

NULLARBOR DREAMING

By Kerri Ryan MA

We were not far into WA, about 2 hours west of the South Australian border and had just been initiated into Eagle medicine and undergone the most amazing gifting of the spirit and animal beings on our journey across the great expanse of Nullarbor desert.

By now, Jo and I had been sharing the driving for days, having left the frenetic pace of Sydney far behind. Our expectations of adventure were high, two girls in a little Hyundai, driving across the massive land mass of Australia, but we could not have imagined what the desert had in store. Our Perth destination was still another day and a half's drive away, and our desert experience lingered, as we both sat reverently contemplating the gifts the animal spirits had just bestowed upon us



Up early that morning, we had been driving the never-ending straight road for a few hours. Suddenly, where the Nullarbor plain meets the Southern Ocean at the Great Australian Bite, we were guided by a random beam of sunshine on an otherwise cloudy day. It shone on to a rocky outcrop, drawing our attention to a small track off the highway and down to the edge of the land mass. Our intention was to find a place to do a ritual and dance the earth energy, but we were drawn further towards the coast, having no idea the ocean was so near. We were unexpectedly brought to the vertical drop which marked the edge of the continent and stood to

admire the expanse of breathtakingly blue water. We looked down and right in front of us, close to the shore was a small pod of whales. Three mothers and three calves. Such a blessed surprise and synchronicity of events that led us to the very spot where they swam, gently rolling and playing, speaking to us, sending us their love. We sat for a short while in total awe when from out of nowhere, a pod of nine dolphins appeared, coming right in close, adding further to the total amazement and honour we both felt at the greeting we were receiving. Jo and I sat in silence, grinning from ear to ear, hardly able to believe the experience. If we were looking for a sign, then you couldn't miss this one.

But there was so much more...

Our journey across the desert had been guided spiritually and we had been lovingly directed on an unfolding path of events that firstly led us to Mother Owl medicine. A huge white barn owl, she lay on the roadside yesterday afternoon and I caught her upturned wing, fully extended, filtering the afternoon sun. Jo tapped into her spirit and we ceremoniously released her energy and were simultaneously gifted with her medicine of 'seeing'. We were given permission to take some feathers and left her body where it lay.

The next morning we had our moving meeting with the cetaceans and after, as we zoomed down the highway, we encountered a majestic black eagle standing right in the middle of the road. He didn't move, just held his space, watching us pass – a messenger. Not long after that, we spotted a beautiful golden eagle, dead on the roadside. He had only been dead a matter of a day or so, if that. He was so sleek and majestic, a massive bird. We lit incense and created a road-side ritual as we offered up our thanks and release. Jo had the ability to tap into the spirit of the bird and with great reverence, she spoke the words of the eagle as he gifted us with his powerful medicine. We were

both so moved to hear that it was time for us to embrace the powerful totem of the eagle and use this energy in the shamanic healing work in front of us. There were a few stray feathers and we felt so honoured to take them.

With trucks and road trains quaking the ground where we stood, Jo felt drawn into the land beyond the road's edge which we found to be scattered with bones. We felt a sacred calling to this piece of land and it was time to honour the gifts we had received and be initiated into the energy of the shaman, warrior goddess, whose spirit we both felt guiding us. So it was here, with the permission of the ancient ones, we danced the earth medicine and the spirit of the desert and connected with the force whose energy we felt so keenly to be guiding us.

Moved as we both were by the events of the day, we sat driving in silence, our eagle feathers gracing the dashboard, lost in the enormity of what had just taken place, when only a matter of a few kilometres down the road we passed another huge bird on the roadside. We both looked at each other as Jo turned the car around, hardly daring to think what this could be. In total disbelief we got out of the car to find another huge black eagle, this one more decomposed and rather pungent. Both in tears by now, we sang his spirit goodbye and received his medicine under the watchful eyes of a not too distant dingo. We wasted no time here, unsure of hungry wild dingo behaviour, and continued our now sacred journey westward.



Some 12 months on, I am still in awe of the events that unfolded on that desert journey. The love received from the whales and dolphins; the guidance from our spirit friends and the medicine of Mother Owl and the Eagles. The experience of driving across the land is something everyone should try to do at least once. For this city girl, it was not only a journey to discover my belonging to the spirit of the land and the animals, but a journey within to discover my gifts and my own medicine. I have now been called to spread my wings and join in the healing of this land and its people.

Forever changed, now a medicine eagle women initiated in the desert, I honour the sacred gifts received.