

I spent some time this morning walking around the property and in the house in prayer and mediation with the cedar branch and pinecone in hand. The cedar has been highly revered for its spiritual significance for thousands of years. It's wood was used for the doors of sacred temples, the Ancient Sumerians believed the cedar tree was the abode of their chief god, the Bible has numerous references to the cedar, including its use in the Ark of the Covenant, while Native Americans used its materials for all sorts of things, including spiritual ceremonies, like today; and we often find cedar and pinecones in our Advent wreaths, representing the time of waiting, and anticipation. The prayer of the cedar is considered by many cultures to provide spiritual healing, protection, strength, and hope; while the pinecone symbolizes new life, and the resurrection. And so today, we too, respect and honor the tradition and symbolism of the cedar and the pinecone...

As I spent my time here this morning, with the quiet of the house, the gentle sounds of wind and rain, and the cry of the hawk, I felt this old place come to life! I imagined the laughter, silliness, and sadness, with children playing, swimming, running, chasing dogs, horses romping, and parents, and grandparents working... I imagined the love of learning, invention, and the strength of wisdom. Successes! But also, the shame and hardship of failures. I imagined holidays with the house filled with people, and the cold nights of January. I felt grief and death, but also, the joy of birth! And I felt the love of family, and friends.... There were many, many years of Life that happened, right here!... and now, because of all your hard work, passion, and your love of this amazing place, there's resurrection! Rebirth! There's Hope of many, many more years of life in this place... Listen now to the flute, go inward, pay attention to what you feel, what you imagine...

And so, with the tradition of the cone, the flute, and the cedar, I bless today, all of you, and this beautiful home....and new life.



May the Warm [Winds](#) of Heaven
Blow softly upon this house.
May the Great Spirit
Bless all who enter here.
May your Moccasins make
Happy tracks in many snows,
May the Rainbow always
Touch your shoulder.
And may the voice of the flute always be heard,
In the mountains that surround us.

~An adapted Cherokee Blessing Prayer