



The 2009 Winner!!!

2009 JT Essay Contest
"Calling in the Thunder Beings"
Author of the winning essay
in the Joshua Tree Essay Contest is:

Ursula C. of
Woodstock, NY.

The author of the winning essay in the Joshua Tree Essay Contest is *Ursula C. of Woodstock, NY*. She talked about herself and her journey on the phone this week. Here is her interview and winning essay for the Joshua Tree Essay Contest.

About Ursula

Ursula describes herself first as a Mother of a seven year old son. She herself feels she has been on a shamanic path since she was born. She said she made her first altar to nature spirits when she was seven years old. She also describes herself as empathic and has found teachers over the years to learn techniques around this innate ability. At 25 years old she realized her clairaudience ability.

Ursula has lived in the Catskills of New York for most of her life. At 23 years old she visited New Mexico for the first time and realized she was home, reconnected.

She feels the word 'Curandera' most accurately describes her in the world. And she feels she is here to fulfill her contract on this Earthwalk. That she has been given hints and guidance on the path as far as what she came here to do on earth and for women. She relates that she has been through many life experiences and come through them to reconnect with the power that flows through her.

Attending Joshua Tree

Ursula felt she needed to be at Joshua Tree and her Spirit Guides worked with her to realize this dream. "It's time to answer the call. Time to gather confidence and courage and jump into the void. I feel frightened because I don't know what's waiting for me. There's a lot of things I don't know. Time to fulfill what I came here for. My Guides and Ancestors heard my prayers for help and accepted my offerings to make this [trip to Joshua Tree] possible."

Coming to Lynn Andrew's work

"I had Medicine Woman on a bookshelf at home. One day it was just calling to me. After reading Medicine Woman, I picked up Jaguar Woman. Reading these books gave me the sense I had found the only place where I felt an understanding of where I am. A place where I feel seen and heard and an understanding of what is happening to me on my spiritual path. It made me feel good and it made me feel sad because I did not have a Circle of Women like that. [Then I thought] well maybe I should get out there with others who are going through this ascension and awakening together."

Greater Purpose

"There are a lot of us being called to do this work. Time to let go of the old stuff. As a human species, there is no model for where we are going, this ascension. I can tell you though that I have an excruciating ecstasy of love for this place, Earth."

The Winning Essay

I feel safe when it rains. I long for the darkened sky, the smell of the air as it changes. I say to my son, "It will rain soon." He says, "How do you know, Mom?" I say, "I Know." People curse the rain and I say, "Oh, I love the rain!" And strange expressions cross their faces and I wonder how they don't understand.

I remember the Rains. I lay with my grandmother, then. I was so small, even still, next to her four foot eleven frame. Cuddled into the warmth of her soft body in the darkness of her room, the rain would make sleep time melodies on the slanted tin roof above her bedroom. I can close my eyes and feel us laying there, hear the sounds and feel the even rhythm of her breath. I can see the far corners of the room, where the foot pedaled sewing table stood- did she have a candle lit? Or was it the glow of Her love as I remember that helps me to see? It was many years after her passing before I understood this- That it is our love and our connection, her everlasting Presence that stays with me, that animates my love affair with the Rain. These memories of our love the ability to feel her soft warm skin pressed against me, come alive and dance again in my soul. As I became older there entered into my affair with the rain, the initiations of shock waves of the Thunderers, like sheets of earthquakes through my center column. And streaks of lightening drawing forth the low rumbling growl from my groin, through my heart to my throat and sometimes I am able to break free and release this sound, echoing back to them, growling, "Yes! Grrraagggh! Yes!" Thunder in my Being. And I laugh and laugh, for I know that they see me, that they hear and feel my love- as I feel theirs. The love we share breaks my heart open.

Rain tells me that I can slow down and Be. That when I feel that I will break from too much Sun beating on me, She will come and heal me. The Waters that heal the Earth. The Waters of our very Being. The trees soften, become innocent, and open. They suckle the rains like a newborn, hungry for the Life Giving Waters. Plants dance in the splashes and droplets on their faces. Some giggle, some weep. The waterfalls rush and overflow their banks, clearing away the human debris. My child and I tuck ourselves away into a corner, cozy, like cats, and sleep. And dream. We dream that the Earth is made new, and She is whole again.

I sorrow to see Rain go, on to the next town that needs cleansing. But I want Her to stay, just a while longer. To stay and Soothe my heart just a little more. Let me curl into my grandmother's bed that is no longer there, and remember how much I was loved.