

Trading Post Kachinas

H EY - HEY - HEY - H EY - HEY - H EY

As I browsed amongst the antique oak glass cases of old pawn jewelry, through stacks of Navajo blankets and rugs, the dusty pottery and curios, I heard their sublime call. My eyes panned the room and there they were, like a chorus line from the Spirit world, frozen in their dance.

H EY - HEY - HEY - H EY - HEY - H EY

What was this mysterious chant silently emanating from their static bodies flowing into my mind?

It was unsettling as a few months before this chant had come to me in a dream. As they stood guard in the window over looking the giant red rocks silently emitting their song, my camera was aimed, their decorative forms in the viewfinder, the shutter was pressed. Back home and in the studio they serenaded me while working on the print and as I moved through my day.

H EY - HEY - HEY - H EY - HEY - H EY

As mentioned, for months before and after taking this photograph I had been hearing this chant in my head. I would be lying in bed at 2 a.m. hearing it, or it just whispered in daily activity. I was told as a child that my father's mother had Native American heritage. Who knows? Was it my Indian roots calling? There has always been an attraction to the beauty of how the world of spirit played such a dominant role throughout each day for the Native Americans.

Researches into Native American chants lead me to The Rainbow Fire Chant. My inquiry helped to determine that it was this chant I heard whispering in my sleep and waking hours. The translation of the chant is a call for us to clear our minds of the illusions of the world and bring our thoughts and actions into harmony with the cosmos, and through our deeds and actions we can do our part to make the world a better place. Wow! I thought after reading this. I better get with the program!

H EY - HEY - HEY - H EY - HEY - H EY

E. McD March 23rd, 2018

