



The Billowing, a True Story

by Margo Ross Sears

On a bright humid spring day in a southern Virginia glade, a snake died at the hand of a human. Not quietly. And not without sacred ceremony&albeit a sublime ritual which was witnessed only by a sensitive few.

Of course, it was a poisonous snake&a beautiful copperhead. Ironically, the cold-blooded animal had warm rust-colored scales with the distinctive diamond-shaped pattern down his graceful spine. He lived in an abandoned woodpile by the labyrinth we were building. And there is also where he died.

First, he showed his shiny head&perhaps to lick-sniff the encroaching two-leggeds. However, for the safety of nearby children, the first gunshot broke the copperhead in twain. Thus began an eerie, but clearly ethereal, moment in time. From somewhere, a very low, quiet, mysterious hum faded into existence like an engine approaching from far away.

Also nearby, a tenderhearted observer sensed the creatures predicament. She asked the snake shooter to put the animal out of its suffering. Obliging from compassion, the second ringing blast instantly disintegrated the jerking head into nothingness. It suffered no more.

The tender-heart was shaken and experiencing profound angst at the apparent travesty. She understood the need to protect people, but she subscribed to the inherent sacredness and purpose of all beings, too. Also, a medical nurse and Reiki Master, the drive to heal and not injure ran deeply in her. The juxtaposition of those realities clashed first in her mind, and then in her soul. Instinctively, she turned to her spiritual mentor and walked into my arms. She laid her salty chin on my shoulder, held her breath and pressed her eyes shut.

The air around us continued to subtly rumble and vibrate with leftover shot echoes. Familiar warm energies, and an angelic eeriness soon followed. Then, both my physical and etheric bodies became aware of a slow upward billowing sensation which, along with the soft rumble, was rising from somewhere below us. Moreover, the intangible energy around trees, our friends, the Snake, and us became a swirling peach-yellow-white hue. It all felt genuinely forgiving, happy, and calm, yet with a slight twinkling effervescence. I took a half step to rotate my grieving friend just a bit and felt around us. Yes, this pleasant, vague billow was emanating from the Snakes woodpile behind her.

I silently inquired of The One, is this what I think it is? and Spirit confirmed&we were indeed experiencing the departure of the spirit of our Snake friend. Next, the sensation crescendo-ed to an exquisite and final release. The amazing feeling was perfect, loving, soft, forgiving, infinite, electric and divinely joyful. It was an ultimate healing journey of returning to the Light.

Can you feel that, Ayla? I whispered to the sensitive soul in my arms, Hes going home! Hes leaving now, hes not suffering anymore! Isnt that wonderful? She nodded, sniffed and leaned back for a wipe. I held her elbows while she spoke and tears rode across her pinked cheekbones.

I feel it, I know&and I understand why it had to be done&its just brought it home&the sheer injustice of man upon nature, Europeans upon native Americans, and all that, she said in quiet angst. Her hands still quaked. I felt the healing energy rolling up from me, and from the growing billow, and from Everywhere&seeking, flowing, mending. So, I cradled Ayla again while placing my hands on her back over her heart to give it Reiki healing.



The lovely celestial welling of Brother Snake rose passed our shoulders and past our heads. The upward sensation made my scalp and sinuses tingle. At about ten feet above ground, the billow seemed to expand quickly, and then simply popped. Colors, sensations, and energy gently showered down and dissipated everywhere in a thin gossamer cascade. It was a sanctuary of forgiveness and cosmic grace, a return to the Universal Oneness...all equilibrium restored! Because Brother Snake died.

Ayla visibly relaxed and stood upright on her own now as her pall also lifted. The shooter, a master energyworker and Native American herself, felt deep concern for Ayla and for her Brother Snake. For the next week, solace was shared as we touched on the blessings of Snake Medicine. Snake totems denote a major transition time, rebirth to a higher awareness, powerful healing gifts, sexuality, mystic insight, and much more.

My tenderhearted friend has other personal and powerful poisons afoot in her life. She is going through several transitions to mend herself, consciously and unconsciously. She is waiting for her cosmic billowing to begin.