

Raven's Story

My outline represents coming to terms with my past and present. It doesn't include the future because I prefer to live a day at a time regardless having to make plans. It's coming to terms with rejections and the path fate put me on due to my karma baggage. Therefore, here's an image of what the creative art I've unintentionally or involuntarily created on the canvas. My supporter is trying to get my attention by placing a healing medicine leaf on my heart chakra, and is holding me in case I fall. But as you can see, there is a connection; otherwise, I would not have acknowledged my supporter by placing my hand on her arm.

The relationship between the two body images is mainly on the cosmic subconscious level – the star in the circle between them. And yet, because my beliefs are related to the ancient ways relating to the Goddess – Mother Nature – and the cosmos, I am conscious of the ways and teachings of the Native Peoples ways of healing. If you look more closely at the support person, she has unconsciously becomes an ancient Native Woman rather than the planet Pluto I had always considered as being my guardian.

The Journey Map

Due to the physical, sexual, nutritional and psychological abuse I experienced as a child, the flying raven – top right corner – had always watched over me. The eyes are the authority figures in my childhood foster home. They forever made sure that I wouldn't receive the proper nutrition, unconditional love and stimulation that is most critical in a child's first six years of life.

Bottom right corner represents an adolescent filled with anger, an anger that begins to build. The anger isn't released because the adolescent didn't know how to release it. Therefore, the anger, memories and experiences are hidden and kept in a spider web-like container clogging the brain. The spider's web also represents a trap for I had nowhere to go, nowhere to turn to for help. Bottom left represents a young adult having desires and dreams except that they are nothing but a tangled world of confusion and delusion. I turned at every corner only to find many obstacles preventing me from growing up into a normal, healthy person. Alcohol and drugs became my haven for a while, and so had making friends with the wrong people because I wanted to fit in somewhere – anywhere. Obstacles only led to misery, despair and deep depression.

Between the bottom left and top left I educated myself on many subjects, and took meditation courses and so forth. I started doing many sorts of volunteer work at various institutions. I also decided to write about my younger years by doing research which ended up being a painful journey for I had no one to turn to. It took several years and many obstacles before my book was finally published. A couple years ago I was invited as a guest to an aboriginal women's support center at the Minwaasin Lodge. I've been going there ever since because I eventually found a place I felt belonged.