



Tomahna - my home - the place where I was:  
the place where I began. I was a spark of joy to  
Mother and Father, after their fire was almost  
quenched. And yet what joy could we have had if my  
brothers had been there as well?

Still torn.

Father and Mother loved and shared with me,  
their desert bird. Father shared wisdom and  
knowledge, and Mother shared visions and dreams.  
When did they come to know my destiny? Surely

not from birth. As I look back, they knew so much;  
they saw so clearly. They planted and watered, so that  
I would learn how to do the same. I would not realize  
it until long after I was to see them no longer.

Am I the Grower because they taught me, or did  
they teach me because I am the Grower?

Jorn.

But peace was not yet with us. From the post, an  
enemy came, seeking revenge. But there was help for  
a third time. Without help, where would we be?

Would there be a grower? Would there be a seed  
to grow?

It's all been so fragile.

But it must be by the Maker I am here - and  
there is meaning.

Or it may be by the roll I am here - and there is

no meaning.



