

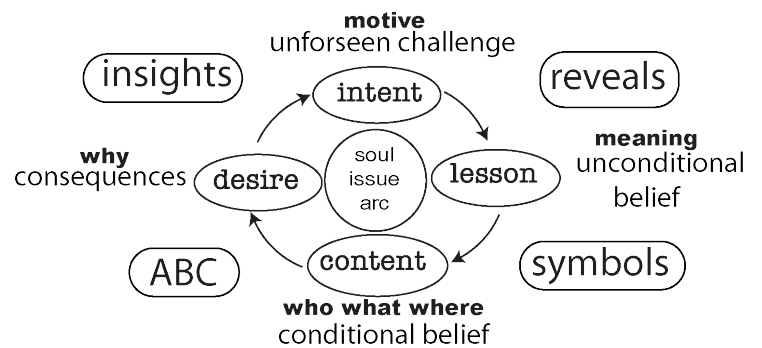
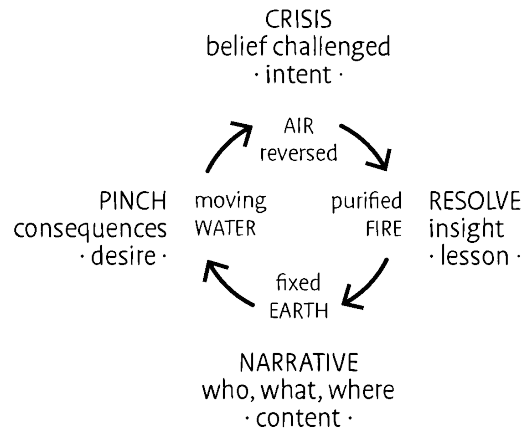
11. Soul and Freedom

“Pray-up” preparation for live class

1. Read the story of Jumping Mouse and choose a scene from the story that resonates with you.
2. Then put that scene into the story mandala form with narrative, pinch, crisis, resolve.
3. Before bed, take that story as a sequence of images backwards into sleep.

Doing this ahead of time, creates potential in your dyad relationship. You will already be “warmed up”.

SOUL STORY MANDALA



Jumping Mouse

Once there was a mouse. He was busy mouse, searching everywhere. Busy with mice things. Once in a while he would hear an odd sound. He would lift his head, and he would wonder.

One day he asked a fellow mouse, 'do you hear a roaring in your ears, my brother?'

'No, no,' answered the other mouse. 'I hear nothing. I am busy now. Talk to me later.'

He asked another mouse who said, 'Are you foolish in your head?' And slipped into a hole.

The little mouse shrugged his whiskers and busied himself again, determined to forget the whole matter. But there was that roaring again. It was faint, very faint, but it was there!

One day, he decided to investigate the sound just a little. Leaving the other busy mice, he scurried a little way away and listened again. There it was!

He was listening hard when suddenly, someone said 'Hello, little brother,' and mouse almost jumped right out of his skin.

'Hello, again. It is I, brother Raccoon. What are you doing here all by yourself, little brother?' asked the Raccoon.

The mouse blushed, and put his nose almost to the ground. 'I hear a roaring in my ears and I am investigating it,' he answered timidly.

'What you hear, little brother, is the river.'

Mouse asked, 'What is a river?'

'Walk with me and I will show you the river,' Raccoon said.

Little mouse was terribly afraid, but he was determined to find out once and for all about the roaring.

'I can return to my work,' he thought, 'after this thing is settled. And my brothers all said it was nothing. I will show them. I will ask Raccoon to return with me and I will have proof.'

'All right Raccoon, my brother,' said mouse, 'lead on to the river.'

Little mouse walked with Raccoon. His little heart was pounding in his breast. The Raccoon was taking him upon strange paths and little mouse smelled the scent of many things that had gone by this way. Many times he became so frightened he almost turned back.

Finally, they came to the river! It was huge and breathtaking, deep and clear in places, and murky in others. Little mouse was unable to see across it because it was so great. It roared, sang, cried, and thundered on its course.

Little mouse saw great and little pieces of the world carried along on its surface. 'It is powerful!' little mouse said, fumbling for words.

'It is a great thing,' answered the Raccoon, 'But here, let me introduce you to a friend.'

In a smoother, shallower place was a lily pad, bright and green. Sitting upon it was a bright and green Frog.

'Hello, little brother,' said the Frog, 'welcome to the river.'

'I must leave you now,' cut in Raccoon, 'But do not fear, little brother, for Frog will care for you now.'

Little mouse approached the water and looked into it. He saw a frightened mouse reflected there.

'Who are you?' little mouse asked his reflection.

'Are you not afraid, being in the great river?'

'No,' answered the Frog, 'I am not afraid. I have been given the gift from birth to live both above and within the river. I, my brother, am the keeper of the water. Would you like to have some medicine power?' Frog asked.

'Medicine power? Me?' asked little mouse.

'Yes, yes! If it is possible.'

'Then crouch as low as you can, and then jump as high as you are able! You will have your medicine!' Frog said.

Little mouse did as he was instructed. He crouched as low as he could and jumped. And when he did, his eyes saw the sacred mountains.

Little mouse could hardly believe his eyes. But then he fell back to earth, and he landed in the river! Little mouse became frightened and scrambled back to the bank. He was wet, and frightened nearly to death.

'You have tricked me,' little mouse screamed at the Frog.

'Wait,' said the Frog, 'you are not harmed. Do not let your fear and anger blind you. What did you see?'

'I,' mouse stammered, 'saw the sacred mountains!'

'And you have a new name,' Frog said, 'it is Jumping mouse.'

'Thank you. Thank you,' Jumping mouse said. 'I want to return to my people and tell them of this thing that has happened to me.'

'Go then,' Frog said, 'return to your people. It is easy to find them. Keep the sound of the medicine at your back.'

Jumping mouse returned to the world of the mice. But he found disappointment. No one would listen to him. And because he was wet, and had no way of explaining it because there had been no rain, many of the other mice were afraid of him. They believed he had been spat from the mouth of another animal that

had tried to eat him. And they all knew that if he had not been food for the one who wanted him, then he must also be poison for them.

Jumping mouse lived again among his people, but he could not forget his vision of the sacred mountains.

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The memory of the sacred mountains burned in the mind and heart of Jumping mouse, and one day he went to the edge of the place of mice and looked out onto the prairie.

He looked up for eagles. The sky was full of many spots, each one an eagle. But he was determined to go to the sacred mountains. He gathered all of his courage and ran just as fast as he could onto the prairie. His little heart pounded with excitement and fear. He ran until he came to a stand of sage.

He was resting and trying to catch his breath when he saw an old mouse. The patch of sage old mouse lived in was a haven for mice. Seeds were plentiful and there was nesting material and many things to be busy with.

'Hello,' said old mouse. 'Welcome.'

Jumping mouse was amazed. Such a place and such a mouse. 'You are truly a great mouse,' Jumping mouse said with all the respect he could find. 'This is truly a wonderful place. And the eagles cannot see you here, either,' Jumping mouse said.

'Yes,' said old mouse, 'and one can see all the beings of the prairie here: the Buffalo, antelope, rabbit, and coyote. One can see them all from here and know their names.'

Jumping mouse said. 'Can you also see the river and the great mountains?'

'Yes and no,' old mouse said. 'I know of the great river. But I am afraid that the sacred mountains are only a myth. Forget your passion to see them and stay here with me. There is everything you want here, and it is a good place to be.'

How can he say such a thing, thought Jumping mouse? The medicine of the sacred mountains is nothing one can forget. 'Thank you very much for the meal you have shared with me, old mouse, and also for sharing your great home,' Jumping mouse said. 'But I must seek the sacred mountains.'

'You are a foolish mouse to leave here. There is danger on the prairie! Just look up there!' old mouse said, with conviction. 'See all those spots! They are eagles, and they will catch you!'

It was hard for Jumping mouse to leave, but he gathered his determination and ran hard again. The ground was rough. But he arched his tail and ran with

all his might. He could feel the shadows of the spots upon his back as he ran. All those spots!

Finally, he ran into a stand of chokecherries. Jumping mouse could hardly believe his eyes. It was cool there and very spacious. There was water, cherries and seeds to eat, holes to be explored and many, other busy things.

Suddenly he heard heavy breathing. He saw that it was a great mound of hair with black horns. It was a great Buffalo.

Jumping mouse could hardly believe the greatness of the being he saw lying there before him. He was so large that Jumping mouse could have crawled into one of his great ears.

Jumping mouse, crept closer.

'Hello, my brother,' said the Buffalo. 'Thank you for visiting me.'

'Hello, great being,' said Jumping mouse. 'Why are you lying here?'

'I am sick and I am dying,' the Buffalo said, 'and my medicine has told me that only the eye of a mouse can heal me. But little brother, there is no such thing as a mouse.'

Jumping mouse was shocked. One of my eyes! he thought, one of my tiny eyes.

He scurried back into the stand of chokecherries. But the breathing of the Buffalo became harder.

He will die, thought Jumping mouse, if I do not give him my eye. He is too great a being to let die.

He went back to where the Buffalo lay and spoke. 'I am a mouse,' he said with a shaky voice. 'And you, my brother, are a great being. I cannot let you die. I have two eyes, so you may have one of them.'

The minute he had said it, Jumping mouse's eye flew out of his head and the Buffalo was made whole.

The Buffalo jumped to his feet, shaking Jumping mouse's whole world.

'Thank you, my little brother,' said the Buffalo. 'I know of your visit to the great river and for your quest for the sacred mountains. You have given me life so that I may give-away to the people. I will be your brother forever. Run under my belly and I will take you right to the foot of the sacred mountains, and you need not fear the spots. The eagles cannot see you while you run under me. All they will see will be the back of a Buffalo.'

Jumping mouse ran under the Buffalo, secure and hidden from the spots, but with only one eye it was frightening. The Buffalo's great hooves shook the whole world each time he took a step. Finally, they came to a place and Buffalo stopped.

'This is where I must leave you, little brother, I am of

the prairie and I will fall on you if I try to go up into the mountains.' said the Buffalo.

'Thank you very much,' said Jumping mouse. 'But you know, it was very frightening running under you with only one eye. I was constantly in fear of your great earth-shaking hooves.'

'Your fear was for nothing,' said Buffalo. 'For my way of walking is the sun dance way, and I always know where my hooves will fall. I now must return to the prairie, my brother. You can always find me there.'

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Jumping mouse immediately began to investigate his new surroundings. There were even more things here than in the other places, busier things, and an abundance of seeds and other things mice like.

In his investigation of these things, suddenly he came upon a gray wolf who was sitting there doing absolutely nothing.

'Hello, brother Wolf,' Jumping mouse said. The Wolf's ears came alert and his eyes shone.

'Wolf! Wolf! Yes, that is what I am, I am a Wolf!' but then his mind dimmed again and it was not long before he sat quietly again, completely without memory as to who he was.

Each time Jumping mouse reminded him who he was, he became excited with the news, but soon would forget again.

'Such a great being,' thought Jumping mouse, 'But he has no memory.'

Jumping mouse went to the center of this new place and was quiet. He listened for a very long time to the beating of his heart. Then suddenly he made up his mind. He scurried back to where the Wolf sat and he spoke.

'Brother Wolf,' Jumping mouse said.

'Wolf! Wolf,' said the Wolf. 'Please, brother Wolf,' said Jumping mouse, 'please listen to me. I know what will heal you. It is one of my eyes. And I want to give it to you. I am only a mouse. Please take it.'

When Jumping mouse stopped speaking his eye flew out of his head and the Wolf was made whole.

Tears fell down the cheeks of Wolf, but his little brother could not see them, for now he was blind.

'You are a great brother,' said the Wolf, 'for now I have my memory. But now you are blind. From your give-away I now remember that I am the guide into the sacred mountains. I will take you there. There is a great medicine lake there. The most beautiful lake in the world. All the world is reflected in it.'

'Please take me there,' Jumping mouse said.

He climbed up between the Wolf's ears. The Wolf guided him through the pines to the medicine lake. The Wolf described the beauty of all things to him. Jumping mouse drank from the water of the lake.

'I must leave you here,' said Wolf, 'for I remember that I must return so that I may guide others, but I will remain with you as long as you like.'

'Thank you, my brother,' said Jumping mouse. 'But although I am frightened to be alone, I know you must go so that you may show others the way to this place.'

Jumping mouse sat there trembling in fear. It was no use running, for he was blind. In his heart he knew an eagle would find him there. Then he felt a shadow on his back and heard the sound that eagles make. He braced himself for the shock. And the eagle hit!

Jumping mouse went to sleep. But then he woke up. The surprise of being alive was great, but even greater was that he now could see! Everything was blurry, but the colors were beautiful.

'I can see! I can see!' said Jumping mouse over and over. A blurry shape appeared to Jumping mouse. Jumping mouse squinted hard but the shape remained a blur.

'Hello, brother,' a voice said. 'Do you want some medicine?'

'Some medicine for me?' asked Jumping mouse. 'Yes! Yes!'

'Then crouch down as low as you can,' the voice said, 'and jump as high as you can.'

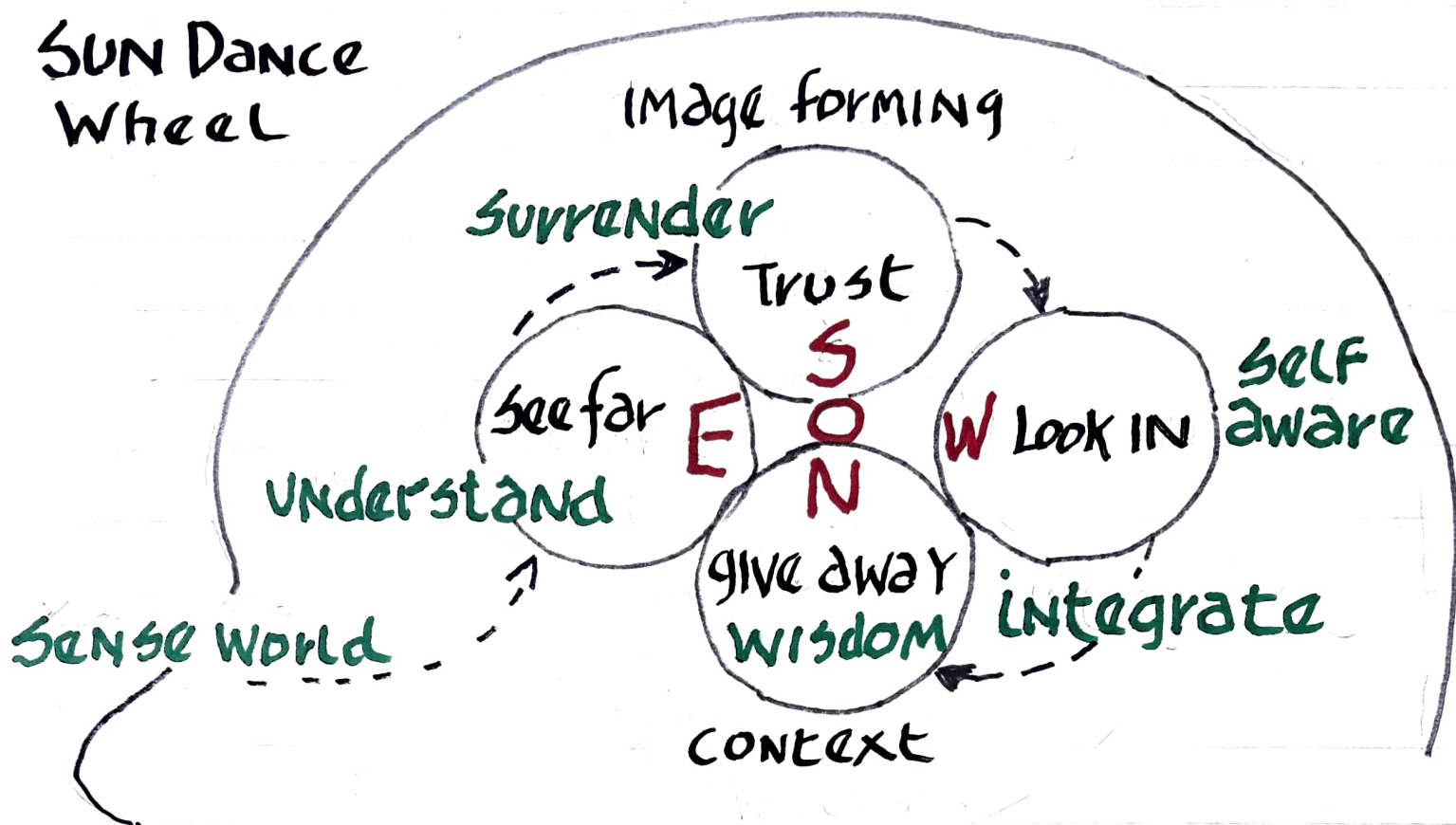
Jumping mouse did as he was instructed. He crouched as low as he could and jumped! The wind caught him and carried him higher.

'Do not be afraid,' the voice called to him. 'Hang on to the wind and trust!'

Jumping mouse did. He closed his eyes and hung on to the wind and it carried him higher and higher. Jumping mouse then opened his eyes and they were clear, and the higher he went the clearer they became. Jumping mouse looked down and saw his old friend the Frog upon a lily pad on the beautiful medicine lake.

'You have a new name,' called the Frog. 'You are Eagle.'

SUN Dance Wheel



Sensor y integration

impulse
control

sense

