

Trumpeter (1990)

ISSN: 0832-6193

COMING HOME: A STORY OF PRINCE WILLIAM
SOUND

David La Chapelle
Northeast Land Trust

David La Chapelle is an artist, writer and healer who lives in Juneau, Alaska. He has been guiding wilderness quests for the past 10 years. His writings include a study of the I Ching, and exploration of the Spiral as a symbol of evolution and numerous stories for the child in us which never grows up. His main teachers have been the Olympic Mountains, John Fire Lame Deer, Muktananda, Joel Kramer and the wilderness of Alaska. He is currently taking a break from Oil Spills and has to life his head to see the top of the mountain from his back door.

When the earth was new,
and the lands
were being gathered from the sky,
and purpose was given,
and the raw strength of stone
was like a jewel in the web of the body of the creator,
There and then,
when the destiny of all the lands
was given to the guardians of the peaks,
it was there,
at the beginning,
when life remembered
and was the great web of the body of the Great being,
it was then that the land was given a name.
it was given a name by that which moved
beyond it
and around it and through it,
and the land was told to be a heart.
And it was given rhythm
and it was told to beat firmly and strongly
and to be the pattern and the way
and to make mountains and sea,
to beat out the form of trees,
to make great ice sheets
to make great whales,
and hummingbirds.
The great beat of the heart would give salt
to the waters
and make the rivers run long and full
and with great strength through the land.
And the great beat of the heart was to make the salmon
plentiful,
to make the salmon like lighting in the sea,
to make salmon swim home.

And the great beat of the heart was to make this great
land
Home,
home to the eagles and to the stars,
home to the snows and home to everything
that flows through
its tender and pure waters.
And the great beat of the heart
was to hold the great ocean
and the great land in balance
and to give protection and make sacred
the sanctuary of the Sound
so that those who crossed its waters
would hear the heart beat and remember,
Home, we are Home.
And this heart was in the land
and in the wind
and in the trees
and it beat with great rhythm through millions of
years.
And it did not weaken with time
it only grew stronger,
gathering purpose, gathering strength,
so that the heart was strong enough to light the skies
at night
in weaving webs of color.
And the lights of the north would shine out across the
planet
and ancient tribes would look and see and know
that the messenger from the heart of the north was
still beating.
And for this they were thankful
for so many of them had passed through the sacred
waters
and were brought to this land to remember
the creator's ways
and through their lands and in these waters,
the great beat of the land gave them strength
and made them strong and kept them in remembrance
of the creator
and kept their ways pure,
kept their hearts open and they
remembered to live in balance and be one with this
land,
to be true to themselves and to the source of life
from which they come.

And the heart beat stronger,
it grew strong enough
to become quiet,
to become subtle,
to mix with the smell of spruce
and the currents of an ebbing tide,
it became subtle,
like the flash of salmon color in a fast moving stream,
it became subtle
like the slow and steady movement of the great glaciers
as they come home to the sea,
it became subtle
like the slow and steady movement of the great glaciers
as they come home to the sea,
it became subtle,
but the heart was still strong.
And the people who lived there,
who came to be next to this great heart,
they came to live gently upon the land.
They lived in myth and mystery.
They kindled camp fires that burned with the beat of
the heart
and in the embers of the fires
was the warmth of home which made even the rains
welcome.
And the land and the people, they were accord and beat
as one.
And they were strong
and they were meek
and did tell of the heart beat
because they were not separate from it
And the great migrations began
of peoples and
salmon, of Humpbacks
and trumpeter swans,
of Arctic terns and Orcas,
of geese and of the seasons,
and it was good
and it was made that way by the creator
so that all beings would remember to come home.
And each migration that passed,
each bird that sailed in the sky, each eagle that flew
home,
each whale that sang of home,
each being would remember, home, home, home.
And to this great land that was home

came a strange and homeless peoples,
a people which had forgotten the purpose of their
migration.
A wandering tribe which sought to fill the vacancy in
their hearts
with the pillage of the land.
This strange and wandering tribe knew little of home,
they knew little of the heart beat of the earth,
they knew little of what they did,
and they crossed this great heart of a land
like a blight
They wrenched metals from the earth,
they killed fish in the water with their dynamite
they brought strange and difficult diseases
they fashioned their world with great machines
and they were not able to hear the great beat of this
land
for they did not have the subtlety
to see the fish as they truly moved
or see the light upon the water
or see the hearts of the gentle people
which they forced from their hearths
And in the face of this wound
did the land falter?
No it did not.
it grew stronger,
it only reached deeper, the great heart beat
said home, this is home.

And so it came to be that some of the people
of the homeless tribe
lived on these shores long enough
so that as they would sleep
they would hear in the echo
of their dreams
something true, something pure
and something named home
and they would wake a little kinder
and little more full in their hearts,
and some of their pain was shed
like the snake's skin of the passing seasons.
And not all that came to this land could hear the beat
of the heart
and the ones that did and choose to live on these
shores
lay down their hearts on the land

they could call home
and they did not know that it was the beat of this
great land
that had healed them and gave them
what their own tribe could not
which was a home.

And it came to be that great ships passed through these
waters
great vessels of emptiness
which would fill their bellies with the rich black
blood o
the mother
and would carry it south
to fuel the great fires of consumption
which the wandering tribe had ignited to fill their
empt
hearts
And did the land falter? No.
it only bore the burden and kept the heart beating
and carried these great vessels of pain daily
on its waters
carrying the precious blood of the earth
and the sadness
of the people who called the ships South
And the weight of this burden
reached down into the heart of the Sound
and into the heart beat which had been wrapped
in such subtlety
for so many years
and the heart broke free
and with its beat drove a ship
onto a reef with the strength of its love
and said,
"a sacrifice is necessary."
And it called for the blood of the earth
which had been held in the vessel
and it said
"Come back to me, for I am home."
And as this blood covered the land
it flowed to remind everyone across a whole
planet,
all of those who listened across the whole world,
and it said to them
"You shall know that this is home."
And not an eye saw,

nor a heart felt this sacrifice
without knowing
that the Sound was a home.
With this sacrifice the great migrations
will begin again
and perhaps the wandering tribes
will shake off the burden of never having a home
and will come back to itself
and wear once again
the cloak of the greater web
of creation and the heart will beat
in harmony in balance.
And this oiled land did not falter,
its heart only beat harder
and the land reached out through all the great veins
of the world called many home
and it embraced those who stood helpless on its shores
and it listened to the grief in their hearts
and for every tear they cried
it showered them with love
And it gave them a home
a home worth caring about,
a home worth loving,
a home worth coming back to
A home.
And this was the gift of the creator
who so long ago,
so many cycles before
set the heart of this land a beat
this was the gift
And all the whales, all the birds
all the otters and all the hopes
which died in the black mother's blood
were called home,
to a true home,
to a home where they made a difference
to a home where they were loved
and to a home where they loved.

And that love poured down upon the
land in streaming light
and filled all the hearts
and it took all the tears and scattered
them upon the waters
and they glistened there, reflecting all the many kinds
o

love
like the scales of light on the waves as the sun sets
on th
heart beat of the Sound.

And the whales they sang their song
and the great migrations streamed across this land,
to Africa,
To Antarctica,
To the Great Plains
to South America
to All the world,
and the black blood of the mother
it went Home.

Citation Format

La Chapelle, David (1990) COMING HOME: A STORY OF PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND
Trumpeter: 7, 1. <http://www.icaap.org/iuicode?6.7.1.9>

Document generated from IXML by ICAAP conversion macros.
See the [ICAAP](#) web site or [software repository](#) for details