

CLAN OF ORIGIN

Heritage is a source of pride for many. The echoes of our ancestors infiltrate our psyches, providing a wellspring of ways in which we self-identify. As a shamanic practitioner, I have had the great honor of meeting many of the spirits of my Celtic ancestors through shamanic journeying and meditation. When I travel to Ireland and Scotland, I feel that I have “returned home.”

If we think about place in the broader sense, however, our true origin is Planet Earth. *Homo Sapiens* sprung from the same primordial soup as all living creatures did, and it is said that the only difference between human-animals and furry-animals is that we have the capacity to self-reflect. But we all live *here*, on Gaia. Out of the original pool we came and before we could talk or plan or fret or stew in our judgements, we survived. Over time, group mentality became associated with survival.

Our growth as a collective has always been based on how well we worked together. In our modern age, the cycle of survival seems to be dependent on how stringently and to what extent we differentiate ourselves from each other. Ironically, had we employed this tactic at the dawn of civilization, we would not have survived.

Who are we, then, without the conditioned ways of our present society bearing down on us? How might we experience our lives if we could un-learn some of the messages we received growing up? What would the grand walk along Gaia’s back be like if we could free ourselves from the cultural and psychological imprinting our current, contemporary culture is grinding into us?

If we two-leggeds have the built-in capacity to self-reflect, what duty are we being called to initiate at this present juncture of the Earth story? Might we reclaim our ability to live AS ONE CLAN? We can appreciate our differences, as we appreciate our heritage, and still commit to a harmonious, thriving system of engagement called Planet Earth.

I do not believe in a hierarchical paradigm for this planet. I only see exchanges of energy. When we are conscious—which simply means when we are working from our hearts—then those exchanges of energy can be filled with love. In my knowledge center, that is the only way for us to not self-destruct. Love is the only way. It is the highest law. We are very good at discovering new ways of doing things. When will we discover that all knowledge is static and impotent without the fluidity and power of love? The ancients knew this, as did the alchemists, the high priestesses and the magi. We have forgotten. We have been buried in an amnesia of the worst sort to have forgotten the working relationship between love and knowledge.

No more Othering. There is only one Clan of Origin.

