

Birth of an idea



Fathoms deep and unfathomable

The water lay crystal clear, black as night, fathoms deep and unfathomable. Gazing into this stillness calmed the spirit within. She looked into the mirror reflection of herself as it peered back at her, a twinkling of a smile turning one corner of her mouth.

Springing up from her seat by the huge lake, Credo rubbed the ache from her ice cold fingers and danced life into her feet, numb both from the cold and from being still for too long.

That which had been dormant rose in the fire of delight and newness. From the surrounding air, the breath of wind stirring tree branches and tall grasses by the lake and the soft lapping of water against the rocks, music filled her soul and slowly, rhythmically she began the steps, taught long ago, passed down in generations, instilled since birth. First her feet, then her hands and arms, moving gently, shapes and patterns, ancient runes, the timing of movement matching the beating of heart, the breath of spirit and the rising joy claiming her from the ground, through her body, stretching out in artful movements.

Finally, Credo turned her face up to the moon, laughed in answer to the call of mother womb, father tradition and spirit sense. As onlookers we might term it dance.

Credo called it belief.