

an excerpt of

EARTH VISION

a travelogue of spiritual ecology

"I read EARTH VISION with delight...I appreciate that it was comprehensive and beautiful. . . Another thing that delighted me was the emphasis on humans sharing whatever wonderful qualities nature has. . . the words, and the spirit that shines through them, cannot but help people expand their awareness. . ."

- Dorothy McLean, co-founder of Findhorn

Josef Graf

EARTH VISION BOOKS

www.evbooks.net

Map of the Journey:

see Table of Contents for location titles

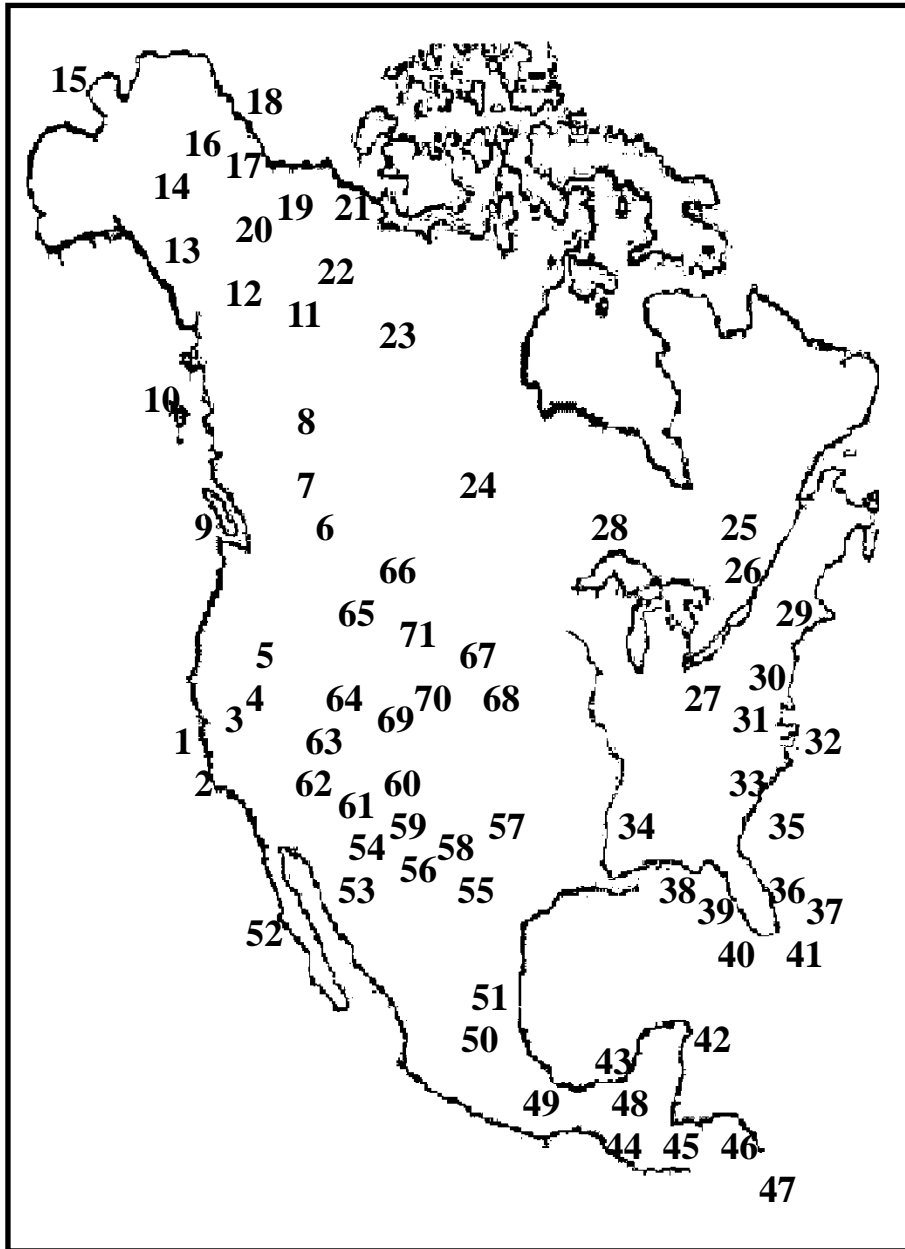


TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Overture	
	Prelude	
1	Pacifica	22 Arctic
2	Whale	23 Raven
3	Redwood	24 Sweep of Grace
4	Wren	25 Beaver
5	Interspecies	26 Eastern River
6	Rocky Mountains	27 Cardinal
7	Peak	28 A Great Lake
8	Sky Master	29 Deer
9	Carmanah	30 Thunderstorm
10	North Pacific Coast	31 Treasury
11	Moose	32 Atlantica
12	A Guardian	33 Dormancy
13	Wolf	34 Mississippi
14	Swan	35 Cypress Swamp
15	Sea Lion	36 Golden Plain
16	Caribou	37 Everglades
17	Tundra	38 Alligator
18	Arctic Ocean	39 Mangrove
19	Veils	40 Coral Sea
20	Tundra Mountains	41 Caribbean Night
21	Musk Ox	42 Yucatan
		43 Ant

44 La Selva
45 La Selva, 2
46 Mono
47 Terra del Sol
48 Rio del sur
49 Cascada
50 Puebla
51 Zapotec
52 Baja
53 Solace
54 Palm Canyon
55 Stars
56 White Sand
57 Grass Sea
58 Mountain Forest
59 Sage Desert
60 Gaia
61 A Grand Canyon
62 Dry Canyon
63 Birth Valley
64 Cougar
65 Medicine Rocks
66 Prairie

67 Buffalo
68 Great Plains
69 Nature's Prism
70 Hub of the Continent
71 Epilogue
Coda

Overture

There was a time when he thought of himself as a common denominator, a sort of third millennium everyman. But that was before rapport with his wife, like a high north snowstorm, descended to oblivion, bringing his marriage to an end. And that was before life in a materialistic society obsessed with acquisition had lost its appeal, before the geese of his navigational bearing started altering their lines of migration, before the herds of vigilance fractured their antlers on the turbine of modernity.

Seeking relief from an existential emptiness of midlife, now mounting to quiet desperation, he turns his back on mediocrity and the status quo, and travels west to where the land comes to an end and a great sea stretches out beyond comprehension.

For three days he camps there, where the sea

of spirit communes with the ground of physicality, and opens his soul to the interchange.

On the third evening, before turning in, his journal entry:

What lies beyond the veil, beyond what nature presents? When moved to a state of wonder by a striking vista with its light, color, and emotive quality, I know I am somehow encountering a part of myself. And, if nature serves as a catalyst for inner beings to express themselves, am I not compelled to go on a quest to encounter the full range of inhabitants across my interior continent?

And in the moment of his epiphany, he resolves to shine his heart's lamp upon a deep ecology, to explore how the soul choreographs itself within the theatre of nature.

That night, before sleep takes him, in this setting on the brink of the untamable vault, aware that he must transcend common perception, he finds himself turning away from the notion that the problem with his interface with nature is one of distance, of separation. Rather, the problem, it seems to him, revolves around a need to acknowledge a profound intimacy. Furthermore, this resonance

with nature, he feels, might not only empower humanity to *survive* beyond the 21st century, but to flourish.

For the world is dark enough. And the question ever returns: how will we bring light into it?

Prelude: *Soundscape of Light*



In the night, as his dreaming forms a weaving of sound and image, he experiences a stream condensing from an ethereal height. Grounded in spirit, anchored in light, a chorale flows earthbound to merge with redwood violin streams, wandering coyote piano keys, shimmering swan trumpetings, and myriad other voicings that form a symphonic pool.

Within the pool, trout and salmon harmonies wheel in a broad eddy, interplaying a lucency that wakens an angel who dwells upon a ridge of joy. And the river of light-sound spills down through a forest of dancing nature spirits and out across a broad plateau, over which lofts the angel prisms with light and color.

Steadfast the radiance glides on until, by the rim of the plateau, whitewatering through a canyon of deepening hope, the stream of rarefied consciousness rounds a final bend, then tumbles as a waterfall, a heartsong that cascades down into the Void. . .

There is no sound now. No movement. Only silence and stillness. And a soft imperceptible glow.

The mystery has begun.

1 *Pacifica*



In the morning, standing before the great water cresting and foaming, he senses the pulsing of his own measureless sweep within, an oratory upon the sifting sands, so ominous, he has difficulty comprehending it.

Then, assailed by an unconscious obsession, a rogue wave pulls him in, and in the backwash of his blustering, drenched, sputtering, astonished, he concedes, I had it coming, falling complacent even while the insurrection of spirit railed against the tyranny of matter. And in the moment of his concession, he begins to sense a tidal surge inviting him to enter this reservoir of unrestrainable fervor, where his heart at last can sigh in full measure.

While off its crests rise ghostly birds, and beneath its furrows sink scaled and fin-winged flocks into forested kelp below, the sea asks him to delve deeper, to sound beyond its veils of beauty and immensity. And by day's end, where churns the salt of time's wisdom within the curl of wave upon the beach of his reckoning, he feels the steady pound of breakers wearing away at the rugged shore of his conjecture.

And within that frothing mingle of salt and sand, he comes to wonder where swims the monarch of the realm, that he may apprentice in the eternal rise and fall of tidal consecration.

2 *Whale*



Several days later, while sounding in the sea of soul, a mighty navigator senses him seeking to immerse in its waterwendingways, striving to fathom the passage of tidal sublimation.

Far within, the depth sustains communion with the surf of a higher plane. Silver the brine, gold the tea where spouts a sigh of ivory, cavort of angels. Coursing. Sounding. Freedom is an aqua-dance, rhythmic like the sea.

By the purging force of salinity he loses his fear of diving, of submersion in the abyss. And along with this surrender, his whole wide watery-world is filled with a rhythm that lists and rolls in tireless undulation. Upon the surface, his cresting thoughts breach to the heights, and within the spaces between the slip and swell, filled with the pulse of the void, he feels himself turning back to penetrate the depths.

Here, in this amniotic sanctuary, he wonders, what manner of accord does the whale confer? What stalwart patience, what delight in this silken firmament? What songs and tales of wavedwellers? What conversation with the Deep?

In turn, I will strive to share with the whale my landward tidings, to convey coyote tales, to sing leafing tree songs, to intone the scaling of majestic summits. And especially will I seek to commune, on behalf of the whale, with its towering rooted cousin ashore.

3 *Redwood*



Turning inland, as he wanders among the giants, inviting them to increasingly pervade his soul, the holy twilight of the forest becomes a bell of equipoise. And, perplexed by a redwood standing fast in silent power, he wonders, does the stately giant within need to voice its splendor, its timbered glory, its towering vitality, as though such power could reside in mere lumber of words?

Having forgotten who I am, I go wandering the land seeking myself! And yet, here, within this cathedral of calm and fortitude, I am inspired to tower above the path of my wandering, knowing that supremacy of patience reigns over all outcome. This rose-flame sentinel, earthen fiber dyed with hemaglobe of Gaia, smelting copper into a grand etheric infusion, grounding with a velocity so slow as to overcome all resistance - just who *is* this emperor rooted in the depth of Earth that continuously emanates the stabilizing force of its thunderously silent being?

Then, from high in the canopy, redwood wisdom conducts my gaze below, counsels if I would know majesty I must study its counterpoint. And there, down by the lacing weave of my rooting, something diminutive moves, something fleet and brightling, at the nether end of grandness.