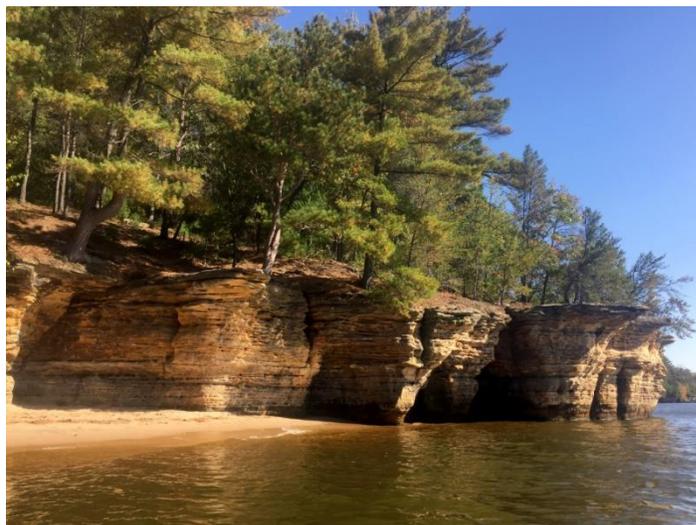


Story of the Rock



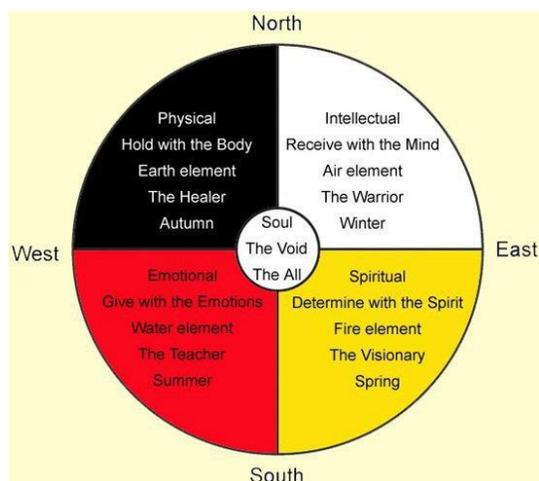
This activity allows us to relieve ourselves of our trouble by talking to the rocks.

Once upon a time, there was someone who got hurt and died. When they died, they asked the Creator if they could come back as something that could not be hurt. The Creator answered their prayers and made them come back as a rock: hard, strong and unbreakable.

When WE feel hurt, angry, mad or sad, we should talk to the rock. We can tell it our troubles, fears, concerns, problems, anything that disturbs our peace and balance. Give all of that icky feeling to the rock.

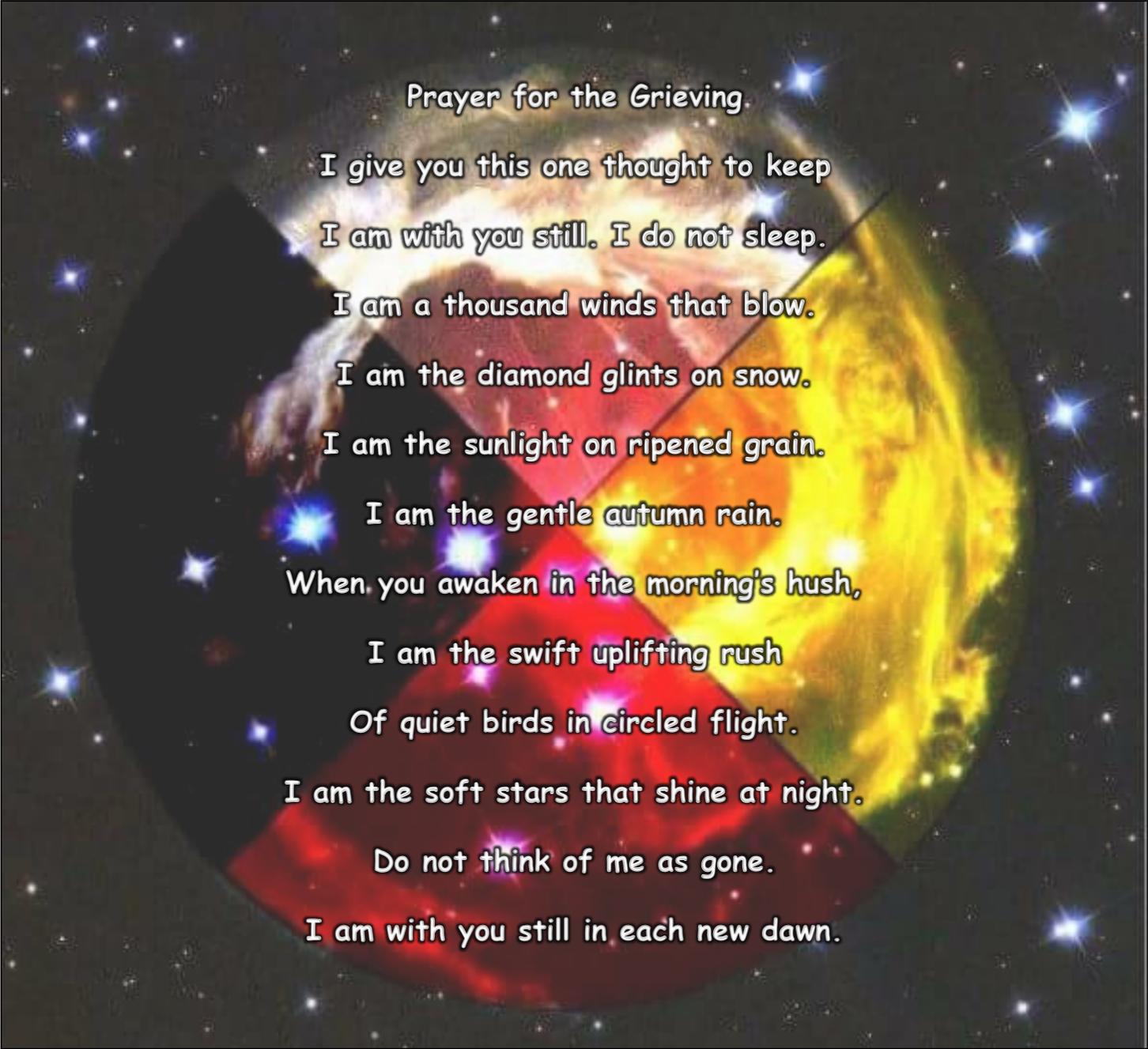
The rock can take it. It will not break or be hurt from words like people can. It will carry all the trouble you have told it, so you can be at peace. Just hold it in your left hand. Think about all the bad things and give those thoughts to the rock.

We need to take care of our relatives like the rock. We should care about the rock and the troubles we gave it. To be responsible and kind, this is what we do:



We clean it of all the bad stuff. We wash it in water. This is two of our four elements: (The rock is of the earth and water is what makes up life.) The water will take all those troubles away from the rock. You see, the water and rock work together to neutralize the bad energy we gave it, and make it into just energy that belongs all around us. Because water is so fluid-- flowing, moving along the earth and jumping into the air to make itself clean-- it breaks all those problems apart into little bits, into smaller bits that can hurt no one—including you-- anymore.

So when you are troubled, pick up a rock, give it your troubles, and make sure to wash it clean. Everything will get better when you have faith and hope in our traditional ways.



Prayer for the Grieving.

I give you this one thought to keep

I am with you still. I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.

I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush,

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not think of me as gone.

I am with you still in each new dawn.