

September 23, 2019

The Doors

“Break on through to the other side...” —Jim Morrison on Lead.

Doors, doors, and more doors. Mordor, Place where Evil roots power. —Lord of the Rings Trilogy. Hodor — Game of Thrones.

Doors open. Doors shut. But there is always you on one side, something or someone else on the other side. Always. Even if it is emptiness, or great happiness. Things you have stolen, or sacrifices you have made for others. It's all behind the doors.

The doors are always there, whether you see them or not. There is power in being able to open a door, or to close a door. But no door is ever sealed. Eventually, every door will be opened, and we must deal with what comes from the other side. A sealed door is still a door. Even if you brick it up, plaster it ... it will always be a door, and that means it will open.

We come through a door when we are born. We pass through many doors during our lifetime. We pass through a door when we depart this world. There are so many more doors that await us, and they too, will all be opened and we must deal with what comes at us through those doors.

Our bodies wear out. Our egos expire, but our spirits endure.

Science tells us that we can neither create nor destroy matter. That matter and energy exchange properties between each other in a constant cycle of matter converting to energy; energy inhabiting matter. Energy being released from matter...

Our spirits are a form of energy. They propel us through our lifetime. They go with us when we depart. While we are here, we are mostly ego, and in our own way. When ego expires, the spirit is free. But not until it goes through the doors.

The doors transform whatever goes through them. Just as you 'feel' different in each room of your house, busy in the kitchen, restful in the bedroom, cleansing in the shower... etc... different, even if subtly.

Sometimes extremely. Oh, what goes on behind closed doors? There is good and there is evil. There is plotting to harm and planning to help, all behind doors. Be careful to whom you open your doors, in your home, in your life, in your prayers.

Light the sage and Sweet Grass, use your Bear Root and begin smudging. We're going in.

The West Door

“Ancestors of the West, you are Color Black, Home to the Thunder Beings, Thunderbird... You bring sudden and great changes...”

We begin our journey, our ceremony, by inviting in the Ancestors of the West. They are the most powerful. They bring the most destructive forces to tear down existing edifices of corruption and wrong doing, in order for us to rebuild something better from the ruins and the rubble.

They hear our prayers. They fight, literally & figuratively, the strongest and most evil beasts that dwell and affect/afflict our dimension. They are not polite. The scars of those battles are their footprints all over Turtle Island and the world.

They are stirring now because the world is in peril from the damage Humans have allowed. The world is in peril because of corruption and greed. Humans hurting other humans has caused this imbalance. So, the battle is political as well as physical.

The West calls for the strongest and bravest, the smartest and the most compassionate in each of us, to rise up and face the monsters that need fighting. They do not fight our battles FOR us, they fight our battles WITH us. If you are just sitting back, watching, saying nothing, doing nothing, you are of no value to this battle. There is no Safe Place to hide when Thunder Beings roam.

The North Door

“Ancestors of the North, You are Color White, Place of Stamina and Endurance, of Healing and Information...”

We are wounded from the damage done. We are wounded from the imbalance. We are sickened from the proceeds of corruption and the damage done to our environment and to our minds. To heal, we will need help. We will need information. What we do with that information will determine if we can heal. Do we keep the information to ourselves and allow others to suffer? Or do we do what must be done, regardless of how it is portrayed by the corrupt and the ignorant?

Do we comfort the victims? Or do we blame them? The Healing and Information of the North is for us to use to help ourselves and others, to heal. Do we fear that if we share we won't have more than someone else? It never used to be that way. We used to share because we saw

others had less than we did. We kept the balance. We walked in balance. Now, we stagger. We are wounded.

The East Door

“Ancestors of the East, you are Color Yellow, Place of Wisdom, Learning. You are where Grandfather Sun, Grandmother Moon begin their long journey across the sky...”

All things, from the beginning, had a beginning. They say the Sun is older than us, and the Moon is younger than our world. They walk together and mark the time for us, the seasons for us, and bring us light even in our darkest days and nights. The East represents learning. Every new day is a day to learn something new.

If we learn about things that are destructive, or that have been putting us more and more out of balance, we can begin to understand how we got to this point and we can learn what we must do to bring back the balance. Bringing back the balance will require we take down corruption, greed and the tools of deception that enable and protect it.

The East Door will open, and things will be revealed that are hard for us to look at. But we must not turn away, for the things revealed, terrifying as they might be, ugly as they might be, will also be revealed alongside of the steps we must take to overcome the damage done, and to change our path for our future generations, who will inherit from us, the best and worst, the most and least of what we have done.

The East Door will reveal to us our own imperfections, our flaws... and teach us how to use what we have learned from our mistakes to help others. No mistake is wasted unless it is repeated without learning.

We were never intended to be perfect. We should never expect perfection from ourselves nor others. We came here to learn, to love and to gain understanding. That only comes through imperfection and our acceptance of our mortality.

The South Door

“Ancestors of the South, you are color Red, place where the Ancestors dwell...”

The sweat faced the West, as is our custom. There was a troubled, besieged young man in the sweat. Terrible things had been put upon him... and we were asked to cleanse him and pray for him, and so we did... and before the Fourth Door could be opened, the South Door Flew open and we could see the Old Ones, standing in a golden glowing light, reach through that flaming

opening, and past us, to wrestle what was on that young man, and take it with them as it shrieked, and suddenly the door closed. "Mitakuye Oyasin!" and the West Door was opened. The young man will never be okay in this world, but that which had straddled him, and was using him to cause great harm around him, was gone.

Never had the South Door opened before.

The Doors Open when they must.

Our Ancestors reach through to guide us, and to protect us, where and when they can. But so many, having seen or experienced the extraordinary, expect it all the time. That is not how this works. That is not how any of this works.

The strongest Ancestors on the that side, became that way by making their lives count while they were on this side. We may not know all their names, but we know they earned their strength on that side by fighting against evil on this side; by having and showing compassion on this side; by raising respect and holding integrity on this side.

Make your life count while you are on this side. It matters not if you get the credit, although recognition would be nice, especially when it comes to teaching the future generations how to overcome adversity, but what you build in yourself here, surely follows you to the other side.

If you only care for yourself and what you can take from this world, then you will be a weakling on the other side, and have to wait a very long time to walk this world again, and make better of yourself.

A person can be born into this world with every handicap and disability, but how they struggle to make their existence a purpose is what gives them strength on the other side.

A person can be born with every advantage and spend their whole life uncaring for others, bullying and stealing from others, and they will, when their time comes, cross over into the darkness they built while they were here.

You may think your life has no value, but it does. Your life affects everyone around you. Make that effect one of respect and compassion, for those are the strengths you'll need if you are ever to reach through the South Door, to help those who have come long after you are gone.

The South Door opening as it did is a reminder: We are not alone. We are not the First. We are not the Last and we are not the Only. We are ALL Related.

Also, it is a reminder that all the Doors open. Presently, in these turbulent times, Mother Earth quaking, the slaughter of innocents the World over, clearly, the West Door is opening, and there will be battles between Good and Evil in this world, such as the stories of legends gone by. When that time comes, there will be an accounting: Who is on the side of Good? Who is on the side of Evil? The battles will be fierce. Where you fight and for whom and what you fight will mark you, and the Thunder Beings will not be fooled by false piety. They cannot be bought with money nor gold.

What will be left of this world will be abandoned for the Next World. We will be fewer. We will be terrified. We will begin again. All that is here now will be lost. The time will be of our choosing. As we allow corruption, greed and deception to rule over us, as we aid and abet false prophets who take the stage, stand at the pulpit, or wrap themselves in flags... we draw nearer to the battle that will be the end of this world.

The more we stand up against what is Evil and stand up FOR what is Good in this world, the stronger we become, the more we quieten the Door of the West... behind which the Beings are readying to come and wreak havoc upon us, and bring order through annihilation. They hear us, but they don't listen to us. They see us, but they do not follow us.

The Children Are Awake

The Children are marching in our streets, led by a child of great courage and wisdom. "*And a Child shall Lead them.*" I heard that somewhere. So did you.

The Door of the North is Open. What is happening is seen and known. The information that was concealed from us can be hidden no longer. We see it. We know it. To pretend otherwise is foolish on our part.

The Children marching, all over the world. It means more than what you know. It means they have discovered their strength in unity. It means they cannot go back, they will not believe lies, they will not be controlled by greed, corruption or violence.

Already the children acting together, for this purpose, are changing this world. We may stand a chance now, if we do all within our power to support them and to protect them. We must do our part or we will perish.

Last year, Greta Thunberg, then just 15 years old, sat alone on the steps of Parliament in Sweden, holding her sign :School Strike for Climate. She was ignored for three weeks. Even her parents tried to dissuade her. On the third week, a handful of other children joined her. On this

last Friday, more than One Million People, mostly children, marched for Climate Crisis to be resolved.

Last year, she was alone, on the steps. A quiet, introverted child with a sign. This year, she has spoken at United Nations, and in front of The Congress of the United States, and met with the heads of State of several countries. She's just getting started.

You can do something. You can support a greater cause. You can support another person who is fighting the good fight. You are not powerless.

You know where to find me.

~Cat