

The Sadhana of the Ancient Ones

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Drawn from the songs and words
of Grandfather and other aboriginal heart-friends

Front piece

When the last red man shall have become a myth among the white men, when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, upon the highway or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. In all the earth there is no place dedicated to solitude. At night, when the streets of your cities are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The white man will never be alone.

--Chief Seattle

Call to Gather

Come join us in space,
Come join us,
Come join us,
Come join us out on the wide open plain.
Come let us dance and sing and remember,
Come let us live out the rest of our days.

--A song from the aboriginal people, calling us to join with them in ritual space.

Entering the sacred space

Kindle the camp fire.

Make offerings to the land. Grandfather says, "First you must ask permission of the land. You show respect and make offerings in a way that is called for. Only then can the sacred work be done."

Let those gathered sit in a circle around the fire. Begin with the heart bow, as a way of feeling your connectedness.¹

Have a woman, representing the Mother, light the sage and cleanse the space, the fire, and all the warriors.

Purify the drum with sage or sweet grass, and hear the words of Grandfather: "the drum is the human heart.² It is the sound of your own hearts. When you sound the drum, you are calling the human heart.³ This is why all people can hear it. This is why we will come. The drum is very important. It is how we find you. Let it be sounded by one who knows their heart."

Let the slow rhythmic beat of the calling drum be softly heard.

Grandfather says,

The drum is the heart of this land and our people.
The drum is the heart of us all.
Come let the drum bring us together.
Come let the drum join us as one.⁴

Working to bring the sound
Of drum, peoples, and land together,
This is the work we are doing.

¹ Grandfather says, "Gentle, gentle. We soften when we meet, we do not harden. Hardening shows a lack of trust and we trust this land with our lives."

² Grandfather says, "The heart must always be called. If there is no heart, there is nothing. This is something your people do not understand."

³ Grandfather says, "What is being called is your hearts."

⁴ Grandfather says, "You are not only calling us to this place, you are calling yourselves."

There is a woman standing tall in the sky. She has long hair with two or three feathers in it, all placed on one side of her head. She is wearing a floor length, long-sleeved dress, white in color, that is loose around the legs and arms. The dress is white with edges tinged with a faint hint of blush. This hint of color is very warm and it seems to be dissolving and mixing into the sky. The dress moves in the breeze. While sensing this woman:

The Mother requires no footing,
Her home is the sky -
Immaculate. (3x)

*Sit in the emptiness of the Mother's presence, the immaculate sky.*⁵

Voices that need to be heard

An indigenous person speaks: "There are voices that need to be heard; voices from the dawn of the world, voices of the aboriginal people. And these need to be heard and expressed."

An ancient one says: "Invite us in."

Q: How do we do that?

A: "Words must be spoken."

Q: What kind of words?

A: "Sacred words. We must be invited in. Then doors will open and what once seemed to be two will be one."

⁵ Grandfather says of meditation: "How you sit too is a way to remain open. For your people, though, too often it is a way of remaining closed."

And, further, "Your people think that you must fill [emptiness, silence, space, the empty heart]. In truth, it is there waiting for you to feel. Let yourself rest there. Stop running and let yourself rest."

Initial visualization

We sit in the midst of the great valley surrounded on all sides by protecting snow covered mountains. A voice says, “this valley is the basin of wisdom.”

The mood is somber, serious. In the distance, there are storm clouds. Lightning flashes. Thunder rumbles underfoot. From somewhere comes the sound of drums.

There are many aboriginal people gathering from all directions, coming to this place. We see flashes of them on horseback, traveling through snow, crossing the plains. Now they are in the valley and along the mountain ridges and the hillsides up above. Looking toward Ritro Gonpo, we see them descending. They are coming from everywhere.

Storm clouds, thunder and lightning continue in the distance, but one also sees wise men and warriors in the sky. The sacred four-footed ones, Deer, Bear, and Buffalo, the Salmon, Raven and more –are seen, all swirling about in space.

In their midst is Grandfather. He calls out, “I am always with you.”

Any walls have been removed, leaving them open to the elements. A voice says:

“The walls have been blown away.”

Suddenly the floor is now dry earth. One feels one’s awareness stretching out on the plains, into what is now night. A campfire is burning. The indigenous people are gathering here. A very strong, rooted presence can be felt. On the whole, the sense of space is more and more open. There is a sense of the possibility and mystery of the natural world.

“Join us,” a voice says.

Another voice says, “This group. This place. The time is now.”

We are waiting

This song is sung:

Do not think the old ways are gone,
They are not.
They live in the wind and the sea and the land.
When the breeze rustles through leaves,
It is us.
We are calling.
We are calling.
We are waiting for you to hear.

Grandfather calls out, "It is time to come home. It is time to come home. It is us.
My people are ready to return. It is time."

The people's lament

These words are spoken:

I go to the water to be where the land meets the sky.
I go there to worship, though I find my way is blocked.
These dreams that you place on the land mean nothing.
Still I will pray,
And still I will dance,
And one day, this will be remembered as truth.

When buffalo thunder stormed through this land

There is a feeling of the space opening up, then it is filling with sky, cloud and buffalo. The running of the buffalo can be felt in the body - it is like thunder. There are also warriors on horseback. They carry spears adorned with feathers. A song emerges:

When buffalo thunder stormed through this land,
I knew my heart was strong.
Now it is gone,
And I mourn.

Grandfather says,

“Place an ear to your chest
And listen to this.
Wild hooves still thunder the plain.
Wild ways still storm through this land.
Just listen to this.
Just listen to this.
Your heart is strong.
Your heart is strong.”

These ways can never be lost:

Grandfather says,

I am the last of my people
Though our ways will not die with me.
As long as there is land and sea
Our wisdom will not be lost.
Listen to the heart beat of this moment
And you will know.
Hear the song of this world
And you will know.
These ways can never be forgotten.
These ways can never be lost.

The time is now

The energy heightens and things become increasingly chaotic. Images appear of the fire, of a Council of Elders, of Grandfather. Visualize that you are sitting here, in this circle.

Across the fire there is a man with an enormous presence and power. You feel the slight resistance, the blockage you are putting up between yourself and the scene before you. It is as if you lifted up a newspaper to block things out. This is suddenly and abruptly ripped down by a red-faced, wrathful creature who screams:

“NOW!”

The man with enormous presence and power, with a voice that seems to come from the earth, says

“The time is now!

There is no need to wait. It serves no purpose.

There is no need to wait. It serves no purpose.

There is no need to wait. It serves no purpose.”

In the midst of this heightened, chaotic energy, join with the Council of Elders, other warriors, and those gathered here to practice in a chorus of “Now. Now. Now. Now...” The sound is not unlike that generated by the triple HUMs done during the ‘Sadhana of Mahamudra’. It is loud to the point of being claustrophobic, frightening. Occasionally, additional voices are heard calling out things like: “Leap!” “Jump!” “Do not hesitate!” “Let go!”

Practice this as long as needed, then sit within the immaculate sky of the Mother.

The man of great presence rises and moves closer to the fire.

He now tells the following story: “When the buffalo roamed this plain, they would sometimes stampede. An entire herd would storm across the land. On rare occasions they would race toward the edge of a cliff. This was a terrible time for most of us. The noise. The fear. The sense of death in the air. The medicine men among us, though, would welcome these times. They would transform themselves into buffalo and join the herd as it thundered toward death. Falling toward a seemingly certain end, they would transform again and escape death’s grasp. In doing so, their powers became stronger.”

The movements of the man of great presence are slow, but seem deliberate and powerful. He begins dancing. Then he starts singing. Everything about him is so incredibly grounded, earthy. Both his voice and body convey a sadness that is overwhelming.

My people were killed
Knowing truth could not die.
My people were hunted
Knowing truth could not be harmed.
Long we have waited,
Listening to false gods and hollow words.
Long have we waited
For this knowledge to return with us.
Once again the world is ready.
Once again the time is now.
The time is now.
The time is now.
The time is now.
It is here - do not falter.

He stops dancing and looks across the fire.

“There is no need for me to say any more, it has all been said. The time is at hand. There is no doubt.” Then he turns his back and walks away, disappearing into shadows.

“Remembering” the aboriginal people

Sound the calling drum with a slow, tender beat.

There is a window in the practice space. Aboriginal people are pressing against the glass, as if trying to get in. There is a sense of desperation to this. Most if not all are wounded, misshapen, and broken. There are cuts, blood, burns, dented skulls, and so on. Then through a crack in the wall over the earth shrine, they begin to enter.

A mother, battered and bleeding, enters carrying her dead child. Her face is ravaged with grief, her eyes wide with anguish. Her baby is bruised and dirty and

seems to be missing one eye. She carries her child to and fro, wailing, “how could this have happened? Please help me, please help me, please help my baby.” Other mothers, carrying misshapen, dead and dying children also come into the room, beside themselves with grief, seeking help.

There is a young boy, about three years old, dirty and bloody, looking vacantly at his mother who has been killed. He is lost and bewildered. Another smaller child, perhaps just a year old, sits beside his mother who lies sprawled on the ground, pushing at her, trying to get her attention, not realizing she is dead.

These are followed by many others whose loved ones were raped, mutilated, butchered: women and men, parents and children, the young, the old, all contorted with unbearable torment and grief.

The floor of the shrine room opens and all the grief of the valley rises... suffering, smoke, screams, cries, and confusion. One sees images of tepees burning; rifle shots are heard; people are falling over, mothers trying to protect their children, images of violence, death, and destruction everywhere.

On certain occasions, if it feels appropriate, sing the song of Open Heart.

Then invite all the broken ones into your heart. Perform “the lost one’s practice.” As you do so, the singing of Open Heart can be heard softly in the background

At the end of this practice, Grandfather says, “These too are my people. With our joy, there has been so much sorrow. These two will always travel together.”⁶

A song arises:

“Our grief that comes up from the land,
Let it arise and greet the day.
Our grief that comes up from the land,
Let it arise and take us home.”

⁶ Grandfather comments, “Your people show no grief. Sometimes we wonder if you are even human. Often times, we feel you are not. The tears you shed now warm our hearts and will help us to begin to trust. Trust between us is very important. It is the basis of everything.”

Grandfather says,

All of this is yours to experience.
You must know where you are.
All of this is yours to experience.
It is how our people will come together.
This is the work you have started.
This is the work you must do.⁷

He Who Speaks says,

This is how it will happen.
Let it come, let it come.
This is the way it must be.
If you are to sit in the basin of wisdom,
You must abide in the valley of sorrow.
This is the way it must be.⁸

Invite them into your heart. Invite them back into this world. Invite them into our world. Invite them into your heart, accepting their anguish and suffering as your own. Know that there is no difference between us and them, that they hold our own aboriginal soul, that the violence we do to them is the violence we do to ourselves.

Having identified completely with their anguish, hold them in the healing circle.⁹ There is a pathway to the main shrine, and as the sadhana progresses, the mothers with their children and the other broken men and women travel this pathway to the shrine to be healed. Visualize that Open Heart is waiting there, smiling, her eyes full of love and her arms open, tears of joy in her eyes, to receive them. Help the broken children especially to the shrine where they are accepted and healed.¹⁰

⁷ Grandfather says, “You have to do your work. It is the only way we can do ours, the only way we can come together.” He comments further, “The earth cries when you do this. You cannot yet hear, but the earth cries.”

⁸ He Who Speaks says, “They may be ready; they may be ready. They are finally becoming human.” As he says this, there are warrior cries and drumming in the distance.

⁹ The Shaman says, “You might think you are healing us, but in truth we heal one another. And, in some ways, our healing is so much easier, for our people know they are dead where as yours do not know even this about themselves.”

¹⁰ In relation to our crying, Grandfather says, “You must touch your grief again and again. It never ends. You must touch this again and again.”

As we practice, someone is crying. Grandfather says,

“Her sorrow is a call to your hearts. It is an invitation. It is a drum. Follow it home. Follow it home.”

After the conclusion of this practice, Grandfather says,

“This is now a healing place.”

Heal the land

Then a chant arises: “heal the land, heal the land, heal the land.” (*Chant the threefold chant seven times.*)

We ask,

“How can we heal the land?”

Grandfather replies,

“Just let experience arise. To respect experience is to respect this land; there can be no distinction.”¹¹

*Sit and simply allow experience to arise, without accepting or rejecting, just letting it be exactly as it is.*¹²

¹¹ In relation to “respect,” Grandfather remarks that respect means honoring stillness. He also says that respect means understanding, knowing, feeling the other, seeing who and what the other is and involves acting in accord with that. “Respect arises from understanding. It is to act in accord with understanding.”

¹² Grandfather provides the following instruction on meditation. “Sit with the land. Your people must learn how to sit with this land. There is much violence in your word “on.” There is much violence to say you sit “on the land.” My people sit “with” the land and “become” the land. This is how you must practice meditation. A mountain does not sit “on” the land. Yet your people do not see this. A mountain rises from deep within the land. This is our way also.”

From the blood of your hearts

There is a sense of a large fire and some people sitting bundled about this. The feeling of these people being grounded in the earth is strong. Their presence is powerful. "Now we must council," a voice says. Rest for a moment with these words.

You sit down in this circle, joining the aboriginal gathering. There are not many people here - perhaps a dozen. All are wrapped in blankets. All seem older. There is a sense that these gathered few are representatives of others, of more. Only one of them is more than shadowy in appearance. This one is grey-haired, wrinkled. His features are soft, but at the same time fierce - uncompromisingly matter-of-fact. He is the only one who speaks. He says:

"It has been a long time since our people walked the land in this way. But now we have returned. The words that you speak are trustworthy. Their wisdom strong. It is not the false knowledge so many of your people speak. It is wisdom of the earth and sky, sun and rivers."

"If your words are to be truly of this soil," he says letting a handful of earth slip through his fingers, "it must join with the others. It must resonate with those who have been here before you."

The one who speaks now becomes even more present than before. His words are heavy and weighted. They rumble from him, though his mouth does not move. He says:

"We have come because the words you speak carry truth. Because you speak of the heart in a time when this is rare. Because of this, we have awakened from our slumber and returned. And now I will tell you this:

"There is no need to put on robes that are not your own. We have come because there is no false worship here. No false colors are worn. All that is required is to invite us in, welcome us, and open to the world.

Listen for us in the wind.

Feel us in the warmth of the sun.

See us in a twist of smoke and sense us in the land underfoot.

“This is what it means to come home - to come into this world. Call us and this will all become clear. You will know where to place your next step.

“We need only be asked in. We have heard this and responded out of respect. You must know this. This will be enough. It need only come from the blood of your hearts.

“The need to understand the language of the world has been spoken. And when this was spoken, we knew it was time to come. We knew at last it was safe for our return.

It is time to once again understand the wisdom in the morning dew
and the teachings of the coyote’s howl.

The mountain’s stillness speaks like thunder, if only you know how to hear
with your heart.

“This is our way and it is this that you have heard- and this must now be spoken of
even more.

“All of this had to happen for truth to once again walk this land.

It will be different from before.

We need not be tamed.

We need not be subdued.

We need only be called

And you need only walk into the world with open hearts.

To try and assume the clothes of the past is to be false.

And with falseness we lose all that has come.

Know that this is what I say.¹³

Grandfather’s advice to modern people

Grandfather says: “You couldn’t do this before; your ears were deaf; your senses deaf. You couldn’t hear the very heart of the world you live in. So until now, this was not possible. Your people do not yet understand. They still speak in the words of books. They think this can say more than the songs of this land.

¹³ Grandfather says: “Do not change your skins. Do not come to us as something you are not. We wish to gather with who you are. This is what is real for us. This is what we trust.”

Your people do not trust the land, they do not trust experience. This is your sickness. That you cannot *feel* is poison that is killing us all. It is the hardness toward your own hearts that we find so difficult to understand.

Open yourselves to the night sky
--then the old ways will arise within.
Open yourselves to the mountains
--then the old ways will ring with joy.

This is what we trust. The message is in the wind and the stars. Their whispers speak to our hearts. This is how we live our lives.”

Grandfather speaks of the ways of the land

“I wish to speak of the ways of this land
And I wish for my words to be heard clearly.
We are not so far apart, you and I,
Though our worlds have been called distinct.
In truth they are not.
Both of us understand that what we seek can only be found here and now.
Out of this common understanding,
Our ways complement and enrich one another.
The language you are speaking is the language of the world
Call to it and listen for a reply.
Call to it and allow it to blossom.
Only from the richness of this land can truth rise and flourish.
This is what my people understood.
In this, again, we are not so different.”

To respect experience
Is to respect this land.
There can be no distinction.

He repeats, “First you must offer to the land.”
We ask: “What is the land? Who is the land?”
His reply comes quick and strong, “WE are the land. WE are the old ones.”¹⁴

¹⁴ Grandfather comments: “The ‘land’ is the language of immediate experience.”

He comments further, “When you touch the land, there is respect. When you touch the land, you *are* respect. There is no distinction.”

A song emerges:

This land nourishes us all;
Let life flourish;
Let life flourish;
On this land, through this land, let life come. (3 x)

Grandfather says, “The dharma cannot be transplanted, it must be discovered.”

It is out of this earth that this tradition will emerge.
It is out of this ground that this tradition will take root.

Grandfather says: “Bring the ways of the old ones into this world; the land is where the two traditions will meet; this lineage will take root only when the land/old ones/old ways are acknowledged properly.”

He Who Speaks says, “This is how it will begin to root. This is how the land is first seen.”

Grandfather repeats, “The dharma cannot be transplanted, it must be discovered.”

The aboriginal body: realizing oneself as the earth and sky

Begin the three-fold breathing. After a few breaths into the lower belly, let the walls of the belly dissolve. This portion of the body opens into dry earth, plain and sky until there is no ‘lower belly’, just open landscape. Now breathe into the mid-chest area. After a few breaths, in a similar way let the physical boundaries of the mid-chest dissolve and open into earth, plain and sky. Finally breathe into the upper chest. After a few breaths, again dissolve the boundaries outward and let go. Now there is no ‘body’, just earth, plain and sky. Rest in this state as long as you can.¹⁵

¹⁵ Of the body work, Grandfather says, “This is good. This is the work you must do. This is remembering. This is remembering.” He adds, “This is where you can be human. This is where you will find home.”

And, later, “Stay in your body, stay home, the body IS the way home. Do not think that we are separate from the body, for we are not. We ARE the body. The [vast] community [of being] is the body. Relax. Relax.”

And, “The tightness in your sacrum—the tightness in your body--is how you kill. Even the way you sit makes you hard.”

Tonglen for the people of the modern world

Begin by crying to Open Heart to draw near. Remember her words, “If you call, I will come.” Ask her to open and soften your heart.

On special occasions, you might again sing her lament to find a way into your own tenderness and love.¹⁶

Grandfather says, “We have not come here for ourselves alone—we have also come for you. Just as you have medicine for us, we too have medicine for you. We have not come just because the old ways or the true heart are spoken of. We have come also because your new ways are acknowledged as inhuman. This is very important. In the past your people have not seen your sickness and therefore no healing was possible. Now, though, there is a vision that is clear and now healing is possible. There is a vision here that we trust and so we will come. As we come, both our peoples will become whole. Let yourselves be led into this. Let all of us be led in.”

Then practice tonglen for all us people of this modern world--those who live on the surface, unaware of their own aboriginal soul, who feel completely disconnected from the great community of being, from other people, from the Other World, from earth, mountain, and sky, those who commit violence to themselves and others moment by moment. As you carry out tonglen, visualize a long line of broken ones, but this time modern people, both those you know and those you don't, including yourself, making their way along the pathway to the shrine for healing.

Grandfather says,

This is the way things have been,
This is the way things have been.
We do this work together.
There can be no other way.

He Who Speaks says, “This is how it is. This is the beginning of becoming human.”

¹⁶ Grandfather says, “The land seems hard and cold because you don't know the warmth and softness of your own hearts. Bringing you to know that warmth and softness is Open Heart's gift to you.”

The old ways

It is night. All up and down the valley, and even up on the lower flanks of Ritro Gonpo, campfires can be seen. There is drumming arising throughout the valley and, in the distance, figures can be seen dancing against the fire light. Our drumming mixes with theirs. Occasionally, rising above the sound of the drum, warrior cries are heard. There is a sense of anticipation and excitement.

These are the old ways:

To know the sky has a voice
And the land yearns to sing,
To know the whispering breeze
On a cool summer night
Has as much to give
As our heart, our blood.
There are no secrets here.
This is the way things are,
The way things have always been.
Come, sit down and I will
Speak of these to you.
Better yet, we can listen together.
Perhaps tonight we will hear
Old Coyote howl.

After the completion of this song, visualize a massive plain stretching out in front. There are hills in the distance. The sky is red with the sunset. Clouds mark the horizon and a breeze sweeps across the land. All this feels incredibly alive - so much so that the word 'alive' pales against the experience. There is much energy and connection and realness. One's senses/sense organs ache with the intensity.

Meditate in the midst of this intensity.

Songs of Joy

With palms open to the earth or raised up to the sky.

Feel identification with both Earth and Moon at the appropriate moments in the first portion of the song. Be deep within the earth, then high up in the moon. During the second portion (“I am of the Earth and Moon...”), feel the two to have joined together. Feel the space around you as open, fresh, relaxed; sense the feeling of wholeness in the air.

The Earth is my brother

With palms open to the earth:

The Earth is my brother,
We walk together on this land.

With palms open to the moon:

The Moon is my sister,
We fly together through the sky.

With the “heart gesture:”

Together we live -
There can be no other way.
Together we live -
There is no other way.

I am of the Earth (*palms down*) and Moon (*palms up*).
My blood flows through them like Spirit.

With the heart gesture:

And their blood flows through me.
There is no other way.

Once this song is complete, if you wish, get up and dance to the drumming. If it is a moonlit night, walk out to dance in the open air, seeing the moon up above and feeling the earth underfoot. Feel the sense of joining and wholeness.

When our hearts are open

Buffalo run when our hearts are open;
Rivers team with fish
And mountains sing to the sky.
Stand on the ridge, feel the wind brush your faces
Take in the scent of the dry winter grass.
The airy sweep of the hawk's descent.
This is life, always life,
And it is waiting
To dawn like the sun at the break of day.

Life is nothing but spirit

Life is nothing but Spirit.
When I know this,
I feel joy.
Life is nothing but Spirit.
When I know this,
I feel joy.
When I wander,
Love brings me back.
Then life is nothing but Spirit,
And I know this.
I feel joy.

Grandfather says:

“There is no need to hold back. There is no need to hold back. There is trust and there is respect.¹⁷ It is time.”

We are calling to the four corners of this land.
“It is time,” we say,
And these words resound like thunder.
“It is time for Dragon to dance with Coyote.
It is time for earth to mix with sky.
It is time for what is true
To once again walk among us and be known.”
Fear much, for much is at stake.
Fear nothing, for there is nothing to lose.
Look into your heart,
We are coming.
Listen to the wind,
We are coming.
Feel the first rays of dawn warm your face -
We are here.

¹⁷ In relation to trust, Grandfather says, “The agreements modern people have made with aboriginals have been dishonored. This has caused so much suffering and confusion. Foremost has been confusion. The old ones do not understand such behavior. In the past, we have not understood your ways. For many of us, this has been the hardest to bear.”

Contemplation:

If you are out of doors and have the mentioned objects of contemplations in sight, as you look up at the mountain in the distance, visualize that your heart becomes the mountain –with no distinction between ‘you’ and ‘it’. Do the same with the running stream, the sky, and the small, passing clouds at the appropriate places in the song. If you are indoors, simply call to mind the mountains, running streams, and so on. Practice each of these contemplations as long as you like in the “Mahamudra” style.

My heart is a mountain.

My blood is a running stream.

My mind is the vast, open sky.

My thoughts small, passing clouds.

All else is a dream,
Though most do not see this.
Take root in the truth of the earth and look.
This will be revealed.
You will see that the lines
You have drawn across this land
Mean nothing.

Invite the past into the present

You are sitting with the indigenous Council of Elders around a fire. Prominent among this last group is He Who Speaks, sitting directly across from you. Though his mouth doesn't move, the following words seem to come from him:

“We are the lineage.

“You cannot simply impose your ways upon the land. This has been tried before.

“There are words that must be spoken. You must acknowledge those who have come before. Otherwise, you are simply imposing your ways on this land. That will not work.

“This work has begun and that is good. But more must be said. You must invite the past into the present. Through this, you will be able to step well into the future.”

The Joyous Dance

Many indigenous people are gathering and there is a sense of many more coming. Those arriving step toward the light cast by an enormous fire. They come slipping over a high ridge - one looking much like Ritro Gonpo - then down a hillside and onto the place that we are occupying. Around the fire, people are dancing and singing. There is much energy, much joy.

The energy of the situation increases considerably. During this time, a scab of sorts seems to be pulled from the surrounding natural world. This scab is colorless and dead. Its removal allows the world to come to life. Trees, mountains, clouds and sky all join in the joyous dancing.

At some point, everything seems to move inside your body. This is not a static situation, but instead goes on fluctuating between inside and out. Indigenous people dance into your body and dance out. It feels as if this movement is part of the great dance you are observing.

Then this song emerges:

Sing with the sky!
Dance with the land!
Rejoice with the wind and rain!
There is nothing here that is not alive,
Nothing here that is not the guru.
Relax the mind, there is no other way.
Relax and see, this is the secret of our people.
We are home and our hearts cry with joy!
We are home and our hearts now are yours!
Let us sing together!
Our songs will resound with the life of this world!
So let us sing!
Let us sing!
There has never been a better day!

One feels a vibrant contact with the earth beneath and the world all around. First, one's feet, then torso and then one's entire body feel tingling and alive, so alive that there seems no distinction between 'oneself' and 'the world'. Rather, these seem to be one field of experience/awareness. Sit in the midst of this awareness.

Final Words from Grandfather

Our love for one another

Your people have not in the past understood the richness of this life. Now you are beginning to see this with your own eyes and feel this with your own heart. Come and join us in the old ways. This is our invitation to you. Come join us, come join us. Our love for one another is deep, it is living.¹⁸

The ways of the land are the ways of the heart. Whoever lives by the mountain and sky, we are joined with in our hearts. Here we have met true brothers and sisters. Let us celebrate this. Let us sing so our meetings will never end.

¹⁸ Grandfather says, "This is what has so often been missing between us. Your people do not often feel this. Or you see it but you do not trust. But now our love for one another is deep, it is living."

Your old ways are dying. The world will be different when you return. In fact, it is already different. It already has changed. You are returning, you are remembering, and this will change everything.

We will remain among you for now. With healing, we may all still find our way home. But there is much work to do.¹⁹ While our work is far from over, it is changing. Let it change and it will become stronger and deeper. Do not insist that it be any way, just let it come.

You must perform meditation with true hearts. We want to see if you can practice with true hearts. And stay soft—you must remain soft. When the heart softens, the land opens up for you.

Do not forget

The land weeps because you have forgotten.
The mountains cry because you do not remember.
This is so much of our pain.
This is so much of our pain.

Do not forget. Return to the world remembering. This is the heart of warriorship. A warrior never forgets, even at the time of death. If you remember, we will come. If you remember, we will always be near. There is no need to doubt.

This is the old way, to remember the richness of this land, to feel this and know this with every step. It is not enough simply to recall the old ways. These ways must speak in your heart.²⁰

Times of transition can be times of forgetting. You already remember. To remember is in your blood. But your people cover over blood with much that is unnecessary. Respect is to live by the truth of what you have seen and what you

¹⁹ In relation to our ongoing relationship with the aboriginal people, Grandfather says of our drumming and work with the shrine as gateway, “Make certain we can find you. This relationship must not be taken lightly.”

²⁰ Grandfather adds, “These ways must speak in your heart as must the pain and sorrow of how your people have lived. You are right to feel anguish over this, for there is so much, there is so much. What you perhaps do not understand is that you are beginning to heal your people to. We have come here for many reasons. One is that we have listened to their cries for so long. This too is in the sound of the wind—listen; listen. This too is how the work proceeds.”

have felt. Here is our wish for you: from this day on, your lives will be songs of respect for what has happened between us.

In Praise of the land, the Mother

The land is my mother
From her space I am born.
The land is my mother
To her space I return.
All my life is an expression of her.
All my life, all my life.
All my life is the words of her song.
I will sing with an open heart. (3 x)

Meditate on the land as the Mother.

Joining of the Lineages as One

Then He Who Speaks transforms into Dilgo Khyentse Rinpoche. This transformation is accompanied by a relaxing wave of insight. Khyentse Rinpoche's appearance feels completely natural and matter of fact. After a short while, Khyentse Rinpoche smiles. This is a warming gesture and it remains.

No longer are the lineage figures and aboriginal figures separate. Now there is a dark plain with mountains in the distance. Around an enormous fire are a Council of Elders and, in a more outer circle, dancing and singing figures. You are sitting on this plain, in the same ring as the council. Directly above the fire - seeming to emerge out of its heat and flames, is the Dharmasagara lineage tree. In relation to the "enlightened warriors of Shambhala" of the central branch, many if not all of them are aboriginal men and women, going back to the beginning of time, while the Nyingma lineage is on the right and the Kagyu on the left.

Concluding Aspiration

May our hearts always be open.
May our journeys always be true.
May we never cease to remember
And so enjoy the richness of this world.

And to conclude, sing “Take Us Home.”²¹

²¹ Grandfather says, “For my people there is no closing. We try always to honor the mysteries of life. Some of us even in our dreams.”

Take Us Home

Take us home

Take us home

We call this land

To take us home

Hear our cry

And take our hand

Lead us home

Lead us home (3x)

Open Heart's Song

My heart mourns
For the child
I have lost
Today

My heart cries
For the distance
Between
Us now

That I could
Hold you in
My arms
Again

Pull you close
Feel your heart
Beat next
To mine

Pull you close
Fell your heart
Beat next
To mine

Pull you close
Feel your heart
Beat next
To mine

Feast Practice

Grandfather has said, "We wish to come among you for your feast. Let us feast together and then let us return to the world with brave and open hearts."

"We simply wish to eat with you in a sacred way. We simply wish to be made welcome." He also says that Open Heart could be a guest at the feast, representing all the aboriginal people, and that we could invite all of them to join us. We could provide a seat of honor for Open Heart, and offer food and drink to her.

Colophon

In relation to this “Sadhana of the Ancient Ones,” Grandfather says, “This will connect many people. This will help them remember.” He adds, “This is a gate. This is a gate. Wherever they are, this will bring them home. And “This is something ‘he’ has been waiting for.” “He” seems to be Padmasambhava.

On the occasion of our first visit to Vancouver, Grandfather commented that performing this sadhana will help us to connect with the aboriginal spirits of other places—providing a language to speak with them, revealing our openness to them and our commitment to them and to the “old ways,” providing a ground for trust and communication.