

Sky Woman's Web

an Oral Tradition of *why we exist* and the *reincarnation (infinity) purpose*
Written by Guy Lone Eagle

The story of Sky Woman's Web was given to symbolize and explore questions of why things happen! My experiences of navigating through life **showed me** answers to those questions that were both joyous and sometimes sobering. Some of the awakenings of awareness are woven into the following teaching from Grandfather. The responsibility I **accept** from the awakenings is to mark the trail like my ancestors did, so others will have a course to follow if they choose. In that lineage I join the many story tellers who have traveled this red road of earth. My gratitude goes out to the story tellers past and present for marking the trail I follow.

Like my ancestors before me, I now look to the night sky in awe and wonderment. The stars burn creating twinkling light streams across the sky like a spider's web. Grandfather spoke one night, while watching my curiosity play in my facial expressions. He spoke with a *knowing* of the questions I hadn't even formed yet. *We call it Sky Woman's Web he said. It is where we originated from. Each person, animal and plant has their origins in the stars and it is for you to remember when, why and how.* The moment **became silence** as I allowed the thought to find its roots in my body.

Grandfather spoke after some time had passed, *Mother Earth has many voices that sing their song, or prayers. When these voices sing as one, they are like the dancers moving to the ceremonial drum. Many would compare the sound to an orchestra playing.*

There are voices that come from the stars also. They are your brothers and sisters throughout creation. The longing sounds are like a hunger that echoes and can be heard when the mind is silent. Long ago, Mother Earth heard the voices and responded with a song that said, "Come children of the stars and birth yourselves on my robe. I will provide you with air, water, and fire to nurture and feed yourselves. Through the emotions of my waters, you will recognize your sisters and brothers from other worlds. Your journey here may be long and filled with many experiences of illusions, insights, and tests. At times, you may detour from your primal goals. But my elemental messengers will reset your course when the it is needed. From your remembering, Sky Woman's Web in the night will be regenerated on Earth as well."

And so it was to be! Many souls arrived on Mother Earth. Soon many forgot their homes and why they incarnated. They wandered this earth like scouts seeking a purpose - other than the unification with their sisters and brothers. The experiences of life on Mother Earth consumed them and created more lifetimes to pay their debt for Mother Earth's provisions."

Grandfather continued, *And now your time has come to connect to the Red Road. You have the task before you to walk this Earth and remembering... gathering. And when the time comes, you will go home within the stars. All other purposes will fall short of the peace you seek until this sacred purpose is completed. Every living creature has a signature, like an expression, movement, sound, or a simple knowing in the eyes that will tell of your relatedness and the trail home. As you open to this sacred journey your skills and challenges will grow.* Silence followed and I knew he was through talking.

Many teachers, comrades and friends have validated and rejected the Red Road I **travel** and the sacred purpose I **have followed** since that day. Today, some twenty years later, the man who pointed out the Red Road to a naive, **young** Métis has gone home to the stars. He left his smile in my memories and I have grown from that comfort. I have discovered many challenges of the sacred primal purpose he shared that evening. The voices of the ancestors get louder each day, asking for more faith. I walk this earth seeing more familiar souls, but I am cautious. I watch my sisters and brothers bury their remembering deep in their subconscious and seek to silence the voices from the stars by finding purpose in relationships, careers, groups, and conquests. The elemental messengers provided by Mother Earth are bought and sold like slaves while hybrid foods alter the memories from the stars, **bringing distortion** to any voices that make their way through the electronic transmissions. I know today, why there is a longing tone in the voices that travel in the wind and other elements. I pray for my faith to grow, for I am assured that if the questions are still burning, then the answer is around the bend!