

Internet Turtle and the Sword of Heaven



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Three Parts

Background, the Sacred Pipe

Background, the Sacred Sword

Putting the Body of God in Four Pieces

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This feature describes a ceremonial exercise. Parts of a sacred Japanese Sword and a ceremonial Sacred Pipe join together Japanese Shinto and American Indian ceremonial teachings.

I am not certified, registered, approved, listed or otherwise an official person in this modern world.. I am a holder of sacred pipes. I am a keeper of dream masks and ceremonies. I am an all-night singer. My male ancestors were Ojibway and Catabwa; my female ancestors were Welsh. I am the skin of an old drum, brushed repeatedly by the breath of my elders. They worked me upon the natural American Earth.

This is the song they struck from me.

My journey began in a hole in the earth. A hole occupied by several dozen old indian men, each well over 100 years old.....

.....it began with a single, old indian man, among the last of his small tribal family, standing beside me in a parking lot at a pow-wow in North Carolina in the early 70's. It began with a dream carried to me where I lived deep in the forests of Georgia; where I lay near death, rebirthing myself from the dead world into the world I call the "shrinking path".

It became a promise, then the run of a lifetime, finally a source of wonder, magic and healing. It began when an old eagle feather was placed into a mound of earth in the American desert. It started when the old, old man said, at that place, said, "the four directions are not directions, they are gates". On that day I knew the roots were old, rooted in a place where the spirit knows its way, where the teacher and the student are the same. I knew the place and the way there at that moment.

It begins each day as a sacred fire. A sacred fire and a rising sun; songs made while golden tobacco is placed into glowing coals. Each day begins as a song at the tobacco fire. This fire has now been carried four times around the American earth. Four times also were carried the Sacred Pipes. Four times a sacred sword. Four times four things carried four times. Just now on the last day of 1999 have these circles been completed.

The fire-keepers, song-makers, spirit-carvers, and wind-dancers were and are great forces who embody the ancient teachings of the actual human soul. These cave-dancers and rock-throwers birthed the sciences, the laws, the states, and the thrones.

Along the shrinking path, there is movement. I discover the internet. I was living in a very remote part of the southern California desert.

Dancing on the earth has an effect on time. It bends it. It is not able to move in a straight line in the life of a dancer.

Talking in the desert turns the wind inside out and it blows away even the image of talking.

The wind speaks out in the wild desert. It speaks in a language I know. It is not an easy conversation. Coyote miracles and shadow runners bring us our food and our money, fuel our drive tools.

A place where we know no one and are in touch with no one; I was immediately thrown into the Internet, which I had never heard of before. It is a new bloom upon the true sacred tree; an electronic, nearly molecular thread of delicate keystrokes and telephone lines. I have shown the Internet to ancient Indians who have barely encountered light bulbs.

To a person they praised it and blessed it; they understand it. The truth of the human root is found in communication, and everyone with any sense understands how important this is.....and how inevitable that it be a sorry mess all wrapped up with such grand potential.

Many years ago I was taken by surprise (many times) when I would encounter elders from various tribal communities, as I traveled. They would single me out, or circumstances would thrust us together.....as we talked they would bring up their observation that I should “write”. This happened enough times to have an impact upon me, and a conflict. The thought of writing in the modern business sense of preparing and submitting manuscripts has never appealed to me. I may even oppose it as a hateful thing.

The web space solves many of these problems. If there is a story to tell, tell it and post it. No editorial filters. This series began as a set of web pages.

Pipe is a long teaching. I cannot just spell it all out here. However, one story can lead to another and the threads of stories may weave a bright picture. That is my hope.

The Sword Of Heaven.

published East \ West Journal.

Article by Mikkel Aaland

December 1983.

(background information)

One evening last fall, at a diner party in San Francisco, I met a young man who had been born in Cuba of Chinese parents. Juan Li--that was his name--had lived and traveled many years in the Orient and was visiting our host, whom he had met in Nepal. In a week I was to leave for Europe on a magazine assignment and was already excited about the impending journey, so I was especially interested in his many stories.

The tale that fascinated me most was the story of Kazz Tagami, a Japanese Antique collector Juan had befriended in India, and of Tagami's involvement with a group of Shinto Monks who are trying to save the world from total destruction.

Seven years ago, the story began, and Elderly Shinto monk living in a monastery near Osaka, Japan, had a vision of the end of the world. The vision was so hopeless that it crushed the monk's spirit and he fell onto his deathbed. The other monks of his order became despondent. But just before he died, the old monk had another visit --- a vision that showed the way to peace and salvation.

A Shinto believer holds that a God, or Kami, dwells within all inanimate objects. A piece of paper, a sword, a mountain or a rainbow each has its own incarnate spirit.

This is a reprint of the article referred to in my background links.

This story was on my mind when I “accidentally” ended up meeting and working with Juan Li, whom I had never met before now.

This will also serve as my “background” file on Shinto.

My life is not made up of beginning, middle and ends. Life is a puzzle. Put it all together.

The dying monk instructed that a sacred sword, for centuries the home of a powerful Kami, be broken into 108 pieces. Each piece must then be encased in rock and wrapped in prayer paper and placed in strategic places around the globe.

The remaining monks were to focus their beings on the Kami now dwelling in each rock, and thus create a network of peaceful energy that would influence human destiny.

(What a compelling idea, I recall thinking that first night as Juan continued with his story. I was skeptical, but there was something intriguing and oddly comfortable in the thought of a group of monks, sifting thousands of miles away, heads bowed, in a meditative struggle for peace.)

The Sword of Heaven, as the relic was called, was broken, the packages prepared. Yet one problem remained. The monks, who have lived most of their lives in a modest cloister at the base of their sacred mountain, had no physical experience of the world outside of Japan. How were the Kami to be distributed?

By a series of coincidences, which Juan Li never fully explained, Kazz Tagami came into contact with the monks two years after the death of the old monk. Kazz was an energetic young man who, in his search for antiques, had learned to travel with the efficiency of a pilgrim. He agreed to help.

He started in Asia, placing the Gods in Bangkok and Peking, in India and the eastern Soviet Union. Then Kazz traveled to Antarctica, Panama and obscure areas of South America. He placed gods in Hawaii, New York, and San Francisco. Then Europe: Finland, Denmark, Greece and Switzerland. Finally he placed a God in Moscow. After three years, Kazz had placed 40 Kami. But just when it seemed that the earth would be saved, Kazz suffered a serious accident. His back was twisted and he became unable to travel. The project stopped.

At this point in the story, Li paused for a moment and sipped water from his glass.

“A year ago Kazz came to me, asking for help,” he said after a moment. “And I’ve been placing the gods since.”

His matter of fact tone made the words sound even odder. I listened with growing wonder.

“Whenever I placed the god, strange events occurred,” Juan said, without any particular emphasis. “In Hong Kong, just as I was going to put one of the gods in a lake, a furious storm abated as if by magic. Then, once I photographed the god and the photograph came back with a strange glow surrounding the rock casing.” He watched carefully for my reaction. “A curious story, yes?”

Very curious, I thought to myself. I wanted to know more. “Maybe I could help”, I said finally. “Why not ask Kazz if he needs another God placed in Europe? I’ll be there in a week.” Li quickly agreed to write Kazz in Japan, tell him about me and give him my address in West Germany, my first stop. By now our conversation had lasted long into the night. We thanked our host, said good night and went our separate ways.

The next week was a blur of activities. The preparation for my trip left me no time to think about the vision of an old Japanese monk, much less speculate about the validity of the story.

Two weeks later, then, in Munich, I was surprised to receive a letter postmarked Japan. It was from Kazz and it began,

“I am a friend of Juan Li. He gave me the letter that you have the interest to put God. I know that everything prepares by God, even in each our meeting. I am very glad that God bless you by your interest in this puffing. The story of the puffing Is very long. I will explain you someday. Please write me which address I send God, West Germany or Norway?”

Kazz.”

I remembered Juan's story --- now two weeks and a continent past --- and recalled the deep chord the story had struck. I wrote to Kazz immediately.

Since his retirement, my father has been living in his home town of Ulefoss, Norway. It is a small town, about two and a half hours by train south of Oslo. That's where I was headed after I finished my magazine work in Germany. I told Kazz to send the God there. When I arrived in Norway a few weeks later my father looked troubled. News travels fast in a small village and he said people were' already whispering.

"A package arrived for you," he said as he drove me from the train station. "it caused a lot of confusion at customs. They wanted to hold it. Here," he said, handing me the customs declaration. "What does this mean --- 'One Shinto God'?"

The “god” was packaged in cardboard, covered with Japanese symbols. It was heavy and had cost 6,000 yen ---- more than \$30 --- to send by air mail. Inside, the brick-like object was wrapped in white cloth, with more symbols. Kazz included instructions, saying the cloth was to be removed and the object placed in water, “cradle and mother of life.” He would appreciate it, he said, if I took photographs of the spot where the god was placed. As to the placement of the object, which country and where, that was up to me.

The god sat in my bedroom for a week while I helped my father prepare the house for winter. And winter was near: one morning I went out to chop wood and my ax was covered with frost; I then looked up and faced snow on the mountains. Every day the sky was grayer and colder.

A neighbor asked about the Shinto object, “ my father said suddenly one morning at breakfast. “I told her your story. What are you going to do with it?”

I wondered, too. Kazz had written that two Gods had already been placed in Norway, so I wanted to take the god back with me to west Germany or to one of the soviet countries where I had been invited to lecture. Yet I could imagine the difficulties. The God's presence had created a stir even among family and friends. As I passed through foreign customs would there be more trouble? A god in a heavy cardboard box might well look suspicious. Perhaps the customs agent would think the package was full of drugs or explosives. Would they believe my story?

I decided that the Shinto God should go no further; I would place it in a lake near my father's home. The lake is surrounded by a national forest and fed by a pure underground spring. Juan Li had told me that a Shinto believer worships nature and thinks that humans and nature are born of the same parents. I felt confident that Kazz and the monks would be happy with the lake.

A few days later I walked with my father through the town to the lake. The sun came out for the first time during my visit. I unwrapped and photographed the god and then tossed it far from shore. No bolts of lightning, no thunder ensued. As I snapped photographs, the heavy object made an undistinguished splash like a common rock, and concentric waves of water rushed toward shore. There were no “energy halos” over the rock --- indeed, no physical change that I could not have achieved by pitching any random rock from the shoreline.

The story that the Shinto God had been placed spread rapidly through the town. By evening a group of curious boys had gathered by our porch. They had questions: Where exactly had we thrown the object? Were we sure it was rock and not gold? I told them what I knew about the Shinto monk’s vision. The young Norwegians listened intently.

As they left, little bodies bundled up against the bitter cold, I heard them talking with great excitement. A few were already making plans to dive for the object come summer, but then one of them, the smallest, protested. "But just think, If war comes we'll all be protected! We must leave it."

It was then I saw the wisdom of the old monk. Because of his vision, the carrying out of his deathbed instructions, the boys would grow up knowing that somewhere, for across land and water, there were people who strove for peace--- in contrast to those who studied and prepared for war. A sign of concern had been sent to their very town! A seed of optimism and hope had been planted. A fragile seed, I admitted, and one easily overwhelmed. Yet if the seed grew in Norway --- and everywhere the Shinto gods were placed ---- wouldn't the monk's 'network of peaceful energy' blossom?

One could dismiss this as wishful thinking, perhaps, but wasn't any plan for peace, even one as peculiar as the Sword of Heaven, worth trying? I wondered if we have a choice.

I returned to the United States a few months later and sent Kazz photographs of his god. He wrote back to thank me for the prints. He said the lake was a fine place. He added that Juan Li had left for Canada to "put another God" and asked if Alaska was on my travel plans. "We haven't," Kazz wrote, "put God there

Internet Turtle

and the

Sword of Heaven

in Indian Country

Prelude

The object containing sacred parts, the body of god, in four parts. The rule is that when the bundle is present, nothing else is discussed or considered, only the bundle in that moment, and that place, wherever it might be. This state of mind follows a disciplined circle of behavior, the balance of a bowl which contains nothing and is therefore an expression of life and death. The point of an old sword, the sword itself, the breath of the god. It is the same way with the sacred pipe. The sword might be the ace of swords, the sacred pipe the ace of wands...the mind and the spirit it lives within. The sacred pipe is not something different than the sword, it is not less than the ancient swords, folded 800 times with 10,000 prayers. Putting the body of god is similar to smoking the body of god. These two powers, Ahnishinabeg and Shinto, keys each of a direction in the path of the 8 sacred directions. A keeper of bundles and the bundles he keeps. A story beginning somewhere in the middle..

***00:00:00:2000. Internet Turtle and the Sword of Heaven
A record of the River Otter Clan.***

At the beginning of a new century of the modern calendar, I take note that the modern calendar does not mean much in the natural world.

I am Ahnishinabeg, a male child of my male ancestors. I am a type of Native American. Our people are people of the Great Lakes and Forests of the central northern United States and southern Canada. Our calendars are measured by sacred objects and teachings. Our calendars are the Seasons and the Circles of the Sun and Moon. We tell time by our Sacred Pipes. Our sacred objects and the teachings and ideas behind them are very much intact, though not undamaged even on this day of a new millennium. The way of life which these objects and their teachings represent is strong like Shinto, Taoism, Judeo-Christian and other important world teachings which have endured over time. Our teachings are not widely known. What is wide-spread are assumptions, pretenses and propaganda remnants from a harsh past.

A good pipe-holder is a man like a high Lama in the Buddhist Faith. The Judeo-Christian faiths were pretty severe in their objections to our ancient practices. As they over-ran the traditional native cultures, they objected to and put a severe stop to tribal religious and spiritual practices. Until 1954 it was illegal for a Native American person to practice their teachings of the Sacred Pipe, or any other tribal spiritual practice. 1954. It lived because it went underground. In spite of all this, like the embattled Buddhist Monks in Tibet, people within Native culture have held on at great expense to our base of sacred and spiritual knowledge. A trained pipe-holder is a priest, a monk, a peace-keeper, a friend of Silence; a religious gateway to spiritual understanding.

In this story, we record a subtle but very important exercise in joining two ancient paths.....that of Shinto from Japan, and the Sacred Pipe of the Ahnishinabeg. Beyond that, there is the simple faith of ordinary people that real peace is up us, each one by one of us.

There is a difference between the work of a Pipe Bundle which stays home with its people over many generations and a Pipe Bundle which is set upon a mission., a journey to visit the world community. The Pipe Bundle which we will make reference to in this story is a Traveling Bundle. Its work is to meet the spiritual leaders of the world community of all faiths and sciences and histories. For a time, Sacred Pipe traveled with Four Kami, swords, of Japan and Shinto, the Sword of Heaven, the Sacred Stone of the American Earth.

My involvement with the Sword of Heaven did not come about because I am a student of Japan or of Shinto. My involvement with the Sacred Pipe and the will and intent of our Tribal Elders has lead me to a greeting place, a sharing place, priest to priest, with Shinto. With the Sword of Heaven.

In our thinking “Sword” is the pure force of what we call “Air” or “Wind” Sacred Pipe is the pure force of what we call “Fire”. Fire and Wind. Pipe and Sword.

Edge of a Shadow: Great Mystery Sets the Stage

On a certain day in December, 1983, I found myself on the way to visit Manhattan, New York City, for the first time in my life. I stopped at the residence of a friend, in the town of West Redding, CT. For the last three years I had been living in this state. For the last three years I had been involved in ceremonial teachings with tribal people of the Northeast.

I had been asked by certain Elders to someday bring the Pipe that I carry with their permission to this New York City. A good Pipe is at the direction of those Elders who follow this way. After a long period of resisting this idea, I did at last come to be on my way into New York City.

On that ride I stopped in Connecticut at the house of a friend. While there I saw a magazine called "East West Journal". On the cover was an article about a Native American man that I know ..so I was interested in looking the magazine over

***Turtle Heart
lived and
worked in New
York City for 4
years.***

As I looked through the magazine that night I saw another article called "*The Sword Of Heaven*". It was an article recording the adventures of Mr. Juan LI and Mr. Tagami these gentlemen were putting sacred Kami bundles around the planet in support of a much larger peace meditation I refer the reader to the article which is included here, in the background links. I found the article quite interesting. I had never heard of these gentlemen or this peace ceremony before. It made a very definite Impression on my mind at that time.

The next day I left for the Brooklyn section of New York ... I had been invited to stay with a friend who told me that my efforts on behalf of American Indian issues would find support in New York. I arrived at this lady's home and after visiting her for a day or two, a friend of hers invited me to stay in her apartment in the Greenwich Village area of Manhattan for a few days. In return for watching her little dog, and her little cat, I would be able to walk right into an interesting and notorious part of the great city.

The apartment was located In the western district of Greenwich Village ... an area popular with tourists, art collectors and jazz music I drove my car across the river in Brooklyn and entered Manhattan for the first time. I found my way to the Greenwich Village area ... as I was nearing my destination I saw a shop sign with the markings “The Tibet Shop” I have had a long interest In Tibet. I had never seen a shop dedicated to things from Tibet before. I noted the location and put it on my list of must see places.

My destination in fact revealed itself very shortly. I was greeted by and then said good-bye to my host. I settled down for a night’s sleep and awoke early the next day. After a little walking around, I had some food and then went to find “The Tibet Shop”.

This was, I recall, the first or second week of January, 1984. As I entered the shop I was greeted by a gentleman that I liked immediately. As I looked at the many wonderful things in the shop, he told me many interesting things about the objects. We ended up talking for several hours. We particularly discussed the spiritual and religious objects. I talked about Native American teachings on sacred objects and, as it turned out, Juan Li exchanged interesting views on the objects of Japan, China, and Tibet. These comparative discussions were elevated and detailed: they were very productive and interesting.

Through the next few days I come to know more of the Kami adventure. Juan Li told me carefully and clearly what the intentions of the monks, of Mr. Tagami and himself regarding the placement of these sacred objects. I was struck with the fact of the physical bundles which were being placed around the earth my forest Indian ancestors taught me many powerful and interesting things about physical bundles. A significant aspect of my office as a Pipe Holder involves the specific use of physical bundles, sacred bundles, bundles created by elder priests.. I felt spiritual identification and kinship with the Kami story for it is much the same story as that story which makes the Stone Pipe a sacred article with spiritual power.

I have been saddened to see how routinely Native American spiritual and religious leaders are excluded from invitations to work with other world cultures and religious events. Part of my passion in Native American matters was to encourage any opportunity to share and join with other cultural and religious leaders to promote effective efforts towards peace, healing and an expanding knowledge of the sacred nature of life. I was well-known for some years as one who “invited himself” to intercultural exercises. Those days are long gone now, but I was always welcomed and I saw great value all around in a participatory process.

I thought my elders and my other associates within the circle of our tribal teachings would be very proud to share in this meditation for peace upon this earth. It seemed entirely correct that Native American people would and could share this ceremonial practice. I proposed it directly to Juan Li. I told him we could take those bundles to the four corners of Native American country. We would carry them to elders living in the four directions and tell them the stories, the prayers and the hopes we would all share in doing this thing. Juan Li agreed quickly and together we wrote to Mr. Tagami and requested four of the Kami bundles I would resolve to gain the permission and support of American Indian elders to place these four bundles in the four directions of the American Indian World. It was a very great feeling in my heart that we did this.

This was also a great and interesting time in my life. My heart and spirit had been very sad for some months over the difficulties and suffering of tribal religious matters. I had spent months observing some tragic episodes of failure, anger and self-destruction among tribal groups..broken off and fragmented from any strong source of spiritual faith. Tribal language, ritual and teachings remain to this day very endangered.

Each elder who passes away has a heart wounded by the burden of what he or she was not able to pass on to future generations. The hearts of our tribal elders are very heavy, very sad. In all these years, that has not changed. Even such a subtle and quiet meditation such as this Sword of Heaven, this would have power of peace and blessings for some of our people. Our elders could have the satisfactions and opening which comes from sharing great power of prayer with elders of another culture. They would see this as an expansion, a ceremony which includes them, remembers them. I can safely say this emotion, this feeling in this way about these matters had really filled up my heart.

It was important to me at that moment that Kami and American Indians should work together.

The next few weeks I saw little of Juan LI I became absorbed in the practice of working on finding a home and getting my work started in New York City four months went by and I saw Juan Li again ... It turned out that I had to make one last trip to Connecticut to obtain some boxes of materials I had left behind. Juan went with me. This was sometime In May. When we arrived at my old offices in Hartford, there waiting for us was a small and heavy box. It had attached to it a U.S. customs tag. Reading the tag, I noticed under “contents”, that it contained the following phrase:

“The Body of the God in Four Pieces.”

Opening and Preparing the Bundles.

The box with these bundles had a great feel to it. I said goodbye to Connecticut and we drove back to the city. Opening the bundles later was a sober and intriguing moment.

The brave faith that would bring these objects into my keeping was very subtle but very important. I have seen photographs of some other of these Kami bundles. Mine looked not a bit like those. They were 8-sided objects, wrapped in a white cloth with a red-ink Japanese seal pressed into the cloth. Eight-Sided was great. Initially it was the most charming detail. The Ahnshinabeg, the people who are my father's ancestors, maintain an advanced series of sacred teachings and practices. These practices and teachings are based in many important ways on the number "8". Their feel was quite substantial yet very handy to the hand. Their 8 sides could not have felt better. These were good bundles, perhaps even great bundles. These people knew how to shape a prayer. Those were my feelings.

I sat with the objects for some time. I then put them in with the sacred bundles of my ancestors, the bundle of a very sacred pipe group that my clan is trying to get around the world. We have no monastery or monks to help us. We did have Juan Li's attention for a time, which was a good thing. For some four years, at that time, I had been traveling around America with this bundle of knowledge.

A “***bundle of intent***” is what we called it. I had met and talked with many elders of many tribes. I had meetings with people of many faiths. We paid for this ourselves, through the income of my partner and myself. Sometimes people hosted us and fed us. This journey of sacred pipes has been going on a long time. I am not by any means the only Native American person who has and who will travel with these sacred objects. I say this much at this time to try and impart some sense of the kinship I felt with the purpose and the people behind the Sword of Heaven..and some sense of my hope for the good which might come from this effort.

Putting of the God:

The First Kami.

A Youth Camp in
NE Massachusetts

When I first received the Kami package from Kazz, I was in the process of conducting several seminars in reference to Native American Issues. At this time I was living in Manhattan, NY.

I was approached by some people who were going to use a summer-camp setting as a location for mid-summer retreats, in the northern portion of Massachusetts. These people wanted to combine some interesting topics and present several “retreat” weekends. I was asked to present some material. I agreed and a midsummer date was selected.

Massachusetts has a long history with Native Peoples. There yet remain several important tribal groups there. They have language, religion and the tenacious spirit of excellent Native American people. I was fortunate in being able to consult with Mr. Slow Turtle, a Wampanouag Elder and a spiritual leader. Slow Turtle passed away a few years ago. He was, to my mind, one of the most important elders in the eastern Direction. I was able to consult with him on this matter. He spent some time with the bundles, now with the Four Kami. He was very supportive and I felt very good to have had his blessings at the beginning.

When I got to the camp, I set up a plains-Indian style Tipi for the community use. I also offered folks the opportunity to hear some drumming and singing in the evening, as well as some story telling sessions. This was all to be done in the early evening, just after dinner.

On the first night, I made the people present aware of the Kami story, and some of us talked and decided to begin the putting of the gods at this place. I was most likely overly dramatic, I was probably to intense in my excitement. I was so much younger. Looking back I think I was a little overwhelmed at first...to have these sacred objects in my hands. I definitely felt something important and unique was happening. I generated my own excitement. Some people were very interested, others clearly cool on the idea, or on me, I am never sure which. A person who thinks they are “on a mission”, sometimes they can be obnoxious in the eyes of others.

The next day, several of us gathered to open the box that Kazz had sent us. It was a very lovely day. The sky was clear, the air was warm. There were about 20 adults present in the camp at this time. An invitation was extended to all. At the appointed time, there were 6 people present.

We opened the box containing the Kami Bundles. Each of the four bundles was wrapped in brilliantly white cloth. Each bundle was about nine inches long and about four inches in diameter. They were 8-sided in shape. I placed the objects upon the soft and warm earth, and together we all sat in a circle around them. I told the story of their meaning to those who shared this moment with me.

I made a song, and using the practices I had learned from the Pipe, using an old drum and the breath of those present, made a formal ceremonial opening for this exercise. At the conclusion of this ceremony, we all joined together in a line and performed a movement exercise (a dance with rattles).

I then took up one of the bundles, and breathing slowly, sent it arching up and into the small lake, at the shore of which we had just welcomed the Kami Bundles. It went in with barely a ripple. I wrapped and stored the remaining bundles. The Kami ceremony had begun.

A number of curious things happened almost Immediately. I was to have my first experience with a feeling which has stayed with me to this day. I can only describe it as a strange mixture of joy and sorrow.

I learned that the leadership of the camp, as well as many of those present, were deeply shocked and offended by everything I had done. The singing with a drum, the rattle, dancing on the beach and so forth....

Their position was that “we” had just practiced something they call “idolatry” and had just worshiped as “god”, these material objects. the leadership declared that their “Christian values” were against this sort of activity.

Our small ceremony was dignified, and I feel it was conducted in a manner which my Tribal Elders would approve. I had run into this problem many times before. Native American people have often encountered those people who felt that our spiritual ceremonies were “pagan” and “filthy”, somehow being offended by them. I wonder if the Japanese Shinto people had people behave this way when they travel and do their practices? I did not want to tarnish what had taken place up to that moment. It did not seem right to try and explain or defend my position. I had little to say.

My feeling was that there was great but very quiet power in what we had just done. What is good cannot be called off because there is shouting from some distant corner. We tried our best to keep our presence towards the quiet side of this experience. The leadership of the camp was polite, and even-tempered about this matter. We were not ordered to leave, nor were we subjected to any apparent bitter attitudes. However, from that point on our collective relationship deteriorated and I left within several days to return to New York City. I have to be candid and say that my heart was in some tenderness, but I felt that the best course was to keep my eye and my heart on the next Kami.

I later learned that we had reason to suspect that a member of the leadership may have used scuba-diving equipment to locate and possibly remove this First of the Four Kami Bundles. I do not know for certain that this is the case. If they removed it, I wonder what they would do with it? It seems the Kami is an object of solid substance, so not easily taken from the world in which it was placed.

I think of that first moment often. My life has gone many places since that moment. Kami had begun to teach me that the joy of Peace is held within a weeping heart. One cannot weep so that one becomes a wild and unchecked river. One cannot become so filled with joy that the suffering of the natural world is forgotten and ignored. There is a point of balance between knowledge and ignorance.

Every individual has a little extra, something which can help the human family in its quest for Peace. It Is never easy to say what it is for any specific person, at any specific moment. It Is more like an opportunity, which lasts sometimes for less than a breath; seizing an opportunity which can be searched for diligently; without effort

The Second Kami at Pipestone Minnesota:

Why do people do these rituals? Is there a reason why some do these things and remain silent, while others do these things and talk about it? There is a “traditional” rule of silence regarding these matters. I know I would like other native people to know about this quiet union between two sacred bundles, from two ancient cultures, from two ancient races. A good report, should be a good story, yet should be efficient and sufficient. Some threads for those who know a little. Some threads for those who know more. In our society, we call this way of doing things “the shrinking path”.

Sometimes it is better to choose the most harmless vessel to contain a great mystery. Choose someone who knows nothing. .

Pipestone. A reddish-brown warm stone found only near a small lake in the southwest corner of Minnesota. For many centuries, Native Americans have come to this place to gather the unique stone found there. It is laboriously taken by hand tools from the granite-laden ground. It has generally been a place of Peace. A place where the great mystery provided a sacred substance important to the tribes who follow the path of the Sacred Pipe. The People of the Sacred Pipe are numerous. Their practices in many cases pre-date Christianity and many other world-religions. Ancient pipes have been found which are older than 5,000 years.

The Sacred Pipe is very much like the idea represented in the Shinto Faith, and attributed to Kami. The Sacred Pipe is not a symbolic object. It is an important and vital part of the spiritual and moral path of many tribal nations (though not all). The finest and most important pipes have generally been made from this Pipestone. While many tribal peoples consider the Pipestone National Monument an important sacred resource; its physical control is in the hands of the Federal and State Parks system.

It is a small and plain little National Park in the flatland of Minnesota, some 90 miles from Sioux City. There is a visitor's center, with a small museum and a rather active gift shop. Many of the Native Americans who come to gather stone are required (and pressured) to make and sell Pipes and other objects made of Pipestone to this gift shop. Many of the tribes who follow the way of the Sacred Pipe do not approve of the sale of these potentially sacred objects to the general public. Many of the tribes desire to have control over this sacred place returned to the Tribal Elders. There has been in recent years a series of **Ceremonial Running** by tribal youth from around the areas which honor the pipe they run to the monument over many days and conclude with a ceremony for the protection of this place, and its return to tribal control.

The “Pipestone Shrine Association”, a group of Native Americans who live and work with and around the Pipestone Monument. They have a web site. Unfortunately there is little information at this web site; it is mostly about selling tourists and collectors the mass-produced pipes that are now made there. Visitors to the web site could encourage the creators to tell some actual stories and history of this sacred resource.

Pipestone National Monument is a place where both the destruction and the salvation of Native Americans is living dramatically in the same space. Here, illusions, misunderstanding and base exploitation mingle with the sacred truth and the realities of both a financial and a spiritual nature. It is a place of great power and importance, cloaked in a the disguise of a small mid-west park.

Like the Sacred Sword of Heaven, the Sacred Pipe has had its place in both Peace and War. Both objects have a long history of both high spiritual attainment, and low, selfish and mean uses. Both objects are representative of a class of knowledge outside of ordinary experience. Both objects represent a joyful, as well as a deadly and dangerous path. Both objects are passed across the generations. Both of these objects hold the power of life and death.

My partner and I set out for **Pipestone National Monument**. When we arrived, it was late summer. There seemed no one about. I have been coming to this place for many years. I know my way around it quite well. I was used to going at almost any time to talk with **Mr. Standing Eagle**, an Ahnishinabeg Elder who has worked at this place for many years. I was hoping that he would be able to share in the putting of the Second Kami with us. Standing Eagle, I had sadly learned some time before, had passed away. Arriving now at the monument, his absence was sharply felt. We walked all through the visitors center and guest shop. there were many fine pipes for sale, mounted on the long wall, behind a glass counter. We saw none at all. Though it was open, we never saw a single person.

There are often native people working on Pipestone carvings, in a place set aside for this purpose by the management. Today there was no one present. We had apparently arrived just after closing. Kristin and I went out into the area behind the visitor's center. We walked the rails which lead through older portions of the surface quarry, areas no longer mined for Pipestone. As we got near the area which was an active quarry, we could hear the distinctive sounds of someone using the hammer and wedges on the hard granite (Sioux Quartzite) which surrounds the stone and which must be laboriously removed to get at the small veins of Pipestone.

We found a lovely spot by the little lake. We sat and sang together, **Water Drum, Rattle and Eagle Feather**. I rang a set of special flat bells (Tink-sha) which have been blessed by the Dali Lama of Tibet personally a year before. I did this 108 times. I cast the Second Kami into the deep lake. It entered the water with a beautiful and bold offering of rippled-rings which seemed to last a long time. Images of old faces, distant, of old brown men and their Sacred Pipes, their great open hearts, flooded in on me. We were accompanied the whole time by the distant chipping of a hammer on stone. An unseen craftsman quarried his stone. The sky sill, blue and cloudless. Kristin saw a *wikan-ne* on one of the round granite boulders sprinkled around. It made her cry. I sat there singing with the Water Drum a long time.

As we left this place, I could still hear an unseen clink, clinking in the quarry. I had taken a picture of Kami just as it entered the water. The picture came out quite nice, and I sent it to Kazz, with the story of the exercise written on the back of a 5 x 7 inch photo.

The Third And Fourth Kami Bundles

Between the Putting of the Second and Third Kami Bundles, some considerable time passed. I was actively involved In a long series of ceremonies. I had many occasions to travel with my ceremonial bundles. Wherever I went, I Included the story and the Kami-Bundles in my ceremonial activities. We met with many Native American people during this period. Many elders and other spiritual leaders were given an opportunity to sit with and add their blessings to the Kami Bundles which remained, traveling with the ancient pipe bundle.

Once in New York, Juan Li asked me for one of these Kami Bundles. He said that he would get me another from Kazz. I thought for a while about his request. I had only recently had the two remaining bundles blessed and sealed for the two up-coming ceremonies we had planned. Once they were sealed and blessed by the Tribal Elders, I was not in a position to “break” their ceremonial seal. As this was a ceremonial matter mostly of an internal nature, I did not explain any of this to Juan Li. I told him that these bundles were sealed as a group and could not be broken up.

On each occasion where a Kami was placed, all the other bundle objects were lined up as witness to these actions. It can also be noted that several sacred pipes and the other contents of this tribal bundle all traveled together.

These ceremonial encounters have lead me to camps that were both overtly hostile and openly welcoming. Juan Li accompanied Kristin and myself on one of these ceremonial circles. Together we visited a number of Tribal Elders, as well as a long stay at **Chaco Canyon** In New Mexico. We climbed to the top of the great rock which contains a very ancient solstice and equinox calender. It was a magical retreat deep in a quiet and ancient desert. It was really an honor to have this time with Juan Li. He has a great sense of humor and in all other ways proved to be an exceptional companion. I have not seen or heard from him now in many years. He works closely with Mr. Montak Chia and together they have written some exceptional books on Chinese healing arts. Juan also conducts workshops on these techniques. I hear he lives in Santa Fe these days, when not travelling.

(June 1992)

What follows are excerpts from the original notes we kept on the Third and Fourth Kami Bundles. During this time, I came to realize that no tribal Pipe-Holder had formally visited Trinity, New Mexico; sight of the first Atomic Explosion. I came to believe that the Fourth Kami must be combined with a Sacred Pipe and placed at this important spiritual wound in the flesh of Mother Earth.

Putting the Third Kami:

Sometime near the beginning of all this exercise, I made **Mr. Steve Old Coyote** aware of this story. Mr. Coyote is a very experienced and respected Native American man. He is of Sioux origins, but for many years has lived with and kept ceremonies for the Suquamish Indians, located near Seattle, Washington.

In the **Pudget Sound** area there is a floating bridge. This bridge carry much of the commercial and private traffic onto the Olympic Peninsula. This waterway is also the path taken by the western fleet of Nuclear Submarines based along Pudget Sound. Many, many of them pass under this floating bridge. The deep waters are also used for extensive research in atomic warfare by the military. There are many notorious secrets kept in the deep waters of hood canal. I knew that this would be the place for the Third Kami. I note here that I have moved Kami counter-clock-wise on the American Earth.

Due to our limited financial resources, it was only possible for one of us to go to this place. Kristin was the one to go, with plans of meeting up with Mr. Old Coyote, and going together to the floating bridge.

It was a good for me that the “Indian Hands” of Steve Old Coyote place these four Kami Bundles. With that understanding, Kristin was free to do what she could to find a good home for the Third Kami. Below is her account of that moment:

**Account by Kristin of Kami placement in
Seattle during August 1986.
(date entered 8-14-86)**

I went to Seattle with the two remaining Kami bundles on Aug. 10. I was met at the airport by my mom and dad. I spent the next few days with my family making occasional attempts to reach Steve, the man who would do the placing. I finally planned with my dad to go to the Suquamish reservation on Saturday to find Steve.

I was very anxious about the range of possible outcomes and had difficulty sleeping. When I finally slept, I had a very vivid dream. I went to Steve's house and spoke to him and his wife about the Kami Bundle. His wife said that there was some reason why she couldn't participate but she felt it was a good thing and should be done. She said also that it would be better to have an overcast day rather than the bright sun we had been having for the last few days. I stayed the night and in the morning Steve rolled back the floor and swam in Pudget sound, which was under his house he poured some water on his sleeping son ... at that point I woke up and thought about the dream and walked around a little bit then went back to bed.

I Dreamed again. This time I meet Steve along a road on his way to a hospital. We are talking over the details of the story of the Kami Bundles. As we talk we go to the hospital. He approaches a certain bed and jumps around the person laying in it. Then he kisses that person and we go and sit on the floor under a table and listen to music. (end of dream)

I called once more as we prepared to leave and finally reached Steve. He and his wife had been in Portland burying their granddaughter, a six month old girl who had been killed in an auto accident. He said that they were just leaving but that he'd be around on Sunday. We changed our plans and decided to go the next day.

That night I slept soundly and didn't recall any dreams. The next day we took the ferry and arrived In Suquamish about 10:30.

We were given a map to Steve's house by a woman at the Tribal center. I went up to the house and knocked. A three year old little girl answered the door. Steve and Rita were eating breakfast and watching football. They were very cordial, I gave them gifts I had brought and described the Kami Bundle project to them (which they remembered from the Unity Statement I had left with them last year.) Steve and Rita simultaneous stated that the northwest Kami bundle should go into Hood Canal, off the floating bridge, the path of the **Trident Submarine**. I had not yet told them where I wanted to see the Kami placed!

I went out to get my dad who had been waiting in the car and Steve took the Kami into a sun porch where he burned sage and sat with them for a while.

The four of us then drove to the bridge, walked out to the farthest point that you can walk (not the center, but definitely in the deep part of the channel.) Steve unwrapped the Kami and handed the cloth to me. He held it for a moment then rubbed it with sage. and tucked in its fold a freshly opened pine bud that Rita had been holding. He held it a few moments more and let it drop into the water.

There were 4 other people on the pontoon fishing. Rita sang softly for a while. We were facing SW, it was 11:45 am PDT.

I took my pictures and we walked back to the car. All were quiet on the way back to their house. When we dropped them off Steve said that he felt different after the ceremony. He said he wanted to participate in the final ceremony at Trinity. He said he would send something to Turtle Heart (which he didn't have at home) to give to me then. We left them at their house and drove to the grave of Chief Seattle. It consisted of a carved and painted long house frame and a Christian type head stone with an inscription of friendship from the founders of the city.

***The stage was now set to gather my life together
and go for the Fourth Kami, and Trinity, New
Mexico.***

**The Fourth Kami 27 April----27 May, 1987:
Trinity Site, White Sands Missile Range,
Stallion Missile Group, New Mexico. USA.**

19 April, 1987. As I was entering the account of the Sword of Heaven, Juan Li called and was just around the corner. Haven't seen him since last August when we toured some reservations and the ruins of Chaco Canyon. He tells me the guy who wrote the account of the sword of Heaven for East West Journal is now living in the city.

Juan Li told me that the monks and Kazz Tagami are very interested in my efforts to establish a Kami at Trinity Site. Juan tells me that to go for the August birthday of the bombing would be very good. So that is what's up so far.

27 April, 1987

Tonight is the new moon. On the next new moon I hope to be on the place called Trinity to deposit the last of four Kami. I begin a ceremonial cycle which will conclude on the next new moon I have chosen to go alone to do this final ceremony. As I will be (technically) trespassing on private U.S. Government (security) property, I did not want to expose others to the possible dangers.

Last night I slept but seemed to get little rest...I awoke today feeling the psychic weight of the eternal population and knowing right off that I must concentrate on my own footsteps, my own reasons for going upon this small journey as a Pipeholder, to visit this place called Trinity. It seems as mysterious to me as going to the moon.

Received a letter from Tagami Friday ... he enclosed 500 dollars and told me that I should get as close to the actual spot as possible, without causing myself trouble and that “Kami would move it later” so I have booked airplane passage leaving upon the 21st of May. Tonight begins the first of a series of chants and ceremonies, both by myself and with other people throughout the month, a lunar ceremonial month

1 May 87

We have located an excellent series of maps of the Trinity area and should be able to get our hands on them tomorrow I am faced with the vision of an ordinary man attempting the universal and I find it rather hard to describeand not at all easy to live with. I feel like a poet waiting for an impossible revelation

I see an old woman with a scarred belly (the Mother Earth). I see a dark feather with white lines. I see little stones, the ordinary stones they seem different somehow different in a way I can sense but not describe, that I can feel, but not explainI throw In snatches of my visions as I can catch them.....we all have feelings following behind images and visions of how we wish/ want/ hope/ deny things to be..... I see the face of everyone I know I wonder how could a person like myself dare such a venture, dare such a belief? I wonder who better than such as I? I notice that many of the people we have made familiar with this story and this ceremony seem to pay it little attention, show no real interest

....a pilgrimage to a certain place upon the earth has a fantastic precedent in our world. ... yet in the face of the modern western person I see little memory of the time of pilgrimage soI am like one more fanatic from the past ; I come back to myself ... my doing this for myself, as a statement to what gods who remain, what powers who yet remember or care to listen to me..... it is the great Yin of my eternal Yang a rare opportunity. A single gesture. How else could it be, really? Only one bundle of many, I begin again and again with myself gathering around myself I go along, I go from here to there.

Early in the day the detailed maps of the trinity site arrived and proved most valuable. A direct approach appears to involve an overall walk of about 35 miles one waylandmarks seem available to guide me right to this placewe also mailed a letter to Mr. Tagami telling him the date I hope to place the Kami.

9 May.

Who, having opened their eyes and seen the world, has not seen the suffering which has brought us this far? Who, having seen our suffering has not wept? Who, having wept, would not seek and desire compassion? The desire for violence is not a natural one.

I have stood beneath the full light of the Sun. Yet, I have also known the moon and I have known darkness, without light. I prefer to believe In these two powers and not to isolate myself within the arrogance of mere illumination alone. I know my shadows.

14 May Full Moon.

Kami is wrapped with two red pipes which are part of the ancient tribal bundle I have been carrying for 22 years. Kami and the Pipe will live together. As is our custom, on the evening of the Full Moon, we extend an open invitation to the people of the four directions for the practice of a ceremonial.

.... 7 women and 5 men attended this one. We choose this ceremonial date as the support ceremony for the Kami mission. This was the official New York ceremony to send the god to Trinity Site. These people left \$60 as a contribution to the expenses involved. Present was a gentleman who was present when the Kami first arrived and who was present when the first of these four Kami bundles was placed in Massachusetts.

18 May--2 June, 1987.

I have returned as much as possible from the fourth putting of the God. My first task is to so inform Mr. Tagami. Then to document what happened. It was, I will say, a difficult episode in my life.

It was the desert. The Antelope. The memory of what this place called Trinity represents. The memories of Japanese lives un-lived and undreamed. The memory of the brutality of the Japanese Army.

I left NYC on the 18th, arriving the some day in Cedar Grove, NC. Once there I placed Kami in a small woodshed at the home of Mr. Red Horse. I had wrapped Kami with two **sacred stone pipe people** and this bundle was tied to the deer antler which I use for carrying bundles to ceremonies.

This ceremonial deer antler has tied to it sacred and blessed medicines such as salt, sage, cedar, tobacco and many other little personal medicine helpers it is the way of the Clan and Society that I followed. I suspended the entire bundle. from the roof of the wood-house and then built a very small fire beneath it. I placed a Tibetan (ground dagger) also in the earth beneath the bundle. I did this procedure to connect the sky and earth powers and to give Kami a silent cycle with the wind.

During the second night we were able to have 8 people present in the wood shed to do a meditation and a long ceremonial chant with the bundle I slept there on the earth, in that shed with Kami. I could see the bundle just behind my head (I sleep on my back). I spent three days with my friends there, all of them well acquainted with what I know of this story so far. All of us believed in the respectability and honor of what we believe is the Japanese spiritual code ... that single fact has been worth a lot to all of us our belief in the people who have shared this meditation our belief in the Spiritual integrity of these monks of Japan...

I was taken to the airport on the 21st. Going through the security check, the guards there wanted to look into the bag with Kami and the Sacred Pipes...I can imagine what the deer horn tied with so many spiritual objects must have looked like under their monitor. I told them that I was sympathetic with their worries and was able to open the bag for them myself. I told them that I was a Native American person and that these materials were ceremonial in nature and that these things are rather shy and do not want to be disturbed endlessly. The guards.....they both shrugged and let me close the case back up.

I landed at 9:40 PM In Albuquerque, New Mexico. I rented a car with which I was to spend the next several days. My first destination was the Pueblo Indian Village of Taos, which was 3.5 hours north. My eventual destination would be 120 miles south of Albuquerque but first I would go to the northernmost Indian village to visit and counsel with my relations there.

I arrived at Taos Pueblo about midnight and rather than awaken any of the people ... I drove up to the mountains behind the Pueblo and parked my car near the Bear River at my customary “private spot” on this beautiful Indian Land. I removed my blankets and sleptthe sky was alive with every star possible. I was amazed to discover that it was quite cold there.. I awoke about 5:30 the next morning, drank water from the Bear River and went into town to get some food. I returned to the reservation about 8:30 and had a long and emotional meeting with my friends there.

I told them why I was there this time and what my destination was. I was given certain ceremonial presents which would aid me in my task. I stayed with them all about 5 hours and then drove down to Santa Fe, where I spent the night, sleeping in the rental car.

The next day, I spent a good amount of time exploring the American Indian art market ... I have many friends who sell art to these galleries people come from all over the world to this one area of Santa Fe more than ever. It is a rich person's square and few of the Indians responsible for this affluent riot of talent were present they are not seen very much around town I go through this ritual on every trip to New Mexico ... it means a lot to me to see the really beautiful things my Indian relations are able to make ... and all of the most beautiful of these things are filled with a power I know Kami would understand.... you might say I carried Kami on an "Indian tour"...as I had Kami in a small back-pack with me at all times.

After Santa Fe I drove to the southernmost Pueblo in New Mexico, the Pueblo of Zunihere I would seek the council of certain elders in this journey several of the elder priests at Zuni are supporting and sharing Kami Mr. Mahooty of Zuni lived with Kami for 24 hours last year. Imagine, if you will, how surprised I was to find no one home at the Zuni nation that I needed to see It turns out that it was “Memorial Day Weekend”.... and everyone was holiday traveling or something.....

I spent two days at Zuni anyway a place I really like I remembered Mr. Tagami referring to the “bottom of the mountain”.... it seemed OK that no one was home here as much as I would have liked to have seen certain people there It was enough to be there I left feeling good and drove to Albuquerque.

In Albuquerque I performed a tour similar to the one I had done in Santa Fe. Albuquerque is less obviously an indulgence area for the wealthy. I did know several gallery owners in this town ... people who loved the art of the Indians ... as at Zuni, no one was home ... the gallery people I had known were no longer located in the shops where I had last seen them.

The weather here was cold and rainy, followed by periods through the day of the clouds clearing and the sun beaming through I left Albuquerque and decided to drive on down to my departure area. It was my desire to first circle the place where this ceremonial practice is about to happen in order to do this I had to drive south to Las Cruces and back up to Alamogordo and then arrive at Bingham (a circle of about 350 miles in this case)..... the beginning of this circle is a small town called Socorro it took me about 90 minutes from Albuquerque to reach Socorro, the beginning of the ceremonial circle.

Just outside Socorro.

Two things happened rather quickly first, from seemingly out of nowhere a very round rock crashed against the windshield of the car I was driving and severely cracked It ... within moments of this happening, I was pulled over by the highway patrol and issued a \$30.00 ticket for driving without my seat belt.

Somewhere below Socorro, I noticed a large lake. I was at this time driving South, with the White Sands Missile Base on my left. I pulled off the expressway and found a place to park on this lake and went swimming for a while. Resuming my journey I continued on my way South. Near nightfall I reached Las Cruces and turned north-east and headed toward Alamogordo.

I remember wondering why all of these modern people were living in this area ... there is something about the area which made me feel that it was very good to visit but that it was not an area in which we should live I do know that American Indians have never sought to establish living in this area, including the ancient days before the coming of the modern people. The area is very beautiful very dreamlike. It was quite late when I reached Alamorgodo and I took a room there for the night. Arising early the next morning I continued Northward to my destination. The missile range was now to my left. On the highway some miles from Alamorgodo I came across the body of a very large owl which had been run over in the highway I pulled over and removed his body from the highway to the natural earth.

I visited a small park which was built around a series of petroglyphs marked on the stones in this area. A marker at the park stated that investigators believed that these marks were put on the stones around 800 years ago. Indian people do not always come to the same conclusions as modern archeologists when viewing these things. This area is the only area in this entire portion of the state which has yielded evidence of significant tribal activity.

During the southern part of this journey, the peak called **Mount Oscura** was plainly visible and prominent during the entire southward journey. It was due west from this peak that the first atomic explosion took place. It looms over the desert floor as a prominent bulk appearing along with the mountains of the range which extends from Colorado to this area of New Mexico, and perhaps also into Mexico. This range is very beautiful and in this area. The Oscura peak is very prominent in its differing color and texture to all the other surrounding peaks.

In our planning we had aimed for a first destination the town of Bingham. I arrived at Bingham in the middle of the afternoon. I had known it was a small town, but was quite surprised to find that it was in fact a collection of two small houses, one of which was a small post office. I was now at the northern top of the missile range.

The maps showed that for 2-3 miles south there was a strip of land under use by cattle farmers and then there was clearly indicated a line marked "White Sands Missile Range". As I had decided from my study of maps of this area, I proceeded 3.5 miles through Bingham to a structure called "Cedar Windmill" this windmill is a pumping windmill to assist in providing range water for the cattle wandering freely in this area..... this windmill was my designated base camp #1. It was marked on my maps as being 15 miles due north from the Trinity Location which was my destination.

This was to be the last of the four Kami Puttings with which I am involved, and I enjoyed a more complex ceremonial approach. I satisfied this by considering that the “ceremony of trinity” would last from the new moon in April until the new moon In May. The period of 27 April to 27 May is the period I refer to as the Trinity Cycle During this period there were quite a few ceremonies, meditations and reflections on the nature of this exercise. Several dozen tribal elders and a few hundred other people had become involved. A circle had been made with Kami around the American Indian Earth.

I drove my car down a road which showed on my map as the ***“Hasenberg Farm”***; as I approached the farm I realized that this farm was In fact a cattle ranch It also seemed to be the sort of place only used at “round-up”. time for the cattle...there were plenty of beef cattle rooming the farm area ... these animals showed a great curiosity and followed me for some time as I drove down several dirt roads south of the farm looking for a good place to leave the car...

I finally decided on a general location from which I could begin my hike south and returned to the main highway and went 30 miles west to a town called Socorro where I took a room for the night. (And thus, also, completed the ceremonial circling of the Missile Base.)

The next day was May 26th. By the time I had breakfast and procured a few Items for the trip and arrived back behind the Hasenberg Farm, it was nearly noon.

Parking the car beneath some pinion trees, I suited-up in my travel gear and secured Kami and the Sacred Pipe in a special pack I wore over my shoulders. I started-off walking due south. There was a terrific wind blowing at all times. The sky was clear and it was quite hot. This part of the journey was up and down many minor rises and dips in the landscape.

Lots and lots of very loose brown sand as I walked I saw many animals: elk, deer, antelope, rabbits ... many kinds of birds. All of these animals allowed me to approach quite close, rather than running off in the usual manner. They seemed in no hurry to get away from me. After walking several miles south I came upon a very poor dirt road ... I later came to a fenced area ... a small fence, like a cattle fence, with signs indicating that to proceed further was to be on the ***White Sands Missile Range***.

As I got onto the missile range my legs seemed to become very heavy and throughout the journey my legs grew more and more stiff, especially on the outsides of my knee area.

I continually drew out my compass and checked my direction as well as compared my position to the mapsafter a while I could hear only the sound of my own walking ... which seemed very noisy ... yet I also knew I was not making much sound as I walked.

Several times I saw small clusters of buildings with trucks parked beside them. I gave these wide birth by moving southwest. At about 6:30 PM I reached a paved road which my maps showed me lead to the National Monument which was my destination I did not wish to walk on any roads, so I mapped a course overland parallel with the road and continued moving South. At about 7:45 PM I was able to sight the Monument visually with my binoculars and it appeared to be about 6 miles west of where I was at that time.

I moved toward the monument and was facing west, observing a rapidly setting Sun. At about 8:15 PM I came up next to a very tall wooden platform of some kind, standing about 60 feet in the air on two wooden columns it looked like a gigantic score card or target. It had very small electrical wires (# 16) running from it and going off west, the some direction as myself. I followed the wires west and kept the Trinity Monument in my line of sight. Just at 8:30 PM the sun went behind the far western mountains the wind abruptly stopped and it immediately became very, very cold.

Up to this time my water and provisions of fruit had held out very well I was at the half-way point, I thought, with my water, and knew I would have to place the Kami very soon and head north ... I had been walking for about nine hours.

I soon realized that I had not anticipated the extreme cold my body hungered for water and I knew the water I had would never last until I regained my parking spot I continued walking west, but very soon I lost sight of the Trinity Monument and knew that it would take more time than I wanted to find it in the darkness of the new moon sky. By this time I must admit that the discomfort in my legs had taken its toll and sapped a lot of my energy ... the cold also contributed to what became increasing exhaustion.

At 10:30 PM I realized that I should no longer look for the monument, but should begin to head back. I sat down and immediately fell asleep. I awoke 90 minutes later, near midnight, and was shivering with extreme cold...my legs really hurt a lot.

Sighting in the four directions, I saw that exactly due east of my position, on the top of distant Oscura Peak, a very bright light was shining.....using my flashlight and my maps I sawe that this light-marker was due east from the Trinity Monument.

The Final Run....

I was very cold. I removed my ceremonial clothes from my pack and put them on over my marching gear. It helped warm me but a very little I then faced myself looking due west and buried Kami and the Sacred Pipesused my feet to heap a very large mound of dirt on top of it ... I then began walking Northit kept getting colder and colder.

I would walk until I heated myself up, and then I would throw myself down to sleep for about 30 minutes until I became too cold my body craved water and I quickly used up all but one last mouthful of water

I remembered one of the camps or building clusters I had seen earlier and began moving east to what I believed was the location..I soon reached another portion of the paved road I mentioned earlier and began following it east, reasoning that the camp I had remembered passing earlier in the day must be on this road.

I walked perhaps six miles on this road and came to a driveway leading up to two small buildings with towers on top. Parked nearby was a huge truck with a large trailer carrying something huge, all wrapped in canvas. I found no water near the buildings and so I approached the truck ... opening the passenger door, it was (to my surprise) unlocked! Inside discovered a full cooler of delicious water. I filled my canteens and sat down inside the truck to rest I was really exhausted.

About four months later I saw a photo of that same truck at the same spot in a copy of Popular Mechanics magazine. It was listed as a prototype cannon being test-fired in the so called “Star Wars Missile Defense System”

I immediately fell asleep. The next thing I remember is seeing a man approach the truck in front of the headlights of a small truck which was near my location...I had heard no approach of this vehicle, though I am sure it must have made noise for several moments before reaching my position I immediately jumped down from the cab and raised my hands over my head ... I shouted the words "lost hiker ... lost hiker" several times ... the man was so startled that he fell down..another man, an older, good-humored man came out of the truck and was laughinghe did not seem surprised at my sudden appearance at that moment, however, I was in the custody of the white sands security forces and he and I both knew it without saying it. I said I was a lost hiker ... I mentioned nothing of my journey south ... I acted surprised when they told me that I was on the missile range ... they were quite polite and told me that I would have to be taken immediately up to the security office because they were getting ready to conduct"tests" within minutes right on the spot where we were all standing...

While this was going on, the guy I had startled started a big generator which was on the back of the big truck and began unwrapping the canvas covering whatever was being hauled by the big rig ... while I was thanking him for the water, the shift supervisor showed up and had me put all of my gear into his truck and he drove me at a very high rate of speed to the dispatcher's office at the "Stallion Missile Range Group", which my maps had shown me lay about 11 miles west of where they had picked me up

I was taken to the dispatcher's office, they pulled a chair from a nearby room, offered me coffee, and told me I would be there a long time... the Lt. who had transported me told me that security people from the military would be sent to take me White Sands headquarters, which was 70 miles south of our present location....I did not look forward to that.

They made it seem as though I was in quite a bit of trouble as soon as this Lt. left the room, however, the dispatcher told me “that guy’s a prick ... pay no attention to him” and he told me that they find hikers at various places on the missile range rather frequently everyone from that moment on that I met, with the exception of this one Lt. were quite friendly.

I listened to them on the dispatcher’s radio letting people in and out for four hours ... I learned that the general area north of trinity is used extensively in the testing of various sorts of war devices ... I was surprised to learn this ... but it is a fact that the entire area surrounding my journey is a very much used military testing area....

I witnessed the changing of the third shift into the first shift..I think the fact that everyone was so busy with the tests might have saved me from more careful examination ... I was told by several people that I would have been in more trouble if they had found me much further south than where they did ... a few people did express surprise that I had gotten as far as I did ... throughout it all I maintained that I was a casual hiker who had stumbled accidentally into their lives ... they took most of my identification. I heard them talk several times about me on the telephone with regular military people somewhere on the base ... I was questioned on the telephone at one point by a guy identifying himself as the military police desk sergeant at White Sands (which would have been in the Alamogordo area)...at that time he told me that I would be given a ride to the front gate and that was that.

Within 15 minutes a very nice guy gave me a ride to the front gate ... and within the hour I was back in my car and on my way out of there ... as I crossed the Rio Grande River, 20 miles west of where I had started, I had a tremendous emotional release and I wept and sobbed. I believed that I had left a physical piece of my own flesh on this land. I went North to Taos Pueblo and rested with the Elders for two days. I flew home without incident and now, on the 8th day of June I enter this record.

I discovered that on the 26th of May, 1987, while I was preparing for my march with the God, Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche, of the Tibetan Buddhist tradition, was cremated in the first such ceremony to be held in the West. Two Sacred Red Pipes belonging to the Sacred Life Teachings of the Ahnishinabe Aneeg were placed within the Earth along with Kami. From our American Indian Elders these two great powers now live together in a very dangerous place. I have placed Kami in the four directions of this original Turtle Island, upon the land of the Grandfathers and GrandmothersI have felt the sacred ground respond.

(Entered via: Turtle Heart Ahnishinabeg Ni-gig Jessakid June 1987 1:30 am EST. year of the Frozen Snake (Ahnishinabe Calendar) Moon of the Striking Rock.)

If you examine the points of a map representing the placement of the Kami Bundles, the picture looks precisely like the tip of a traditional Japanese Sword.

Presently I live in Taos, New Mexico. Over the years since this story I have continued to travel and conduct ceremonials with the Sacred Bundles.

I have not heard from Juan Li or Mr Tagami for many years now.

Sometimes it seems a dream. Each of the four puttings was very emotional. I put my ceremonial heart and faith in the process of these ceremonies. I believe in Peace.

Turtle Heart (Winterstone)
Ahnishinabeg Artist Taos, New Mexico
May 7, 2001

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