

THE *Pipe*
AND
THE *Pen*

REMEMBERING
OUR
ORIGINAL
INSTRUCTIONS



*Larry Running Turtle Salazar
& Pamela Two Spirits Reader*

THE *Pipe*
AND
THE *Pen*

REMEMBERING
OUR
ORIGINAL
INSTRUCTIONS

*Larry Running Turtle Salazar
& Pamela Two Spirits Reader*



TATE PUBLISHING
AND ENTERPRISES, LLC

The Pipe and the Pen

Copyright © 2013 by Larry Running Turtle Salazar & Pamela Two Spirits Reader. All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any way by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording or otherwise without the prior permission of the author except as provided by USA copyright law.

The opinions expressed by the author are not necessarily those of Tate Publishing, LLC.

Published by Tate Publishing & Enterprises, LLC

127 E. Trade Center Terrace | Mustang, Oklahoma 73064 USA

1.888.361.9473 | www.tatepublishing.com

Tate Publishing is committed to excellence in the publishing industry. The company reflects the philosophy established by the founders, based on Psalm 68:11,

"The Lord gave the word and great was the company of those who published it."

Book design copyright © 2013 by Tate Publishing, LLC. All rights reserved.

Cover design by Lauro Talibong

Interior design by Jomar Ouano

Published in the United States of America

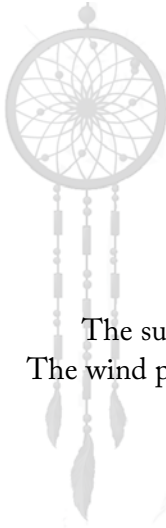
ISBN: 978-1-62510-208-9

1. Body, Mind & Spirit / Spirituality / General

2. Body, Mind & Spirit / Mysticism

13.02.22

*This book is dedicated
to all our relations.*



IN LOVE

The sun penetrates my body, and I feel warm inside.
The wind pulsates through me, and I feel my breath quicken.

The water caresses me into a hypnotic
state, and I am one no more.

I am webbed with my relations as the
ancestors whisper in the wind.

Thank you Mother Earth, Father Sky, and Grandmother
Water for every molecule you embrace with me.

—Pamela Two Spirits Reader



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*T*o Patsy, without whose tireless dedication and support in life this book would not have been possible. And to my family who continue to support my endeavors: my daughters, Yvette Darlene Yellow Bear and Yvonne Starlene Rising Star; my brothers, Ernest and Jesse; and my sisters Judy, Brenda, Tammy, Rosemary, Joanne, Cat, Connie, and Pamela Two Spirits.

And many, many thanks to our hardworking editor and loving husband to Pamela Two Spirits, David “Spock” Reader.

—Larry Running Turtle Salazar



CONTENTS

Introduction.....	13
Blended Teachings of a Native Brother and White Sister.....	15
To All Our Relations.....	31
How to Get on the Red Road—Remembering Our Original Instructions.....	45
Synchronicity.....	53
Returning of the Ancestors, Reclaiming Feminine Power	67
Teachings Come in Many Forms.....	79
Ceremonies.....	93
Blocking the Sacred by Being Busy	107
Opening Your Heart and Listening	119
Embracing the Moment	127
Authentic Living	135
Even Monkeys Fall Out of Trees	149
Crabs in the Barrel Syndrome.....	159
Communication.....	165
Letting Go, Forgiving Yourself and Others.....	181
Gratitude	191
Changing Your Story.....	201
Epilogue: Modern Warriors and Bureaucratic Ways.....	205



INTRODUCTION



What have we done as inhabitants of the earth? How can we look around and not see the disrespect we've caused Mother Earth? There are consequences to our actions. It is time to repair the damage to her and to our brothers and sisters. Great spiritual teachers have brought many lessons, medicine, and healing, yet we still have wars and conflicts. Mother Earth suffers now more than ever as do her children. When will we understand that every single thing—from the drop of water we drink to the stars in the sky—is sacred? When will we come to the understanding that we must take care of our brothers and sisters? Can we find a commonality between everything around us rather than the things that divide us? We all came with original instructions from our ancestors. These teachings are interwoven into the fabric of our being for *all* people, even though some religions try to ignore or discount this fact. We must remember our greatest original instruction—we are all interconnected.

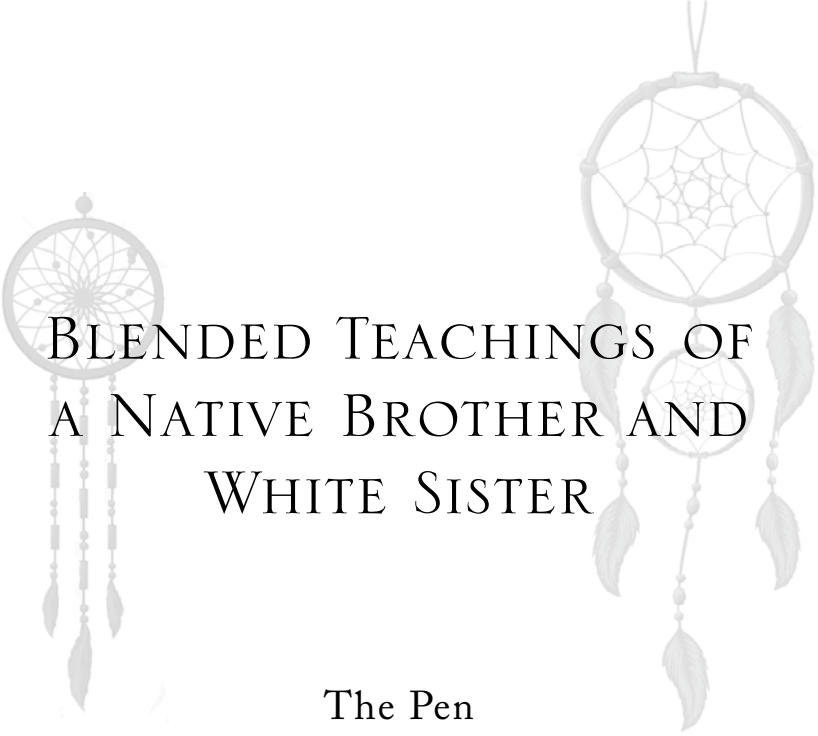
We wrote *The Pipe and the Pen* to encourage readers to become receptive to opening up their vessel and allow spirit to come through. Our hope is that this book will help all people from all walks of life, whatever their belief, culture, or race. *The Pipe and the Pen* encompasses simple teachings that we believe will help people get past the minor nuisances of life in order to reach higher levels and awaken to the interconnectedness of all things. We want to show a way to avoid the inconsequential societal slop that gets in our way so we can then lead authentic lives. Native Americans refer to living with Creator's original instructions as

being on the Red Road—a life of truth, respect, and spirituality. We hope that this book will encourage you to join those who are already on the Red Road.

The Pipe and the Pen blends heartfelt teachings of a full-blooded Native American brother and a white sister. It entails original instructions from Native American, Buddhist, and Christian philosophies and other teachings along with personal examples that we hope will help you realize you are not alone on this journey. More importantly, our wish is for all to embrace the fact that everything around us is sacred and take responsibility of honoring yourself as sacred as well. This book emphasizes on loving each other as brothers and sisters, honoring Mother Earth, and opening your heart to Creator. *The Pipe and The Pen* is just the tip of the iceberg among many teachings and books that are out there, and we encourage you to pick up one that resonates with you. Our belief is that we are part of Christ, the universe, Creator, Mother Earth, as well as her children, the stars, the trees, and the land. See the light of God within you, and embrace the simple teachings in this book to further encourage and inspire you to connect to infinite love.

We know that although we are on different journeys, it all leads to the same path. Take our hand and let us walk down this road together. If one lesson, one word, helps you to feel inspired, joyful, or connected to spirit, we thank Creator. If you take away one teaching that helps you in your daily life, we thank Creator. If you feel better than the day before, we thank Creator. We would love to hear your stories. Our hearts are with you.

Ishka (until we meet again)



BLENDED TEACHINGS OF A NATIVE BROTHER AND WHITE SISTER

The Pen

*T*he pipe and the pen herald great power. Think about the power of the pen, the development of a written language, and you will realize it is truly one of mankind's greatest leaps forward. Around the globe and throughout history, when a culture developed a written language, those people were able to achieve great things—and to document those events for future generations to learn from. Our modern knowledge of the ancient Egyptians, Chinese, and Mayan civilizations is testament to the enduring power of the pen. Native American tribes used picture writing as a universal written language, which bridged the gap between the various spoken languages of each tribe across the continent. The pen documents history, our biographies, our stories, and everything we have been through from before the time of Christ to now. The pen can reflect your feelings in a journal, autobiography, or dream book.

The pen has certain power along with responsibility. We sign our signature to thousands of legal documents throughout our lifetime, and with each signing, there is a responsibility to fulfill that particular obligation. The written word also has real power—

the recorded stories from European culture about the wolf led to the annihilation of all the wolves in the United States. Wolves have been reintroduced in some areas now, but they still face a deep cultural distrust that originated in the written word. Indeed, the pen heralds great power and responsibility.

Pam

The Pipe

The pipe and the pen are symbolic. The pipe has been around for thousands of years, and the pipe is so correct for us—it records our time and history. The pipe brings peace together, dreams together, people together. When the pipe is pulled out, at that moment, you are asking God and Christ to be right there with you, with the ancestors. You are asking all the powerful people who have drawn on that pipe to be there with you. The story of the pipe is one of our important creation stories. It was given to us by the White Buffalo Calf Woman. If you are a pipe carrier, you need to know the stories of the pipe and the history of the pipe. In this way, the power and the spirit of the pipe will never die down.

Larry

The Pipe and the Pen

In the Native way, when there were treaties to be written by the power of the pen, before anything was written, our people would draw out and smoke the pipe. The Europeans did not understand our logic. If anything was going to be written and said between us, first you put the pipes together and draw from it, so there could be no lies said between us. Through the power of the pipe, you were actually making the treaty discussion with God as the witness. And if God was present when you wrote the document or treaty, why or how could you write any lies down? How could you say something and mean something different? We didn't

just take an agreement as an understanding through writing, touching the pen, or leaving a mark on the piece of paper, we took it as true and honest words. To us, it was more important to have the drawing of the pipe, to bring the pipe together, and the smoking of the pipe. To us, there was more honesty and truth to the pipe than the pen. But obviously, as time went on, all the promises that were written down by pen and by pipe were broken. So they deceived God, which was the power of the pipe, and they deceived their own mighty pen that their words never came to pass to be true. When people write, they have the power of the pen, but they should remember the pipe also. They can rewrite history and make it look as though they were in the right when in fact they were in the wrong. There was no promise by an Indian made by a pipe that was broken. The whites are the ones who broke their promises, and the proof is that the whites now own our land. It is as simple as that.

Today, in this day and age, when we pull out the pipe and the pen just like my sister Pam and I did, we are both speaking of the truth. That is why she and I joined together as brother and sister because her pen and my pipe are strong medicines. Our spirits both have knowingness, and we are both beating with the same heartbeat so that what is written and what is smoked will be the truth. I made a conscious decision to be a part of this book because I knew my sister Pam was going to write from her heart. I knew everything was going to be done in a sacred way because we did a ceremony before we started this book. We've also been through a ceremony while we were writing this book, so this book was done in a most sacred and ceremonial way.

Our Stories

This book is the perception of a full-blooded Native American who grew up in the Native ways. He now lives in a white world where he works extensively, bringing Native culture and teachings

to all who listen. Pam, his white sister, has many Red Road teachings as well, and together they bring their stories and simple teachings to life, helping the reader awaken their own sacred journey. This book is about friendship and love and produced in a sacred manner to convey the connection and love of all people.

Native American stories were handed down by storytellers because they didn't have paper and pen. Children were selected at a very young age. Those children who mimicked and had a keen memory were selected. The elders would study the children and pinpoint which ones were going to be their future storytellers so as not to forget the past. As I said earlier, the pipe is one of our important creation stories. The pipe was first given to us by the White Buffalo Calf Woman. Our creation stories are stories about the star people, the rock people, and animals, and how Christ appeared to our people. Each story had to be remembered by particular people, and in each tribe and village, they had one particular person who stood above the rest and consciously collected these stories to pass them on from generation to generation. This is the way we told our stories, just the pipe with no pen. There are many stories out there, and we have never forgotten our stories. The origins of the stories date back many hundreds of years. If you go to any Native gathering, there will be some sort of storyteller there. You have to give the storyteller the respect because there are lessons and parables along with important histories of Native people within these stories.

Here Are Our Stories

The journey of Larry Running Turtle Salazar. I was born in San Antonio in a small house on the west side of the city on August 18, 1956. My biological father left my mother two weeks before I was born, so I was brought up for approximately six years without a father. My family at that time was a brother named Ernest Grey Wolf and my sister Judy. As a child, I felt my mother's pain,

emptiness, and struggles. She would iron clothes at a laundry just down the street, and she had no choice but to leave us by ourselves in the house. After a while, she called in my grandmother to come into our lives and help raise us because she was working very hard to provide for us. My grandmother was very abusive and a difficult woman to be around. She would severely beat my brothers and sisters until the time of her death. We felt liberated when she passed away because she would never be able to beat us again. My mom remarried, and my stepfather became the only man in my life who played the father role for me. We continued to struggle financially although the family became more stable with a loving stepfather.

When I was about six years old, there was a martial arts school across from where we lived. I used to hang around out front, but the instructor would not let me come in. He felt I needed to have my parents with me at the school, but my parents were working and didn't have the time. So I would cross the street and hang around by the door or window and watch him train his students. In those days, martial arts training was secretive and not a popular stuff on movies and TV shows. I was fascinated, and I knew that was something I wanted to do. When I turned seven, the instructor finally let me come inside and study. Soon after I started training, my family moved to Corpus Christi, but my parents sent me to stay with our relatives in San Antonio every summer, so I could study. During my summer training, I was to do things that were secretive and difficult, and I learned special skills and a spiritual perspective that has helped me throughout my life.

Growing up in Corpus Christi was very difficult for a young Native American. We did not even have the inherent right, unlike American citizens, to religious freedom. Some of our ceremonies were not legal to perform until I was in my early twenties when the Congress passed the American Indian Religious Freedom Act (AIRFA) in 1978. As a child, I did not understand the white

world that we were being introduced to. Later I learned that the historical treatment of Native Americans in Texas is very different from most states. When Texas became independent from Mexico, the Republic of Texas realized that no Native Americans had been granted land titles by the Mexican government and used that as justification for expelling most of the Native Americans from the republic. The primary duties in the early years of the famous Texas Rangers consisted mostly of driving off or killing Native Americans. In South Texas, the Native Americans were considered to be Mexicans. Even after Texas became a state in the Union, the federal government could not make treaties with the remaining Native Americans. The state of Texas adamantly refused to contribute public land for reservations. When I went into first grade in Corpus Christi, right after enrollment, I was taken to the school office. They sat me down, and the principal came out with a pair of clippers and completely shaved my head. That haircut was the start of my identity crisis of living in two different worlds. During the day, I would come to school and play the part of a Hispanic boy even though I didn't even speak Spanish. Our family had taken Hispanic surnames as "survival" names. Our people had assumed the identity to keep from being expelled from our land, or killed. We could not speak Apache in school, only English. When I came home from school, my mom would teach us our Native culture. She showed us how to raise animals and dress a hide and told us stories. My mom also taught me my artwork. I'm an artist by trade now, and I owe all my thanks to my mom. She taught me to draw, paint, and sculpt. All I surrounded myself with was martial arts and drawing.

In Corpus Christi, we had extended family living in the house, and it was a tumultuous time. I didn't like the strain it put on my mom, so at thirteen years old, I made a solemn promise to God and myself that I would not be a burden to anyone for the rest of my life. And I've kept that promise. My parents are no longer with me in the physical form, but they are with me spiritually.

And every day that I wake up, they are with me; and every night, I say goodnight. I reassure them I'm keeping my promise that I am not a burden to anyone. I've never been drunk, high, or stolen in my entire life. I have been so engulfed with spiritual ways and teachings that there was no room for anything else.

I stuck with martial arts training, and I started training in judo in 1969. I followed that path for seventeen years. Any of the martial arts names that end in “do” mean “the way” and so each martial art has a spiritual aspect of it. *Judo* means the “gentle way.” Each art is not just to hurt or kill, but it teaches you how to stop a fight before it starts—you talk your way out of a fight. When I was around thirty, I started training in aikido. The name *aikido* means the “way of harmonious spirit or spiritual awakening.” Aikido has a real concern for the well-being of the attacker. My training in aikido opened up my heart and soul to the spirit world. During my aikido journey, I heard of a Native American black belt aikido follower. He was recognized as a holy man since the start of his practice of aikido. I thought that the combination of “holy man” and aikido practice was an awesome concept, and I started to look into that path. As I was seeking people, teachers started to come into my life to teach me spiritual ways. I studied aikido with Steven Segal, who is also a Buddhist follower. When I started, I didn't know a lot about that philosophy. I was in California, training, and I felt the similarities between Buddhist teachings and the Native teachings. I didn't feel threatened or negative during that training. I made a ten-year commitment to myself that I was going to go on a Buddhist quest and learn everything I could within this ten-year time. During that journey, I was in the presence of many spiritual masters, and it made my heart open up even more. At thirty-two, my spiritual path hit me full throttle, and I surrendered to it. I studied with many holy men in different countries and went to reservations to study with powerful Native medicine men and women. I met people who were praised, honored, and loved by their people and learned

from them. My discipline in martial arts made it easy to learn. All this is part of who I am and how I live my life. The discipline of martial arts and being spiritual within the martial arts made it easier to bleed it into the ways of the Native culture and opened more doors for me than I could have ever imagined.

* * * * *

How I Became a Spokesman for Native American Issues in Corpus Christi, Texas

I remember hearing about a gentleman named William Red Fox Humes when I was a child. William Red Fox was a well-known spokesman for Native people and a Sioux Indian rights advocate. He lived in Corpus Christi and all around Texas doing teachings and speaking to groups about the poor treatment of Native Americans by the US government. I remember growing up thinking I would like to be like him and how he was remembered. In March of 1976, he passed away to the spirit world at the age of ninety-one, and we did a “spirit release” ceremony at his gravesite in Rose Hill Cemetery in Corpus Christi. When I retired from the worldly work (barbering and martial arts), I decided to dedicate the rest of my life to my culture, my people, and my art. To dedicate myself to my culture was to go out and talk publicly in schools, universities, and gatherings of social clubs about the history of our people and our ancestry, to educate about the wrongdoings toward Native people. From those early speaking engagements, my work has escalated to an enormous amount of teachings. I’ve taken on the task, and I don’t mind because the truth is going to be told. I tell the history teachers who invite me to speak to be careful what they invite me for because I will tell them the truth. Everything that students have learned about the history of our people is written by the ones who won the battles not the misfortunate ones who lost. When the victors write the

history, they do so in a way that justifies the way they treated Native Americans. Many people pull me all these directions for teachings, lessons, and for guidance to the right path, and I do what I can for them.

To dedicate myself to my people was to make a concrete permanent achievement for them. I knew a medicine man that once lived in Corpus Christi. He had gathered up the remnants of seven Native American bodies in a shoebox. There were parts and pieces, and he wanted to properly rebury them in the nearby town of Rockport. He invited me to come and assist him in the reburial. He was the one who saw something in me and said I needed to be on a holy and sacred path. He started to nurture me and show me how to do a reburial for repatriating our ancestors. He sat and talked to me about all the wrongdoings and encouraged me to learn more ceremonies. We dug a hole and did a ceremony and buried the remains in a sacred way. From that day on, he told me I should always find a way to fight for the Indian burial rights, so I looked into it and researched it. I found out that the neighborhood around Ennis Joslin road in Corpus Christi is built upon the second largest Native American burial ground in the state of Texas. Workers called me in 1994 to say that they pulled out a small Comanche girl from a site where they were expanding the street. They were going to pave the area over her, and they had removed the bones. The *Caller Times* newspaper asked me to look into it, and I was saddened and did a ceremony at that particular site. The state had pulled the bones out, and they wouldn't give me the bones to rebury. I started looking into the treatment of burial sites in Corpus Christi and found out that there is much more to it. When state workers uncover remains of white settlers, they are quickly reburied, but the remains of Native Americans are sent to archeology labs for study. I learned of a law signed by President Bush in 1990 called the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act (NAGPRA), which gives us rights to reclaim our people and to rebury them properly. Later, I heard a man named

Larry Echo Hawk (former Department of Interior's assistant secretary for Indian affairs) speak in Colorado. Going to those meetings in Denver, Colorado, and also in Austin, Texas, was eye-opening. In Austin, I met a maritime archeologist and historical anthropologist named Dr. Fred L. McGhee. Dr. McGhee is the one who really helped me get on the path to repatriating Native American bones. I felt moved to raise awareness about the burial site in Corpus Christi for my people. At first I wanted to rename the street of Ennis Joslin to Sacred Trail. I gave the city \$500 to start the paperwork and went door to door with a petition collecting signatures to change the name. The long and short of it is the city didn't change the name and they kept the five hundred bucks. Then I thought if I couldn't change the name, I would have a monument built on city land at the sacred site to honor the ancestors and commemorate the people who have been pulled out of there. I came out with a drawing and a sketch of what I would want and contacted the sculptor Dave McGary. STAIP flew him down from Denver, Colorado, and he loved the site, felt what I was feeling, and he decided he wanted to build a double life-size monument. It already has the approval of the city, so my quest is now to raise money to build this monument. It is an ongoing struggle especially with the present economy, but I'm hoping with my lifetime I can see this monument go up. We are using the proceeds of this book to build the monument. If you would like to make a direct donation, please go to <http://staip.webs.com/> to make an online donation.

The journey of Pamela Two Spirits Reader. I grew up in a dysfunctional family, and without going into detail, let's just say the first eighteen years or so was a turbulent time in my life emotionally and physically. My mother was passive, and my father was an angry controlling man. I lived in fear most of my childhood. My only sibling, my younger brother Kevin, was killed in an accident when I was eighteen years old.

The positive role models in my younger life were my maternal grandparents. I used to go fishing with my grandfather almost every Sunday. We would go out early in the morning to catch worms and then go out in his little boat to fish. He taught me to enjoy the solitude of nature, to enjoy the simple life. He encouraged my connection with nature; we listened to the silence of the wind and enjoyed just being at peace. My grandmother was effervescent happiness, she was so grateful to greet each new day. Every morning she was full of love, and she would actually shake with happiness. My Mimi taught me we were all connected by her everyday actions. She loved all people; she had friends who were black, white, brown, rich and poor—she loved them all. My Mimi died when I was thirteen, and my grandfather died a few years later of a broken heart. Three years later, my brother died in a car accident. I was left feeling alone and abandoned. I had no one. Unbeknownst to me at the time, these events started my spiritual journey toward understanding true connectedness and healing.

My spiritual story. When I was about five, I had my first visions and meaningful dreams. My first vision was that of a gray wolf. He entered my room and positioned himself in the corner, attentive and watching over me. Even though it was a big wolf, it didn't frighten me—quite the opposite was true. I was comforted by this wolf, even feeling protected by his watchful eye. I didn't realize until much later that this was my spirit animal sent to protect and watch over me. The wolf continued to come to me in visions and in dreams.

In 1978, I was at Salve Regina College in Newport, Rhode Island, studying to be a registered nurse. I took a dream therapy class taught by Dr. Jim Hersh, and that class truly opened my eyes to the dream world. We learned about Carl Jung and the collective unconscious, and I kept a dream journal. After college, I continued to stay close to my dreams, and I started to open the door to explore many spiritual concepts.

When I was in my twenties, some college friends and I went to a medium. The medium told me she had a strange message from my grandmother. It was simply “I love you and I’m okay.” My grandmother told the medium I would understand the meaning. What the medium didn’t know is that I loved my Mimi so much that before she died, I had told her the only thing I really wanted after she passed away was to know that she was okay. I told her I didn’t need to know any secrets of the afterlife. She promised me she would communicate that message from the spirit world. What surprised me was that my brother also had a message for me. He said he knew I could never be friends with my parents but I should learn to forgive them. This event was the start of a deeper understanding that we are all spiritually connected and not alone.

After graduating college, I joined the air force. The air force provided a surrogate family that protected me as I experienced life and culture different from what I had grown up in. It was during that time I started having prophetic dreams. One time I dreamt the space shuttle blew up; I saw the smoke trail split into two. The next day the *Challenger* disaster occurred, and I was in shock when I saw the giant Y smoke trail on the TV—it was exactly as I dreamed it. After the air force, I completed my masters of science in family sociology with an emphasis in family therapy. I completed this degree to help me understand the dynamics of my family and enable me to help others.

My next significant moment was the birth of my son Jacob. As I was giving birth and after Jacob came out of the birthing canal, I had a vision of a white light that connected to all people. It was an ethereal light that webbed out and touched all people of the earth. I felt a strong sense of interconnectedness with all beings. I truly felt connected to God and all his creation.

My visions and dreams continued and continue to this day. I started having ceremonial dreams that showed me the interconnectedness of all things which brought me even closer to

nature. For many years I lived in the Coconino National Forest near Flagstaff, Arizona. We lived off the grid, and I enjoyed walking among the trees. Sometimes I took my shoes off and walked barefoot in the footprints of the elk, feeling their energy. I would carry my meditation music with me and spend many hours looking at rocks, following an eagle or in sitting meditation. I listened to the wind, talked to Grandfather Tree, and found healing. I owe my healing to nature.

In one ceremonial dream, I was introduced to my spirit guide. He came to me in such a loving and strong manner. He told me that we were very close, and because of that, he needed to contact his elder, Clap Dance, for guidance. He sought out Clap Dance to seek his wisdom regarding our unique and close relationship. Clap Dance decided that we needed a special ceremony and proceeded to drum. I remember seeing my family in the distance watching. My guide and I stood looking at each other and then we both transformed into white smoke and merged as one. Words can't describe the feeling of being interconnected in this way. It was like the most powerful drug in the world; I felt like I did when I gave birth. It was a feeling of complete love and bliss.

One dream in particular pointed me in the direction of becoming a hospice nurse. Clap Dance performed a ceremony where I experienced dying, which was an amazing experience in itself, but I was confused about why I went through that particular ceremony. Although I had never thought about entering hospice, after that dream, I decided to become a hospice nurse. Being a registered nurse along with my master's degree provided the needed education to families and their loved ones physically, emotionally, and spiritually. However, I learned so much more from my patients. They were half in this world and half in the spirit world. The hospice patients told me about the dreams and visions they were having, which confirmed my own dreams and visions. There was an intuitional knowing and a true spiritual connection with my patients. The biggest lesson from my hospice

journey was that we are all spirits having a human experience, not humans having a spiritual experience.

* * * * *

My friend Marty passed away from cancer. We were very close and she said she would help me bring healing from the spirit world. Soon thereafter I learned Reiki and became a certified hypnotherapist. By some synchronistic, spiritual way, my ceremonial dreams tied together and I produced a hypnotherapy CD called “Loving Energy.” It is a program which helps you heal on a physical, emotional and spiritual level. “Loving Energy” is based on a dream cycle I had that crystalized my feelings about the interconnectedness of all things in the universe and how we can use that vision to bring wellbeing to ourselves. My commitment to this book is an extension of that desire, to bring forth healing physically, mentally, and spiritually.

I met Larry Running Turtle in Rockport, Texas, at a festival; he was selling his artwork in a booth. I just started asking him about the dreams I’ve had. We realized there was a commonality between us. We had similar philosophies. Larry was interested in a particular dream I had about the star people. In my dream, I met Clap Dance and asked him for an answer about all the ceremonies I had been through in the dream world. Clap Dance told me to ask the woman behind the tree. I looked and saw a Native American woman by a large tree. When I got to her, she beckoned me to actually go into the tree, and I did. We looked down and I saw myself dancing on a platform in a Native way. As I danced, I was pulling stars out of the sky and putting them back in a different pattern. The Native American woman said that she just wanted me to see who I was. I am still discovering just what that is.

I will continue to weave my ceremonial dreams throughout this book to help you understand how and why I am cowriting this book with my brother, Larry Running Turtle. My life

has been diverse, but there has been one common thread: the interconnectedness of all creation. Larry and I have the common goal of continuing our journey to awaken us all to the sacred.

I believe everyone must live *their* truth. One of the greatest teachings I received was from a Buddhist monk who once told me that whatever path you're on, if it is a path that leads to love and light, then it is a good path. I hold that teaching close to my heart. I realize that loving words and acts of kindness, no matter how large or small, have vibrational energy that can help heal all of us spiritually. Whatever path we are on, we can be of loving service to ourselves and others.

* * * * *

It is the power to make an impact no matter how big or small. It is about loving and honoring yourself, your brothers and sisters, and revering all life. It is about making each day count spiritually. It's about making every encounter a heartfelt one.

Larry Running Turtle, Pamela Two Spirits.





TO ALL OUR RELATIONS

Hear me, four quarters of the world—a relative I am! Give me the strength to walk the soft earth, a relative to all that is! Give me the eyes to see and the strength to understand, that I may be like you. With your power only can I face the winds.

Great Spirit, Great Spirit, my Grandfather, all over the earth the faces of living things are all alike. With tenderness have these come up out of the ground. Look upon these faces of children without number and with children in their arms, that they may face the wind and walk the good road to the day of quiet.

This is my prayer, hear me!
—“Black Elk’s Prayer for All Life”

*W*e are all children of God. Look deep within you, and you will know that you are not separate from those around you. We are all related. We all come from the same mother and same father. We are made up of the same particles, DNA and molecular structure, mixed with spirit that makes us human. When we start separating ourselves by race, creed, economic status, or anything else for that matter, we start to pull away from sacredness. When we put our focus on how different we are from one another, we become divided. By shifting our focus to what we

have in common versus what divides us, we start to realize one of our original instructions—we are all connected.

It seems we find comfort in defining ourselves. We have to label everything, define every aspect of our life which further separates us all. Whether you are a Christian, Muslim, white, black, or Native American, we are all connected. There was a time when Native Americans were not even considered human beings. There are countless historical examples of other cultures being abused, gassed, killed and even annihilated. Wars were fought because of our differences. Conflict and wars continue at this very moment. People continue to commit atrocities to other people and animals around the world. Why have we forgotten our original instruction that we are *all* brothers and sisters? The Dalai Lama spoke of being imprisoned and finding the commonality he had with his captors. It was difficult at first, so he started out with the fact that they have the same skin, a nose to breathe and eyes to see. After realizing and digesting some simple commonalities, he went further and said that they must have family that love them and that they in turn love. In fact, they probably go home and are kind and loving to their family. This brought forth compassion that allowed him not to harbor anger toward his captors.

We continually have conflicts with our brothers and sisters. Perhaps we are angry with a family member, a loved one, our neighbor or our community. The world would be a better place if we could all put in place the Dalai Lama's teaching. We must put aside our differences and conflict and start talking about the commonality that we share. Do we have to be so righteous? Is it wrong that our brothers and sisters speak in different tongues or have different beliefs? The answer is no—to be alive is to be sacred. That is all we need to meditate on. God loves everyone no matter what. That is a fact. We don't get brownie points if we do more for the church or feel we are the "perfect" human being. If someone is leading an immoral life or is in prison right now, they are still loved by God. We are all children of God and come from the same cloth.

One of our creation stories is that when the world was made, it was made with nothing but spirit. When we were given trees, the trees were made of nothing but spirit. When we were given plant life, it was made with nothing but spirit. When the two-legged came in, we were all made with nothing but spirit. The animals are the same thing; they were brought forth with nothing but spirit. Somehow or another, the two-legged disconnected themselves with spirit and the plant and animal life. We all became separate. Look what we have done to Mother Earth and each other because of this separation.

Larry Running Turtle Salazar

* * * * *

Most teachings whether they are Native American, Buddhist, Christian or from other great teachers have one thing in common: *love*. Christ simply stated to love your brothers and sisters as yourself. Learn to care, feed, and clothe the untouchables. When you can do this to all people, you do this to God. In order to be Christlike, visit the sick, visit the elderly, love the unlovable. See Christ in everything. During the day, see through the eyes of Christ. Remember the saying, What Would Jesus Do? If you were Creator, if you were God, how would you treat those around you? Try not to hold judgment on our brothers and sisters because we all have different lessons. Remember their lesson is not your lesson. See through the eyes of Buddha or another great teacher you admire and look up to. Maybe you admired your mother or father or a former teacher. How would they see things? If you are going through a difficult time or need an answer, ask yourself what advice would these people give you. Realizing that we are all sacred, how are you treating your brothers and sisters? How are you looking out for them and touching them? How are you living your life? No matter where you are in your life right

now, you are sacred. Remember, you are a spirit having a human experience, not a human having a spiritual experience. You may have forgotten this, but it is time to remember. You don't have to seek out God. God is everywhere. Look at one another as we are all one relation. As soon as we see each other as separate in any form, we start separating ourselves as a whole. When we start judging and labeling, we start separating.

Do not shun people that are different. There was a time, not too long ago, that we put our gifted people in insane asylums. We still hide our "handicapped" and disregard our elderly even though they are our brothers and sisters. We put them away because we feel uncomfortable and separate from them. Perhaps we have forgotten that they are our greatest teachers? They bring us to better places within ourselves and bring forth compassion, patience, and love. They are the hidden silent lessons that only Christ gives us when we are knee-deep in the forest.

Embrace your sacredness. Look in the mirror first thing in the morning and look at that sacred being. You are entitled to reverence and respect by your fellow beings. Because we are human, we are not perfect, but God loves us anyway. It is not a conditional love. God wants you to love yourself as well. Today, try embracing your sacredness. Honor yourself no matter what you have done in the past. You don't have to have a specific belief or religion. If you recognize the sacredness in you, it will be easier to recognize it in other people. Sometimes we forget this. There are times when we are "asleep" to this fact. The fact is, because we exist, we are sacred.

Just breathing is very sacred. Breathing itself is a ceremony, and it can be done anywhere! You don't have to make a special trip or run off to Mexico or Peru to find God. You can find the sacredness with your breath. You can't be alive without breathing in oxygen. It is essential to your life force. Imagine if we didn't have clean, healthy air to breathe. We take breathing for granted. We don't even realize that we can feel our sacredness just by

focusing on our breath. You can do focus breathing in traffic, at lunch, or even during a meeting. It's as simple as when you take in a breath, say to yourself, "I'm breathing in peace." And when you breathe out, say, "I'm breathing out stress." Or you can focus on God's love by saying, "I'm breathing in God's love" or whatever phraseology that resonates within you. You will be surprised how effective just breathing is. This is so important to calm the anxiousness of the day and to settle the mind. Try it!

* * * * *

When I lived in Europe, I tried to visit as many sacred sites as I could. I felt compelled to do so as if maybe some of the sacredness would rub off on me or perhaps I would be told a secret message. One special moment for me was in Greece when I visited the grotto where St. John wrote the Revelations. I "happened" to be alone for a few minutes. I was excited as I sat in the grotto in awe, and I thought how lucky I was to be in this sacred spot and have a moment to myself with God. As I sat there, I heard a voice inside me, "You do not have to search for me. I am always with you." I realized at that moment I didn't have to search for God or God's message—God is with all of us at all times.

Pamela Two Spirits Reader

* * * * *

Many people set aside a sacred area inside or outside the house where they go to when they need some comfort. Or perhaps there is a special area where you read, meditate, pray, or relax. It's good to have a place in your home where you have some of your special and sacred totems. It may be a picture of a loved one, a candle, a fetish, a cross, Buddha, sage, or anything you attach yourself to what *you* feel is sacred. It's a good reminder that sacredness is all around you.

Go out in nature. There is nothing quite like nature to connect you to the sacredness of all things. When you get away from the computer, technology, texting, and all the man-made gadgets, you give yourself a moment to connect with sacredness. Animals help us do that on a daily basis. Just watch and listen to the animals play and how they go about their daily activities. How can you not connect to the sacred by watching them? How can you not smile?

Larry's Aha Moment

Before Christ appeared to our people, our ancestors saw everything as interconnected—everything was a blessing bestowed upon us. They didn't take anything for granted. Everything was honored and revered. The first time I felt truly connected to God was back in 1976 when I had surgery on my knee. I remember after surgery hearing bells ringing and people shuffling all around me. I had flatlined and was clinically dead. I saw myself up above looking down at the people working on me in the hospital room, and I had a glimmer of my mom praying in the other room. A great change happened to me right then. A perfect peace encompassed me, and I was face to face with Christ himself. That was a big turning point in my life. I started walking in sacredness. I had a second near-death experience six or seven years later. That time, I saw and talked to a lot of my deceased friends and other people who had died. Again, more than ever, it reinforced my decision to walk in sacredness.

Pam's Aha Moment

I remember the time when I first felt the connection of God's love; when I really got it. I was in college, and I had a wonderful teacher that was a nun who I respected very much. One of our assignments was to meditate on a particular verse in the Bible

and to reflect on that particular teaching. Most times, I would just make up something that sounded good, but this time I focused on the assignment because of my respect of this particular teacher. I meditated and meditated, but nothing came to me. I kept trying and became increasingly frustrated because I was really trying to do the assignment. All these thoughts kept going through my head like I wasn't worthy of God's love and he didn't want to talk to me and so on. I was not feeling God at that particular point in my life. It was a traumatic time for me. My brother had recently died in a car accident and I felt really, really alone. My life was in turmoil, and I didn't even know why I was even trying to do the assignment. If God loved me, why did he take my brother? Where was God's love? Why was my life such a mess? Perhaps I was a terrible person and God didn't love me the way I was. I was so far removed from the person I thought I needed to be. I stopped trying to meditate, and I turned on my radio, feeling totally rejected and down on myself. The first words that came from the radio at that exact moment was Billy Joel's "I Love You Just the Way You Are." It hit me like a ton of bricks. God loves me just the way I am. No matter what—imperfections and all. That was the moment when I truly felt God, and that song still reminds me of His message.

* * * * *

Not only are we part of God, but we are part of the universe. We are part of everything God has to offer, including the trees, the rocks, the grass, the sky, the wind. We can get many teachings, healings, and medicine from what is around us because we are related. When a tree breathes out oxygen, you get the much-needed oxygen to live. When a tree has fallen, it goes back to the earth or it can be used to make implements that are useful to humans. It can provide housing for the animals in the forest, or it can provide shelter or fire to help us live. When we eat the plant and animal life, they become part of us and nourish our

body. When you pray over food, you are giving thanks, as well as bringing in spirit in a good way to help heal your body.

Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing, and every humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

—Chief Seattle, 1854

Because we are interdependent with all of life, it is time to understand coexisting instead of taking and destroying. It is about acknowledging that the plant and animal life have spirit too, and we can all work and live harmoniously on earth. When we bring nature in our house or nurture a plant or animal, that helps bring forth an understanding of interconnectedness. When we grow our own vegetable garden or herbs for tea, food, or medicine, that helps bring forth an understanding of interconnectedness. When we connect and give back to Mother Earth and her children, that helps bring forth an understanding of interconnectedness. There are many things we do and can do to help reconnect to what we have forgotten.

Even molecules of water can be a loving gift that is bestowed upon us. There is a bestselling book titled *The Hidden Messages in Water*¹ by Dr. Masaru Emoto. Dr. Emoto uses high speed photography to take pictures of frozen water molecules. He found that with positive and loving thoughts, these molecules of water formed beautiful brilliant crystals whereas negative thought produced asymmetrical, dull, and incomplete crystals. When we pray and give thanks for the food we eat, we are thanking God

and thanking the plant and animal life. But now there can be another benefit of praying: healing our body as well.

The more knowledge we acquire, the more mystery we find...A human being is part of the whole, called by us the Universe, a part limited in time and space. He experienced himself, his thoughts and feelings, as something separate from the rest—a kind of optical illusion of his consciousness. The delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty.

—Albert Einstein

* * * * *

Larry Running Turtle: How Christ Appeared to Our People

This is the story that my mom shared with me, and part of the story was confirmed by the Mormon's Bible—not that I am a Mormon. This is the way the story goes that I hold true to my heart. Over two thousand years ago, when Christ was entombed after his crucifixion, the question was asked, "Where was he?" The answer was that he went to all nations all over the world, and he appeared to different people in different forms in different ways. When he appeared to our people on Turtle Island, he showed up in spirit wearing white regalia, which were made out of an albino elk hide. The first thing he did when he appeared to our people was to hold up his left hand to show his stigmata wounds. When he spoke, he spoke in a language that we all understood. He said he had been crucified and that he was the son of the Holy Father.

Christ told our people that he left many teachings on the other side of the world, and that sooner or later people would be coming to the new world to bring forth all his teachings, and that was the reason they were going to come to Turtle Island. He asked us to look out for his children when they were sailing across the ocean. We would recognize that they were his children because they were going to come in wooden boats with the sign of the cross on their sails and around their necks as well. They were going to be carrying these huge books with all the lessons and parables that he left behind in the old world that he wanted to be shared among our people in the new world. He asked us to welcome his children, embrace them, cherish them, nurture them, feed them, and then send them back on their way. Then he ascended back into heaven.

Sure enough ships started coming in just like Jesus described, and in fact they did have crosses on their sails, and the old ones got together in counsel and said this is one of the prophecies that were given to us by the white God and how are we going to greet these people. One of the elders said, "Let's greet them like Christ greeted us with our left hand raised." Hollywood has depicted that as the sign of *how* as a greeting. But in fact, it was our interpretation of the sign of Christ and how he appeared to our people. The left hand to our people is the most sacred because it is closest to our heart.

However, we soon learned that something became very deceiving of these new people. They did have big books in their left hand, but in their right they had a musket gun with long swords. They also noticed they had these deep empty pockets ready to fill up with all the treasures and jewels and gold they saw our people wearing. And they wanted more of these things, so they started slaughtering, killing, taking more than they needed, raping our land and our loved ones of their treasures. We were deceived as the white God was deceived as well. As more and more of these ships came in raping our land, we knew that in our

hearts there were still a lot of good in a lot of these people, and most came for good and right intentions, but the others came in with an abundance of greed. So we started a war against these people, and as time went on, the warriors would come to the medicine man and holy man to ask for a blessing before war or before they hunted. The holy and medicine man would dip their hand in red paint and mark the warriors on their face or on their chest or their horses so the horses could take them and bring them back in a good way or for plenty of game for the people. They did this in remembrance of Christ.

But as time went on, the game was becoming less and less because the white people cut off our food sources by eliminating all our buffalo. They eliminated all our crops because they burned it all down. But we have never forgotten the teachings of the white God or the way he appeared to us. We hold that dear to our hearts and the sign of Christ by holding up our left hand.

Pam's Aha Moment

I had a dream many years ago that changed my life. It was another ceremonial dream with Clap Dance that led me to a healing journey fifteen years later. Clap dance came to me and, as he was drumming, asked me if I wanted to journey. Of course I said yes. I was then transformed into a drop of water. Not just a drop of water, but a molecule in a drop of water. I was traveling with the entire body of water, but I also felt separate and content as I was my own little water molecule. As I was travelling with the water, we started to move down over a cliff like a waterfall. At this moment, I burst open from my molecule and became the entire body of water. It was a feeling of being a separate molecule with the waterfall, and then being interconnected with the entire waterfall.

I transformed from the waterfall into a molecule of wind traveling with the wind. It was the same feeling of being a

separate wind molecule yet feeling part of the entire wind. Again, I experienced the shifting from my own particle to the “entire” wind. It was such an amazing feeling of interconnectedness. I truly felt connected to everything.

Next, I was a photon in a sunbeam and at the same time the entire sunbeam. What I felt was indescribable, but again it brought forth an understanding of the dichotomy of being separate yet with the understanding that we are all interconnected. I continued to have many ceremonial dreams of interconnectedness with Clap Dance. I was confused about why but realized this was a central teaching of the Red Road. I am convicted in my belief that we, in partnership with God, have the energy to help heal our body, mind, and spirit.

Larry’s Aha Moment

I remember when I was around six, I watched my mom catch fish, and then later that day she called me outside and asked to help dig a trench. She put the fish in the trench and then our garden seeds so that the fish become part of the soil to help give the plant life the right nutrients. I felt the aha moment right there because my mom taught me how to grow food to feed our siblings. It made me appreciate life. We should all teach our children how to plant a small garden, even if it is a tomato plant in a container. To plant and grow from Mother Earth is part of Native people’s original instructions.

When I am getting ready to eat the plant or animal life, I give thanks to all our relations. As Native people, we thank the plant and animal life that have sacrificed their lives in order to give us life. When I see something beautiful in front of me, I give thanks to all our relations. No matter what I receive from Mother Earth herself, I give thanks to all my relations. If I meet a new friend that is going to become a lifelong friend, I give thanks, within the silence of my breath, to all my relations. Even

when I meet a new cat, dog, or any animal, I give thanks to all my relations. When I go into any sacred area, I give thanks to all our relations. Native people give thanks to these because we believe we are all connected.

* * * * *

Technology and Spirituality

Technology has brought many blessings, but we have to take care to balance technology and spirituality. We can't make technology our god or have it at the forefront of our spirituality. We cannot turn away from our original instructions. TV is entertaining and educational, but it doesn't open our heart the way nature does. We must make sure we don't disconnect ourselves and our children from nature. We must teach the importance of Mother Earth and what she provides us. She is a living entity and needs respect. Our children are our future, so we must teach them to honor all things and not to drain all our resources. We cannot rely solely on technology. That is why we have to go back to our original instructions.

We are all related. This includes not only the two-legged but the four-legged and winged brothers and sisters as well. This is part of our original instructions. When we keep this in our hearts, we awaken to the interconnectedness of all things.

Larry Running Turtle and Pamela Two Spirits

