

## The Ghosts at Ghost Ranch

I first came to Ghost Ranch to be with Spirit -  
just a visitor here in the endless desert filled with  
breath-taking Neolithic forms.

Near my visit's end, with clear purpose, I followed a path up  
to the high mesa's edge.

I sat in silence with  
The tall orange white cliffs,  
The towering rock chimneys,  
The palisades of wind-swept, time-worn mountains.

They inspired me to love myself.  
They stunned me into solidity.  
They offered me a deep healing.

I accepted their gifts with grace.

The Rock people spoke of timelessness.  
These elders of Stone showed me what had  
been in my heart for many lifetimes:

Ghosts of shattered trust  
Ghosts of broken dreams  
Ghosts of lonely nights.

"Wind," I cried, "please blow these sad songs out of my heart.  
Make me worthy to step into my power at last."  
Wind honored me and answered with sudden currents:

whoshing, dancing, whirling around me,  
setting free the shadows locked away in my core.

I accepted Wind's healing with trembling and relief.

Crow appeared and circled high over the desertscape.  
"Crow," I echoed, "how you honor me to fly above – an omen in the  
sky. What wisdom do you bring?"  
Crow circled three times then soared away –  
taking the rest of my old pain far out over the canyon.

I accepted Crow's healing with awe and inspiration.

My ghosts had been spirited away like bad thoughts before a  
wedding, herded in flight over the open range of this magnificent  
ranch.

I came as a tourist to this high desert cathedral,  
where I received a powerful blessing from the majesty, wisdom, and  
compassion of Rock, Wind, and Crow.

Now I begin to understand the name of The Ghost Ranch.