

Seeds of Peace

**Teachings from the Visions of
Joseph Rael, Beautiful Painted Arrow**

***‘when we lose touch with the land,
we lose touch with ourselves
and with the Vast Self.’***

quarterly newsletter

Issue 22: August 2021

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'The planet made it possible for us to be here. The planet, the spiritual essence of the Vast Self, which is made up of valleys and rivers and mountains and oceans, is really the concrete formulation of infinite nothingness. Infinite nothingness has now become concreteness, in the form of oceans, valleys, rivers, water, and oxygen.

We need to look at the fact that in our consciousness we have somehow separated ourselves from ourselves and from God. Perhaps we wanted to be better than God. In doing so, we have created disease, because, being separate from God, we have been functioning only at half power.'



'Yet we are really part of *naa-meh-nay*. If you want to know what is wrong with you, go back to what is wrong in the land. The Indians say, "Don't cut up Mother Earth." With all our technology, we lose touch with the land, with *naa-meh-nay*, and when we lose touch with the land, we lose touch with ourselves and with the Vast Self.'

cover text context from *Sound, Native Teachings and Visionary Art*, by Joseph Rael (p.49)

***** Hello, Beautiful Sisters and Brothers! *****

We are sending all Good Blessings from Rainbow's End to our Peace Chamber and Dance Communities.



We wanted to give everyone an update on the Chamber here at Rainbow's End. We ARE making progress. It has been slow, but steady and everyone here is looking forward to welcoming as many of you as possible to the International Peace Chamber Gathering the first weekend in May, 2022. This High Desert Valley is filled with beauty and during the first weekend of May we should still be enjoying the Blessings of Spring! We give abundant thanks to all of you for your patience.

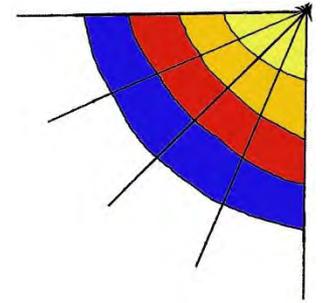
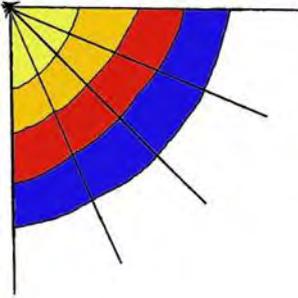
SO many challenges for all of us the past year and a half, but with Prayer and the support of community we are moving thru it in the best ways possible. Sending Much Love to All of You!

Valerie Eagle Heart and The Grammas of Rainbow's End

A Beautiful Painted Arrow Prayer

from the archives of the House of Mica

rainbow webs by Stella Longland



A PRAYER

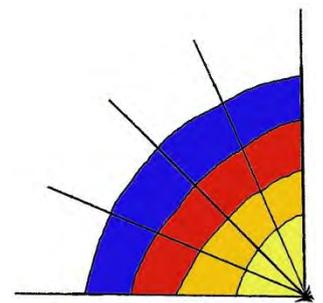
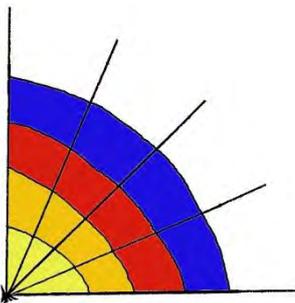
O Creator-Spirit
Help me to be a passage-way
So that I can establish a
Relationship to thee.

For you live at the heart,
You are the mountain, the
Source of all life - Teach me
How to live.

O, Creator-Spirit
You live in all things, teach me
To sing so that I may sing to
My Brothers and Sisters, the trees
The plants, the birds, or my human
relatives

And, O Creator-Spirit
Grace me with a song to all
My relatives who came here with me
To walk with you for a while.....

By Beautiful Painted Arrow
6-28-87



The Profound Mystery We Are All Involved In

anecdotes from Miguel Kavlin, Dance Chief and Chamber Keeper in Bolivia

I can see no better use of this opportunity to write for the newsletter than to share some anecdotes that I think may shed some light and depth into the profound mystery that we are all involved with in this community and its miraculous and blessed nature.

I first met Joseph, Beautiful Painted Arrow, at the Southern Ute Sundance when I was around twenty years old. I remember experiencing what people gathering together could produce in terms of a tangible experience of the sacred and I was very much moved by that experience. After the dance Joseph invited us to visit the Sound Chamber, *Wa Chi Chi Who*, that he built near Ignacio, in Colorado. There he had individual meetings with each one of us and this was to be my first face-to-face and verbal exchange with him. When it was my turn to sit with him two wondrous things happened. First of all my father, who had died when I was thirteen years old, manifested through him and I understood his appearance to be the seal of approval that I very much needed that the path I had undertaken, to dedicate my life to spiritual service and to discovering and manifesting the sacred, was indeed the right path to walk. Ever since I have called Joseph my father and I call Geraldine my sister, they are my family, and we all work together on this path.

Secondly, amazingly, at some point while we were talking, Joseph's face completely morphed and a person much older than Joseph manifested in him. Speaking with Joseph later, I understood it to be his Grandfather Te, his Teacher and mentor at Picuris Pueblo, who had passed away many years before.

Not long after meeting Joseph I went back to Los Angeles, where I was studying at the time, and Joseph had recommended that I work with one of his students Julie. Julie invited me shortly thereafter to participate in my first Long Dance Ceremony. Once the dance was completed, after dancing all night around the fire with as much devotion as I could muster, I asked Julie, "What does the Moon mean?" She replied, "Why don't you ask her yourself?"

So I got onto my motorcycle and started to ride back home on one of those massive LA highways, the Moon was on the horizon and the Sun was also on the horizon at the same time, I asked the Moon and lo and behold she did answer! Not in a verbal way but as a bath of sensations and light that overwhelmed every cell of my being with a blissful and ecstatic feeling that I understood as the divine presence manifesting, all the while continuing to ride on my motorcycle through the LA freeway until I got home. This blessed and ecstatic feeling lasted with me for about three days and was one of those occasions on my path where the veils of reality were torn, and I was privileged to perceive the divine nature of all. I believe that our path entails having these experiences as often as possible and hopefully experiencing them ever more, every day and each moment.

Many years later when our Southern Hemisphere Peace Chamber in Bolivia was completed, I was in the Northern Hemisphere, traveling through Ireland conducting ceremonies when one night I was taken to a pub and given a couple of good pints of Guinness. That night I had a surprising dream: I dreamt of a Condor which then



turned into a Buzzard Eagle, called the Allkamari, that inhabits the land where we built the Chamber. The Allkamari then turned into a woman whom I coupled with. The dream then transformed into an image of the inside of the Chamber being completely bathed in light of silver and gold. I understood that the chambers are very blessed places and the power of the Sun and the Moon, the male and female energies of the universe, were infusing the chamber with their blessing. And that is why our Peace Chamber and the place where it is located are called Allkamari.

Allkamari Chamber, photo from Chamber Profiles 2005 compiled by Rick Cotroneo

When I had received the news, in 2018, of Geraldine being appointed by her Father, Joseph Rael, as the Guardian of the Vision Dances of Beautiful Painted Arrow, I had also heard that there was some turmoil and resistance as would be expected with any change. One night however, as she was preparing for the first Sun Moon Dance to take place in her new role, I had a dream in which she manifested as a priestess, or power woman, a medicine woman with a green face and other shapes and colors painted on her face. I knew then that she was the rightful successor and the appropriate person to guide us and our community into the work that beckons us forth.

I have shared all these anecdotes in the hope that our tribe unites in the understanding that we are all participating in a great mystery unfolding; that we are all part of something very unique and sacred and that by surrendering to the center, to the tree of life, to the sacred fire, to the heart within, as we do in the Sun Moon Dance, we will, in silence and stillness, in love, devotion and surrender, provide the best service possible for the transition that humanity is now going through.

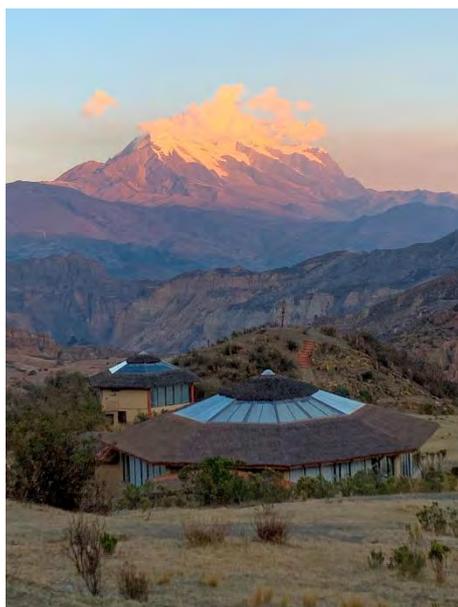
I send my heartfelt love and gratitude to Joseph, to Geraldine, and to all my brothers and sisters who walk on this path, and I bow to you, for you are all channels of the divine mystery. It is an honor and a pleasure to walk with you all.

Footnote from the editors: Miguel further described the Chamber visions of the Condor and Eagle conjunction in the Peace Chamber in his article *The Bolivian Sacha Runa Chamber and the Condor and Eagle Prophecy* published in *Seeds of Peace* Issue 11. Find previous Issues at <https://seedsofpeace.news>

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**Miguel had these comments to add concerning the zoom meetings that Geraldine has called to discuss the many aspects of carrying the Beautiful Painted Arrow Vision Dances into the future:**

Regarding the topics discussed at the zoom meetings, I think it is important to highlight the fact that we should make it as accessible as possible for people to come to our ceremonies. It is important to make it possible for people financially. Being flexible with the dancer's gift, making it possible for people to do work exchange or introducing a sliding scale should be seriously considered by everyone organising a Dance. Of course, that means that the ceremony that we run should also be as inexpensive as possible so that the facilitators don't end up covering the costs.



I think youth outreach and outreach to ethnic communities are also very valuable and important, maybe each one of us in their own locality. I am endeavouring to reach out to schools to reach the children, to elderly homes to reach the elder, and two different cultural and ethnic communities, by paying a visit or giving talks on zoom. I also encourage people to mentor others through zoom on how to run sweat lodges although I understand that some of the training must be experiential. Above all, I think Joseph's advice, that we are nothing and that we are open to inspiration, always applies in the roles that we each have as chiefs, drummers, moon mothers, fire keepers, or whatever it may be, and that we do not get stuck in the form but surrender to the great mystery, trying hard to keep as truly as possible to the form that we have been gifted, holding it as precious and taking care of it as best we can.

Love and blessings to all, Miguel Kavlin

*Mount Illimani from the location of the Bolivian Sun Moon Dance, photo from Miguel Kavlin*



**The Circle Means Seed**

from *Sound, Native Teachings and Visionary Art*, by Joseph Rael



Planet Earth

The moon arrives near the Earth to seed abundance in the Oceans

(copyright © Joseph Rael)

from *Sound, Native Teachings and Visionary Art*, by Joseph Rael (p.50)

**Sections of text from the pages around the artwork above:**

'The word *naa-meh-nay* tells us that the self is in a state of movement, and movement is manifestation. *Naa* is the self. *Meh* is movement. *Naa meh nay*, then, means that the Earth is the self in a state of movement. The word speaks of closeness to higher planes of knowledge. It speaks of sky energy, of what is up above, in touch with high spiritual beings of all ages.

Land is the principal form that sets up a stepladder to climb to the heavens, because the land is the Vast Self, which is descending light that purifies; it is the purifying force that brings heaven and Earth together and crystallizes it so that it looks like a tree or an elephant or an ocean. ....'

'.... . Matter is temporary. It only keeps its form for as long as we think it is what we think it is, and then we change it to something else. Its meaning is temporary. ....'

.....

'Life is a circle and the circle means seed. Any time we have a thought, we have just seeded an idea into the vastness, which is made of the land, which is made of earth and sky. The breath is *haah*. *Haah* is identity; breath is identity. Breath gives identity to movement; it gives identity to relationships and to the hierarchy of knowledge as we seek to understand the mystery. Breath connects us with higher levels. Breath is inspiration. Breath inspires things to occur, because the breath is an integral part of how the miraculous is unfolding on the material level, in the material plane. Without breath, nothing occurs.'

.....

'We think breath is just physical, but the reason we are breathing all the time is that this is how we stay spiritual. Breathing is how landscape stays spiritual. The land breathes and it rains and the wind blows. One inspiration comes and soon another one comes, and soon after, another comes. In this reality, this land of *wah mah chi* (breath, matter, and movement), there has to be continual inspiration because everything is impermanent. In this plane of reality, there is always a continuum of becoming something we want to become without ever really becoming what we want to become, because that which exists as a state of impermanence does not really exist.

This material plane is where we go to find out how to get where we want to go, only to learn we've already arrived. But we are still trying to get there. The exciting thing is that we are still talking about process. That is what the Earth is about: process. When we understand what process is, then we know why we need to be here.'

.....

'By participating in the process of a ceremony, we can re-connect ourselves with the Vast Self. ....'

extracts from *Sound, Native Teachings and Visionary Art*, by Joseph Rael (p.49-52)



**Oral Teachings Given at the first Beautiful Painted Arrow Long Dance, Pennsylvania 1987**  
**from notes taken by Tom Bissinger**

*Foreword from Tom:* We met Joseph for the first time in March 1987 and he had recently come to visit our land. This Long Dance was held on the *Harmonic Convergence*\*\* that same year.

There were about forty of us who came to dance. A circle of poles was erected in the field and twine was tied to form a line between them. In the center there was a tree pole. The ceremony continued for three days because, after the two days of the Long Dance, the Eagle Boy Ceremony was held, and I had my first Dance vision.

On that third day, we, the Long Dancers, lined up on two sides of the field. Joseph, in full Eagle headers down to the ground, went up and down, and two small boys went ahead of him. As the boys and Joseph moved along the lines, I saw big, white 'cotton balls' floating in a line over the field. I thought, "That's odd, we don't have cottonwood trees here". Then I realized I was seeing something that no-one else was seeing, a perfectly straight line of these large 'cottontails' floating past. A wow moment!

**\*\*Footnote:** The Harmonic Convergence is the name given to the world's first synchronized global peace meditation, which occurred on August 16-17, 1987. This event also closely coincided with an exceptional alignment of planets in the Solar System.

**Oral Teachings from Joseph Rael about the Long Dance**

*"Pu-leem-ah"* – is the Being who swells up with Joy. We are commemorating all cycles that have lived from the point of creation and beyond that. We dance away blocks. Just lifting the foot opens a door.

*"T'saw-be"* - a shaft of energy hits you when open.

Taking Steps: 1-2-3 steps, they are *"Ta-chi-hu"*, wind-body-spirit. Step 4 is when you have taken all three and go forward with the energy they generated. When you build up energy – JUMP.

Keep track of your impressions from moment to moment. Stay in tune with your BODY!

Letting go of energy is *"OH"*. .... We G-R-O-W.... Drop the GR, say *"OH!"* as you jump.

In this way you are building vertical energy to spin with the next cycles. We are carrying within us microcosm to macrocosm. Your leap in consciousness is as high as you can lift your foot and jump.

- "WA"* - Spirit of life
- "MA"* - Mind
- "CHI"* - Body

(Tom's recall: 1st hour - dancing back and forth to the center pole. Bringing energy from Earth Up, from Sky Down. After that first hour, dancing in a sunwise circle around the pole, reversing, on the instruction of our Chief at some point, to the moonwise direction.)

Check with the strand of twine: Are you comfortable with it? Are you connected?

Dance through blocks and so break them. If you get spacey, it is because you are not dancing your dance.

**STAY TOTALLY IN BODY/DANCE**

Tobacco is light. Dance to the top, explode with energy. When you get to top, you'll see light. See it, then let it go. Dance around to each pole. The tobacco around your wrist is to remind you that 'Hand' is metaphor for 'Mind'. Move from the personal ego. The many becomes One Being, all cycles, all creations. Not past, present, future but the Eternal Moment. The Tipi commemorates a moment in time, each moment is .....

(Tom's recall: Second hour, dance Sky – Planets – Stars. Shooting Star Light Beings. The energy of MILKY WAY.)

No BLAME. Dance it OUT. If you get stuck, say *"OH!"* and JUMP.

Hit Sticks together. The sound of sticks is greatness - *"H'T'sa"*.

When you leave the circle, at the East, visualize FACE - your face, the face of consciousness. The action of entering is your face. Picture your face as a reflection in water. The face in the space left after the door is taken off.



This **Poem Song** came a little later and seems to fit the Long Dance.

I am becoming more human  
with each note I sing  
With each drop of sweat  
Sitting cross legged in the sweat lodge  
on the cool earth  
I am becoming more human  
with each step I take  
Each leap through space  
As I dance my dance  
I am becoming more human  
With the taste of morning coffee  
the folded towels

I am becoming more human  
with the litany of death  
With the flailing and punishing  
of human flesh on flesh  
With the caveman's cry in the woods  
And the man's hoarse voice as he fumbles for words  
as he reaches for her toes  
as he feels the reverb of the  
field on his foot

I am becoming more human  
With each child like expression  
That falls home on my lips  
With each grain of grass  
That I do not step on

I am becoming more human  
With each circle I complete  
On the maze  
With each honeysuckle vine  
I suck sweet  
Becoming more human with  
Each embrace  
Lost in the waves I rise and fall  
On the human shore  
And am thankful for the deed  
That has been given  
For the light that falls through  
The window  
And grew our beating heart  
I am becoming more human  
With each stone I lift  
The heavy folding of age hangs to my small hands

*(copyright © Tom Bissinger)*





T-shirt design (copyright 1997 © Joseph Rael)



### **At a Dance Site .....**

As I sat in front of my tent at the dance site, I remembered a sentence my German professor liked to repeat when lecturing on an author who was a man of many words, very, very long sentences and lengthy novels:

“Repetition is the mother of learning. Every time you re-read a novel, see it like the first time; in the second or third reading you might get different insights you didn’t notice when you read it for the first time.”

In comparison to the works of the above author, I had before me three small, slim books which I had leafed through and tried to read a couple of times. Some passages had been pretty clear and straightforward while others had given me only glimpses of understanding, or had sent me into trance-like states, or even knocked me out into a short, deep sleep and confusion.

I had time on my hands, and the determination to read and re-read until I got it! I picked up one and opened it at a random page and as I started reading I realized that the meaning was crystal clear. I leafed through the books reading page after page amazed how it all made sense. I was finally getting it!

Weeks later, back home and hopeful, I opened the books again... There was more clarity, but passages that had been so illuminated at the site, still evaded me and put me in a state of trance and confusion. I was not giving up.

“Repetition is the mother of learning. I am a being and this is vibration”, I said to myself as I put the book under my pillow and slept on it.

**.... Everything Makes Sense!**



## ***A Dancer's Homecoming***

**from Bob Mason, Rainbow Dreamer, Long-time Dancer and Wisdom Keeper**

It was July, and Sun-Moon Dance time again. A Dancer, passing through the country on his way to the convocation and sweats that would precede this year's Dances, felt himself drawn to pay his respects to the land whereon his Dance ground rested, and to the keeper and guardian of that land.

Pausing at the house, he spoke briefly with the land keeper, offering the customary tobacco gift and asking permission to go out to the Dance grounds. Permission granted, he made his way to the East Gate of the Arbor, removed his shoes and knelt there, forehead touching the sacred earth. He offered thanks for his life, and for his entrance into the circle and the Way represented by the Arbor and that which it contained. Arising, he stood a moment, gazing at the Tree, as much to contain an overflowing heart as for any other reason.

Turning to his left, he began to pace the inner circumference of the Arbor sun wise, carefully, placing his bare feet with deliberation upon the face of Grandmother Earth. Bone-whistle whispers came to him, ghosts of the sound of a Buffalo Drum, and wisps of recollection of the Dancers who had shared, did share, this space with him. They were strong, decent people mostly, with a sprinkling of truly remarkable beings; people given to vision and to passion for life and the deep living of it.

He passed the South Gate, sealed now, as were all but the East. Two spaces sun wise past that South Gate he had Danced months before, placed there at his own request. He paused, smiling in remembrance, yet also deeply moved. He turned, looked to the Center, to the Tree, looked at the lower section of the cottonwood trunk stripped of all bark and smooth as the face of any demoiselle. Like living flesh it had felt when he had clasped it during the Dance. He walked over to it now and placed his forehead against the wood and stroked it again gently, lovingly, feeling anew its smoothness, coolness.

The Tree stood, silently modeling patience, a metaphor for the stillness at the Center, for that which he knew, this day, stood in his own Center. He acknowledged that awareness with an inner gesture of gratitude to Mystery even as he remembered how a number of Dancers had, in response to Chief Beautiful Painted Arrow's wish, carefully sanded from the surface of the wood every trace of the symbolic colored bands that had been painted on it. How lovingly that had been done, each stroke of the sandpaper restoring the original delicate graining hidden, like Grace, beneath the rough exterior of the living tree.

What a lesson that had been, so profoundly equivalent to the process needed to uncover one's own hidden reality; the patient stroke-by-stroke removal of the coloring and scarring of the wounds imposed by the world, so as to reveal and renew the inherent beauty of the stuff of one's true being.

His recollection flicked back to earlier years, earlier Dances. He shook his head ruefully; how ready he had been with his judgments of others in the circle, and consequently how full of both vanity and bitterness, for he had quickly realized that there were those who knew even less than he, and those who knew far more; those who could endure less, and those whose endurance seemed endless. Yet the Tree had remained supremely, vexingly indifferent to his labelings, his arbitrary and immature conclusions, just as it had been to his discomfort, his anger, his impatience.

Abruptly, as though to balance some hidden account, his memory returned to his first Dance, one attended not as Dancer but as helper. On the second morning he had been standing at the North Gate, which had been open in those days, watching, standing ready to assist if needed. Suddenly, superimposed on the scene before him was another he understood somehow to be an ancient one in a faraway land, a scene of a circle of people around a live tree; massive, maybe an oak. There was a Dancer, whether man or woman he couldn't tell, within the circle and before the Tree. The ghostly Dancer moved for a time and then, in that way peculiar to inner vision, the two – modern helper and ancient Dancer – merged somehow, became one, so that the helper perceived, felt, what the envisioned Dancer perceived and felt. There came a moment when that other Dancer saw, knew, him/herself to be Light; saw, knew, the Tree as Light. In that moment the Dancer leapt through the Tree, Light passing through Light, so that all the assembly saw and knew this amazing thing. And in that same instant he, that modern helper, felt an

almost electric shock and a profound and timeless radiance, as though he had been suspended for an eternity within that Tree.

On the evening of the same, second, day, he had taken the first watch, sitting at the East Gate, tending a little fire and observing carefully to be sure that no Dancer arose and, enwrapped in some vision, wandered out of the Arbor into the surrounding dusk. At one point his idling gaze was drawn to the Tree, and he saw with surprise that it was gently, subtly aglow with a soft lavender luminance. Looking upward he saw two pale streamers, the color of moonlight, stretching from the tips of the fork of the Tree up to what seemed a great height above the Arbor. This appearance continued for a long time. There was no sound; the Dancers were mostly asleep, and his watch partner made no comment. Later, he would be astonished at his own lack of astonishment, but in the moment his vision had seemed the most natural thing in the world.

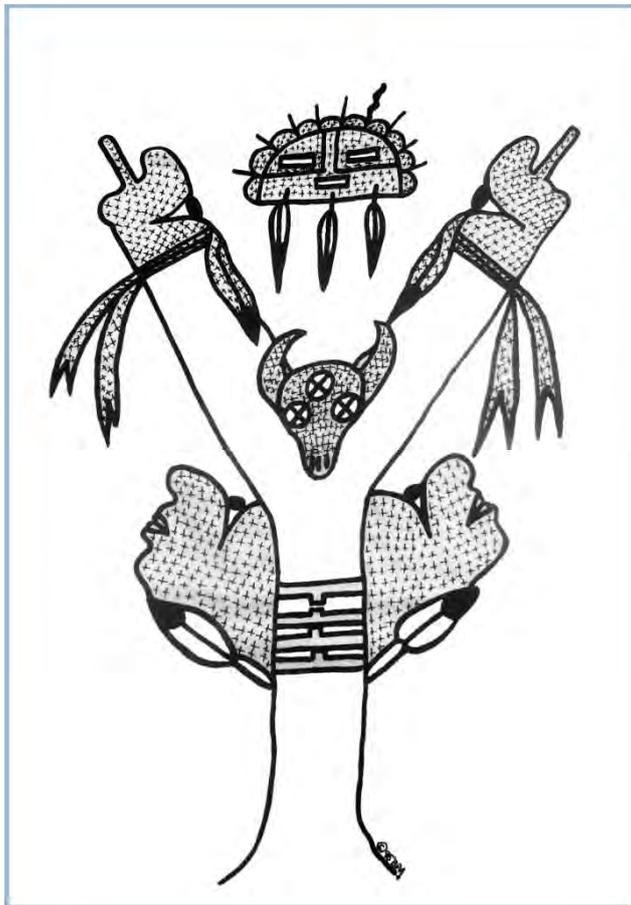
The Dancer's awareness returned now to the empty Arbor and he smiled again, considering how gracefully, how subtly Mystery had extended the invitation to this Way, and how deftly and skillfully it was nurturing his growth in spite of his frequent indifference, his slacking, his stubbornness. Well, this year, he thought to himself, he would make more of an effort to follow the Chief's example, to remember that Sun-Moon Dance is a state of mind, heart and spirit, and that the opportunity to act, to live, with compassion, love, fortitude, reverence, and gentleness is always present.

He turned and, with a final gesture of respect, left the Arbor. There was much to do.

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Note from the editor: This story forms the epilogue of a longer story by Bob Mason called *Vision Quest*. Please contact Lisamarie Coyote Windwalker, lisamarie.peace@gmail.com to seek access to that document.

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Sun-Moon Dance T-shirt design (copyright 1996 © Joseph Rael)



# Building the Cave of Clay

from Sound Peace Chamber enthusiast, Stella Longland, in Scotland

The Cave of Clay Chamber came into existence as a result of something that didn't happen!

At the 1999 Peace Chamber Gathering in Australia my Teacher, Alexander, made a commitment to build a Peace Chamber at his place in Scotland. I knew that I would help him. After two years of preparation, the plans for a Chamber that would be of the same design as the First Sound Chamber at Bernalillo were drawn up and permission to build obtained when events conspired to put a sudden end to the project. I could not come to terms with the idea that my vision of being involved in building a Chamber was wrong and for a year I often wept with disappointment and loss that it seemed to be the case.



When I came home from the first Sun Moon Dance in Scotland in 2003, I suddenly realized that I could build a Chamber in my garden. At half the size of the previous plan, it would be much smaller, but it would be a Chamber and that is how the Cave of Clay came to be built.

*To the left, the place where the Chamber would be located.*

The name Cave of Clay came from a dream in which I was following animal footprints that were visible in the wet clay of an ancient landscape. A young woman came and followed an ancient medicine man into a cave. I felt the Power of the Medicine and something in my modern psyche rejected what was happening there, turning my head away, I hurried past the entrance and continued on my way. That dream got me wondering about my true self and what modern society might have given up.

I had some wonderful plans drawn up for the Chamber in my garden with walls made of bricks and I had obtained permission to build but when I tried to find a modern builder, none of them were prepared to tackle curves so I was at a loss. By chance, an enthusiastic person came my way, saying: "I can dig the hole this coming weekend!" I seized the moment, and the hole was dug.

*To the right, a photo of the hole, not dug, I hasten to add, with the spade in the background but with a digger, a backhoe, I think, is the name in the US.*



It was then we saw that, under a thin layer of topsoil, the ground was clay with a sprinkling of hand-sized stones and a bagged earth structure replaced the idea of bricks.



*to the left, a view of the bagged earth structure.*

Despite the excitement of seeing the structure developing, I felt sad to gouge into Mother Earth and destroy the existing environment, but in the long-term the conflict I experienced helped me to accept that making something new always entails destroying something old.

In January of 2005, an immense storm with hurricane force winds hit the North of Scotland. The storm generated whirlwinds and one hit the forest next to the Findhorn Foundation, only six miles from my house, flattening a large area of Pine trees. It was from these wind-felled trees that the log ceiling of the chamber came to be made and all the other wood used in the chamber construction was from recycling, including the door, so no trees were felled for the making of the chamber and I am so grateful for that blessing.



to the left, the interior, after the bagged wall was lime coated and showing the beams from the fallen trees which form the ceiling.

Feeling strongly that any negative vibrations among the people working on the Chamber would go into the structure and affect the work that was done there in the future, I was determined to maintain interpersonal harmony throughout the building process. This probably did increase the length of building time and the Chamber took six years to complete.



to the right, the completed chamber

Even before building was complete, the Chamber was active. On the 7<sup>th</sup> day of the 7<sup>th</sup> month, 2007, it was initiated when it became a birthing chamber, and a baby was born there. As well as the six years to reach completion, the number 6 turned up many times in the internal measurements and so the Chamber came again to be associated with Ancient Wisdom as described by the Chamber visionary, Joseph Rael, in *The Way of Inspiration* (p.78):

‘Number six, *maa-tschlay*, says we’re bringing ancient wisdom into the present.’

Recently, during our chanting and singing with the Ancestors, I experienced a society in which women and children would go out of the settlement first to joyfully greet strangers on behalf of their group. A practice extraordinary to my modern mind and I could hardly imagine when that could have been because there was no risk to the precious and vulnerable members of the group. It was a practice which demonstrated that love and wellbeing was the wealth of that culture. Hard to place a time of such mutual trust and, although I could experience the feeling while chanting, I cannot, in my daily consciousness, imagine what it would be like to live in that certainty.

I would say this about the miracle of manifesting a Sound Peace Chamber:

“Hold on tight to the Vision and, if it is meant to be, opportunities will come.

Hold on tight and allow the Vision to manifest in ways that were never thought of before.”

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Footnote: I still have the plans for the brick-built chamber if anyone would like to manifest it!



Links to Magazine Articles and Online Videos

from collaborations between David Kopacz and Beautiful Painted Arrow, Joseph Rael

Follow this first link to the most recent collaboration in the *About Place* Journal (Vol VI, Issue III, May 2021):

[David R. Kopacz MD & Joseph Rael \(Beautiful Painted Arrow\) – Geographies of Justice – About Place Journal](#)

David and his sister Karen took part in an online zoom conference in June, *Toward a New Way of Being with Plants*, during which they presented a video of Joseph, Beautiful Painted Arrow, called *Becoming Medicine Initiation Ceremony*: [Becoming Medicine Initiation Ceremony - YouTube](#)

Here also is a link to an extract from the presentation:

[David Kopacz & Karen Kopacz, "Remembering Our Living Relationship with Plants," June 18, 2021 - YouTube](#)

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Here are links to two further videos made by David and Karen that we have not put into the newsletter in previous issues:

The Vision of the Circle of Light Chamber in New Mexico:

[Sound Peace Chambers — Mike Pedroncelli's Story - YouTube](#)

And

[Arbor Day Ceremony by Joseph Rael \(Beautiful Painted Arrow\) - YouTube](#)

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The following is a list of collaborative publications in Journals and Magazines:

Kopacz, D. & Rael, J. "Visionary Reality, Culture & Psychosis," in *The Entanglement of Culture & Psychosis*, eds. Lambert, I. & Lavis A. Routledge (in press 2021).

Kopacz, D & Rael, J. "Making American Healthy Again: Indigenous Perspectives on Land & Health," *About Place* Journal, (May, 2021).



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Kopacz, D & Rael, J. "A Bridge Across the River," Joseph Rael interviewed by David Kopacz, *Parabola Magazine* (Spring 2021). (Reprinted with permission from The-POV: <https://www.the-pov.com/josephrael>)

Kopacz, D. & Rael J. "Becoming Medicine: When There is No Treatment, You are the Medicine," *Kosmos Journal of Transformation*, Summer 2020, online: https://www.kosmosjournal.org/kj_article/becoming-medicine/.

"Moon Woman Vision," *Parabola Magazine*, (Fall 2020). (This is excerpted from *Becoming Medicine: Pathways of Initiation into a Living Spirituality*).

Kopacz, D. (2019). The Compassion Revolution: Cultivating the Goodness of the Heart. *The International Journal of Professional Holistic Aromatherapy*; 7(4): 31-34.

Kopacz, D., Rael, J. (2018). Sage – The Wise One. *The International Journal of Professional Holistic Aromatherapy*; 6(4): 17-21.

"Coming Home to Peace," *Parabola Magazine*, (Fall, 2018). (This is excerpted chapter from, *Walking the Medicine Wheel: Healing Trauma & PTSD*).

Also, many issues of *The Badger* reference Joseph's work, David has had a regular column with the editor, Antonella Vicini, for some time.

This is the link to sign up to receive the journal: <https://www.thebadgerproductions.com/>

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**Footnote to the above artwork:** one of the Spring cards from the set of 20 *Beautiful Painted Arrow Visionary Art Cards: The Path of the Red Road*



**NEXT ISSUE *Seeds of Peace Issue 23***  
publication target date: November 5<sup>th</sup> 2021

please email submissions before October 5<sup>th</sup>

to [stellalongland@btinternet.com](mailto:stellalongland@btinternet.com) or [marinabudimir@gmail.com](mailto:marinabudimir@gmail.com)

The subject matter can be wide ranging but should have a palpable connection to Joseph's Teachings.

**about submitting articles:** Anyone who is studying Joseph's Teachings is welcome to submit an article, with accompanying photos and images. The editorial committee will also be actively seeking articles. In either case, the editorial committee reserve the right to decide if submissions will be included.

**editorial committee:** Stella Longland: *email as above*; Marina Budimir: *email as above*;

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Tom Bissinger: [tomasbiss@gmail.com](mailto:tomasbiss@gmail.com); Kristen Bissinger: [krisbiss601@gmail.com](mailto:krisbiss601@gmail.com).

**editorial policy:** *Seeds of Peace* seeks to connect people who love and follow the Teachings of Joseph Rael, Beautiful Painted Arrow, creating a space where ideas and experiences generated by his Gifts can be shared, creating an archive for future generations.

**disclaimer:** We endeavour to publish accurate material and ask readers to let us know if any of the facts given are not correct. However, the views expressed in the articles are the personal responsibility of the writer and are not necessarily those of members of the editorial committee, nor indeed, of our Teacher, Joseph Rael.

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**website addresses:** Millichap Books: [www.millichapbooks.com](http://www.millichapbooks.com) and their Joseph Rael pages: [www.josephrael.org](http://www.josephrael.org).

More about the manifestations of Beautiful Painted Arrow's Sound Peace Chambers on: [www.peacechamber.co.uk](http://www.peacechamber.co.uk)

and the three Beautiful Painted Arrow Vision Dances at: <https://www.geraldinerael.com>

**To entice readers and writers to contribute to the newsletter,**

here is a list of ongoing topics to which people can contribute at any time they feel inspired!

Some feature in this issue, such as,

Memories of and Teachings given in seminars, lectures, mystery schools and other events. The seeding of Sound Peace Chambers. Current events and developments. Taking the Visions forwards. Embracing technology. And the anonymous comedy spot.

And others which are always of interest, such as,

Chanting practices, Chamber updates, and all aspects of chamber keeping. The history of Joseph's travels in the US and abroad. The paths of the 3 Vision Dance ceremonies and all aspects of their continuing manifestations. Requests, news of events, and original works inspired by the Visions of Beautiful Painted Arrow.

**We would particularly like to print an article on the Corn Dance**, which Joseph introduced in many places, but which is rarely danced today.

**Whatever the Beautiful Painted Arrow subject that inspires you -**

**a date, a few sentences, or a full-blown article, all contributions are welcome.**

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If you see any omissions or errors on the website,

please contact the website editors on the site email: editor@seedsofpeace.news

