

why it had been so crucial to do these things, in large part to help to hold space for what he would journey into.

His way of being in the world showed me so clearly the truth about how we all carry ancestral gifts as well as burdens, and he wanted me to find resources and context for how I could ground and heal myself through what was to come for him in his short and potent lifetime.

As Maria and I were writing the other night and processing about how hard this place was for him, how challenged he was to find his form and place here in many ways, many insights were born and strengthened. One is what a strong juxtaposition this struggle has been from recently seeing his holy remains, glowing through the golden earth of the micaceous clay from the Ojo River Valley, under layers and layers of armfuls of sister plants ... feathers ... sea shells... mushrooms.. anointing oils ... dark berries, lemons and Scorpio Full Moon Eclipse Lilac Honey - the last full moon that he lived and breathed under - he was glowing and singing underneath beaver bones and ears of ancient corn; prayer ties which many of you tied, dried bodies of bees and dragonflies... all of this and more covering his body with the salmon that his Little Bear Heart loved so much at his feet. Such a potent contrast from how he had been struggling these last couple of years perhaps, and yet simultaneously so unifying of his struggles here to see him looking so beautiful and so wholly earthen, knowing that all of him rests now as one Colossal and Shimmering Offering back to the Earth.

“A seed surrenders to the earth and still becomes great.”

Honoring in this moment that his very holy body is now becoming the root elements that will go on to feed so many beings, human and non-human, seen and unseen ... He went from being so hungry in many ways toward the end of his life to so quickly feeding in such a vast and truly unknowable way. As I release myself from sheltering him as his mama, he is now fixing to become the sheltering trees. The trees that blossom, fruit and feed. He is now the very strength and home of Earth that he always sought. He told my cousin Mark in meditation, “My mom has always been working to heal me and help me. Now I get to help heal her.” I feel that happening. I receive it with gratitude, awe and trust, my son. We have been, and will be, in this together. Love eternal. Memory eternal.

I thank you all for listening for him at this time in your own ways; for receiving him and us so well and so deeply. For placing your ears and hearts to the sky, water, plants and earth with us, through it all. “Let yourselves come undone in this portal” he invites. “Let yourselves lean into these paths and memories that invite you to burst at the seams and fall over so that you can see new perspectives as you lift yourselves from the ground again.”

Thanks, too, through the years, for your good, good food, beds you made for us, the forgiveness and boundaries, your magical gardening and medicine making of so many forms, seen and unseen; for eagle feather blankets and smoke offerings, songs, poems, reflections, tattoos in his honor, your counsel and resources, your holy tears that are his oars and his wings, for your writing,