropping fried chicken bones at your feet, as sea turtles at dawn as you ran to the ocean weeping in your nightgown, as seven consecutive shooting stars under a new moon, as 8 foot wingspan condors welcoming you to the Pacific Ocean, as neon and pastel sunsets and sunrises, as amber balls of spruce sap burning your prayers upward, as grasshoppers who want to hang out and be petted, as adolescent male deer on our front lawns, as many, many dozens of Eagles flying directly over cars and bodies out walking in important moments of approach and inquiry; as double and triple rainbows that last longer than any and with the deepest violets I have ever seen; as lightening and thunderstorms that speak to me in call-and-response and in riddles and rhymes; and as horses - huge stallions, actually. Wild Horses that wake me out of my sleep as they run through my bedroom, stampeding me awake with the message of his