

INITIATION SONG FROM THE FINDERS LODGE

*Please bring strange things.
Please come bringing new things.
Let very old things come into your hands.
Let what you do not know come into your eyes.
Let desert sand harden your feet.
Let the arch of your feet be the mountains.
Let the paths of your fingertips be your maps
And let the ways you go be the lines on your palms.
Let there be deep snow in your in breathing
And your out breath be the shining of ice.
May your mouth contain the shapes of strange words.
May you smell food cooking you have not eaten before.
May the spring of a foreign river be your navel.
May your soul be at home where there are not houses.
Walk carefully, well loved one,
Walk mindfully, well loved one,
Walk fearlessly, well loved one.
Return with us, return to us,
Be ALWAYS COMING HOME.*

From the book of Ursula K. LeGuin – ALWAYS COMING HOME