

CROSSING Bridges

Andrea Wady



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN - ZEUS

My regeneration

My hooves were strengthening and my body was morphing into health. Ever since I was torn from my mother, it had become a shadow of what nature had intended. Years of solitary confinement, season after season of competition, the bad fitting equipment while carrying obese tourists on the ride of their lives—it had all wrecked my body. This was the body my soul had chosen to carry it through the journey of life, and to feel it regenerating was such a joy. All the abuse had taken what I had thought was an irreparable toll. A neck pain that had plagued me for most of my life, soreness in every joint, even my skin had hurt at times, the connection to the muscle a painful reminder of all the times I missed in the life I should have had.

But I understood the impermanence of everything, how changing your circumstances can change everything in a heartbeat. The body knows how to heal itself, as does the soul. Just like a

withered plant given soil and water, the nutrients of life flows through it and restores it to its former glory.

As Andrea and I traveled step by step through the mountains, through rivers and across fields, the backdrop of pain that I had lived with my whole life was leaving me. I completely surrendered and allowed the healing to wash through me. I felt youthful and energetic. My muscles were growing, my hooves felt strong. I was being reborn on those hard, mud packed paths.

When we are a part of All that is, it matters deeply which body we choose to travel in, which life lessons we choose to play out and learn from. I had thought mine was to deal with a stolen destiny, a life full of pain and without love. It seems the universe had more adventures in store before I returned to the vast openness from which I came. I knew enough not to question. I was all in and enjoying every step. My friends around me were blossoming too. Even Apollo looked happy from time to time. But no one was enjoying this more than Miska. I knew from the energy I felt when the women had assessed her that they thought she was incapable of this trip. The superficial nature of their assessment missed the depth of her soul. Except for Liana. Collectively we recognized her as closer to All that is than the others and she alone saw into that beautiful little black mare's heart and felt the power. Miska was bonding deeply with Liana and was taking her role seriously. Not the role of pack horse—that was an outer body experience—the role the universe had given the three of us: to open our humans to All that is.

Leaving nothing but hoof prints as we climbed that mountain, Miska was busy chipping away at the giant fortress of protection

that Liana had built around herself. I didn't understand the details, that wasn't my destiny. I had my hands more than full with Andrea. But as they twisted around the trails, fording the pristine rivers ahead of us, I would pass pieces of Liana's resistance left on the trail. Attached to leaves, floating in the river, and crumbling in the dust beneath our feet, her past hurts discarded. I bore witness to the pain and suffering deep in her heart once and for all released and being reabsorbed by nature.

By the end of each day, we had left behind us a trail of put downs, scarring insults, and broken hearts. The invisible energetic waste dropped in handfuls from Elsa's straightening back, stripping back from Andrea to show her true and beautiful heart. Mile after mile they walked, incline after incline they laughed, cried, and found stillness. In their stillness we were waiting, joining in their breath, calming their hearts, and silencing their chattering minds. In this universal stillness, we find the answers to everything.

As a herd we realized early on that layers and layers of interference blocked our voices—it was the reason they could not hear us or receive our messages. Experiences gathered, harsh words received, rejection worn like a badge. Nature sets up all creatures with a way to communicate with all that's around them. Messages from their kind, their friends in the forests, the fields and the earth itself. Animals know when to rest. When they are sick, they go still. When it goes cold, they know to huddle and sleep. When they need to move, they move. When they need to eat, they eat, but just enough to bring them back into balance. Humans had become so busy that the gentle waves that drove this instinct, the subtle guides

sent from the source were lost, drowned out by the incessant modern world and its traps for their race. Too many words, too many opinions, moving too fast for too long, the inability to rest, striving for the endless shiny immaterial trinkets they gathered. Like the cowboys stuffing their hats with the green back dollars earned by my pain, they had cut the very strands that held them to All that is.

Our part in all this was to bring these three women back. We watched them, felt them, and tested them. Step by step, mile by mile, we were gently picking at the edges of the labels the human experience had stuck all over their souls, peeling them away just enough so that they would eventually hear us.

We too had navigated a life full of hurt, pain and suffering. In life this can't be avoided. But we had never lost our connection, we had never closed, we were still open to All that is. We lived purely in the moment.

Gone were the women's cries of "we will never make camp by dark," silenced were the "we need to film that bit again." No longer did they worry that we were too fast or too slow or too distracted. Stilled were their racing minds.

They were joining us, piece by healed piece in the glorious here and now.