

# THE DAY I TALKED TO EAGLE

BY NOQAH ATKINS



I am a person who would live outside all the time, but the weather has been so bad that it is not much fun out there. However, this past Sunday I decided to go outside no matter how hard the cold wind was blowing; so I bundled up and headed down to the beach for a walk, and to see what the tide had brought in. Homer is a small fishing village that sits at the head of Kachemak Bay where a lot of really big fish hang out. Because of the fish, we have a lot of fisher-type-people and their boats, otters, bears, seagulls, and eagles.

However, on this day there was not one fisher-type-person out, nor were there any otters swimming around, the bears are all hibernating, and only one lonely eagle sitting on a log looking out over the water. This one lone eagle and I had the beach all to ourselves. Now, I spend a lot of time at the beach and have counted as many as 152 eagles at one time there; to see one lone eagle sitting on a log is not unusual.



However, there was something about this particular eagle that caught my attention; the stance of his posturing,

the tilt of his head, the way he waited and watched the water, there was something about him that reached across the sand and drew me to him. Cautiously, being mindful of my steps, I slowly walked toward him. His back was toward me and I could see his body reacting to my advancing presence without turning around to look at me. I got to within about 15 feet of where he sat, he hopped down off the log onto the wet sand facing me; I paused, he looked at me, I took another step toward him, he did not move away. I took another step, and waited for his reaction, he turned his head side-ways so he could get a good look at me, I took another step, and he turned his head the other way to look at me with his other eye.

By this time I was within about 10 feet of him, I took his picture, then I sat down in the sand and began talking to him in a low soft voice, I did not look directly into his eyes, this would have been aggressive and rude; but I kept my eyes cast down looking at his feet and would glance up at his face once in a while. Then he did an amazing thing, he walked toward me and stopped about 5 feet from where I sat. As I talked, he would turn his head one way, then the other looking and listening to me.



I told him how beautiful he was, and I thanked him for taking time to be with me, and for all the beautiful feathers his people has gifted me with down through the years, I said that I knew my people were destroying his home and I apologized and asked his forgiveness for our ignorant arrogance.

I promised him I would not take more than I needed to sustain my life, and I would give something good back to Earth in gratitude, and that I would be more mindful of how much waste I created. I told him of my sadness because I had no place to put my feet, and of missing my family and my people.

He was small as male eagles generally are, but his presence was huge, it filled the beach and the water all the way down to the bottom and all the way across the bay to the top of the mountains, and up to the sky vault. I was in the presence of Creator... my words stopped as my heart burst open and soft quiet tears flowed down my face..my heart and mind reached out to the eagle.

He leaned into me and his voice came into my mind, he said: "You are sad because your thinking is too close to the ground. Give me your thoughts and I will take them up higher than the tallest mountain peaks. Then you will see a much bigger picture and you will know that you are home wherever you are on Earth; from that higher place you will know that you are never alone because you are connected to everything and everyone, and you are part of Me, and I am in you."



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