



THE END IS NEAR!

F O R T H O S E  
*with visions of the*  
A P O C O L Y P S E



Hopi Prophecy & Revolution



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# R U I N

If we do fall, let it be said that we tried, right up to the end, to hold fast to the path of peace as we were originally instructed to do by the Great Spirit. Should you really succeed, we will all realize our mistakes of the past and return to the true path—living in harmony as brothers and sisters, sharing our mother, the earth with all other living creatures. In this way we could bring about a new world. A world which would be led by the great Spirit and our mother will provide plenty and happiness for all.

God bless you, each one of you and know our prayers for peace meet yours as the sun rises and sets. May the Great Spirit guide you safely into the path of love, peace freedom and God on this Earth Mother. May the holy ancestors of love and light keep you safe in your land and homes. Pray for God to give you something important to do in this great work which lies ahead of us all to bring peace on earth.

*Hopi Elder Dan Evehema*



# When we awaken.



They think all things such as earth and heavenly bodies will last forever, but we know we have only one sun, moon and earth. If any of these were destroyed, replacing the balance would be impossible... We are going steadily downhill to ruins, we mean all men on earth.

*Hopi newsletter Techqua Ikachi, Issue 11*



There is much talk today among the people.

What will become of us?

We all sometimes look up at the sky and feel as though we've been abandoned. As though we are lost without a hope on a barren floodplain, and the wind blows cold and strong against our nakedness. How can we carry on like this, so desperate?

These walls, these buildings, are but ruins in waiting. Bound to fall as a stormcloud is bound to rain. In all directions, barbed wire and armies of watchful light. Some unwelcome force surrounds us, interrupting the majesty of the earth. On the beautiful river, a dam denies us love. People pass by, silent. How has it come to this, where everything feels wrong?

Everything seems a tragedy, barren streets leading nowhere, with nowhere else to go, and glaring lights. We live in the ruins to come, the ruins of our grandchildren—they hold us hostage, strangle us for years on end. When we are sure no strangers will hear us, we all talk about the end.

In the center of all life is a song, a song that mountains speak. It rises forth from the mayhem. You have heard it all along.

The rains are gentle, each step a reason. Never to return.

Om ho! YAH!

Shundahai my friends! Sipalas, peace.

The corn will grow. Peace will be. Winds will become pure as snow. Faith will carry us on its wings. We hold to the everlasting. We will live, my friends.

The seeds come forth, the prayers of all the spirits are with us. We have our guiding light. The seasons find their balance, the rivers find their way, the ruins become what they always have been.

The animals are happier, the buffalo return. Each one becomes three year by year. The people remember. The fences come down slowly.

Rattlesnakes and spiders are nothing to fear compared to prisons and wasted lives.

It is joy that dissolves our chains. Too long have we been downcast! Rise! Rise like mountain lions! Like a phoenix! Rise up from the ruins and into the light!

**RISE UP YE MIGHTY PEOPLE!**

They have built dams, and yet they wonder at the drought.

They light the darkness with false stars—and yet they wonder what has become of the light in their own eyes. Electricity is life force, harvested from rivers, from the earth, from the wind, the sun.

Building fences and walls, they wonder how the word came to feel so small, how they came to know so little.

They have cut down forests, and yet they wonder how the earth feels barren.

They've forgotten the trail of war and sorrow that led them here, and yet they wonder why so many tears well forth.

They have made men and women into windup dolls, and yet they wonder where the songs have gone. They've laid waste to all the blessed land, and yet they wonder why they cannot find peace. And the machines claw into the wilderness, into the Tao, the Way, into God.

But throw water upstream, it's bound to flow down again.

Build a sandcastle where the tide comes in, what can keep it standing?

When man makes war on God, his enemy surrounds him always. The air itself conspires for apocalypse. The sun itself rises to clear the way with armies of grass and pine.

The time has come. You cannot even live on the earth any longer, laying your faith in endless wilderness, wandering from low valley to high hill, sustained by the life that sustained our ancestors. There is nowhere left to go, everywhere is wanting.

In the last lonely places the mountain lions are starving and fearsome. The land seems strangely bare. The patterns of nature—the heartbeats of life—are off rhythm. The rains themselves seem confused. The plants and little animals grow weary and ragged. No one cares for them any longer.

But in our hearts we all remember better days, and somehow we feel that they may come again.



Someone goes into the mountains to search for a spring.

They find a cherry tree in blossom. They see that it has grown toward the sun. All the things a' growing follow the same sun, hold tight to the earth. A wordless prayer is passed.

Taking shelter together, they find friendly hands doing kind work. They share daring stories. The heart of this is like a well that all may draw from.

Mysteries appear. This is not the end!

Imagine an unbearable light.

Imagine that you hear a trumpet coming from beyond the grave.

Imagine the songs that weave all things together, a language that the mountains speak.

Everyone is so happy that they go outside, and throw rocks and laugh like little kids, and no one can restore order. Nah, we're alright.

The music plays. Why were we all so afraid? The Way will go on forever. The shade of trees moves, and the light of the sky changes, and yes the stars appear! and still the day goes on forever.

Here we are! Nothing disappears. The animals call out. The morning sun sends welcome. Our star! Good beloved shining! A sigh of relief falls across the earth.

Suddenly the world is filled with treasures, medicines, beauties—all for one another.

The seasons are not right. And neither do we feel right. In the woodlands all the animals seem sick. The trees grow strangely, as though plagued by cancer. The streams are starving, there are hardly any fish.

There is a famine, and the stormclouds do not touch the ground. Nothing is left holy by this war.

Many here have never seen the stars. Many more have forgotten. Their glory! What is there now besides a dusty moon, without the scent of evergreens? Rise up ye mighty people!

Have you forgotten the moon? It is not a painting on the wall. It is not yet a memory.

That same moon will light these ruins one day—the skeletons of walls casting shadows onto the broken stone.

Will it shine on silence only, everlasting, dead leaves alone stirring in long forgotten corners? Will the stars shine on unseen by beautiful eyes?

Will this be the end?

What is it you cherish most?

What is dearest to your heart?

It will come to wither.

Because all things come to an end, all things forever.

Hold to the truth, the everlasting.

That which gives life is forever unborn.

That which gives death never dies.

The man-made system cannot be corrected by any means that requires one's will to be forced upon another, for that is the source of the problem. If people are to correct themselves and their leaders, the gulf between the two must disappear. To accomplish this one can only rely on the energy of truth itself.

*Techqua Ikachi Issue 37*





There might be  
an old dried up root  
visible near you; get  
hold of it for support  
until you see the light..

*Techqua Ikachi Issue 11*



P R O P H E C Y

So it was predicted by the prophets, that one day we would encounter the presence of people of other races with ways different from our own. They will erect their own kingdom upon our land, they will pose as goodhearted. Their words will be charming and they will multiply like ants. We must not be deceived by them for the vines of their kingdom will spread throughout the land diluting and dissolving everything that gets in their way...

*Techqua Ikachi Issue 16*



J O Y

OM HO!

A lone cherry tree stands amongst the rubble. It has wandered here from high upon the mountain, where it snows. Grass surrounds it, growing thicker every year.

Blessed cherry tree! You were once a seed, whose breath remains unbroken from your ancestors so long before. Your roots grow with the ground. The soil is their shape. Your leaves grow with the wind, whose shape is theirs. Your flowers with the sun, whose bursting form is their own.

Within your branches there are no flower blossoms—and yet, flowers blossom! From one trunk so many cherries. All the stars are one.

The stag browses your cherries. He will carry them on.

The stag, who carries life through the ruins—through a graveyard of empires past—the stag whose seed is of the tree of life. The mountains stand above the bones of empire—whose seed was of the tree of knowledge. The tree that split the atom, the tree that split Adam.

Eden is within.

Old stories, stories told before there was a single gun. Visions brought in from the wilderness. Strange old words that have been handed down faithfully, awaiting the time their purpose is revealed.

Thunderheads form in the turquoise sky above a deep red mesa. Hopiland.

Here they tore down power lines and refused to have their sacred springs tapped by pipes and wells. Here they pray as they sow their humble fields, here hand down visions, waiting for the day of Purification.

What will become of us? Will we collapse into the ruins, or rise above them, like eagles on the wind?

The prophecy is a choice. It is not set in stone.

The lives of our grandchildren are in our hands.

Will we leave them ruins or will we resurrect them fields?

What did our ancestors decide? The same water that filled their cup fills ours. The same breath that filled their lungs fills ours. We must protect it now, in this darkest hour, or we fail all life. Will this be our legacy? Or will we triumph?

From one seed, many! Every year we could have more.  
Or do we side with poisoned stone?

The mountains sit in silence, but they are not idle.

Should we call this prayer?

The stars follow the easy road, all things cut with the grain. The Way is gentle, and in truth there is no straying from the road. Let us remember that life is good. That the laws of nature are for the good of all. And let us follow them.

We have a choice. Hold to the ruins as they crumble, or hold to the everlasting.



There is something about the air that gives the pine its needles, and gives us skin and hair.

The rattlesnake does not eat venom, and yet the blood of rabbits becomes venom in its teeth.

The hawk does not eat feathers when it eats a lizard, and yet the hawk has feathers.

The rock is not made up of petals, and yet flowers bloom from the earth.

What miracle is this?

What is this life?

What is this power, this will to healing, wholeness, the growing of seeds, the brooding in wombs?

What will it make of these ruins?

Forests, meadows, fields... Is this the end?

**Summer grasses—**

**All that remains**

**Of great soldiers' imperial dreams**

*Basho*



The prophecy awakens in those who see the storm coming, who hear silent thunder disquieting vacant hours, who feel the overcast like a blanket of sorrow so profound, a knowledge so ageless, that they cannot forget.

They were on a path towards the everlasting, although when the journey began they didn't know where they would go. They woke up to find themselves adrift in this eternity without an oar or guiding star. At the time it felt like suicide. And many went that way. Many have fallen on the path.

As a cold wind swept them up above the mountain ranges, they saw the ruins below, and the ruins within. They heard the call of freedom, and it was devastating. Flying with the eagle, they lost everything to the truth.

May those who have fallen find their peace. May no more lay down like shadows to wither into ashes. May spring always follow the winter of the heart. In all of us, and in the earth.

The Hopi play a key role in the survival of the human race through their vital communion with the unseen forces that hold nature in balance, as an example of a practical alternative to the suicidal man-made system, and as a fulcrum of world events. The pattern is simple. "The whole world will shake and turn red and turn against those who are hindering the Hopi."

Eventually a "gourd full of ashes" would be invented, which if dropped from the sky would boil the oceans and burn the land causing nothing to grow for many years. This would be the sign for a certain Hopi to bring out his teachings in order to warn the world that the third and final event would happen soon. That it could bring an end to all life unless people correct themselves and their leaders in time.

*Techqua Ikachi Issue 37*



# RENEWAL