

# Creations

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Dancing the Bones, Singing the Stones  
by Maria Mar

*"Sleep now, my friend, Sleep now, stone baby," I sang as I rocked the large stone in my arms. My dolls lay, dusty, on the shelves in my room. I preferred to play with the stones. They were better. They were alive.*



*"I want to be like you, tough, so that no one will hurt me," I said one day to my stone baby, as tears pooled on my cheeks. A rainstorm of pain and fury clouded the innocence again, I had been beaten with the leather belt which stung*

I shook on the mat, my body opening up, as if a forbidden fallen from a secret shelf, exposing the mysteries encoded Re-memembering myself. I was retrieving lost pieces of my self that had been opened, like a door concealed by the fog of amnesia that faded my consciousness as I grew up. The fog that helped me forget my childhood pain. My body opened up, and the fog

The painful, burning marks were swelling up inside me, engulfing my muscles, as fresh now as they had been in the days when I was swallowed by my mother and fell upon me with vindictive rage. It was not my mother beating me up. It couldn't be. It was someone else. It was loving and took care of me. This was someone else. It was

*beautiful, fragile flowers. I loved them. They were as vulnerable as my mother loved me. She hit me. My teacher had hit me, too. I hit the flowers. Hit them so that they would learn. So that they learned to be delicate, kind and beautiful because creatures who were like them were destroyed in this world.*

I was learning to repudiate the *Female Face of Power*. I was using my female gifts in order to survive in a world that abused them. Just as many people abused my mother because she was a woman, I abused the flowers because I was a child. Just as I abused the flowers because I was a child.

*I no longer felt the belt falling on my thick skin. I had been wearing it for so long.*

The memories ran through me, darting from my bones, shaking my nerves, shaking my muscles, opening my consciousness. How many more memories were hiding in me? How many more memories were forgotten in me?

Sometimes I wished I hadn't asked. But then, I would not have asked. Hundreds. Scores of memories from my childhood and adolescence, even from my adult life which had been erased from my memory through trauma or denial. Yet there they were, spinning in my nerves, locked in my muscles, waiting for me to find them. Waiting for me to myself.

"Early in your life the Veil of Forgetfulness fell over you, and you no longer see who you truly were, because you began to see only others," my Spirit-teachers taught me as my trembling self was held softly, embracing my Inner Child, feeling my heart once more and the joy of my soul.

Thus I began my *Re-remembering*. This was the process of retrieving, healing and integrating the pieces of my soul, my genuine Self that had been stolen from me. The path of healing that I gave me is the **Path of the Swan**,™ because, like the Ugly Duckling, I really am a beautiful swan. I needed to rescue the Female Power.

been stolen from me was the Female Face of God. I had lost control, aggression and competition with power, but that Power was missing its female side, and got me nowhere. I rejected which created so much violence. But having rejected as we are qualities that could bring balance to this definition of power, I assume my own.

The first step in *Re-membering* myself was to return to my body. Listen to my body. Breath. Such a simple gift. And yet I had stopped breathing. I stole little puffs of air, just as I stole time for myself and time for my own life. I did not want to be selfish. After a woman meant giving everything I was, had and wanted away.

During my healing I was given the Breath of Life so that I could reclaim my inner space, my time for self, my rightful place in this life. I was given Medicines, experiences, memories, insights and tools to reclaim my body.

Your truth is in your body. Your body is of the wild. The Wild. You are one with Earth Mother. Your womb is one with her. Sacred. Female is sacred, my Spirit-teachers taught me as bones as my home once again.

It was then that I understood why we are destroying the Earth. The deep, spiritual and physical connection between femaleness and Earth. As patriarchy took control of the structures of power, the Power of Power was debased and women were enslaved.

The **Mother's Circle**, which had nurtured the child and taught the connection with Earth Mother, was devalued. Children began to see their mother as someone without power, something they needed to leave. They went into the world. Frustrated, women felt that their children, as well as their spouses, were part of their oppression. We are all that which is related to femaleness and women. We discarded our sensual body, following religions which shamed sexuality and accused a woman of being the temptress. The messenger of

that same measure we plunder Earth's resources, until she her strength dwindling. Just as we plaster women's faces in and the media, alter women's appearances with computerized "enhancements," in that same measure we use "cosmetics" gearing them for tourists, and we build chains of hotels along overcrowding and polluting our coastal areas. We are plastered with cement, until not one wrinkle, not one beautiful, sensual sense of the Earth can be seen. Just as we use the feminine to sell so we sell our Mother, the Earth.

From my initiation and training, I developed a Medicine for other women. Since then I have been teaching women to reconnect to their bodies, to honor their curves and bellies and sensual exuberance themselves with their own eyes, dance from their essence, their bones, and to reclaim the grace that is female, that is the gift to us. I have seen that when we return to our bodies we all connect once more to Earth Mother. Joy and gratitude return, creativity and passion flow again through us. And we can all celebrate Earth Mother and her creatures.

*Stones are not closed, my child. Stones are open to all that they touch. Dead creatures, dust, sharp objects, knocks and stains, they all. They recognize it all. They know that all of this is engraved on them. They take what life brings and make with it a work of art that honors the Earth. Stone Mother told me once. And so it is that I am no longer a Stone. Now I am "Dances the Bones, Sings the Stones."*

*Maria Mar is a writer, performer, visual artist and shaman. "Path of the Swan™," a process to help awaken the beauty within. Check out ShamansDance's beautiful website, which offers Medicine Games and a web magazine: <http://www.shamansdance.com> more information email: [shamansdance@nyc.rr.com](mailto:shamansdance@nyc.rr.com).*