



## WHISTLING WIND AND SINGING BREEZE

*We begin by lighting sage to purify our hearts, and through the dancing movement of the smoke, we weave story and vision to create a sacred ceremony.... We call this ceremony **STORIES OF THE DREAMWALKERS.***

It was cool evening during the Budding Trees Moon of Spring. The gentle breezes were singing their harmonious melodies, as the shadows of the soft, white clouds blanketed the deep valleys of the mighty mountains.

The flames danced within the crackling campfire as the young eyes listened eagerly while the Silver-haired One began to weave another of her medicine stories....

A long time ago, when the earth had tall grass and blue skies, there were two Spirit Mates of Nature known as WHISTLING WIND and SINGING BREEZE. Through the blending of their melodies, they sang their message of harmony and peace to the four sacred directions for all creatures of Mother Earth to hear and appreciate.

One night, as the two Spirit Mates rested deep in the heart of their mountain, Singing Breeze had a dream... not just an ordinary dream but a dream of Vision in which she saw a dark shadow coming to try and take the light of her peace melody. The Vision Dream showed her a path and told her to follow quickly, for it was at the end of this path that she would find what she needed to protect the light of her melody.

“This is your journey... your personal quest... you must follow alone.”

For the first time throughout their lifetimes together, she had to journey without her mate. It was a task of great difficulty for her to do, yet she knew the message of the Vision Dream was important... she knew she had to do this alone.

During this same night, while Whistling Wind dreamed of his beloved Singing Breeze and of their many wondrous adventures, he awoke with a suddenness and an uneasy feeling within his centre. He looked about, but Singing Breeze was gone. Whistling Wind began calling to his Spirit Mate, but the air remained quiet except for the sound of his echo. He whistled their favourite nature melody; but still the moun-



tains were quiet. There was no sign of Singing Breeze, his beloved friend of many lifetimes.

Whistling Wind was desperately seeking Vision help to find his mate. It seemed that, even though he could not hear her, he sensed her presence... and felt a looming danger.

Lifting his presence high into the night sky of many stars, Whistling Wind sent his searching melody down deep within the mighty forests... down through the branches and limbs of each tree, deeply to the roots within Mother Earth. Still, there was only silence in the air.



After many hours, Whistling Wind grew tired and went back to the heart of the mountain to rest. The colourful leaves swirled gently as he stirred in his own little place.

During the fourth night of his search for his beloved mate, Whistling Wind was gently awakened by something familiar fluttering about. After a moment he recognised his little brother, Blue Feather. He began telling Whistling Wind that while he was flying about he had heard a new, yet unfamiliar, melody through veils of water by the sacred stream.... "Maybe it is Singing Breeze."

Whistling Wind felt hope in his heart when he heard this. Blue Feather fluttered his wings, calling for his brother to follow... and so, gathering up all his energy as winds do, finding his centre, up he went with Blue Feather to find the gentle Singing Breeze.

Blue Feather guided him to the shadowed canyons, along the many red clay paths and down to the white flowing rivers.

"Look," said Blue Feather with excitement in his voice, "There are the veils of water. It is the waterfall of the sacred stream." As they moved closer, they began to hear the different, yet familiar, melody. The sound seemed to radiate from deep within the caverns behind the falling water. Blue Feather excitedly flew about, pointing the way for Whistling Wind to follow.

There he saw his beloved Spirit Mate singing her song of Peace with a new power and energy. Whistling Wind sent his gentle love Voice to his mate to let her know he was there. When Singing Breeze heard this familiar sound, she felt a swirling warmth inside her centre. They embraced in joyful reunion... while Blue Feather flew off, deeply satisfied, knowing his relations were united once again.



“My heart was filled with great worry,” Whistling Wind told Singing Breeze. “I thought I had lost you forever.”

Singing Breeze surrounded him with her gentleness while she spoke of the great dream of Vision in which she was shown a dark shadow coming to try and take her melody of peace.

“I had to follow this path to its end to discover what I need to protect my peace melody. The Vision Dream told me that this is my personal quest and that I must journey alone. I left quickly because of the great danger.”

Whistling Wind listened as his mate continued with her full breath.

“I travelled many long hours on the path, not knowing where I was going, feeling afraid. I travelled until I felt I could travel no more... yet I continued still. After the moon had come up four times, I came to this place where we stand together now... and somehow I knew this was where I was to spend alone time. It is the place for me to again remember the true and powerful message of my Peace Melody. For once I was able to remember, I knew the light would be safe again. I know now that the power of the light lies in the memory of the True Message.”

Whistling Wind listened with proudness to the story of his Spirit mate. He knew that by following the path shown to her by her Vision Dream she had done a brave thing.

Whistling Wind and Singing Breeze stayed together in this place, enjoying their time of reuniting. When it was time, they returned to the heart of their sacred mountain to once again blend their melodies of Peace and Harmony to the four directions, for all the creatures of the Mother to hear and appreciate.

The young eyes were now in the world of dreams, and the flames in the campfire danced smaller steps, as the Silver-haired One ended her story by whispering...

“The power of the light lies in the memory of the True Message.”<sup>1</sup>

Joyce Mills



<sup>1</sup>Joyce Mills and Frank Howell (1989) *Stories of the Dreamwalkers* (pp.6-11), Santa Fe Fine Arts Publishing, Ltd., New Mexico