

Deer One

Dusk was on its way as I leisurely drove the back country roads along Route 154 in Old Lyme, Connecticut. As I approached Tiffany Farms Ranch, a sudden loud startling thump came out of nowhere. The sound was so jarring that I pulled over to the road's edge. In a foggy kind of way, everything seemed okay, but was it?

Dizziness ensued followed by a sensation of nausea. Then it dawned on me that even though the front windshield was still in place, there were hundreds of tiny cracks in it, resembling a mass of interlaced snowflakes. Suddenly a man appeared at my side. He turned out to be a neighbor who had heard the thump and came running over to check on me. Poking his head inside the driver's side window frame that no longer supported glass he inquired, "Are you okay? You hit a deer. It happens all the time in this spot." His words were making no sense. How could I have hit a deer? I never even saw a deer. Pointing out a tuft of beautiful deer hair wedged into my driver's side window brought me understanding. Reasoning was slow and words did not come easily. In somewhat of a state of shock, I do remember the neighbor saying that he would call the police as he walked away. There I sat with a lap full of shiny glass shards.

Moments after the neighbor left a woman arrived. Before I knew it she was sitting in my passenger seat offering support. She was my earth angel popping in at just the right time. She hung out with disoriented me for quite some time as I waited for the police to arrive. To help pass the time, she told a captivating story about the spirit wisdom of deer. I wish I could grasp the remembrance of that tale, but unfortunately it has faded away.

In time I became more cognizant of all the blood and glass shards decorating my face. Most concerning was how close they were to my eyes. Trying to move my face muscles to blink and speak was a chore, and looking at my face in the rearview mirror was quite ghastly.

By the time the policeman had showed up I was feeling more stable and a lot less woozy. It turns out that the glass shards had only settled on the surface of my skin instead of penetrating. Thank goodness for that. Demonstrating that I could easily remove the glass fragments from my face persuaded the policeman from making the routine ambulance call.

Well now. I've told you plenty enough about me. As for the deer, sadly, it wasn't as lucky as I. The large buck, that attempted to leap over my car to get to the other side, was agonizing on someone's front lawn a short distance behind me. With gun in hand, the police did what needed to be done. Even though it was the humane thing to do, hearing that shot fire shook my heart. The policeman's work was done and he left the scene.

Fumbling through my purse, with shaky hands, for my address book, I phoned my niece to come meet me. I surely wasn't ready to drive home alone. My earth angel friend had been with me through this ordeal, and now it was time to extend thanks for her healing presence and say goodbye.

Shortly after she took leave, I began reviewing the previous few hours. In my world nothing happens randomly; all physical circumstances carry messages behind the scenes and this so-called accident was no exception. Venturing inside the quiet of my being to connect with the deva of the deer clan for deeper understanding, I was told that all was in divine order and to prepare for another deer encounter – a gentle encounter.

My niece arrived just after receiving this message. Still somewhat shaken and apprehensive about driving, I managed to follow her to the respite of home. A shower removed all the glass shards from my body, and I returned to looking like my usual self. Feeling like myself again required a couple days of healing.

It was during this respite that I was informed by my insurance company that my car had been declared totaled. Car shopping is not a favorite activity of mine, and yet a replacement happened rather pretty easily and rather quickly. My new car was a Hyundai and its color reminded me in the sunlight of a deer's hide. I enjoy naming my cars and this one was henceforth known as 'Deer One.'

Only a few days after settling into Deer One, my second deer encounter occurred. While heading down the long private driveway towards home, I sensed a strong intuitive nudge to turn off the car engine. Suddenly a doe came into view. With her body frozen motionless there she stood in her beautiful magnificence about 10 ft. away. During the long time of observant staring, I received the following spirit message from the deer clan. The wisdom I now impart is my reason for sharing this personal tale.

Have you ever wondered why deer freeze motionless upon meeting humans? Deer are here to remind us that instead of merely looking at one another with a passing glance, we are to awaken to the way we once knew so long ago of 'beholding' one another. Beholding is a different energy and a deeper experience than merely looking. Much like communing is a different energy than communicating. Beholding requires a sacred centered awareness and patience of presence.

The world has become far too fast-paced and the consciousness of relationship with all life lacks as a result. The Wisdom of Deer offers a powerful message in this time of spiritual reawakening to greet, value, and foster this sacred remembrance of beholding all life in every precious moment. May we as a people humbly adhere to the teaching of the Deer Ones.

Renya 2010