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ROCKFUSING: An Experiential Account

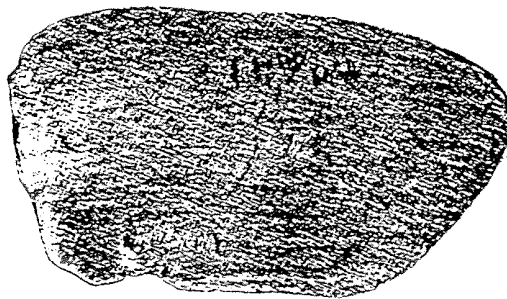
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**Difficult to think of a stone's gratitude
difficult for that matter to think of stone essences
so various...**

-Haden Carruth

Until a few years ago, I never really paid much attention to rocks. At that time, starting with quartz crystals I began to appreciate their uniqueness, color and texture as well as to identify certain stones and their characteristics. Aside from feeling pulsations or warmth, or getting a fleeting impression from a particular rock, I never had an ongoing "experience" with one--until recently that is.

It started one cold winter afternoon with the dropping off of a few household items to a friend recently relocated from Australia. I notice a rock being used to weigh down one end of a poster and asked him about it. He said that it (see Figure 1) was a gift from a friend and that it supposedly came from an Aboriginal sacred place. He showed me how one end had been sharpened for use, possibly as a tool or weapon. It was very ordinary looking, of a reddish-brown color, with some scratches on its side and a darker color on the other. It fit comfortably in the palm of my hand.



(Figure 1)

While he took the items into the kitchen I stood with the rock in my hands. Even though no attempt was being made to concentrate on it, I suddenly became aware of a discomfort in the heart chakra area of my chest and began to cry. My friend came back into the room and was surprised to find me in tears. He asked me what was wrong, and I had no other explanation except that the rock had saddened me to the point of crying. The sadness was overwhelming. I asked to borrow the rock to take it home with me.

Later that night, in the bedroom after quieting myself I held the rock up to my heart chakra. As soon as I did this certain images appeared. *The first was of a woman running. She had no distinct facial features. It was clear however that her hair was cut off below the ears, and she had white around her eyes. She was like a slow motion picture negative. Next came skeleton figures, also running. All that could be seen were their white skeleton outlines in the darkness. They ran toward me--one filling my line of vision with his face. It was outlined in white to look like a skull.* I opened my eyes and stared at the rock. Without warning, I burst into tears and experienced the same chest discomfort experienced earlier. I couldn't seem to stop crying, so finally I carried the rock into another room and left it there. This left me feeling very chilled and shakey.

Two days passed before I felt ready to experience the rock again. It was mid-evening when I settled myself into a meditative state and held the rock loosely between my hands. Again certain images presented themselves. *First there was a little black boy with a stick over his shoulder. He was twirling it between his hands. He was smiling.* I leaned forward, with the intention of opening my eyes and looking at the rock. In leaning forward *I saw the face of an old man looking back at me. His face was upside down to mine. It was dark and wrinkled, with a broad nose and a white grizzled beard. It seemed to be reflected in a pool of water. He faded. Next came a group of black people sitting in a circle.* Opening my eyes I looked at the rock almost expecting the surge of emotion felt before, but nothing happened. That night, the rock was kept in my room for the first time. It seemed important that I become accustomed to its vibrations and it to mine.

Almost ten days elapsed before the next experience with the rock. Holding it in my hands I could feel its pulsations almost immediately. *Eyes closed, I saw a fire. It was like a forest fire raging out of control. Animals were running, silhouetted against the flames. Then there was black smoke, the fire was over. Sparks started flying, and they outlined a face. It was the face of a little black boy looking up at me. His face slowly changed and became the face of an old man with a beard. As this picture faded, it was replaced with two little black boys, one on the other's shoulders. They were smiling at me.*

A week later found me again sitting with the rock in my lap and taking deep breaths to quiet myself. Before the rock was even held in my hands *images of ugly*

faces in black and white, like masks, appeared. With the rock in my hands and concentrating on it, I felt its energy run up my arms. Suddenly a man with the same picture negative features seen before began to form. The white streaking his face and body was the only visible part of him. He was running with a spear, which was also outlined in white. As he came closer to me he lifted his arm as if to throw the spear. He kept repeating the throwing motion, but the spear never left his hand. The throwing motion became slower and slower until the picture faded away. There was a white spot, like a hot sun shining. A bare-breasted black woman held the hand of a little boy. My eyes kept traveling down a whole line of children, who kept getting smaller and thinner until the last one was nothing but skin and bones. They faded into waves of purple and white, that moved like the wings of a bird flapping in the air. There was a fire and the outlines of people. I felt pain in the little finger of my right hand, and I opened my eyes.

The American Indian Medicine people believe that "Rocks do indeed make a sound. All things that the Great Spirit has put here continually cry to be heard. The problem is, there are few who listen" (Andrews, 1984, pp 49-54). Not only can rocks speak, they can also see, smell, taste, touch, feel emotions and cause emotions in others, and they possess varying degrees of awareness. The Indians believe that "Birth was when the stones walked out of the earth" and that "The secrets of the ages are written on the stones from the dawn of birth" (Andrews, 1984, pp 49-54).

Does this special rock, from a sacred place somewhere in Australia, have a story to tell? Most certainly, it has many stories to tell. Although the rock's stories will probably never be known in their entirety, to a small degree I have been allowed to 'see' what the rock has experienced and to feel emotions which it has felt or perhaps even caused. A rock then can tell us something of its history in a different way from that usually described by archaeologists (Loffreda, 1981, pp 30-38).

Plans are to continue to see, feel and hear whatever stories the rock has yet to share. With each instance of rock initiated intuitive sensing I am coming closer to knowing this silent stone as a living being, intimate friend and touching teacher.

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Carruth, H (1970). "The Stone". For you--poems by Haden Carruth. New York: New Directions, pp 89.

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PASSAGES

*People cast shadows as each day's sun
Glides across the sky.*

*How tall or short they are, were or will become
The sun so dictates.*

*If your shadow casts darkness on another, is it
You standing there or the Sun?*

*If it shrinks or alters to become longer and
lingering
Do you remain the same?*

*Only in the night do we pass one another
Free from overlapping.*

Sheila Chipley

