

**I visited Yellowknife, Northwest Territories of Canada for two weeks in August. I met so many wonderful and fascinating people. I plan to go back during the last week of January and the first week of February 2002. (You are invited!)**

**The following is edited out of a page from my journal. It is a story taken from the book "Grandmother" by Elaine Woodward. (Wordcrafting Publications, Box 1742, Yellowknife, NT X1A 2P3)**

**Elaine is a wonderfully sensitive healer (Reiki Practitioner). I had the honor and the privilege of doing a guided breathing session with her, her husband Terry and her son Matt. Elaine's personal story is an inspiration.**

**She survived a very violent abusive relationship, and she lost her sister in a fire. When Elaine was nine months pregnant, she was being flown to the hospital to deliver her child when the plane crashed, forcing her to swim the icy lake to shore! It seems that she has used every life experience to become wiser and more loving.**

**Elaine read several of her poems to the group at my seminar and gave me a copy of her book. I read it on the plane, as I was reviewing and remembering all that had happened during my visit to Yellowknife. When I read the following story, I was deeply moved. In fact, I found myself weeping uncontrollably while the stewardess supplied the tissues! It took me a while (about a week) before I could read about these "travelers in the night" without feeling deep emotional releases.**

**Some of you may know my history with the Chief Seattle Letter (It is posted elsewhere on the site). 20 years ago when I read that letter from Chief Seattle to the U.S. President for the first time, it caused very similar reactions in me. I could not read that letter without experiencing emotional catharsis. Again, I find myself touched in this profound and mysterious way by the words and the spirit of the Native Americans.**

**Thank you for your story Elaine, and for the healing that it brought to me. And thank you to Grandmother Victoria (who lived to be 100 years old). Like many simple, loving and wise native people, her presence on this earth was, and obviously still is, a blessing.**

## ***Travelers Of The Night***

***My grandmother Victoria, lived alone in a small cabin by the Slave River, where on a crisp morning in the fall, one could hear the roar of the Rapids of the Drowned throughout the town of Fort Smith. This one room cabin was her home for 52 years, and contained the basic necessities. Nothing more. She raised her children in this small home of hers.***

***She was 87 years old when she became very ill with pneumonia. It was during the cold month of March. For five days, she lie in her bed, feverish and unable to move. During***

*that time she was in and out of consciousness. Without fire in her wood stove, her home was freezing.*

*I was away on a trip and upon returning, found her lying in bed, feeling weak, dehydrated and cold. I chopped some wood, started a fire in the wood stove, and made her soup. As she sipped her tea, she told me this story:*

*“I received visitors while I was sick. They were a small group of native people who traveled from another place. They spoke a language and wore clothing that was very different from us Chipewyan and Cree people. They came into my home and gathered around my bed, in a circle.*

*The leader, a young man, wore a headband and a beaded jacket. The beaded pattern was not like ours. He began to speak to me, but I did not know what he was saying. I lay on my bed feeling very ill but safe within their circle. This young man took some medicine from his bag and placed it – here on my chest. Then he began to pray and the others joined him in prayer.*

*He spoke to me again, and this time I understood him. He said they must continue their journey, and that some day I would join them. They would return for me. They left and I awoke. It was dark in here.”*

*Although my grandmother refused to go to the hospital, I felt she would regain her strength. She asked me to prepare a ‘mustard pack’ for her chest and proceeded to tell me how. In a week, she was feeling well enough to go on her daily walks through the village and visit with her old friends. She walked because her soul was not yet free to soar.*