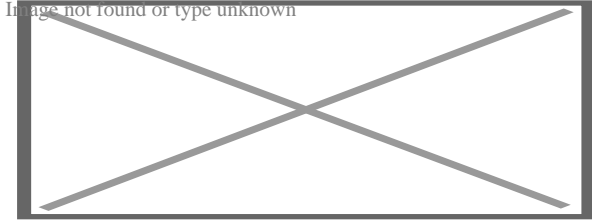


Vision Quest Journal #6

Description



This morning I was thinking how strange it was that I had not

seen, or heard, any raptors since being here. Just now, I saw my first hawk. A small one, slightly smaller than a Cooper's Hawk with thicker wings. Almost all white or light gray underneath. Slight darker above. No other distinctive markings that I could see. Flight pattern was several quick wing beats with a moderate, circular glide in between. No call that I heard.

The water is even closer than I thought. I'm sitting on a new rock that's at the northeast edge of my site and it's clear that the creek is just a little ways into the brush. Probably no more than 40-feet away.

It's still difficult to believe that it's been bubbling this entire time. When I was scouting the site, I walked right over to the edge of that brushy area to see if I could get closer to those big old pine trees. Strange.

[Note. I looked on the map and there is a spring above where I was camped. My guess is that the spring fills up a pool during the night which overflows down the mountain in the morning. But by the afternoon, the sun dries it up. Because by late in the day, the sound of water was gone again.]

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Midday. Feeling antsy. Having a hard time finding a comfortable spot. Trying to stay naked as much as possible. But today, without much wind, it's too hot in the sun and the slight breeze makes it too cool in the shade. I've compromised and put on my t-shirt and am sitting partly in the shade.

Antsy too because I don't know what to do. The excitement of the first day has passed and now I'm in a place of trying to figure out what to do, how to have a vision. As I recall from previous quests, the second day seems to be the hardest.

The first day is new and exciting, in some cases you're dealing with the discomfort of your body's detox reaction from the fast. And while that's unpleasant, it is a distraction from the isolation and emptiness.

Now, near the halfway point of my quest, I begin to wonder why I'm here. I begin to doubt the confidence I had earlier about the hunger as I notice the emptiness of my stomach more keenly. I begin to wonder if the insights I've had already are "enough."

Isn't it time to end this and go home? And even as I sit in the quiet of meditation I find myself reaching for something more. "Where is the vision I seek?" But nothing comes.

Just the peacefulness of this place. But I am too distracted to let that comfort me. Now I will try once

more to drop into that peacefulness and allow it that to be enough.

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It's amazing how quickly your body gets weak when you don't drink water. I've had only 4-5 small sips since last night and my body has definitely hit a wall. It's an effort just to stay upright. And I've spent much of that last couple of hours curled up in a ball on the ground.

Now I'm realizing this is where I'm meant to be. This is the place I'm supposed to get to. This is the place where I realize that I can't get through this on my own. Alone I'm not strong enough. Certainly the strength of my body, without food and with very little water, is not enough to get me through the rest of today and tomorrow.

This is when I call out to God, Source, Great Spirit. This is when I open myself up to the support and strength of a force far greater than myself. This is when I begin to act in harmony with the words I heard earlier: "It is your vision that brought you here, but it is MY strength that will get you through."

So now I pray. To God. To Source. To Great Spirit. To the Earth. To that is greater than me. I pray for strength. I sing for strength. I open myself to receive you strength.

You can read all of the posts in the [Vision Quest Journal Series here](#).

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