



NEWSLETTER

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THE STORYTELLER

THE MAGIC FLUTE

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There was a time long ago, after everything had been created, that all life was silent. Nothing moved. Nothing sang. The First Flute Player emerged from Mother Earth's womb and began his song. The first flute was long and deep-toned. The slow and low tones set in the Ley Lines surrounding Mother Earth. The First Flute player picked up the second, higher pitched flute, and sang in the Power Points. Then he played the third and smallest flute, singing in the very high pitched notes needed for the Vortexes - the points of transformation and traveling. The flute music began the hum of the Universe.

Here was the place where the four journeyed. Jan Seiden came from the East with new beginnings. Cecilia Turbyville came from the South with warmth and joy. Peter Phippen came from the North with clarity and purity of song. Feather came from the West to guide the group into the Cave of Darkness and Light.

October of 2006 was the time of the Flute Festival in Springdale, Utah. Some of those performing had heard of the Painted Cave with many Flute Players depicted on the walls. Feather agreed to take a small group to this rich Geo-Ritual Landscape, but only three showed up. These were the three who were meant to be there. Peter, the “Rock Star” of the Festival, a recording artist with Canyon Records, whose life had been changed 20 years earlier when someone handed him a bamboo flute. Peter left the life of a Rocker and moved into the Circle of Flutes, bringing the cold clear winds of Wisconsin. Jan brought the sounds and teachings of the flute from Maryland, and Cecelia brought joy and laughter from Georgia.

The view of the approach to the Cave includes the mountain profile of a lying down Old Indian Face, representing Father Sky. Next to him is Mother Earth, represented by the Turtle-shaped Red Mountain. And so began the journey of the four.

Peter insisted on shifting through the sand and sagebrush of the trail to the Cave in his tailored suit and shining black shoes. He carried his case of flutes, part of an exquisite and expensive worldwide collection. Peter was determined to let his flutes be heard inside the Cave, but also anxious about getting back in time for the Flute Reception.



The four snaked along through the strong smelling sagebrush and paprika colored sand for about a mile. As they neared the Cave, Feather pointed out the rock formations of the Midwives, who help the birthing process. Next was the impressive phallic rock structure that represents the Male Creative process. Looking up, one sees in the rock formation the leg and foot of a woman in the birthing position. All these natural symbols were in place when the paintings were begun in the cave, perhaps thousands of years ago.

The four respectfully entered the Cave, and so began the stories. The painted tales of the coming out of the darkness of the Underworld were told. Next

were the stories of this world and the Golden Flute Players. On the Cave wall, the figure with her ears up listened to the reclining flute player. And then there were two ancestor spirits, one gently handing a new flute to the other. Next began the story of transformation – of finding the way through the T-shaped portal into the Spirit World, and then to the Red Cross of Venus.



When the wonderful stories were completed, Feather noticed a yucca stalk on the floor of the Cave. The local yucca plants produce this stalk each year, and with winter, the stalk dies and falls off. Many people use them as walking sticks, because of their straightness and sturdiness. “But where did this come from?” thought Feather. “I cleaned the Cave earlier.” Just then Jan picked up the yucca stick to point at a figure and ask another question. The stick was then replaced on the floor of the Cave.

Feather then told Peter that he should now play the flutes that he had so carefully carried over the sand journey. He looked at his flute case, and then looked over at the Yucca stick, noticing that tiny critters had left holes in the old hollow stick.

“I think I can play the stick.” Peter surprised everyone with this statement.



He picked up the stick, and so began the music of the Yucca. With spiffy suit and shining shoes, Peter crawled up into the circular place below the Golden Flute Players, and began the haunting music. He felt the breath of Mother Earth coming out of the hole behind him, granting her approval of his music. Time stopped. The need to get back to the reception halted. The World stood still and the music of the ancient ones blended with the music of today. The Ancient Flute Players came alive with the breath of Peter. Plant united with Man. Past united with Present. The hum of the Universe was heard once again. We were one again.

EARTH: The Fourth Connection



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