

The Story of The Geese (self-forgiveness for the grieving)

There was a time when I called on animal totems, when I looked to the skies and the earth for answers to my pain. Many a morning, during the darkest of my days, geese would flock past my window. This had never happened before. Not in all the decades of my life. I kept seeing them, kept hearing them... so I turned to the totem...

Geese fly as a family, when one of the flock falls lame, two hang back until their loved one either perishes... or catches up to home.

This simple representation found in nature, of what it meant to love a person, carried me through five years of life. For some, they flew with their loved one for as long as they could, but they grew too lame themselves, and there was nobody flying beside them either. Others watched their beloved goose fall from the skies and land in the arms of The Light. Some needed more geese (it took three of our flock).

I knew that was what I was doing, somehow, I think it made it slightly easier to bear. You did it too, only you didn't realise it. You tried your best. No one could have asked for more from you, or your loved one, you know that.

All geese make it home, that's what I didn't realise back then... and it is those who have already perished that are sitting safely, loving us from afar, wishing our grief would end, as they wait for us to come home to them.

