

The Spirit of Yutaru



by Keith Billings

When I first met Yahru-

It was dark when Yahru woke. Dark and quiet. There was no wind and the overcast sky left no light from the stars. He was nearly a hundred miles out, and the low blanket of clouds greedily sucked the light from the icy cold air. Yahru lay awake for a few minutes listening to the cold darkness. Without the breath of wind, he could hear his own heart beating quietly...slowly. He listened as the breath of his five sleeping sled dogs merged with his own beating heart. He could almost hear their moist breath turn to frost in the still air. Solitude. He loved it, and he continued to lay quietly contented for the moment, warmly wrapped in his sleeping furs. Then he thought of home. His first footsteps of the day brought each of the five heads turning to look. They weren't ready to get up even though they had had plenty of rest, and each one tucked itself back into a ball at their staked sleeping spot, their thick coats covered in frost, their only shelter.

Yahru had slept fitfully through the night fighting an anxious feeling to get back home after the two week hunt. Yesterday had been a day of skinning pelts and packing the sled. Today was sizing up to be a good day for travel, having no wind in this early morning cold. After rousing the dogs, it took less than thirty minutes before they were hitched up to the loaded sled. They were anxious and already pulling against the anchored sled. Their anxiousness was born from a love of pulling, running. Yahru's came from somewhere deep inside that he couldn't pinpoint. It was an instinct of some sort. He tucked the feeling inside and spent a few minutes scanning the area. The sun seemed reluctant to edge over the horizon this morning, but there was light enough to see into the distance where it would eventually have to emerge. He carefully checked the closer surroundings and then let his gaze slowly move outward into the far distance, taking care to leave no area unseen. The only sounds in

the air were the excited movements of Yahru's five strong pullers. They were eager to pull, and they knew the way home.

The sun was just beginning to peak, giving the low lying clouds a soft, faint glow from the east. The sled lurched forward as Yahru pulled the snow brake free. The daylight would be close to nineteen hours full at this time of the year in the Northlands, and he thought that he should make it home in close to fifteen. The dogs could pull for fifteen hours straight if he pushed them that hard, but they would need a good feeding and plenty of rest afterward. He felt an urgency to get home today and he was going to push them as hard as he needed. He knew that he could doze on the sled if he needed, but he had a good night's sleep and felt that he could travel for days nonstop if it meant seeing his mother's warm smile as he told of the remarkable events of his hunt. Today, only after the sweet fellowship of family and the affirmation of loving kinship would he find sleep. He didn't know it, but he wasn't going home to a happy reunion with his mother and father. Of course, I knew. I knew because I could see, and I think that I need to explain that in a way that you might understand. This is where the conundrum starts.

The conundrum

Yharu doesn't talk with me. He doesn't see me, or feel me, or even acknowledge me. I can't really blame him. When I first came to know of Yahru I was only freshly into my current state of being. My eternal spirit, if you will indulge me. For Yahru it was a long time ago, for me it was less than moments ago. Time is different for me, different from what you perceive. I move through it like being here now is the beginning and the end all at once. When I want to be at the beginning that is where I am and when I want to be at the end that too is where I am. The beginning and the end are both here now. It's kind of like the beginning is only found where the end meets with itself. Or maybe, it's like the concept of relative locality. That is, if you're thinking about where *you* are in time and space. But, that's for you to ponder in your world and life. What seems interesting to me is that Yahru lives somewhat detached from the future and the past. He lives in the now. Once in a while he appears to regard the future or the past, but he lives in the now. He lives fully and whole heartedly in the present. I might even say that he hides from himself within it. It somehow helps him to cope. He thinks it a strength that he has no need of looking further within himself analyzing what could have been, or will be. He is confident in himself and he only fleetingly catches a glimpse of his inner spirit. (That part of him that I could actually speak with.) I need to speak with him, but he won't speak with me. He won't listen to his own spirit, much less mine, or me, so in his time, I wait. Of course, I am constantly watching and speaking at him, knowing only that somehow he must hear. He will hear.

When I was in flesh, I learned that for each one of us, life was often compartmentalized into each individual person's world. Of course, I knew

that, collectively, each individual personal life formed and worked together to create the interpersonal relationships of everyone in the world at large. Yet, even understanding that, I found it hard to acknowledge another souls' strife. If another's life didn't come in direct contact with mine, why should I care about their problems? I found the concept of *separate oneness* to be very unnatural in the flesh. Now, I'm not alive as a soul in the flesh and the *separate oneness* concept is very natural. In fact it just is. It is a truth. I was glorious and happy with my soul in the flesh as I lived in my compartmentalized world. Now, time and its remembrance have no real significance for me, except for the experience of it. Being no longer bound by time and space, I have found that my needs are not compartmentalized any longer. They are eternal and universal among all, and yet somehow dependent on the life experiences of those flesh bound spirits. The spirits of truth and of love somehow need to be experienced and nurtured in the flesh to become fully understood in a way that can bind them into your own eternal spirit. I have also found that life and its spirit are just as interdependent and coexistent in the physical world, as that of love and truth are here where I am. It is a place that you might think of as the spirit world.

You may learn in your journey, that understanding love and truth can be as elusive and difficult in nature, as one's acknowledgement and acceptance of their own inner spirit. It is that acceptance and truthful understanding that I have been charged to nurture into the life of just one souls flesh. Sadly, it is a fact, that throughout the time of man, too many of the Spirit seeds sprouted and were lost. It's a conundrum of mankind. Somehow, I cannot let it happen to Yahru.

If you enjoyed this intro to The Spirit of Yahru, let me know what you think about it by sending me an email. I will be posting more excerpts so you may want to check back later for them.

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