

# Creation as Awakening

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### | CREATION AS AWAKENING | Eskimo | Greenland |

The first living being was called Tulungersaq, or Father Raven. While crouching in the darkness, he suddenly sprang awake: awareness of himself came to him like light, though everything around him was in darkness. He began life in the form of a human being, groping in the darkness that was everywhere. He felt with his hands and touched only clay—the earth was nothing but dead clay—but when he touched himself with his hands he suddenly realized that he was a free being, apart from the earth and alive. As he meditated on the darkness around him, he heard a whirring, and a tiny sparrow alighted on his hand. With this little bird, Father Raven explored, and as he explored he found ways to make things from the forms of clay and land he discovered. He shaped animals and planted the earth. Growing lonely, he shaped another human, but this one was mean and violent, so he threw it into the abyss. Then, as he worked his way through the darkness, he discovered he had become a big black bird. When the earth was as it was to be—all planted and populated—Father Raven exhorted human beings never to forget him, their creator. Then, carrying fire stones that he had gathered from the earth, he flew up into the dark heavens. There, from some of the stones, he made the stars. He threw the leftover stones out into heaven, and from them came a great fire that illuminated the earth. In this way, the universe came into being as the creator's consciousness grew. Knowing and being thrived in the growing light.

*Eskimo, Greenland. From the book Light On Land, pp 65.*

Tolkien's *Ainulindale* immediately come to mind. The insertion of subordinate consciousness into primordial darkness. The feeling out of the world by the first being(s). The original rejection of evil. The creation of the stars from an earthly source, and finally the awareness of the origination of darkness and the majesty of the light.

The Elves being born in middle earth under the stars is possibly my favorite concept of Tolkien's stories. There's something about their existence in the dark and the sensitivity that comes with it that speaks to me heart. It's as if they were born into the unconscious with a deeper awareness of subtle things. Maybe it's because I am from Alaska and no summer or daylight experience is as vast as the darkness of winter, or maybe there is a more collective archetype at work here. Either way, the star-lit origin of the elves, and the persistence of the dark elves in particular, speak to my heart.