

Note from Brad:

Tom Brown, Jr. is a prolific American author and tracker, and I've read several of his books, which are wonderful and powerful. Tom was taught by an Apache elder, who he calls Grandfather. Grandfather had this vision/prophecy in the 1920s, when he was in his 40s, and lived into the 1970s or so. He taught Tom during Tom's childhood and teenage years in the 1950s and 1960s.

I was so moved by this passage that I transcribed it from Tom Brown's book, *The Quest*. It is excerpts from two chapters—one in which Grandfather gives his prophecy and one in which Tom Brown receives his own vision/prophecy.

The Quest, by Tom Brown, Jr.

Pages 13-23

...For a long time there was no other conversation. I retired into my own thoughts and doubts. I did not want to live within society, for the wilderness was my home, my love, my life, and my spiritual rapture. I could not see why a man could not live his Vision in the purity of wilderness, away from the distractions of society. I could feel no urgency, or any reason why I should take what I have learned back to society.

Grandfather's voice shattered my thoughts, saying, "The Earth is dying. The destruction of man is close, so very close, and we must all work to change that path of destruction. We must pay for the sins of our grandfathers and grandmothers, for we have long been a society that kills its grandchildren to feed its children. There can be no rest, and we cannot run away; far too many in the past have run away. It is very easy to live a spiritual life away from man, but the truth of Vision, in spiritual life, can only be tested and become a reality when lived near society."

"How do I know that we are so close to that destruction?" I asked. "I had a Vision," Grandfather said. "It was a Vision of the destruction of man. But man was given four warnings of that destruction, two of which gave man a chance to change his ways and two of which would give the children of the Earth time to escape the Creator's wrath."

"How will I know these warnings, these signs?" I asked.

Grandfather continued, "They will be obvious to you and those who have learned to listen to the spirit of the Earth, but to those who live within the flesh and know only flesh, there is no knowing or understanding. When these signs, the warnings and prophecies, are made manifest, then you will understand the urgency of what I speak. Then you will understand why people must not just work for their own spiritual rapture but to bring that rapture to the consciousness of modern man."

Grandfather had been wandering for several years and was well into his forties when the Vision of the four signs were given to him. He had just finished his third

Vision Quest at the Eternal Cave when the Vision made itself known. He had been seated at the mouth of the cave, awaiting the rising sun, when the spirit of the warrior came to him. He felt as if he were in a state somewhere between dream and reality, sleep and wakefulness, until the spirit finally spoke and he knew that it was not his imagination. The spirit called Grandfather's name and beckoned him to follow. As Grandfather stood, he was suddenly transported to another world. Again he thought that he was dreaming, but his flesh could feel the reality of this place; his senses knew that this was a state of abject reality but in another time and place.

The spirit warrior spoke to Grandfather, saying, "These are the things yet to come that will mark the destruction of man. These things you may never see, but you must work to stop them and pass these warnings on to your grandchildren. They are the possible futures of what will come if man does not come back to the Earth and begin to obey the laws of Creation and the Creator. There are four signs, four warnings, that only the children of the Earth will understand. Each warning marks the beginning of a possible future, and as each warning becomes reality, so, too, does the future it marks." With that the spirit warrior was gone and Grandfather was left alone in this strange new world.

The world he was in was like nothing he had ever known. It was a dry place, with little vegetation. In the distance he saw a village, yet it was made out of tents and cloth rather than from the materials of the Earth. As he drew closer to the village the stench of death overwhelmed him and he grew sick. He could hear children crying, the moaning of elders, and the sounds of sickness and despair. Piles of bodies lay in open pits awaiting burial, their contorted faces and frail bodies foretelling of death from starvation. The bodies appeared more like skeletons than flesh, and children, adults, and elders all looked the same, their once dark brown complexions now ash gray.

As Grandfather entered the village, the horror of living starvation struck him deeper. Children could barely walk, elders lay dying, and everywhere were the cries of pain and fear. The stench of death and the sense of hopelessness overwhelmed Grandfather, threatening to drive him from the village. It was then that an elder appeared to Grandfather, at first speaking in a language that he could not understand. Grandfather realized as the elder spoke that he was the spirit of a man, a man no longer of flesh but a man that had once walked a spiritual path, possibly a shaman of his tribe. It was then that he understood what the old one was trying to tell him.

The elder spoke softly, saying, "Welcome to what will be called the land of starvation. The world will one day look upon all of this with horror and will blame the famine on the weather and the Earth. This will be the first warning to the world that man cannot live beyond the laws of Creation, nor can he fight Nature. If the world sees that it is to blame for this famine, this senseless starvation, then a great lesson will be learned. But I am afraid that the world will not blame itself but the blame will be placed on Nature. The world will not see that it created this place of

death by forcing these people to have larger families. When the natural laws of the land were broken, the people starved, as Nature starves the deer in winter when their numbers are too many for the land to bear.”

The old one continued. “These people should have been left alone. They once understood how to live with the Earth, and their wealth was measured in happiness, love, and peace. But all of that was taken from them when the world saw theirs as a primitive society. It was then that the world showed them how to farm and live in a less primitive way. It was the world that forced them to live outside the laws of creation and as a result is now forcing them to die.” The old man slowly began to walk away, back to the death and despair. He turned one last time to Grandfather and said, “This will be the first sign. There will come starvation before and after this starvation, but none will capture the attention of the world with such impact as does this one. The children of the Earth will know the lessons that are held in all of this pain and death, but the world will only see it as drought and famine, blaming Nature instead of itself.” With that the old one disappeared, and Grandfather found himself back at the mouth of the Eternal Cave.

Grandfather lay back on the ground, thinking about what he had witnessed. He knew that it had been a Vision of the possible future and that spirit of the warrior had brought him to it to teach him what could happen. Grandfather knew that people all over the Earth were now starving, but why was this starvation so critical, so much more important than all the rest, even more important than the starvation that was taking place now? It was then that Grandfather recalled that the tribal elder had said that the entire world would take notice but that the world would not learn the lessons of what the death and famine were trying to teach. The children would die in vain.

Grandfather looked out across the barren land that surrounded the Eternal Cave to try to reestablish the reality of his now. He said that it was till hard to discern between waking reality and the world of Vision, but he felt that he was back into his time and place. He told me that the Eternal Cave was always a place to find Visions of the possible and probable futures, and it was not uncommon for the searcher to have Vision at the mouth of the cave and not just inside. In a state of physical and emotional exhaustion, Grandfather fell into a deep sleep, but it was in this sleep that the warrior spirit appeared to him again and brought the remainder of the first sign to completion.

In his dream the spirit spoke to Grandfather, saying, “It is during the years of the famine, the first sign, that man will be plagued by a disease, a disease that will sweep the land and terrorize the masses. The doctors (white coats) will have no answers for the people and a great cry will arise across the land. The disease will be born of monkeys, drugs and sex. It will destroy man from inside, making common sickness a killing disease. Mankind will bring this disease upon himself as a result of his life, his worship of sex and drugs, and a life away from Nature. This, too, is a part

of the first warning, but again man will not heed this warning and he will continue to worship the false gods of sex and the unconscious spirit of drugs.”

The spirit continued, saying, “The drugs will produce wars in the cities of man, and the nations will arise against those wars, arise against that killing disease. But the nations will fight in the wrong way, lashing out at the effect rather than the cause. It will never win these wars until the nation, until society, changes its values and stops chasing the gods of sex and drugs. It is then, in the years of the first sign, that man can change the course of the probable future. It is then that he may understand the greater lessons of the famine and the disease. It is then that there can still be hope. But once the second sign of destruction appears, the Earth can no longer be healed on a physical level. Only a spiritual healing can then change the course of the probable futures of mankind.” With that the warrior spirit let Grandfather fall into a deep and dreamless sleep, allowing him to rest fully before any more Vision was wrought upon him.

Grandfather awoke at the entrance of the cave once again, the memory of the warrior spirit still vivid in his mind, the spirit’s words becoming part of his soul. When Grandfather looked out across the landscape, all had changed. The landscape appeared drier, there was no vegetation to be seen, and animals lay dying. A great stench of death arose from the land, and the dust was thick and choking, the intense heat oppressive. Looking skyward, the sun seemed to be larger and more intense; no birds or clouds could be seen; and the air seemed thicker still. It was then that the sky seemed to surge and huge holes began to appear. The holes tore with a resounding thunderous sound, and the very Earth, rocks and soil shook.

The skin of the sky seemed to be torn open like a series of gaping wounds, and through these wounds seeped a liquid that seemed like the oozing of an infection, a great sea of floating garbage, oil, and dead fish. It was through one of these wounds that Grandfather saw the floating bodies of dolphins, accompanied by tremendous upheavals of the Earth and of violent storms. As he held fast to the trembling Earth his eyes fell from the sky, and all about him, all at once, was disaster. Piles of garbage reached to the skies, forests lay cut and dying, coastlines flooded, and storms grew more violent and thunderous. With each passing moment the Earth shook with greater intensity, threatening to tear apart and swallow Grandfather.

Suddenly the Earth stopped shaking and the sky cleared. Out of the dusty air walked the warrior spirit, who stopped a short distance from Grandfather. As Grandfather looked into the face of the spirit he could see that there were great tears flowing from his eyes, and each tear fell to the Earth with a searing sound. The spirit looked at Grandfather for a long moment, then finally spoke, saying, “Holes in the sky.” Grandfather thought for a moment, then, in a questioning, disbelieving manner, said, “Holes in the sky?” And the spirit answered, saying, “They will become the second sign of the destruction of man. The holes in the sky and all that you have seen could become man’s reality. It is here that man must heed the warning and work harder to change the future at hand. But man must not only work physically, he must also

work spiritually, through prayer, for only through prayer can man now hope to heal the Earth and himself.”

There was a long pause as Grandfather thought about the impossibility of holes in the sky. Surely Grandfather knew that there could be a spiritual hole, but a hole that the societies of the Earth could notice would hardly seem likely. The spirit drew closer and spoke again, almost in a whisper. “These holes are a direct result of man’s life, his travel, and of the sins of his grandfathers and grandmothers. These holes, the second sign, will mark the killing of his grandchildren and will become a legacy to man’s life away from nature. It is the time of these holes that will mark a great transition in mankind’s thinking. They will then be faced with a choice, a choice to continue following the path of destruction or a choice to move back to the philosophy of the Earth and a simpler existence. It is here that the decision must be made, or all will be lost.” Without another word the spirit turned and walked back into the dust.

Grandfather spent the next four days at the cave entrance, though for those four days nothing spoke to him, not even the Earth. He said that it was a time of great sorrow, of aloneness, and a time to digest all that had taken place. He knew that these things would not appear in his lifetime, but they had to be passed down to the people of the future with the same urgency and power with which they had been delivered to him. But he did not know how he would explain these unlikely events to anyone. Surely the elders and shamans of the tribes would understand, but not society, and certainly not anyone who was removed from the Earth and spirit. He sat for the full four days unmoving, as if made of stone, and his heart felt heavy with the burden he now carried.

It was at the end of the fourth day that the third Vision came to him. As he gazed out onto the landscape toward the setting sun, the sky suddenly turned back to a liquid and then turned blood red. As far as his eyes could see, the sky was solid red, with no variation in shadow, texture or light. The whole of creation seemed to have grown still, as if awaiting some unseen command. Time, place, and destiny seemed to be in limbo, stilled by the bleeding sky. He gazed for a long time at the sky, in a state of awe and terror, for the red color of the sky was like nothing he had ever seen in any sunset or sunrise. The color was that of man, not of Nature, and it had a vile stench and texture. It seemed to burn the Earth wherever it touched. As sunset drifted to night, the stars shone bright red, the color never leaving the sky, and everywhere was heard the cries of fear and pain.

Again the warrior spirit appeared to Grandfather, but this time as a voice from the sky. Like thunder, the voice shook the landscape, saying, “This, then, is the third sign, the night of the bleeding stars. It will become known throughout the world, for the sky in all lands will be red with the blood of the sky, day and night. It is then, with this sign of the third probable future, that there is no longer hope. Life on the Earth as man has lived it will come to an end, and there can be no turning back, physically or spiritually. It is then, if things are not changed during the second sign, that man

will surely know the destruction of the Earth is at hand. It is then that the children of the Earth must run to the wild places and hide. For when the sky bleeds fire, there will be no safety in the world of man.”

Grandfather sat in shocked horror as the voice continued. “From this time, when the stars bleed, to the fourth and final sign will be four seasons of peace. It is in these four seasons that the children of the Earth must live deep in the wild places and find a new home, close to the Earth and the Creator. It is only the children of the Earth that will survive, and they must live the philosophy of the Earth, never returning to the thinking of man. And survival will not be enough, for the children of the Earth must also live close to the spirit. So tell them not to hesitate if and when this third sign becomes manifest in the stars, for there are but four seasons to escape.” Grandfather said that the voice and red sky lingered for a week and then were gone as quickly as they were manifest.

Grandfather did not remember how many days he’d spent at the mouth of the cave, nor did it make a difference, for he had received the Vision he had come for. It was in his final night at the Eternal Cave that the fourth Vision came to Grandfather, this time carried by the voice of a young child. The child spoke, saying, “The fourth and final sign will appear through the next ten winters following the night that the stars will bleed. During this time the Earth will heal itself and man will die. For those ten years the children of the Earth must remain hidden in the wild places, make no permanent camps, and wander to avoid contact with the last remaining forces of man. They must remain hidden, like the ancient scouts and fight the urge to go back to the destruction of man. Curiosity could kill many.”

There was a long silence, until Grandfather spoke to the child spirit, asking, “And what will happen to the worlds of man?” There was another period of silence until finally the child spoke again. “There will be a great famine throughout the world, like man cannot imagine. Waters will run vile, the poisons of man’s sins running strong in the waters of the soils, lakes, and rivers. Crops will fail, the animals of man will die, and disease will kill the masses. The grandchildren will feed upon the remains of the dead, and all about will be the cries of pain and anguish. Roving bands of men will hunt and kill other men for food, and water will always be scarce, getting scarcer with each passing year. The land, the water, the sky will all be poisoned, and man will live in the wrath of the Creator. Man will hide at first in the cities, but here he will die. A few will run to the wilderness, but the wilderness will destroy them, for they had long ago been given a choice. Man will be destroyed, his cities in ruin, and it is then that the grandchildren will pay for the sins of their grandfathers and grandmothers.”

“Is there then no hope?” Grandfather asked.

The child spoke again. “There is only hope during the time of the first and second signs. Upon the third sign, the night of the bleeding, there is no longer hope, for only the children of the Earth will survive. Man will be given these warnings; if unheeded,

there can be no hope, for only the children of the Earth will purge themselves of the cancers of mankind, of mankind's destructive thinking. It will be the children of the Earth who will bring a new hope to the new society, living closer to the Earth and spirit."

Then all was silent, the landscape cleared and returned to normal, and Grandfather stepped from the Vision. Shaken, he said the he had wandered for the next season, trying to understand all that had been given to him, trying to understand why he had been chosen....

Grandfather had had this Vision sometime in the 1920s, and now it was 1962, and still there were no great famines, and certainly no holes in the sky.

Pages 125-133

Excerpt about Tom Brown's vision quest near the gravel pit in the Pine Barrens:

I could feel my body and mind begin to slip away. Reality no longer existed and I could not think at all. I had the sense that I had awakened from a bad dream, but what I had awakened to, I could not comprehend. The world, my world, had changed. The pit lay before me as always, but all around things were different. The once lush Pine Barrens that had framed the edge of the excavation were now wilted and dying. There was no sound or motion. The air was thick with the smell of caustic chemicals and mingled with that of rotten flesh. As I looked to the sky the stars dripped great drops of blood that fell to the Earth with a searing and thunderous crash. The stars and the sky were red, blood red, and I grew so sick that I couldn't breathe.

I lay gasping at the edge of the pit, trying to get my breath and settle my stomach. It was then that I noticed that the entire floor of the excavation was covered with bodies. Bodies of humans, young and old, badly scarred, partially clothed, and almost fully rotted, lay from one end of the pit to the other. The stench was so sickening that it made my eyes water. The horror of it all terrorized my very soul, and the reality was too much to bear. I couldn't run; no matter how much I struggled to stand, I was held fast to the Earth.

I heard voices and the sound of light footfalls on the gravelly earth below me. A surge of hope welled up in my chest and I struggled to the edge again. As I looked down into the misty grayness of the pit I saw a line of children, stalking into the pit. As they went along, they looked around carefully. Some held clubs, others held spears made from broom handles, all of them were sparsely clothed, very dirty, and terribly thin. They seemed frightened, yet they appeared to know what they were doing and where they were going.

I pulled back from the edge again and lay on my back, trying to clear my mind of this nightmare. It was then that I heard a crunching sound that drew my attention back to the edge. As I carefully peered over the edge I gagged at what I saw, barely able to

control my stomach. The children were tearing at the bodies. Some of the children were feeding on limbs and fingers, others were feeding on the internal organs, and all were covered in rotted flesh, blood, and maggots. I could bear to look no more and pulled back from the edge again, unable to understand or even think.

The sound of a truck coming to the edge of the pit startled me. At the far end of the pit a huge dump truck was backing to the edge. I looked down to see if the children were still there, but they had vanished. I caught sight of some of the children hiding behind a large pile of bodies, watching as the truck approached the edge. It was obvious that they did not want to be seen. Suddenly the truck began to dump its load over the edge of the excavation. To my absolute horror the truck was dumping a load of bodies. These bodies looked even more emaciated than the ones in the pits. Apparently most of these people had died of starvation.

I watched the truck pull away. Armed guards stood on its sides as it slowly rumbled up the road, then disappeared in the dusty horizon. The children below me came out of hiding and cautiously began to make their way to the far end of the pit. Some of the children could not have been over six years old, with the oldest being about eleven or twelve. As they reached the pile of fresh bodies they began to feed on the flesh with a ravenous appetite. They seemed to care little that they were eating humans, nor did they let down their guard as they fed. They reminded me more of a pack of feral dogs feeding in a dump than a group of humans.

Suddenly a shot rang out from across the pit, and a young boy fell from the top of the body pile, blood pouring from his chest. Then another shot and another child fell, then another and another. The children ran through the body dump and up the distant bank, heads held low and zigzagging as they ran, which told me that they had been through this before. Four children lay dead on the body piles, and one wounded child in apparent agony was trying to crawl to safety. Another shot and the child was dead. My mind was so sick with horror that I was paralyzed, unable to even think of helping. The whole scene was so alien to me that I could not rationalize it, for now I was running almost purely on the instincts of the primal mind.

I watched as a group of men, dressed like bedraggled soldiers, stalked over to the edge of the pit. They scanned the pit and the walls, guns ready, as if at any moment they would be attacked. Finally three of the men entered the pit and headed for the dead children as the others stood guard. The men in the pit gutted the children, much like a deer hunter guts and field-dresses a deer, then pulled the children back up to the distant lip of the excavation. A strange four-wheel-drive vehicle, also camouflaged, entered the scene and a fire was started. The men now seemed more relaxed and began to joke around and talk loudly.

I watched them for what seemed like hours. They cooked one of the children on the fire and began to feast. The other children's bodies were tied onto the vehicle's hood, bumpers, and roll bar. I noticed that one of the men urinated into a can and

passed the can to another, who drank it down. Just as they got into the vehicle and began to drive off, more shots rang out and the car crashed into a pile of bodies that lay on the top of the ridge road. The children who had originally been in the dump had ambushed the men and had burned the vehicle. They collected all the guns quickly and returned to what remained of the Pine Barrens. The whole thing happened so fast that I could barely keep account of all the killing.

For the next several hours, nothing moved. The stench of the rotting bodies and the caustic air was all that existed. It was then that I noticed that one of the men had only been wounded and now slipped quietly down the road. Instinctively I followed, cautiously watching the landscape for any movement. There were no animals, no birds, and no living plants. There wasn't any sign of water, and the only animal life seemed to be the persistent flies and carrion beetles. I followed the man for hours through the dead landscape, as the air grew thicker with smoke and the caustic bite of chemicals.

In the distance I could see the rubble of a city, and I cautiously got as close as possible. The once proud city lay in ruin. The air was thick and more choking than back at the pit. People lay dying and bodies were piled along gutters. Some of the bodies had been eaten. Smoldering fires held the remains of charred human bones, and people drifted around in the littered streets as if in a daze. I passed what appeared to be a store, and hanging from hooks were parts of human bodies. People seemed to be buying these as one would a side of beef. Canisters of what looked like murky water lay at the back of the store, watched over by an armed guard. Everywhere was suffering, death, and the most vile pollution.

I wandered the streets in a daze, too numb to think or react. I realized that these people could not see me, for I was a ghost from the past and not of their world. The more I wandered and saw, the more I cried. Surely I knew that this would become the possible future that the prophecies spoke of. As I began to walk back in the direction of the pit an old man approached me, apparently able to see me. His face was drawn, full of oozing sores, his body frail with starvation. He looked me right in the eye and screamed in a feeble voice, "Why have you done nothing? Why have you sentenced me to this living hell?" he paused, looking into my eyes for a long time, then said, "is this the legacy you have left for me Grandfather?" then I awoke back at the edge of the excavation. All had returned to my reality.

I was so shaken from the dream or the Vision, I did not know which it had been. I was aware that a considerable amount of time had passed, for there was evidence of rain, and the trees had grown paler and drier. I could have been gone for a day or a month, I did not know, nor did I know where I had been or how I had gotten there. I vividly remembered that world of death, and especially the old man's words. Could this be my grandchild, or great grandchild, and what did he mean by my legacy? I surely was not responsible for any destruction of the cities or for the death of those children. Surely he did not mean me.

It was then that I remembered what Grandfather had told me. That we are all responsible, for we are all part of the spirit-that-moves-in-all-things. So then I was responsible for this and I had nothing to prevent it from happening. I felt sick, for this old and frail man could have been my grandson, or anyone's grandson; it made no difference, for we are all family and all responsible. I again remembered his words. "What have you done? What have you done?" I again lost the reality of time and place and slipped back off into the abyss of emptiness.

To my horror I was back in that world of possible futures. I lay again at the edge of the pit, still strewn with bodies and filled with the vile stench. As I rose from the ground I looked across the pit, and on the distant edge sat the old man I had seen in the city. He appeared to be praying, as his position was bent toward the ground in an attitude of reverence. I stalked around the edge to where he sat, and as I approached him, he spoke to me again. Without lifting his head he said, "You do whatever you must, but you can never run away." With that he lifted his head, and there in front of him was a tiny seedling, his hands cupped lovingly around its leaves. He said again, "You do whatever you can, no matter how little you feel it may be." With that he vanished, and I returned to my place at the edge of the pit of death.

I sat for a long time trying to think and to put everything I had learned into some order. But the stench of death disallowed any clear thought. The horror of it all overwhelmed me. This was a place where nothing really existed. There were no plants or animals, and death was the only escape. The spirits did not even come to this world, for the battles now raged in the world of spirit, and this world had long been forgotten. Here the demons had won. Man's greed and hatred had finally been rewarded. This was the fruit of man's labors. These were the sins of man's grandfathers and grandmothers and the results of living a life chasing the false gods of the flesh. This was a world without spirit, without hope.

The call of a hawk sounded, and I looked up and across the pit. There on the far side stood a group of people, so unlike the ones in the city. These people were healthy, yet they carried no weapons, nor were their faces wrought with anger. Instead they glowed with an inner peace and an outward happiness. They met the old man, hugged and kissed him, and turned not to the city but to the wilderness. In them I could feel a hope, a new hope. As the destruction of man lay all around them I felt that they held the answers to a new tomorrow. Truly, I thought, these must be the children of the Earth. "It doesn't have to end this way," a voice said. I turned abruptly toward the voice. Standing before me was the man in white robes I had seen in the Vision that had driven me to this quest.

It was not Jesus, as I first suspected, but a young Native American dressed in white buckskin robes. Quilled onto the robes were various signs of the Earth, Spirit, and the Creator. As he stood before me I had the deep feeling that I somehow knew who he was, but I could not place his face, though that was also very familiar. I thought that I might have possibly seen his picture in a history book, but that seemed too farfetched. He seemed to possess a knowledge that caused him to glow, a knowledge

that I so desperately wanted and needed. Around him seemed to be an aura of peace, and though he was quite young, it seemed to me that he was a shaman.

As he spoke, the distant sky tolled with thunder and the Earth trembled. He gave me no chance to speak but said, "You have seen the stars that bleed and witnessed the destruction of the possible futures. You have seen the sick and barren Earth, the hatred, the destruction, and the Vision of your grandchildren dying. You have seen the children feed upon the remains of the children and you have seen an Earth of no spirit or hope. This is not the possible future but the probable future, and all that you have seen will come to pass. You are responsible for this future. So, too, are all the rest. All those who have run to the mountains and wilderness to hide are responsible, like all those who chased the false gods of the flesh. There are no innocent, except for the children who die in this place."

The spirit continued, saying, "The old man asked what you had done to prevent this, and you had no answer. Nor have you even thought to answer, for you have done nothing. For you, who has borne witness to this land of death, there can be no answers, for there can be but one question. When will you do something to stop this death? Only when you have worked to save the Earth and the grandchildren can you have any answers. Only when you no longer run away and hide can there be hope. To run and hide in wilderness is to be responsible for the death of the world. There can be no running away for those who love."

"But what can I do?" I asked. "I am only a child, a small and weak voice in a land that hears nothing but money and power."

"You cannot change things by thinking about changing things. You must do something, not talk or dream. The only answers lie in teaching people and leading them back to the Earth and the spirit. All other methods of change are temporary and shallow. You can only change things changing the hearts of man. Each man must change before society changes, for it is the individual that contributes to the society, the wars, the hatred, and the destruction of the Earth. So then, if enough men and women are reached, the course and destiny of the flock will change. To teach and to lead is to love."

The spirit vanished into a violent flash of lightning, and the Earth trembled with the thunder. I was back in my own time and place, seated on the lip of the excavation and filled with the words of the spirit. I knew then that someday I would have to leave the wilderness and try to do something to change the probably future. For me there could be no running away, for I had to do something, no matter how small and feeble I thought my voice might be. I was ready and willing to give up my dreams of wilderness to live my Vision. I did not know how or when, but I had to follow that Vision, and that Vision would provide the way.

Through the flashes of lightning I could see another man approaching me, again wearing a white robe. I ran from the hill to meet the spirit in the pit and to thank

him for his wisdom and for the truth. I stumbled before the spirit and fell, exhausted by the quest. I looked up into Grandfather's face, his buckskin robes white against the dark sky, and I saw the quillwork of Earth, Spirit, and the Creator. Crying, Grandfather said, "Welcome to the Vision of Love, Grandson." And my forty-day quest was over, forever changing my life.