

# THE VISION QUEST

A SACRED JOURNEY  
FROM THE HEAD  
TO THE HEART

From the author of "Cause No Harm"

**RICK PURSELL**

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# The Vision Quest



Definition of vision quest:

“A solitary vigil by an adolescent American Indian boy to seek spiritual power and learn through a vision the identity of his usually animal or bird guardian spirit”

Source: Meriam Webster Dictionary

Running Deer, a Cherokee First Nation tribesman, approached his wise father's tepee with some trepidation for he felt in his heart, he was ready for his next initiation, not one all would undertake.

At twenty-four cycles of the sun, he had experienced and endured several minor initiations, although they were not considered minor at the time!

He had set out with enthusiasm at fifteen years of age to retrieve a single Bald Eagle's feather from her nest perched high upon the adjacent ridge. Half way up the craggy rock face, he missed his footing and careened 7 metres downwards, before thumping heavily on a ledge, his young heart furiously beating. **"You should give up this stupid task,"** his fear-based ego pleaded.

Running Deer checked for anything broken or missing and apart from a few bruises and a barked elbow, he was relatively unscathed, so defiantly, he scorned his ego and pushed on upwards to success.

His father was extremely proud of him that night when he returned, feather in hand.

Over the following years, he had thrown himself off the raging waterfalls and survived triumphant and two years later, he had respectfully taken the life of his first Bison, quickly, in reverence and as "Humanely" as possible, while honouring the beast for sacrificing its body. Every part of this magnificent animal was utilised within the tribe – no wastage whatsoever.

His father, Chief White Cloud had spoken to Running Deer when the latter was in his youth and posed the

the idea that one day he would be ready.

**“Ready for what?”** Running Deer questioned his elderly father.

**“You will know when it surfaces, like a bubble from the depth of the pond.”** His father replied.

Over the past few moons, Running Deer had been called to the pond, troubled by his inability to grasp his ‘readiness,’ and a longing in his heart to know deeply - The Great Spirit.

He loved his father, as did his family and the entire tribe, who revered his wisdom, calm and peaceful demeanour and innate ‘knowingness’.

Running Deer awoke one night, bathed in sweat from a lucid dream whose message advised him - **“You are ready, ready to take on the final quest, after which you will begin a new way of being.”**

Somewhat startled and dazed at the magnitude and incomprehensibility of this task before him, Running Deer gently shook his wife awake and told her, he must ready himself for the challenge that was presenting itself so boldly.

His wife, Half Moon, had always supported him on his quests, hunting trips and ventures into the wilderness, never questioning why, but lovingly offering her

support and assistance in his preparation, knowing the risks and challenges he would face. Not only that, but she would have no idea what he would have to endure in the wild, or if he would ever return.

This was wild country they inhabited, moving occasionally with the seasons and countenancing the variable, sometimes-hostile weather, rugged terrain, grizzly bears, cougars and other predators, who also were endeavouring to survive. Their connection to Nature and Spirit was a profoundly deep connection and they used them (Mother Nature and her Spirits) along with those of their ancestors, to be guided by them into making responsible, compassionate choices in their individual and collective lives.

**“We must rouse and tell our children,”** she told Running Deer, knowing this could be an arduous task ahead for them too.

**“Not yet,”** replied Running Deer, **“Not yet.”** Not wanting them to fret unnecessarily.

He was a man of impeccable integrity, filled with a childlike curiosity and somewhat different (not better than) from any man she had ever encountered, and it was this quality she admired about him most. His honesty, openness, trustworthiness and when he says he is going to do something, he just gets on and does it, making him so reliable and the ‘rock’ he is for the family.

## Chapter 2 - Wild and Wise

As a child and young man, Running Deer never felt like he 'fitted in' with his peers, choosing to spend his time alone in Nature, rather than engaging in small talk or highly competitive games at which the others excelled.

He found great solace in exploring the wild woods, running free through the bracken, climbing trees and wading through crystal clear, rivers, seasonally filled with salmon, his tamed and loyal wolf-dog – 'Scents', by his side.



He would sit atop a grassy knoll and ponder the meaning of life, whilst honouring the resplendent nature that unfolded before him.

Somehow, intuitively, Scents' sensed his restlessness of late

and drew closer to him, sometimes resting his head on his knee or lap, in a gesture of understanding and love.

**He was a wise wolf dog!**

When Running Deer's two children awoke and shook away the cobwebs of their sleep, Half Moon offered them some food and they sat in a circle in their tepee enjoying the spoils of the nearby woods and the maize crop their father had loving tended throughout the balmy summer days.

After their fill, the children bounded outside to visit their friends and nearby families. In this village the elders are responsible for raising the younger children in the traditions and values of their tribe. This makes perfect sense because the elders hold all the wisdom, knowledge and experience carried forward, generation after generation.

Respecting and honouring the Great Mother Earth was at the top of the children's learning list.



By half morning, Running Deer had made his way through the tepees, playful children, dogs and women singing while they pounded the maize, to his father's humble abode, only to find him sitting outside in the warm sun, whittling a piece of wood to make a flute, through which he would produce the most haunting music.

The Chief looked directly into his eldest son's eyes and pronounced - **“So you are ready Running Deer?”**

**“How could you possibly know that father, I only found out and realised it last night?”** replied his son.

**“We share the same dreams my son and I have been waiting many years for this auspicious day.”** the Chief added.

**“Will you guide me father?”** Running Deer enquired, a little unsure of the magnitude of the challenges that lay ahead.

**“I will be with you in Spirit every step along the way of your journey my son, but you will have more powerful and astute guides than me alongside you during this adventure.”** Added the knowing Chief.

And so the scene was set.

Running Deer had a few weeks of preparation ahead of him, eating lighter foods and steeling himself to

embrace the unknown challenges that would inevitably present themselves on this quest.

**“When the last snow has melted in the lowlands my son, I will take you a distance from here to a clearing in the woods besides a small river, where I undertook my own initiation many, many moons ago.”** The Chief calmly spoke.

**“You will be alone for twenty one night falls, with no outside contact, no family, no hunting, no ‘Scents’, no regular tasks and you will withdraw from your normal world, focussing only on your own inner journey.”** spoke the Chief.

Running Deer felt a tingling of fear creep up his spine as his father talked.

**“You will draw a circle twenty arrow lengths across in this clearing and only leave to perform your bodily functions and to bathe in the river.”** Instructed his father.

**“Oh Dear father,”** Running Deer exclaimed, **“Alone in the these woods with the bears, cougars and wolves, I will be eaten alive!”**

**“You will cope, I know you will and you will have no weapon to aggravate your foe.”** said the Chief, **“If you are brave and courageous, you will become one with each animal, bird and insect, one with our Great**

**Mother and one with The Great Spirit."**

**"Moreover,"** he added, **"You will not partake in any food or water for the first seven days and nights."**

An incredulous Running Deer enquired, **"Is this what you did father?"**

**"Yes my son,"** he replied, **"It is necessary, as you will discover when you go through this experience."**

Running Deer was noticeably shaken by his father's words, his lips quivering and mind racing, conjuring up all sorts of horrible events and the possibility of dying alone in the woods, for what? Fear coursed through his veins, every imaginable fear, fear of the wild, fear of hungry animals, fear of being alone, but mostly fear of dying, never to see his family again.

**"Fear can stop you in your tracks or catapult you to a powerful place my son,"** the Chief expounded intuitively, **"Which will you choose?"**

Immediately Running Deer recalled the story of the two wolves that live within us all, told around the campfire, one starry night by his grandfather. The punch line about the one that survives between the angry black wolf and the loving white wolf, being -

**"The one you feed!"**



Photo Credit: Therese Borchard

**“I will choose the white wolf father!”** Running Deer replied.

**“I feel you fear my son,”** spoke the Chief calmly, **“But as you will discover, you will master those thoughts driven by limiting beliefs and your wild emotions; your clever body will adjust and all your conditioning from generations aplenty, will be overcome.”**

Running Deer shuddered again at the daunting journey ahead, but a gentle and soothing voice within reminded him of his dream, which started this whole initiation process - to merge with The Great Spirit.

And so it was, with the greening and opening of the first buds on the deciduous trees, Running Deer set off with his father to an unknown internal destiny, but a clearly defined and tested site for this, his grand initiation.

## Chapter 3 - The Clearing

On their arrival and after a short rest from their three hour trek, they built a simple, but effective three-sided shelter; installing first the hide of the majestic bison as the waterproof lining and covered it with layers of protective ferns, moss and light branches.

This would keep out any rain and provide an adequate shelter from the still cold morning zephyrs that blew off the snow-capped mountains nearby. Fortunately, a large tree lined the clearing, which served as the backbone of the shelter and added further protection for Running Deer against the elements. It might come in handy he thought, if a renegade bear was eyeing him off for dinner. A hasty retreat from ground level could prove to be very welcome!

In the slight incline downwards from the tree towards the river, the pair drew the retaining circle in the ground, marking Running Deer's primary abode for the next twenty-one sunrises and sunsets.

Together, they gathered enough dry firewood to last the initiation process that had been generously donated by the woods and a pair of long-gone beavers. This they stacked against the tree, readily accessible for Running Deer to build a fire to keep him warm on the chill nights and to deter any overly zealous or curious predators.

After two days and nights, Chief White Cloud bade farewell to his beloved son and wished him a fruitful journey.

The agreement between the two was that if Running Deer absolutely needed assistance, he could build a large fire and send smoke signals that one of the tribes in the area would see and pass on the message to his father. He was cautioned that if at any time he interrupted the initiation, at some time in the future, he would have to start again from day one.



As the sun dipped below the mountains leaving an apricot string of clouds in its wake, Running Deer ate his last light meal and washed it down with fresh, clean water from the nearby river. This would be the last solid food or drink he would partake in for the next seven days and nights, commencing at midnight. All that was

permitted was to sip a small amount of water, rinse his mouth out and spit out the results, refreshing his palate, but no swallowing!

He then exited the circle and immersed himself in the water, allowing the river to wash away his fears.

That evening, under the stars Running Deer built a small fire in front of his shelter and sat staring, trancelike into the embers, curious to know what would be his fate on this sacred journey within.

**“You must totally surrender to Spirit,”** his father had advised, **“You will be guided by unseen hands throughout your journey, so trust them and have utmost faith and belief that all will unfold for your highest good.”** He added.

As the embers died, Running Deer retreated into the back of his shelter, rolled out his thin ground cover and pulled over him his thick, warm blanket that his mother and other elders had made and gifted him for his adventure. **“Deeply embedded in each thread is our love,”** she said before he left, **“As we created this just for your protection.”**

It was now becoming patently clear to Running Deer that he was being well and truly supported by his family and tribe, with a touch of unseen hands thrown in.

It was a long first night, with broken sleep, mixed with

eager anticipation and the 'Black wolf' injecting its fear into the equation.

While Running Deer was comfortable sleeping in the wilderness alone, his 'monkey mind' insisted this was okay for a few nights, but three weeks was pushing the limits!

Nonetheless, Running Deer rose to the break of day, bathed in the chill waters and sat in contemplation of his initiation. He really had no idea of what was about to transpire.

Already he missed the chatter of his children, the loving embrace of his wife and the faithfulness of 'Scents'.

**“I must learn to master my mind and emotions,”** he spoke aloud to the river. **“If I am to complete this vision.”** The river whispered back - **“Be patient and let those thoughts pass through you, like I pass through the valleys, plains and gorges.”**

A smile broadened across Running Deer's face, for he knew intuitively that through Mother Nature, Spirit would guide and speak to him through his heart.

By midday of the first day of realignment, he felt a little restless and hungry, which was to be expected. He was conditioned to be active and busy in his life and while it was a welcome relief to have no agenda, it felt odd to be sitting still for a few hours.

He arched his back and looked up into the canopy of green above, noticing the stillness of the leaves, strength of the branches and the foundational solidity of the trunk and heard a whisper – **“I am just being a tree, I need to be nothing more, nothing less.”**

So Running Deer sat quietly still, just being aware, and the restlessness and hunger dissipated.

Occasionally, he would sip a small amount of water from his rawhide water container, swill it vigorously around his mouth and spit it out beyond the circle, sometimes playfully, as a spray of defiance!

Running Deer had never lost his childlike curiosity or innocence.

By sundown, after a day of relative inaction, his stomach was rumbling and calling out for food. His taste buds demanded more flavour, his conditioned eating pattern protested, his emotions responded to his thoughts of food or the lack thereof and he demanded out aloud to the river – **“How am I supposed to last another twenty days without food or water?”**

The river remained silent, for it knew when to speak and when to move on.

He called upon The Great Spirit, his Spirit Animals and the benevolent spirits of his ancestors to help and

guide him through this initiation and immediately felt a wave of calmness settle in his body, emotions and mind.

Were these the 'Guiding Hands' his father spoke about, he thought?

That night he slept well, knowing he was not alone.

He woke before dawn, well rested and with a clear intention to fulfil his dreams, no matter what.

Sitting ensconced in his 'Love blanket', he focussed on every minute sensation arising within and out of the material world.

The early morning was filled with birdsong as the first rays of sunshine punctured the darkness, peeping through the canopy above and switching off the stars with its brightness. The sun's rays kissed the tops of the snow covered mountains in the distance as Running Deer performed a ritual, tribal song and dance within the circle, bringing every cell in his body alive with movement.

**He felt pure exhilaration.**

By full daylight, he started noticing more about his surroundings, as if new elements had miraculously made themselves more visible and apparent.

He noticed a small opening in the fork of the tree, a home for a family of squirrels. He listened intently to the music of the river cascading over the rocks, to the birds calling out to each other in harmony and the sounds of the leaves rustling above.

It seemed like all his sensory perceptions had been turned up an extra notch or two, allowing him to experience the higher octaves of what had always been there, but thus far unavailable to him.

During the late morning, as part of the realignment process, a huge wave of grief overcame him, bringing him to his knees and surrendering into it, he openly shed his tears as he recalled and felt the pain and anguish of the atrocities inflicted upon his family by the early white settlers and going back and back through his ancestors.

He re-lived and let go the pain of existence that not only his family endured, not just the First Nation peoples, but all of his human brothers and sisters around the world.

**It was a good release, leaving him unburdened, lighter and freer.**

By sundown, he became aware of some physical discomfort in his digestive system, a few minor patches of skin eruptions on his chest and sides and a foul taste in his mouth.

His father had foretold him to expect some reaction from his body, emotions and mind, as the powerful initiation kicked in.

His words were validated by his grief and discomfort today that the purge was well and truly underway!

The other aspect of his gushing of grief was associated with Mother Earth, known in some circles as Pachamama or Gaia. What triggered the flood was his question to the Earth Mother – **“Why do humans disrespect, damage and dishonour you?”**

Intuitively or perhaps telepathically, an answer formulated in his mind, not from his own thought process, but a direct and clear message from Mother Earth – **“You know why. I am working in concert with you all to collectively raise our vibrational frequency. I am willing to sacrifice my body that you may learn, grow and become more conscious. There is nothing to forgive, all is well and all is to plan, so celebrate life, be grateful, for we are all of and are, The Great Spirit!”**

Running Deer contemplated this last profound sentence deeply, turning it over and over in his intelligent mind and then dropped his attention down into his heart, breathing slowly and deeply into it.

Arising like the Phoenix out of the ashes, from a timeless, non-dual place, came another snippet of

wisdom.

**“The Great Spirit, The Great Mystery that it is, split itself into countless fragments and imbedded a fragment of itself into every human being in existence.”**

**“We are all from the one same source!”** shouted out Running Deer in an ecstatic moment of epiphany and directed to the natural world around him, which had never known anything to the contrary and probably was thoroughly amused by this strange man leaping around in a trance-like dance!

Immediately he stopped dancing, a spectacular butterfly landed on his wrist, waving its wings in agreement.



Mother Nature had spoken and showed him that he too, just as the caterpillar morphed into this stunning butterfly, is undergoing his own metamorphosis – the Human Metamorphosis, transforming from fear-based to heart-based living, through the portal of consciousness.

This time the tears running down his cheeks contained no sadness, but the pure joy of realisation.

### **It was a good day!**

Two more days into his vision quest, still with no food or water, Running Deer's body was resetting into a pattern whereby he felt no hunger. He was actually aware that his physical form was purging toxins by the foul taste in his mouth, some minor skin lesions and a few aches and pains.

**“Surrender and Acceptance!”** echoed his father's advice and so he did, despite the ego's objection to seeing him outside his comfort zone.

Chief White Cloud had been throughout his long life, a wonderful example of someone who lived outside his comfort zone. **“This is where life begins and gets interesting.”** he told Running Deer when he reached his teens.

They had entered a river nearby a small set of rapids to watch the salmon leaping through the air, on their homecoming journey to reach their spawning grounds. As they sat in awe up to their waists in the fast running water, a huge grizzly bear ambled out of the woods and down to the river. Running Deer was shocked and a wave of terror coursed through his body as his fingernails dug deeply into his father's arm.

**“Be calm son,”** whispered his unfazed father, **“My animal spirit is a great grizzly bear and we will be protected.”**

In that moment, the Chief merged himself with his animal spirit bear and they became one with each other, his father assimilating all the brave and powerful qualities of the bear.



**Bears are beautiful, sentient beings who are extremely large in personality, polite, and even empathetic. They also have a keen sense of community, and are not as solo and independent as people have**

**suggested they are. They are peaceful, thoughtful, emotionally intelligent animals who truly love their kids. They are trustworthy, and that is especially true of a mother and her cubs. They have a jolly sense of humour, curiosity and compassion.**

Ellie Lamb, Bear Viewing Guide

The qualities that are apparent in the bear and that of the Chief are:

- A depth of power, inner courage and a stable foundation to face difficulties, leadership qualities, devotion and a fierce protector.

With the merge complete, the visiting grizzly, now less than 20 metres away from the pair, stood upright and roared mightily at them both, as a gesture of recognition and that they representing no threat to each other. The Chief and Running Deer remained stationary in the running water and transfixed in awe at the prowess of the great bear to catch its salmon meal with such ease.

During the evening of the third day into his inner sojourn and as his father had briefly alluded to, an extraordinary event occurred that shook Running Deer to the core.

His spirit left his body, not for good thankfully, as that would have signalled his body's death and his onward journey to other realms. No, this was to be a temporary exit guided by unseen hands, in order to merge the energy of his spiritual body with the higher vibrations of the Higher Self. His spirit would take up residency again at some not-too-distant future time, in a greatly enhanced state.

The following morning, he awoke, took in the sights and sounds immediately around him and looked inwards. He certainly felt different; best described as an abiding emptiness, devoid of his usual loving feelings, which was totally unfamiliar and surprisingly discomfoting to him.

**Scary even!**

**“Is this what death feels like?”** he shouted to the sky  
**“This emptiness is not at all pleasant!”**

All that had previously seemed real and formed his character and personality, all that he identified as being the ‘I’ that animated his body seemed to have disintegrated, dissolved, leaving an unfamiliar empty shell.

He sat with this void for hours, trying to fathom some sense or meaning of it, but despite his contemplation, nothing rationalised.

Of course the ego-mind had a field day throwing up its objections **“I told you it wouldn’t work, you cannot do this, what if you get stuck in this no-man’s-land, blah, blah blah?”**

Running Deer at first fiercely fought this negative barrage of thoughts, but soon realised the reality of his condition and surrendered once again into the process, bravely accepting what was transpiring with the utmost faith that he would be guided through safely.

And so the realignment of his physical, emotional, mental and spiritual bodies continued with the support and help from his guides working on his energy fields and lifting them to higher frequencies.

The path to self-mastery was being guided by benevolent beings who had his greatest good

at heart.

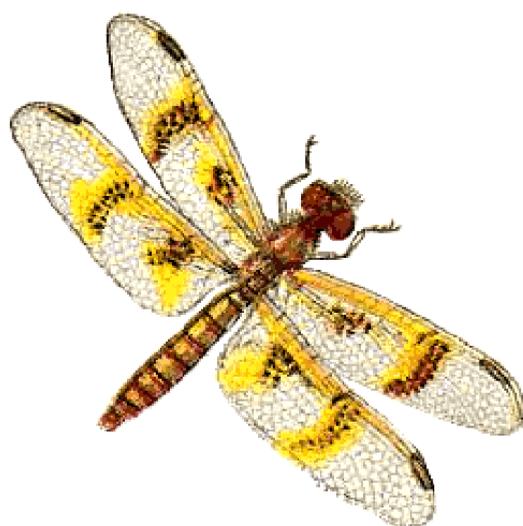
Nonetheless, these first seven days had proved to be a mixture of pain and challenge in each of his body's fields, with some temporary respite into joy.

On the morning of the eighth sunrise, he took his first sip and swallow of water, mixed with the juice of a few crushed wild berries for flavour.

### **It felt and tasted like heaven!**

He was estatic at the pure joy of tasting and ingesting the flavoured water and burst into song and dance, leaping and punching the air, while giving thanks to The Great Spirit.

For seven days and nights he had radically surrendered and had been fed only on Life Force Energy, the same energy that lies at the heart of all living, sentient beings. Some call it Prana and some refer to it as Chi, but it is all the same life-giving substance.



# Coming Home



Now embarking upon the next phase of his journey, the healing process, Running Deer felt like he had arrived Home. It was not a totally unfamiliar feeling and certainly not mundane, but like a long-awaited homecoming with one's loving family, where he was being welcomed with warm embraces and joy.

Accompanying this deep-seated feeling of Grace, was the intensified realisation surfacing yet again, that at some stage, in order to experience its self-created and manifested world or worlds, The Great Spirit had split itself into countless myriads of pieces and embedded each human form with a fragment of itself.

**Thus we are all imbued with the same qualities as  
Source!**

He had experienced this touch of the Divine and began to see it in everything, every bird, rock, mountain, droplet of water and insect, but most markedly, within himself and now he would carry this for the rest of his life, as indestructible and undeniable deep wisdom.

It did not come with a lightning bolt or thunderclap, no huge brought-to-his-knees epiphany, nor flash of brilliant golden light, but a subtle, humble arrival, felt deeply in his heart.

Something so unbelievably simply, yet profoundly elusive, something so patently obvious, yet barely perceivable, something so powerful, and yet all embracing in a gentle and quiet knowingness and certainty.

Running Deer cast his mind back to all the people, family, elders and experiences in his life thus far, that had brought him to this wonderful moment in time, where he felt and knew he and all of us are brothers and sisters, inextricably connected as we are with everything else, animate and inanimate.

He felt a wave of gratitude and appreciation flood through every vein in his body, enlivening his organs, bones and atoms.

The words trust and faith percolated into his mind and a gentle reminder, this is who we are at the core.

The next morning it seemed that the entire woods, every bird, the babbling river, blue skies and fluffy white clouds, were celebrating in concert with him!

Over the following few days, he rested, contemplated, slept and meditated, being present in Presence, still in the Stillness and one with Oneness.

Sometimes during these days, he felt he had undergone psychic surgery the previous week, as his body, emotions and thoughts aligned with the ridding of his old skin like a snake and taking on a vastly elevated perspective and heightened awareness, into a totally cleaned and detoxified body.



Synchronicities abounded now, with butterflies and dragonflies taking up positions on his arm or wrist, a shy resident black raven coming within a few steps of

him and a deep abiding connection with Mother Nature.

The clear message Running Deer received from the raven was – **“Sometimes you see me, sometimes you don’t. But just because you don’t see me, doesn’t mean I am not there!!”**

Such a profound metaphor for Spirit, which resides within, outside us and in everything!

His daybreak ritual of movement was more pronounced now and followed by lying in the swift flowing waters of the river, allowing it to massage and caress his body into a state of euphoria!

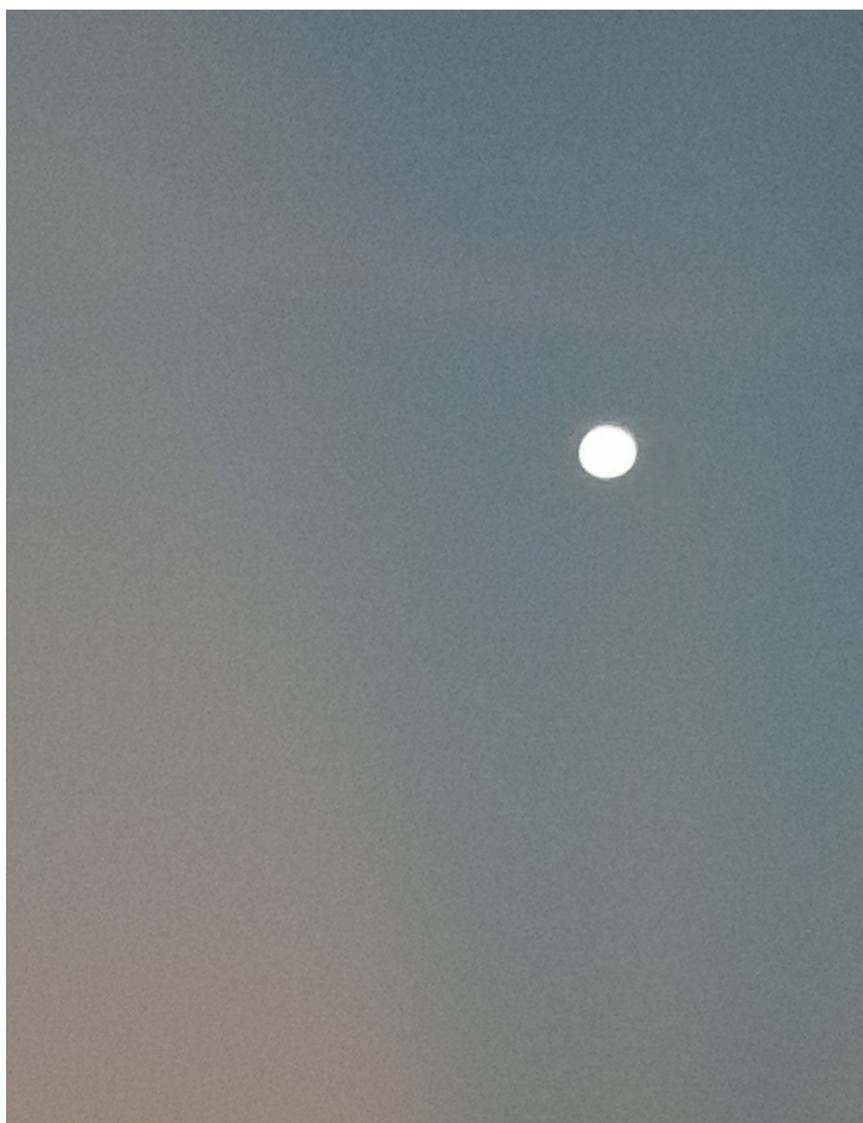
### **It was a good routine!**

Oddly enough, he never once thought about food or felt hungry, since Life Force Energy was feeding his body's need for nourishment. It was a liberating feeling and left him empowered by the choices he was making.

So much of his life was taken up with hunting, preparing, cooking, eating and digesting food, that now that his body's demands were being served by another source, it left him more energy to dedicate to other areas of his life, creative outlets and stillness-time.

On the eleventh day, in his pre-dawn meditation and wrapped warmly in his blanket, he found himself speaking out to a part of himself that was revealing itself more and more each day. **“I am ready when you are,”** he directed inwardly, **“I am ready to receive more Light and Love that I may serve you better.”**

The moon was hidden by the great tree's canopy of leaves, under which he resided these days, but nonetheless, the surrounds were bathed in a magical, mystical light, as the moon reflected the sun's, life-giving rays from afar.



Enough light in fact, to illuminate a large cone-shaped, dark cloud that just hung there motionless in the sky. It was still there when the sun burst over the mountains, after his river dipping and well into the morning. It would morph into a variety of animal and bird shapes, as a

clear sign that he was being guided and supported by benevolent beings, unseen to the naked eye, but felt in his heart.

The impossibility, he thought, of a single cloud remaining stationary, while those around it came and went, seemed bizarre, but real in their form and message.

He felt touched by the divine, by grace and by providence.

This divine love that was showing up more and more into his heart and body, had the ability to transmute the lower and denser energies he was carrying around in his physical body, emotional body and mental body, into something lighter and of a higher vibration.

His father had taught him that, as we are of Mother Earth, we carry the same elements as her – Fire, Water, Air and Earth. Now being surrounded by wilderness and these elements, he was tuning into the Spirit of the water through his bathing, the Spirit of the wind caressing his cheek, the Spirit of the earth through being grounded upon her and on this particular day, a strong connection to the Spirit of fire in his belly, as passion and burning through the illusions of existence, seeing what is actually there. And what is ever present is: The Great Spirit, First Source, All That Is, or whatever label we care to put upon it, and when we do label it, it is not that!

The Great Mystery his father would call it and young Running Deer was mesmerised by his incomprehensible words.

But now, slowly but surely, The Great Mystery was revealing itself to him.

This Journey of Self-Mastery he realised with such clarity now, was what his father had embarked upon when he too was a young man.

Part of his first week's activities was the clearing of his control dramas of the past, those learned, strategised and practiced behaviours of getting attention from others, in order to regain lost energy. His primary strategy was to remain aloof and unavailable to others, to disappear or leave the scene, which

caused others to seek him out, coax him back into the fold or 'butter-up' to him. Now in the healing mode, he was replacing this redundant behaviour with something more conscious and serving the new version of himself.

His early, addictive need to seek approval and to be liked, had dissipated, as he embodied these new perspectives and ways of being. He felt a palpable shift in the balance of masculine and feminine energies within and no further need to seek anything from the external world.

Because it was all readily available within, in the form of self-love, self-respect and a deeper connection to The Great Spirit, he no longer needed to look outside of himself for any attention, energy, validation or acknowledgement,

From time to time, he would become aware of a subtle, pulsating energy flowing through his body. It was difficult for him to define this energy, but it felt like a resonance, an alignment of his head and heart in synch and harmony with each other, as opposed to his mind trying to dominate. This creative energy was not battling to emerge; it was flowing seamlessly and easily through him in perfect harmony, rather like he was tapping into a unified field of potential and dipping into this field, to bring about whatever he chose to manifest.

**It was an extremely powerful energy**

Through the marriage of his heart (and the love that flowed to and from it), coupled with his learnt and innate wisdom, he now saw his true power. In his earlier teenage years, he valued his strength and stamina as his power, then witnessing his father's indigenous wisdom and wise behaviours, he saw their value, but now from this new perspective, he was beginning to feel the power of love to transform his own life and the lives of others.

He would set an example to his children, family and others, by embodying all that he had learnt and tapped into over these days and this would be his legacy.

He decided he would let go of all his past attachments and identification with the physical universe, his thoughts, emotions, pleasure or pain moments, sorrow or peak experiences, as they were just one-sided stories in his head and not a true reflection of who he is as a composite human being animated by Spirit.

He reminded himself of a saying his father repeated to him over the years, **“The darkest shadows appear in the brightest light,”** and that his focus should be on the Light, rather than fixated on the shadow.



## Chapter 5 - Bridging Heaven & Earth



As he lay in the cool waters one morning, he looked up to see a majestic eagle effortlessly being spiralled upward on a thermal of hot air. **“Oh how I wish I could fly like that,”** he spoke to the

river.

And the river replied, **“You can fly free from your body at will, if you believe and trust that you can!”**

The following morning, nearing the end of his quest, he witnessed a long streak of thin white cloud being lit up by the early morning sun.

The bottom of the vertical cloud pointed towards the earth and the top end pointing towards the infinite blue sky.

This carried the message that he was to become a conduit between heaven and earth, Father Sky and Mother Earth.



He would be a humble carrier of wisdom, who bridged these two worlds, sharing his knowledge and practical experience with who-so-ever was ready and willing to listen.

This simple but utterly life-changing message, revealed his life's purpose and direction from this point on.

The last day of his earnest initiation came and went without fanfare, but accompanied by a quiet confidence and trust that his onward journey would continue and be supported by seen and unseen hands. That each day would become the first day of the rest of his life and to be lived from his heart and deepened connection with The Great Spirit, Mother Earth and Father Sky.

At what felt like midnight on his last sleep, he was awakened by a quiet voice letting him know he was done, the process was complete and with that, he fell back into a deep and restful sleep. No trumpet call, fuss or celebration needed, just a peaceful knowingness that the best was yet to come.

**He had made it!!**



## Chapter 6 - The Reunion



The ensuing morning, he rose before dawn to contemplate his new beginning and as the early light bloomed, he was shocked to see an elderly man sitting quietly facing the river.

It was of course his beloved father, along with 'Scents', his wolf-dog, who had trekked through the night to greet him on the completion of his initiation, his Quest of Quests.

A warm and welcoming embrace accompanied by much laughter followed as both men spontaneously broke into song and dance to the rhythm of the river spilling over the rocks.

Needless to say, Scents went crazy with delight at being with his master again and joined in the celebration.

**It was a joyous reunion.**

Chief White Cloud was keen to hear of his son's journey and so they sat near the river, 'Scents' refusing to move from Running Deer's side and the conversation revolved around what the new initiate had gained from his sojourn within.

**“Many things and new experiences and ideas I have gained father, well beyond anything I could have imagined,”** Running Deer announced, as he rattled off a list of what initially came to mind.

**“Freedom of Choice – I now have the freedom of choice to eat and drink or not, having faced the conditioning, emotions and craving for taste that is associated with food. My choice is the return to a lighter diet, but I know I can go without food or water and reach beyond just raw survival, but to be thriving physically on Life Force Energy”**

**“Surrender and Trust - I have learnt to radically, totally surrender and trust with 100% faith that I would and will be guided for my greatest and**

**highest good and the highest good for all, throughout this process and in my life.”**

**“Patience - I know with certainty and unequivocally that everything arises to the clock of “Divine Timing.”**

**“Persistence - Never give up! To achieve any desired end result, one must remain steadfastly committed, with unwavering persistence.”**

**“Expanded Mastery - I have achieved, expanded mastery over my Physical Body, Emotional Body, Mental Body and Spiritual Body, knowing full well, that this is just the tip of the iceberg I have touched.”**

**“Mother Nature - I have a vastly deeper connection with Mother Nature, our precious Mother Earth, as a result of sitting in contemplation and meditation on some days, for 10-12 hours.”**

**“The Divine Within - I now have a much deeper connection The Great Spirit within, that which resides within us all.”**

**“My Physical Body - I now have an even deeper respect and honouring towards my physical body.”**

**“Expanded Consciousness - I now have an expanded consciousness about All That Is and know with certainty, I Am That!”**

**“Love – Genuine, heart-felt love is the universal solution to any and all situations, challenges or obstacles, perceived or real.”**

**“Attachments - I can truly let go of any attachments and move on from anyone, anything, any place or any limiting beliefs that no longer serve me.”**

**“Intelligent Design - Everything that has transpired throughout the history of our world and its inhabitants (and well beyond) is following an intelligently designed blueprint and is ultimately, perfect.”**

**“Finding The Triune in Duality - To find the triune between Duality, Yin & Yang, which will result in the perfect balance and Oneness. Seeing beyond the “twoness” of this dualistic multiverse and finding the third element – Oneness (The Great Spirit) in everything.”**

**“The Light Body - Knowing that a developed Light Body can transmute all lower vibrational densities, before they can affect the composite human instrument.”**

**“The Transmutation into Life Force Energy - Practicing the transmutation of any form of energy into Life Force Energy/Prana/Chi, (Light & Love), before it enters the body, raises its vibration.”**

**"Thought Vibrations - That all lower or denser vibrational thoughts can be readily and sequentially changed into higher vibrational thoughts, such as joyfulness, love and appreciation, to name a few."**

**"Choosing My Emotions - That I can choose which emotions I carry around, enact or experience and that shining the light of consciousness upon the lower emotions, such as blame, shame and regret, can raise their vibrational frequency up to the higher levels of the scale of emotions."**

**"Support - That I was fully supported throughout this process by seen and unseen hands. That the phenomena that occurred and witnessed by myself during the 21 days, was a manifestation and evidence of the support emanating from other realms."**

**"Synchronicities - That profound synchronicities regularly occur when one is on the right Path and that Mother Nature sends us deeply meaningful messages to reinforce our commitment to this journey."**

**"Look Within or Go Without - That everything we seek, yearn or pine for and desire, lies within us. Nothing in our external, materialistic and dualistic world can come anywhere close to the profound and priceless gifts within, that beckon us forth, if only we would stop, feel, contemplate and meditate on what has always been and will forever be there, awaiting our uncovering."**

**“You have done well my son,”** proudly spoke Chief White Cloud, **“And now you are ready!”**

**“Oh no father, not another Quest!”** gasped Running Deer.

**“My body grows old son and the time has come for my own onward journey,”** the Chief quietly announced, much to Running Deer’s surprise, **“You will take my place as the Chief and I am confident you will serve our tribe well.”**

**“You have been grooming me for this role father. I felt it coming during my quiet healing time and on reflection about everything you have taught and so generously passed onto to me throughout my life. I am saddened that you will not be here to see your legacy grow, but know without any doubt, you will be guiding me from other realms. I am deeply honoured father and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.”** These words from Running Deer brought tears of joy to his father and as they embraced, his tears co-joined with Chief White Clouds and ran down their cheeks, as one miniature stream.

**Oneness abides everywhere**



# RICKPURSELL

*inside / out*

Making The Able, More Able



Rick is an Intuitive Creator.

TEDx Speaker,

Retreat Leader,

Life, Spiritual and Conscious Business

Coach,

Father, Husband

and lover of Life

[www.rickpursell.com](http://www.rickpursell.com)

[info@rickpursell.com](mailto:info@rickpursell.com)

Youtube:

<https://www.youtube.com/user/rickpursell/videos>