



from  
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## ***“Those Dancing Feet”***

**by Ruth Eichler, following her first Sun/Moon Dance in July 2003**

At the Sun/Moon Dance, there were surprises even though I'd let go of all outcomes.

“The dance will be what it will be,” I had said.

One of the surprises concerned rest periods, more and longer than I'd anticipated. The dance periods varied in length from as short as ten minutes to as long as an hour or more, depending on what the chief intuited was needed. I had no idea since I was in a timeless space and had mercifully left my watch at home. My husband, Vic, later informed me of the temporal side.

I only learned after the dance that the visions often occur during these resting periods and that the rests are as much a part of the dance as the up-on-your- feet-dancing-toward-the-pole times. However, I slept for some of almost every rest period, oblivious to any conscious visions. Even on regular days when a nap is possible, I usually only sleep fifteen or so minutes, so to sleep so often and so thoroughly, including at night, was another surprise.

We're not supposed to talk about the big spiritual whammies for six months, but my dance didn't seem to be about visions and revelations as much as actually experiencing Being in my heart and body. In fact, that was one of my desires.

Back to surprises, I had thought that I would probably walk most of the dance to strategically conserve my energy so that I could make it through the whole dance. I have walked for probably half of the time in the three Long Dances I have done. But Spirit seemed to take over, and the other six women dancers inspired me. Instead of trudging back and forth to the pole, I danced every single time except for one trip up and back from the pole. I was surprised that my feet found their style and steps, just as each dancer's did. I was surprised how light and free I felt and how my feet knew just how to move in spite of knotted calf muscles, intense energy was coursing through my Being. I was surprised how on Monday morning, with no food or water since Friday afternoon, an infusion of joy sprang up, and I danced with celebration and jubilation, as did all the other dancers.

Vic, who had attended the dance to support me, was cracked open and blown away by the dance, a surprise to him and me both. He believed that the dancers' sacrifice was also for the greater whole, the greater good of humanity.

When I began writing these kinds of “writes” three years ago, I often wrote about my longing to dance. I thought maybe I should sign up for dance classes, but I didn't. Little did I know at the time that I don't have to learn to tango or waltz or perform ballet. Perhaps unbeknownst to my tiny, limited personality self at the time, the real call was to these kinds of dances. Being a Sun/Moon dancer or even a Long Dancer isn't exactly a Zorba the Greek dancer. The dances are really answering the question, “How can I serve?”



## **“A Place of Residence”**

A friend called today after the Dance and talked about our place of residence, meaning, I believe, the place of consciousness to which we resonate and can sustain. I think of it somewhat like an elevator. We may live on the second floor, but we might occasionally take the elevator up to the fifth floor for a brief visit, and we cannot sustain at that level because it is beyond our resonance. Or we might occasionally visit the basement or first floor, but we don't live there. And we sometimes move to and take up residence on a higher floor. She says I have taken up residence at a higher level and am now being inspired from a higher level.

Mostly I don't think about these changes much, but yesterday I witnessed the effect at the Sunday morning gathering at the peace chamber. I led the group and used “Gratitude” as a theme. The inspirations I shared seemed to emanate more from my heart than from my mental self. During the silent meditation, I seemed to be informed about what to speak about - how I grew up with constrained emotions with my multigenerational lineage of hard working, homesteading, farming ancestors where emotions were a luxury. I shared about my deep gratitude: the ability to express emotionally now; the Kansas prairie and its beauty; the less harsh Michigan climate; Vic and the things we do together that neither of us could do alone, and how he was my supporter at the dance. I wept as I told these stories. The response was electrified and warm. I felt different, yet unless someone was astutely tuned in to energies, I am not sure they would know anything was different. However, Vic was glowing and kept saying what a good morning it was. Then he asked if I would like to go out to lunch. “We need to celebrate,” he said. We drove all the way to Colon to go to the River Lake Inn – the place with bluebird trails, wildflowers, and hummingbird feeders on every window. A hummingbird graced our window during most of lunch. Both Vic and I seemed to be in an afterglow.

*texts from “Ruth Writes” journals kept by the author*