

(A sample week from Earth Vision's A Calendar of Nature and Soul - winter season)



Week 41

January 12-18

Northern Native people tell of a long ago event in the depth of winter, wherein a starving hunter is given the first pair of snowshoes by a mysterious man who turns out to be the Spirit of the wolf. From that day, powers of transport and provision are enhanced for the people.

Now, through mid-life gauntlet, as the story comes to mind, he senses the spirit of the wolf ranging by his side, lending fortitude, golden eyes contending with winter darkness, leathery paws forbearing icy traverse, and luxurious fur an ample robe against the cold. Ranging the austerity of the season, no matter how fraught with tempest, nor dark winter falls, the wolf is in its element.

At this time, when spirit strength is weaving itself into the fabric of soul life, spring feels distant, but there is a grandness at hand in which small notions can be overcome. Wakeful, wakeful, with enchantment dissipating, it is a time of clarity and mindful venturing.

Many years past, floundering in the darkness of an insubstantial marriage, he experienced the

loneliness that attends not being met by a mate. And in the travail of his descent, he discovered in the central theme of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony an adagio movement consonant with his soul mood, as it modulated between deep melancholy and a sweet bridge to the love he longed for.

Within this orchestration he encountered a star shining in the black waste of an interior heaven. And the soul, struggling to rise from the numbing snowdrift sweeping over it, cold, dark, silent, alone, reached out to its beacon of redemption.

The vision had a warm healing effect on his loneliness, and helped sustain him during a time in which his destiny called for lengthy passage across a romantic desert.

Following solstice there arises a feeling of spaciousness, as Chronos lingers, holding the sweep of time's passage in abeyance. Now, sense perception of nature diminishes. Light dims, colors fade to earthen shades. Birds are absent or subdued. Fewer aromas pervade the air, a faint whiff of frozen cedar, perhaps, or a metallic hint of snow. And feeling, by cold, falls numb.

And with this sensorial muting, sitting quietly in sanctuary, the primary heartsong he experiences is an acoustical streaming, an etheric emanation welling from a sun-like core, in whose sound-stream oscillate bright, chromatic arpeggios, red, green and purple, a forum he would best express by inventing a water-coloring piano.

Through the week, he is teaching a Grade Two class in a Waldorf school. In Waldorf Education, the stories are the heart of the lesson and, lucky him, he gets to convey Native legends. Evoking a mood with a hoop drum, Raven, the trickster, flies in primordial skies, bringing light to the world. He also meets hard lessons due to his mischievous nature. The children get to live through Raven's consequences without needing to be transgressors in an overt manner.

From the story of *The Wolf Who Brought Snowshoes*, a snowshoe trail becomes a form drawing. From *Raven Steals the Sun*, he brings an art lesson exploring light and dark interactions.

Snow-shoeing the meander of a valley bottom, grounding aspiration, inner sensate forces venture through a vivid landscape. Beneath the auspices of Sirius, the Dog Star, Beethoven's Ninth rises from the foundation of creation, and unlimited vigor counters the cold drifts and parades across the frozen field. And under the star's brilliant beams flashing now against the black night, the wolf ranges far and wide, traversing horizons of the undiscovered.

Provision is held in abeyance for animals and birds, sustenance sparse, but adequate, in this stretch of the calendar that lies far from summer dreaming. Here, a part of the human experience peers off into the year ahead and envisions potential

for a time of fulfillment. And, though another part looks and lacks faith, exaltation can be won. Life provides what is needed now. And the last word is key. Now is dependable. And, in fact, now is ever a fulcrum of true power.

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