



Mino Gezheb

There is an ice wind blowing outside and a light blanket of snow over the fields, this April morning. I am for the most part an early riser at this time in my

life. I have been watching Spring move in, birds return with their song. Life is present all around, reaching, responding as is the way of life....to make life.

I have found myself praying in the strong winds that were working to move this renewal in. Praying that this wind might move a way this illness, not only the

manifesting of this virus, but the forces that have created and cultivated its direction, use it to fulfill intentions that threaten life.

I have been reaching for hope, within all of March's movement. As strong wind and rain move Fall leaves from crevices in branches, take down branches

and expose the debris of the so called progress of modern living, across the land; coffee cups, plastic bags and wrappers. We have so abused our own lives

and each other's, so dishonoured creation in insidious small ways. We have destroyed mountains and dug out unimaginable deep crevices in the earth, creating

gaping holes across the land.

I watch Spring move in with breath and water, to create, stand outside with her with my tobacco, to continue to make that leap into faith. Faith that can cause

me to hold up my love of life, for my beloved family, chosen and blood, our children and their children, friends and colleagues, communities, within communities,

for all all life. It is through this love that I keep myself there; hold on.

I believe there is reason for us to feel afraid Good Humans. I understand, and often feel afraid too. We are in a time of unimaginable turmoil and scary change.

There is a shift to greater control and a meanness that's has been cultivated for years mixed in all of this.

I am sad to be at this stage of life knowing what my children and their children will be caught in, struggling to live in. What I have now, is my love, my caring

and my prayers. They are at the core of me, I am holding onto my belief that the universe cares, that there is a greater force prevailing.... In the same moment,

I call on this leap into hope for life to prevail. Hope that I might live to love, to create, to cross this bridge and have time to stand up for life, for love, be kind

honesty in my sharing and in my own small way nurture goodness. I am grateful for my teachings and I am clinging to them when I feel blinded by all this

destruction. I love and am so grateful for that love.

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