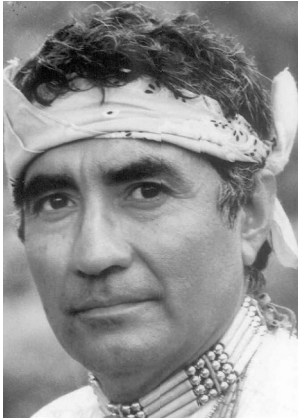


“Methods of the Soul”
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Beautiful Painted Arrow
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A long time ago before time was, we came to see what had come from the directions of the north and the south and the east and the west and the up above and down below in a sacred circle. We gathered there and stayed at that place for a while and we understood that there were things that we needed to bring to this very first circle of light. So we went back and found gifts and brought them back. Eventually we had to do this seven times. We kept going back and forth, returning to the circle of light, all of us together from all of the different directions, but we still lacked one more gift and so we went back for the eighth time. The eighth time we came back with the octave and we knew that we were sound and we knew that we were light and we knew that we were music. So it is that when we gather we bring our gifts. And when the blessing has been received we return again to that place that is to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, to the up above and down below, all in the sacred circle. Nothing happens by accident, we are here because we chose a long time ago to come together in this way. When we come together as one body our energies have an effect on the cosmos, not just here on this planet but everywhere.

There is a story of a woman who was very close to death. It was in Picaris Pueblo in New Mexico in the wintertime. The people had a celebration for her, it lasted three days and then she passed. When she crossed the medicine people said she had carried her illness for people who were on the other side many, many galaxies away and that was her work in this lifetime. They are interested in all life. They said that as participants here, we are in tune with beings in other places in parallel realities and we have to serve those beings and this is one of the ways we are serving.

Being the kind of child I was I asked different questions. I said why do we have to do the eagle dance, why do we have to do the bear dance and all these other dances? I could see that in the Hispanic community they did not do these things or get up early and go to the river and bathe when it is cold in the wintertime. I wanted to know why we did these things and they did not. The elders told me it is because you were born here. This is the center of the universe and you were born here and it is your work. It is our work to do these things because that is our journey.

My mother was a member of the Southern Ute tribe. When I was seven years old she passed and my father took us to live with his tribe at Picaris Pueblo, New Mexico. When I arrived in the village they gave me the name Beautiful Painted Arrow. One of the elders took me to the center of the village where every year in August they put a high pole and there is a dance where the men dressed as clowns have to climb the pole. They say that it is symbolic of the center of the universe.

In order to be a true human being you have to know about the place at the center. As I grew I would listen to the traditional Picaris children's stories that were told in the wintertime when the earth was sleeping. They did not teach in the way we normally think of it, not like saying this is the way you do this and this is the way you do that. From early on we did spiritual ceremonies but the whole idea of learning the cosmology of the Tiwa was based on the language that we spoke. Later I would understand that teaching.

I was 45 years old when I had my very first real vision and then I began to see why I had this power to see visions. It was related to the vibration of the sound of my name, the Tiwa word for Beautiful Painted Arrow, which all the people in the village would use, saying it over and over to me. It literally means *to be able to see*. Then, when I went to boarding school, there were eight boys who could speak Tiwa and when they called me by my name we would have to hide because the teachers would not allow us to talk our language.

Later I was to find out that the same principle of vibration of sound also applied to English. Tiwa language is a vibration oriented language and when we repeat someone's name over and over sooner or later the deity of that vibration is going to manifest in very profound ways. For example, the name Jerry means you have the power to see into the inner workings of things. As your name is repeated over and over and years go by you begin to manifest that deity in your life and you begin to know the deeper sense of your vibration. Eventually this will manifest, if it does not happen when you are twenty-two, it will happen later, maybe thirty-three or forty-four or fifty-five but eventually the being of deep insight will appear. That archetype begins to manifest in life.

There are powers that, according to Tiwa teachings, you brought in this lifetime, which are your gifts for the planet. They say that we are not born by accident, that we are born because the earth and the cosmos and all the different constellations, all the different solar systems, need that particular vibration and so someone has to walk on this planet as a two-legged. The two-legged walk with first the weight on the left and then on the right so that at some point in the movement of walking you are in a state of balance.

The trees cannot move from where they are planted. Two-legged's can move and that is why we come to bring balance to the universe, because we are built in this manner. Even when we are sitting we seek a balance because that is what we do all the time, we seek a balance. By virtue of this, everything has an opportunity to be balanced. Every time a two-legged walks we are creating a fine balance physically and in doing so we contribute a wave length that goes up and brings balance to everything.

At the pueblo where I was raised there were twenty-one children's stories that I started learning when I was 5 or 6 years old. They would tell the stories every year during the wintertime. When I went to the Indian School the older boys would tell the stories because we were away from home. At that point I was 10 or 11 years old. Now, of course, I tell the stories because I'm an elder. But while I was in the boarding school our story teller was 17 or 18 years old. They were getting ready to graduate so when that person graduated then we would get another boy that was maybe in the 11th grade and he would tell the children's stories.

Later I was to find out that those children's stories were really metaphors for connection to the spiritual traditions of the Tiwa. Tiwa, according to linguists, comes from the Kiowa language and the Kiowa are Plains Indian peoples whereas the Picaris are the Pueblo type. They lived in adobe houses with mud-brick construction. At Picaris Pueblo everything we did was associated with ceremony, from getting up in the morning, to going to bed at night, to sitting down to eat, to working, family gatherings, and new births. Everything was connected to the understanding that we were part of a larger whole, of a larger family that was occurring at that time.

There were different ceremonial activities that were going on in different parts of the year. There were those that only did their ceremonies in the summertime and then the other half of the village would do the ceremonies in the wintertime. That is how the year was divided, with the summer people and the winter people. The sweat lodge, which is a purification by fire, combines both. It has the heat of the summer people and then the cooling of the winter people.

The soul relates to the different activities at the village level and the different activities in life. The soul has to do with movement. It has to do with the movement of thoughts, the movement of the physical body, and the idea of breath. In this case breath refers to those moments of

inspiration when we become the significance of spiritual light. The significance of knowing where ideas come from, of knowing a state of grace.

I am going to be 66 years old, I have been in states of grace about thirty times but I have never stayed there very long, from just a few seconds to maybe an hour, the longest maybe half a day. I cannot tell you how I got there, but I know that in states of grace one has exceptional powers. One of the times that I saw this occur was when I watch my step grandfather go through a wall in an underground chamber about 1940 in the wintertime. He went through the wall into another dimension. I could actually see the landscape on the other side. He went and got some herbs and brought them back. He chopped them up and then gave them to us to drink. He said this stuff is good for us, it would help us be good elders and good people. As soon as he came back through everything I had been seeing disappeared and we were back in this underground chamber.

In the village they were teaching us that a house, that is a square or a rectangular structure, creates conditions where you are going to move more rapidly, you are going to change more often than you would if you are in a circular building. Circular buildings have a different effect. The power of the circle is the power to see.

With every single word, whether it is in English or in Tiwa or any other language, as soon as you pronounce the word you are manifesting something. That is how we are constantly involved in the creative process. The end result of this process may not occur for a thousand years but we are already experiencing it in the words that we speak everyday. Perhaps someday there will be a school where we study every single English word or Tiwa word or Apache word or Navajo word and realize what we have been creating inadvertently. That would be an opportunity to find out what we have done, whether it is good, bad or indifferent.

On this journey of the soul we are participating in how everything is to become: everything is in the process of becoming, and what the future is going to be is determined on account of the sounds and the vibrations that we use in our daily lives. The soul is light. It was explained to me that the soul means to drink.

At Picaris, when you get a glass of water, they used to give us a cup made of clay with tiny bits of mica in it, and when it is fired it has a gold color. In the late 1940's when I moved to Picaris the men and women used to maintain the houses by putting adobe plaster on their exterior walls each year. It had like a lot of mica in it so that when it dried and the afternoon the sun hit the adobe it looked like the houses were gold buildings. They stopped doing it about 1952 because they went to frame construction and the government came in and said the people should use stucco to have less maintenance. Up to that time we also had earthen roof and they made us change that as well.

There were prayers we did before we dug more earth. Then we had prayers to do as we shoveled the earth and took it to the houses. We had snow shovels made out of flat boards to push the snow off the roofs, and once the roof was frozen the board shovel would slide over the ice on top of the roof and not damage the adobe. The roof might leak for the first few days of winter, but once it froze it was okay. In the spring you might have leaks again for two or three days and of course then it was dry again. But the whole idea was that the houses were doing something to our destinies by the very nature of the fact that we were living in a house that was a square building made of adobe brick. When you were in a house made of adobe or mud-brick, you were inside of the light of the vast self.

Even when we went to wood frame construction we knew that the wood was a vibration of the self and was a metaphor for the power of greatness. It represented the potential to become an even higher vibration and if you are in a building made with wood, the chances are that you are going to want to gravitate to greatness. The village elders were very careful that children were not put in a room where there was nothing but boards until they were ready to fit it into that vibration, because it would be like giving a child 12th grade material if they are in the second grade. Everything comes in its own time when you are ready to go to the next level. They were careful not

to expose children to certain influences until they were the right age. Of course, the idea was that our destiny is vibration.

I have been working with physicists in Albuquerque, New Mexico, along with some other Indians, talking about how the English language is very limited. Now the quantum physicists are looking to Native American languages because they seem to incorporate a lot of ideas that have to do with energy and vibration and light. In the Tiwa language we know that every idea has a twin. Science has difficulty with that. How could this light be here and be there at the same time? However, if you have the premise that first of all we do not really exist then it is perfectly natural, because when we do materialize in breath, matter and movement we are passing through time and space. Space is not empty. Space is full. Space is the up above and the down below; it is matter and sky energy. It is also centeredness and clarity and radiance and beauty. These are the components of space, it is all metaphor.

At the meeting between the physicists and the Native Americans the moderator was an Indian named Leroy Little Bear. When it was finished he said that next time he wanted to meet with just Indians because we spent too much time explaining these concepts to each other. There were bio-engineers, biochemists, computer mathematicians, physicists and other scientists and too much time was taken up explaining. The Indians would explain something to the scientists and then back and forth and he thought maybe if it was just Indians talking we could eliminate the teaching and we could get down to the finer levels of dialogue. There were amazing things going on in the other languages. Several months ago as I sat down in meditation I said I would like to meet some scientists to find out what they are doing and the relationship with the Tiwa language. Then one day I got a call saying some scientist had read my books and wanted to know if I was available to meet with them.

There are two kinds of light. There is light that is coming towards you. Glasses call light toward you like in a microscope so that you are receiving the light. On the other hand you are also sending light from your eyes. These two aspects of light are happening simultaneously. In other words, the Tiwa say the ancient paths are still here. We are now in the future of what was past but we can still participate in that ancient past even though we are here. It is like saying I am trying to get to where I am going knowing that I am already there, because in fact we are in both places. We are there and we are here.

J. B. Harrington in 1925 made a report to the Smithsonian and included all the Picaris children's stories, if you want to find those stories, go to the Anthropological Review in 1926 or 27. He starts by explaining that there are no nouns in the Tiwa language. But then he turns around and uses nouns and pronouns to explain what the children's stories are saying.

When you use a verb you have to use the ending "ing", so to change a noun, like a name, to a verb you add "ing" as the ending to the word. That is the way Tiwa works because we are dealing with vibration. When we look at any noun, like door, from the verb perspective of breath, matter and movement it becomes dooring. In this way every noun can become a verb, and everything is a verb. When a Tiwa speaker is talking to an anthropologist and telling him children's stories you better put some nouns and pronouns in because otherwise it does not flow.

The whole idea relates to the soul and how the Tiwa see it. They knew that the sun was involved somehow in the unfolding of the soul. Also every time they gave us water to drink in the village they gave it to us in a gold micaceous clay cup. My step mother was a potter. Her name was Lucille Martiniz. She was full Apache but she grew up in Picaris and used to speak Tiwa fluently. My father's name was Where Eagles Perch. In the tradition of the Tiwa there is a circle divided to show the directions to the east, to the west, south and north. There are four eagles that sit in those four directions and they are the guardians of what comes in and out of the center of the circle of life. My father was my guardian. He was a metaphor. My mother's name was Lucila which means light in Spanish, so she was my light and he was my guardian and they gave me what I needed so that I

could blossom as a human being. Our parents are there to bring us into the world but we do not really belong to our parents. We belong to the earth, to the sky and to the mother/father principle. Our parents have a responsibility to clothe us, raise us and guide us but actually we belong to the Creator.

Tiwa does not have nouns or pronouns so as I was growing up I was Josephing and I was taught that when I was walking the fields or planting or harvesting or whatever we were doing I was participating in something beyond, something beyond just being a little boy or a student or a son or a friend. About 1959 there was no cash economy in our agrarian community. We had to grow our own vegetables. We used horses and had horse drawn wagons for our transportation. There was no money in those days so the men hunted in the mountains. I belonged to the clan of the thundercallers and each summer they used to come to my father to ask if we could do the mountain run because they needed rain for the crops.

We would do the run twice a year and that was the time for initiation into manhood and they would have us run fifty miles. They would have an elderly shaman who would take us and keep us away from our mothers and when we six or seven years old they would take us and we would eat basically a corn diet and we were not allowed meat, fruits or sweets. After two weeks they would cover us completely with mud and we would walk and ride horses part of the way and they took us back into the mountains. Some of the older boys that were 18 or 19 years old would go even farther back into the mountains. Then we would run down to the village and when we got there we fed the powers and clouds would build and it would thunder and lightning and rains would come. That was what the rain callers did to bring rain for the crops.

In the summertime I would help irrigate the fields. I just set the water going and then I would snooze. A couple of time when I woke up there were rattlesnakes laying next to me. If you are really close to a rattlesnake's eye you see they are bloodshot. When I would wake up they would move away but they never bothered me. I would pray and sing to the corn. My foster mother taught me to sing this song to the corn. I would get bored easy so I had to find something to keep busy so I used to sing to the corn. Then people started noticing that the corn stalks were really big with nice big ears of corn. After that I was in demand. They would give me half a sack of flour to help irrigate and sing.

I used to go to the river to haul water because that was one of the things we did. We would go to the river and pray. The elders taught us to go to the river and let go of things that are bothering us. The shaman would drop feathers in the water and they would flow down and carry our concerns away with them. When we did that ceremony it was not just for the village. The dances and ceremonies were not just for the villagers but for all the people all over the earth and even in the other galaxies.

I always think about this journey of the soul. The soul is the house we live in; the house we live in is living energy. It is a process of being made over again. Every morning when I get up I say to the cosmos, I want to be made over again. I want to grow. I want to change. I want to say I breath, matter and movement. The soul means to drink light, the universal intelligence is light and everything is in movement, movement after all is what created perceptual reality and perceptual reality allows us to perceive through our feelings, thoughts and senses. Every time you say an English word or a Spanish or French or Tiwa word or speak in any language you are doing it without realizing that you are unfolding the cosmic soul. In doing so we become the bringers of light, we love to drink light and that means learning and growing in intelligence. We are going to get to God in spite of ourselves.