

GAIA SOJOURN

**Spiritual Ecology
Across a Series of Incarnations**

(an excerpt)

Josef Graf

Our lives are a series of monuments to our souls.
Earth incarnates, also, in her own way.
The physical world, then,
is a monument to the soul of the Earth.

- a sojourner upon Gaia

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Introduction

The composition of GAIA SOJOURN, *Spiritual Ecology Across a Series of Incarnations*, was boldly ambitious for several reasons, not the least of which included: how to correlate a wide array of incarnations, complete with karmic and evolutionary elements and; how to penetrate and depict human consciousness in relation to nature, life-by-life, over an immense range of time.

To attempt, for example, to examine the nature of consciousness in America during the 1950's, a writer is called upon to account for a considerable difference between then and now, given both social transformation and the evolution of consciousness since that time. What were people thinking and feeling in the 1950's? What kinds of concerns occupied the minds and hearts of the people in those days?

But to go further back, for example, to Japan of 70 years ago, or South America of 100 years ago, Polynesia 500 years back, or China of 3,000 years past - the challenge grows exponentially. And so I ask the reader to embrace this volume as a creative forum, as opposed to a journalistic document.

Of the three functions of the soul - thinking, feeling, and willing - GAIA SOJOURN's arena of focus lies principally in the middle realm, that of sentience and feeling. Those seeking a more cerebral focus can resort to Rudolf Steiner and current anthroposophists.

The term "Gaia" carries a different meaning from one individual to another. In the course of this work, the meaning of Gaia evolved into both the past incarnation of the Earth and the spirit of its present incarnation. This volume of Earth Vision addresses the need for a new Earth-consciousness through its focus on sacred evolution.

We could call the genre of this book "mythological fiction" or "spiritual art." But, at the same time, allow that it may be capable of depicting reality more effectively than can the materialistic-historic perspective. It is my hope that the work resonates with some of those deep, long-forgotten experiences of our sojourn here, on this illustrious planet, where we dwell within the soul of Gaia.

There is no absolute linear time structure employed in this work, except insofar as the first segment is "early time," or more accurately, a timeless mythic realm, followed by historic time, then the time of the Walking Light (Christ), followed by A. D., and finally, the future. The reader is forewarned, then, not to embrace the work with too linear a conception. There are a few instances when the storyline drops back and

moves forward again, settings in which the thread seesaws, or spirals back upon itself.

Above all, this is a work of *spiritual fiction* - a term that attains to one of the highest forms of oxymoron.

I enjoyed this project. There was no attempt to create an inclusive synopsis of every culture, only a creative way of looking into the naturo-human arena of the cultures explored. I hope readers will feel free to experience this rendition of life's mysterious unfolding as a journey, to enjoy, and to initiate access to whatever comes from within to assist in their sojourn through Gaia.

Josef Graf
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1 Crow Genesis (partial excerpt)

Caw! Deep-black crow wings biting a sky of eternal twilight. An undifferentiated ocean stretching everywhere - no land, no day, no night. And we float here in this dim but energetic pre-Earth realm, while with heightened vigilance Crow scans the ocean in search of swimming ones.

Existence feels delicate, tenuous, ethereal. Warmth, in variations, wells within, faint, but diverse in quality. Sparkle sleeps. Waves wash only themselves. Things are dim-lit from within. There is no color blue because there is no sun-washed sky. Without the darkness of night, no stars shine. There are no great luminous orbs, no seasons, no gate of Time. The extraordinary rainbow universe of hue, tone, and chroma is absent. There are no colors, because the prism of Light is empty. Neither is there black. The nearest cousin of black is in the dark but shining feathers of the lone Creation Bird.

Crow soars the murk. Though all is dim and dusky, we sense somehow that light is striving to be born - flickering, glowing, flashing - somewhere in a hidden place, striving to manifest. Crow soars. In its magnificent flight it dreams mys-

terious containers hidden somewhere. Chests holding light, hoarded away, held in ransom. Treasures waiting to be raided. *Kli-gawn-nay* is the name given a vessel of light.

Crow scans the ocean. Earth will be born, land will become. The splay of wing takes the sky in hand. The tips of black feathers in flight paint elements of creation, every down stroke a gesture of determination, every upstroke a renewal of intent. Pinion lamps, feather-flat rays dimly glint from crowflight.

Caww! Crow spies a primitive ancestor of what will one day become a sea lion, but it is only a baby, a tiny, barely-visible presence in the thrusting roll of ocean, bobbing there in the breathing, surging forces, immersed in watery heaving, gray ebbings and dun flowing, to and fro in boundless, sea-wide surging. *Caw-de-nee-caw!* Crow calls to the sea lion kit. *I am your winged relative. I need your father to work with me.* Tiny kit, ancestor of sea lion, does not respond, just swims alone, a lost child, a forgotten dream, a new idea floating loose on the primordial sea of consciousness. Only Crow knows. Only Crow can bring us out of our drifting cloud-in-twilight state, deliver us to a means of traversing upon terra firma.

Crow flies again, finds ancestor of sea lion. Early sea lion and Crow converse, but what do they say? As hard as we try, we can't comprehend their language. Crude sea lion-part-turtle dives deep, over and over again, but no luck. Finally, after one last long, deep dive, sea lion returns with

sand. Fine sand in water floats. The sand coagulates, births an island. The island grows and land for walking ones comes into creation.

As a drifting cloud, we sense we must be born through Crow to become a walking one. We direct our dreaming-will into the soul of Crow and gradually feel our way inside the deep-feathered one. We do not submit to gravity, we know wing-thrust. We experience a unique arrangement of certain qualities: cunning, solitude, playfulness, agility, clairvoyance, and mischievousness.

We soar on, bearing the charisma of these newfound qualities, these black feathers of resplendence. And as we fly, we wonder if there can be more to this realm of no-moon, no-sun, no-day-night change, no ebb and flow of Light.

(continued in full version)

An excerpt from **America the South**

Up in sun-bright highlands, where condor ministrations address the most transcendent ideals, our llama dependability renders wool of comfort. There, a cactus-wood door faces east and taxes are paid in labor of retribution, a callous of levy, and winds sweep wide and clean, and terraces of quinoa, corn, and potato thrive. There, in the ball of time's yarn, each finger width spans a day, each hand width a week, each arm length a month. And as I contemplate the unraveling skein of dissolution, I come, inexorably, to a time before birth, to a life prior to this one. And then comes to mind a sojourn upon a tiny isle within a teeming ocean.

Meanwhile, beneath the highlands, down in Amazonas, where almost everything is against the law, and so, almost everything must be permitted, where a sudden deluge of tropical rain can wash asunder the best intention, a tributary leads to a confluence with a great river, a river that spills over into a seasonal flood plain, an overflow that saturates the wick of our lamp's perception. Under the canopy that presides at a great height, upholding the realm of parrot, flower, and monkey, it is cool and sunless, an ambiance of

green submarine darkness.

The people here are shedding their anaconda layers, skins of spent volition that bind and constrict as they swell with the flesh of resolve and insight. Here, under a kinkajou understory, anthills spawn, and legions march our ant-horde thinking, slicing away at all leaves of conjecture, and crystalline nests gestate proliferation to house a termite brotherhood, a social organization of industry and executive deliberation.

And here ranges the longsnout coatimundi, and the aggressive parrot squawking, and the rooting, knife-edged tusk of peccary. And within the vast cathedral of Amazona selva, under a vaulting ceiling, sacrifices of human complacency proceed, lethal elements abound. Though the land demonstrates paradise, shadow forces over-well, persisting as deadening heat, as oppressive humidity that effectively prevents idyllic languor, as does all manner of insect, mosquito, spider, ant to harry and sting. And deadly beings call for vigilance, as death, trauma or deliberation stalk in the guise of jaguar, toxic snake, piranha, malaria, beriberi, leprosy, blackwater fever, and a host of others.

In the distance are heard the castanets of crickets. Closer, the whine of mosquitoes. Closer still, an army of ants converges, swarms of soldiers covering the body of our lassitude. In the cause of sanity, we flee to the water's edge.

Later, by close of day, our machete thoughts slice through resignation. We initiate the calls of the animals. Some call back - the owl, the monkey, the boar, the coat-

imundi. We will endeavor to prevail, we will seek the cover of a deep-rooted carob tree, where good fortune consorts with restitution to provide a shelter of nightwall fabric. There, we discover jaguar tracks printed in the clay of our reasoning, in the dry riverbed of rationality. The feline stalks our peccary obstinacy, penetrates our dreams, its spirit arriving at our campfire long before its form.

And while the vines of habituation drape and climb, weaving over the fabric of our enterprise, and curling under the determination of our prowess, our tortoise patience lies helpless, stuck upon its back, exerting its powerless will to right itself. Can it hold forth? Can it wait out the oratory of our inversion?

Long ago, nasty thoughts spoken into a gourd created a swarm of mosquitoes that flew out to populate the jungle. In another gourd, only good will was spoken, and the elixir of joy incarnated into a beautiful flock of butterflies.