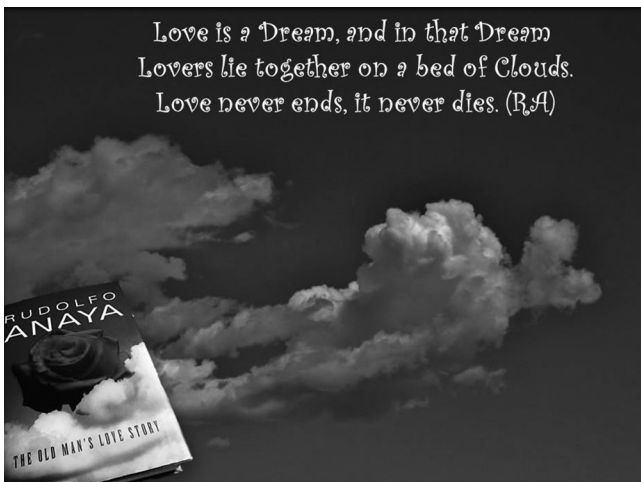


**“EL CAMINO REAL DEL ALMA”
A RIVER OF WORDS FOR YOU, CHANNLED
FROM YOUR CHARACTERS**

Nathalie Bléser

Dear Rudy. Time flies! Spring has sprung already. It's been one Winter Solstice and two Equinoxes since your Summer Solstice passing. How are *los Señores y las Señoras de la Luz* (1995) treating you up there in the clouds at the school you were enrolled in, last June? Was I right to see, in that Taos cloud formation above the Rio Grande Gorge, archetypal lovers, embodied by you and Patricia finally resting together on *a bed of clouds*? I have been inclined to believe so ever since I read your definition of love in *The Old Man's Love Story*, which described my cloud vision to a T.




All photos by the author unless otherwise specified.

I will never forget the surprised sparkle in your eyes when I gave you a copy of that cloud picture, which for some time you kept on the altar of your departed loved ones. Around the spring equinox of March 2021, I was blessed to see that sacred space for your *muertitos* again. Sadly, now the altar displays pictures of you, but it has managed to trigger sweet memories. Resting on a Kokopelli table runner —or maybe I should call it/him *mesa* player...— I have spotted one of the pomegranate tile coasters I had brought from Granada.



The sight acted as my particular “Proust’s madeleine”, taking me down memory lane not only to our first in-person meeting in December 2010, but also to the very first time I laid eyes on your literary universe, back in April 1998. I had come back from my first trip to the US, and the Land of Enchantment was definitely the icing on my summer tour cake. Your New Mexican landscapes had struck an everlasting chord, starting to show me the way up the kiva ladder emerging from the chamber of my subconscious, inviting me to espouse the rhythm of the spiraling pulse emanating from the *sipapu*, navel of my eternal higher self, to rediscover my soul’s heart song. All

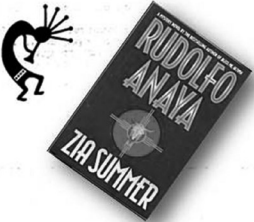
of a sudden on a spring morning, in my “mothership” University in Spain, I was emulating Sor María de Ágreda, bilocating back “home” while reading a copy of a letter of apology you had sent to the organizers of the Chicano Literature Conference. On the letterhead lived the same Kokopelli, who has adorned my finger ever since that first US tour of mine. He plays his flute melody from the center of a third-eye-shaped ring to gently take me by the hand along my soul discoveries. In the letter you said you could not make it on time for the Granada Conference; something was holding you back in Mexico... That story of a missed encounter was quite intriguing, but I won't lie here. Kokopelli is the one to “blame” for making me check your name again and look for your books at the Conference vendors' booth. I did not need guidance to navigate to your words' h(e)aven. The cow skull presiding over the inverted colors of the New Mexican Tata Sol on the cover of Sonny Baca's adventures was my particular brújula, and I knew from page one of *Zia Summer* why los manitos sometimes call la Nueva México the Land of EnTRAPment. I was hooked! After diving deep in the shaman-detective universe, I loved watching Kokopelli dance on the snail-mail letters you would send me every time you read a new piece dedicated to your work.



Primer Congreso Internacional
en España
de Lengua y Literatura Chicana

Granada, 1, 2 y 3 de abril de 1998

RUDOLFO ANAYA



Solstice '04

Nathalie Bléser Potelle
University of Granada

Dear Nathalie,

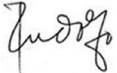
Thank you for sending me "Mi manual de historia soñado." It is a fabulous chapter. Exciting and adventurous...as all creative work should be.

I only hope your academic directors of your thesis realize the chances you are taking are a breath of fresh air...not the usual academic formulas such work is often held to.

Tiempo manito. I'm happy you experienced it...it permeates your work. Coyote magic.

I encourage you to keep up the exciting work you're doing.

Bless you, Bléser



PS: the cd won't play on my cd player. Lastima.

P R O G R A M A

Stumbling upon your response to *Mi Manual de Historia Soñado* made me feel a twinge of sadness because of its date: “Solstice”. This is the cyclic measurement I have chosen to recall the time of your departure from Earth at the beginning of this open letter. I should not be surprised; you’re the first one who made me consciously realize that life is a synchronistic and serendipitous journey on the path of the sun, marked by seasonal benchmarks invariably set along the *camino real del alma* in which, cual coyote hambriento, we sniff the wind to follow tracks and clues of who we really are, confident that our nagual, faithful power animal, won’t lead us astray.

On your altar, next to “my” pomegranate coaster, there was a little (rain)bow tie, which I automatically associated with the colorful version of the black bow tie worn by the hero of your last children’s book series: Ollie Tecolote, the *Owl in a Straw Hat*. Your niece Belinda and I have come to the conclusion that you gradually became Ollie while transitioning. Yes. You are Última’s baby nagual again, a little owl delighted to be flying free to the heavenly Wisdom School owned by Nana, Ollie Tecolote’s abuelita. It makes my heart sing to imagine you as the cute fledgling spreading wings to your soul’s content, finally liberated from the earthly weight of the failing legs that had sent you back to the wheelchair. I can almost see and hear those gone before you cheering you as you soar in the cloud people’s realm.

Up there Ollie’s abuelita must be Rafaelita, your momma. I know, mixing moms and grandmas here, together with fiction and so-called reality. But that’s how you functioned as a writer too, and time is an earthlings’ construct, one we should learn to bend like a pretzel while still roaming the earth, to make our transition less mind-boggling, don’t you think? In your writings you tiptoed on the topic of metempsychosis, better known as reincarnation. Both in Sonny’s shamanic training and Randy’s walk in the underworld, you were willing to test the dark waters of that sacred spot bubbling in your vast lake of consciousness. On our Samsara “Ferris Wheel” ride, we switch genders, ages and roles within our soul family. A father becomes a wife, a son becomes an uncle, a grandma becomes a mother... It happens every time we come back down for a new earth walk to add to the album of our *Camino Real del Alma*.



Rudy showing me the album of his statue by Sonny Rivera.
(Photo courtesy: Rachid Mendjeli)

During our spring conversation Belinda remembered, with tears in her eyes, how you longed for Rafaelita and Mimi, your momma and wife, to come take you to the other side of the veil, and how, meanwhile, you asked your caring niece to tell you stories from Pastura and Santa Rosa. Quite the challenge to tell stories to a master storyteller... Imagining how it must have felt for Belinda, stories embryos developed in the matrix of my mind, glimpses of life scenes on the other side, where the time-space construct no longer ties us. In one of those scenes Rafaelita-Nana, the sweetest “ab-owl-ita” in Heaven, was tending her garden and inviting owl-you to peek from over a cloud upon the Wisdom School you depict in your last story. Because... the school does exist! It has materialized in the realm of the living. I’ll let your Ollie reveal more about it in his own words, as I get ready to *channel* him like Nana channels water to irrigate her milpa de maíz and huerta de chile. The owl won’t be the only one showing up, because your characters want to thank you for allowing them to carry a little bit of you throughout your 1001 pages.¹

1. ÚLTIMA’S BABY NAGUAL: OLLIE TECOLOTE. VIOLET

Daddy Rudy! Or should I call you sunny-son-Sonny, now born to a new life beyond the rainbow bridge? Raven and Crow, my buddies from the orchard, say nobody cares enough to really learn what happens when the soul is set free. At least most humans don’t because they’re too afraid to peek into this side of the veil. All I know is that I owe you my being and you owe me your wings! How does it feel to live ABOVE again? I hope you like it here. Mira lo que te quería platicar. El otro día when I

peeked over *the cloud plot where Nana Rafaelita grows her water elotes, I saw myself, together with Uno the Unicorn, and all the rest of Nana's students! We were busy at our daily Wisdom School chores, down there in human form! You know how forgetful some mortals can be nowadays when dealing with precise coordinates, so they built our mirror school on Earth a few miles away from our Chimayó dream school, closer to my Española orchard, in the heart of Santa Cruz de la Cañada.* [At that point of my channeling session, I cannot help smiling, back into my own consciousness for a second. I knew it, Rudy! Your street name should have been spelled “CaÑada” rather than “CaNada”!² Your reality cannot be understood outside your writings. But let's resume Ollie's channeling...] *Sunny Sonny Daddy Rudy, the address of that school on Earth is: “Camino de Paz”. Don't you dig that name? On the day I watched our human clones live their lives oblivious of our own, a TV crew was there, and Uno and I were being interviewed!³ Just like in our real cloud world, my human self has a bronze skin; Uno's double is slightly more fair-skinned and taller than “me”. Still like a big brother to me. I had let human Uno wear my abuelo's sombrero de paja for the interview.*



Christian, from Velarde, NM

Orlando, from Tesuque, NM

Students at Camino de Paz, 2016

Image from <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4PPtxdgYkEc>.

You know how my buddy cares for his appearance, as all unicorns do. So he's the one who showed our farm goat milk soaps. The TV crew wanted some action, and told us to go out in the fields with the horses. It was fun! In the interview Christian/Uno said he had lived in California for some

time. Maybe California is the earth equivalent of Atlantis, Uno's magical island... (No more Bullies: 4) Do you think it's why Antonio's father wanted to move there? Nana Rafaelita told me once that there IS an island, off the coast of Northern California, named after a sea bird in Spanish, but whose story was not exactly inviting humans to fly. No sé, there are many things I need to learn, and how to connect worlds... I know how you care for children's education, so I had to tell you about that school to give you hope! Like Antonio with the needle cross, I will always wonder if you wrote about the actual school or if it materialized after you wrote about it... Apparently our way of functioning at Wisdom School is very rare on Earth. Humans seem to have lost their way. But it will change! Like at Camino de Paz, more and more schools will teach their students how to farm and care for the animals while learning Math, English and History. Like us, they will study Martin Luther King's I Have a Dream, the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the Declaration of Independence and Popé's Liberation Speech... (Owl in a Straw Hat: 30) Speaking of Popé, just before you came back "home" with us here at Wisdom School —the real one, the one in Heaven—, the leader of the Pueblo Revolt came here running. He asked me to fly to the Oñate statue in Alcalde, across from Popé's original pueblo and my family's orchard. The leader of the Pueblo Revolt told Nana Rafaelita that it would be like a field trip for me, but that I needed to pay close attention, because what I would see there needed to be faithfully recorded in a new History textbook. He seemed so happy! He did not even want to have a bowl of Nana's posole. "No," he said. "I don't have time. Ta-ah, auntie. I must go back to my Taos fields to tell my friends what happened!" So off he went and straight I flew. Long story short, when I reached the statue, it was gone! Instead of Oñate riding his horse, a young Pueblo man in regalia was dancing on the pedestal, a drum in his left hand and with his right fist raised. The gossipy pigeons on the flag poles above him said his name was Than Tsidéh, which in Tewa means Sun Bird⁴, like a phoenix! Isn't it wonderful? These are signs that the Earth is entering the Sixth Sun of the Toltec Prophecies! I think the human wounds we studied in our History class can start to heal with the changes down there. Maybe now little Antonio won't suffer so much from two worlds playing tug of war with his soul! It's time for the Cloud People to rain on him in Santa Rosa, by the way. Last time I checked he was by the Blue Hole, daydreaming and chatting with the Golden Carp (No more Bullies: 14) while Última was busy picking Russian sage.



Rudy and a corn husk doll I made for him: Última picking Russian sage with her owl.

2. THE GOLDEN CARP: ANTONIO MÁREZ Y LUNA. ORANGE

Oh you finally came back EAST? You've come for me? Will you no longer leave me? I missed you so. You put a lot of pressure on my shoulders and my heart with the difficult things I had to witness, sort and solve in Bless Me, Ultima. That's why I love to let the Blue Hole waters soothe me. I love my quiet times with the Golden Carp. The orange hues of its scales make me feel safe, and sometimes when I'm back in Las Pasturas by the old house where Última delivered me, I mistake that old rusty truck with an Earth fish. Isn't that funny?!



Pastura, New Mexico, 2019.

Maybe because when a baby comes from a mother's belly, it feels like a fish out of water? I like to sit behind the wheel imagining I drive to you... Is it because the world beyond the veil felt like being a fish out of water that you waited so long to come back? Are you staying now? You wrote about me from the big city, but I missed feeling you here. Is it what happens when one becomes "an adult"? Does one always have to leave the child spirit behind? Lately I felt less lonely when you sent Última's owl. The bird kept saying: "he'll come soon now, you'll see ..." The more the owl came back, the younger it appeared! Then it had to take care of things at some Wisdom School in the clouds above Santa Cruz de la Cañada. "Santa Cruz," I told the owl, "it reminds me of the broken needle cross I found after your wings knocked it off the door frame, para que Última "cruz-ara" el umbral de la puerta... This is how it happened, right?" The bird didn't answer. When it stopped coming I started hearing a sweet woman's voice. I don't know who she was, but she reminded me of mamá. She told stories from here, and I felt she spoke of mamá too, but she did not call her María. Maybe it was a parallel life, where similar stories suffered slight changes for me to "spot the 7 differences". If you're here, does it mean we've managed to reconcile the opposites in our world? Hey! The truck is coming to life, we're starting to move! I can drive! ¡¡¡La troca es una tortuga!!! ¡Mira! Aquí está el tecolote. Let's follow the bird flying towards that adobe wall with a purple door in the middle. There are orange lilies all over!

3. EL HIJO PERDIDO, A POET STRUMMING A BLUE GUITAR BY A MOUNTAIN: BENJIE ~ TORTUGA ~ BEN CHÁVEZ. TURQUOISE

Lilies symbolize rebirth; and when orange, confidence. Quite appropriate for a man meeting his inner child before crossing over on a bright summer day under "the blue bowl that was the white sun's home" (Bless Me, Ultima 1)! I love how you describe our turquoise skies. Nice metaphor, 'jito. It almost rhymes and it has rhythm; I like it. You liked it too since you used it here and there in your body of work. "Body"... Like Henry's corpse floating down el Río Grande. I love what you did with that axis mundi allegory. I don't resist the pleasure of quoting you:

The sun sucked the holy waters of the river, and the turtle-bowl sky ripped open with dark thunder and fell upon the land. SOUTH of Aztlán the golden deer drank his fill and tasted the sweet fragrance of the drowned man's blood. (...) The deep water of the canal had

dumped Henry in the river, and the muddy current of the fish-thumping river sang as it enveloped its burden. It was a high river that bore the body southward, towards the land of the sun, beyond succor, past the last blessing of las cruces, into the dissolution that lay beyond el paso de la muerte. (*Heart of Atzlán*. 112)

If those were my words, I might have changed the deer color to blue, to honor Señor Peyote. Maybe my channeler thought of that too, therefore choosing turquoise for my psychic air time. New Age folks in Santa Fe relate turquoise to the throat chakra and self-expression... We made expression our "raison d'être", didn't we! Kudos to that clever use of the meaning of our cities names! Socorro, Las Cruces, El Paso. How many self-important critics do you think "got it" before you told them? Some say you were "cutesy" in your allegories. I call BS. It stands for "bear scat". At least that's what the old man who owned Spirit, the fine-looking Appaloosa, told us (Randy López Goes Home. 9); BS could also stand for "belief system", heehee! I, for one, believe in the mountain, and in the magic of words. I was struck by the southward trajectory of the drowned body because it evoked Benjie's own journey to become Tortuga, while lying on a bed at the former seat of Carrie Tingley's Hospital for Crippled Children. Crippled all right, but saved for a new role in life! Much better than an accountant's career, if I may... In life, one always has to give up something to gain something new.

Did my channeler tell you that some unknown pendejos tore down our Barelás casita? She wouldn't dare to call them pendejos but I do. It was home! Only now am I noticing the magic in that house number on Pacific, the peaceful one... or the mighty ocean Antonio's dad never reached. 433 carries 4 to honor eternal cycles; 33 to remember the Catholic faith in which we were born, how redemption came through an exceptional man's sacrifice; and 4+3+3 scores un diez. ¡Número Uno! Also the unity you longed for through your words, since 1+0 is always 1.

Thanks for choosing me as the first word of three novels. "Benjie" in Heart of Aztlán, "I" in Tortuga, and "Ben Chávez" in Albuquerque. I was there in spirit when "hijo perdido" popped up from your mouth to define me in that exercise my channeler submitted you to. Isn't that interesting... To the son you and I longed for, you gave the name of the Patriarch of Judeo Christians, Abrán (Abraham), and you gave me, Cynthia's "árabe" (Albuquerque. 94), the name of the youngest son in a family, Benjamín. Rizaste el rizo con "Ben Chávez," since "ben"



Casita de adobe que se nos fue. The Anayas home in Barelás: 433 Pacific SW, Burque.

and “-ez” mean “son of” respectively in Arabic and in the Spanish patronymic system. So, soy el hijo del hijo de... un chavo, kind of an hidalgo, ¿que no? That was clever, sonny!

4. SEARCH: SONNY BACA ~ COYOTE ~. YELLOW

Of course I was you too. You “revealed” it to Nathalie, explaining that you were becoming a shaman, like me, but she knew already. Consciously or not, you focused my search on harmonizing both bloodlines and soul’s earth walks. I know because you made me hint at reincarnation when I felt my bisabuelo Elfego... I was honored to look for the four abuelas of my ancestry, on my journey in search of the WISE WEST. If I were to pick a favorite season of my adventures, it would be Winter. It was the most challenging time, since I was wheelchair-bound, but it’s also when I learned the most, dream-wise, sometimes through necessary nightmares. [This non-stop channeling is intense, Rudy, I long to regain my own consciousness. I wanted to add that, for me, “night mares” are the shadow twins of so-called good dreams, sunny “day mares”. Horses are psychopomps, and you must have wanted to see your characters ride “mares” since many of them operated in the dreamtime! But Sonny is asking me to step aside of myself again, so bye now...]

I liked what my channeler came up with: that fight in Raven’s circle, our Zia circle, embodied by men representing two of many

cultures in the States. Yes, I was peeking over your shoulders, guys. Once a PI, always a PI! When you said you saw Uncle Sam more than Raven, I think you were failing to see yourself in my disguise! Writing opens a magic mirror, in whose reflection it takes time to observe ourselves as thoroughly as we observe others...

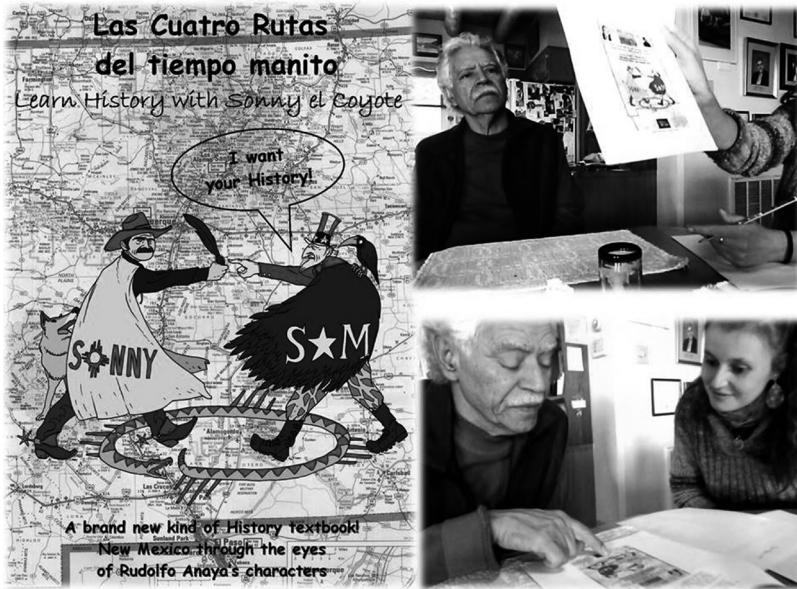


Illustration: Sergio García (original idea: Nathalie Blésér).
(Photo courtesy: Rachid Mendjeli)

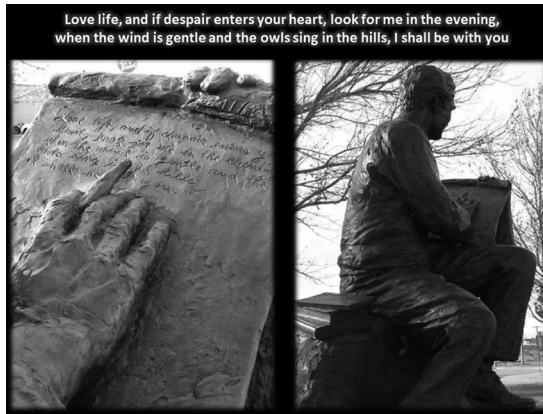
*You know, her Manual de Historia Soñado (Blésér, "Mi manual de historia soñado") might interest Nana for next school year! I miss teaching... Who knows, I might apply! Speaking of el tecolotito's school, I'm glad he didn't come to Burque on the "statue day". Thank God Ollie stayed in Alcalde to see the beauty of Sunbird's dance on Oñate's pedestal. In the Duke City things were chaotic. A man was shot over Old Town's statue. Both were artworks by your friend, mi tocayo, **Sonny** Rivera, sounds like a river. Rivera also made a statue of you, which people enjoy both in Santa Rosa and in Old Town's Albuquerque Museum. You were getting ready to journey to the clouds when his Oñate statue made people's blood boil, but maybe from inside the Museum the double of your Santa Rosa statue witnessed part of the mess. Wanna guess the name of the shooter? Stephen **Baca**. Yup. "Curiouser and*

curiouser..." On my hero's journey on the path of the sun, you made me take notes of dreams and stories, so now I like reading other people's notes too. It's what made me consider hiring my channeler as a helper. She uncovered interesting stuff regarding the Basque connection hidden in names (Bléser, A note to Oñate). There must be a reason destiny put friends of yours on her path, once in the Basque Country, at the Chicano Conference whose program displayed el Camino Real on its cover, la jornada's path which inspired my Winter dreams.



In that Shaman Winter dream I loved being Andrés Vaca, Owl Woman's man; but I hated to belong to a violent culture. I guess embodying polarities was part of my shadow work. It must have been similar to what the "real life" Sonny felt towards opposite responses to his sculptor's work: his statue of you in Santa Rosa was covered in flowers when people learned about your passing, right after his two Oñate statues were defaced and taken down.

Life and its contrasts will help our land in her healing process. As important to our Chicano history Oñate may be, we must recognize that seeing him daily, facing Ohkay Owingeh, birthplace of Popé, was a slap in the face for our Pueblo brothers and sisters who never forgot the Acoma massacre. Healing was the ultimate goal of taking me down the coyote dream hole, right? I know Owl Woman's tecolotitos will live her dream of peace en la Nueva México.



Statue of Rudy in Santa Rosa, with a quote of *Bless Me, Ultima*.

5. PUEBLO STORYTELLER ANGELS: SERAFINA AND “RUDOLFINA”. GREEN

Let’s leave Old Town to drive **NORTH** on Coors, to reach your place anew. You lived in the sacred direction of the elders, watching over tu Burque as she inspired you. I remember the very first time I rang at your door, anxiously waiting as I observed two turquoise wrought-iron hearts mirroring each other. On that December day it was obvious that I had found the (trickster) storyteller’s abode, by looking at the tiles on the wall. Sí, “tu casa es TU casa”, pero qué bien acogías a quienes allí te visitaban. Your Christmas regalito, the storyteller doll from your Jemez universe, is right here, watching me as I write. I named her Rudolfina. Qué otro nombre le podía dar...





December 2010, Rudy's home. "Here's your little regalito"...

She and Serafina, your Pueblo Scheherazade, know the true way to tell a compelling story: it must come from the heart and be willing to bring healing beauty. This is probably why artist Amy Córdova wrapped Serafina in green, the color of the fourth chakra: the heart, located between the three lower and three higher chakras. Our heart is a bridge, just like *los cuentos son puentes, en tu obra tan frecuentes*. When Seraphim gave their name to your Pueblo storyteller, they sealed in her soul their quality of in-between, for her to build bridges between languages, worlds and cultures, between above and below.

6. SHADOW: ANTHONY PÁJARO ~ RAVEN. RED

*Finally someone dares to come down **BELOW!** It rhymes with shadow or, for gringos only, with "Pájaro" and "Armando". All those years "fighting" Sonny, I wondered what his invisible twin had to do with my so-called "nemesis". Can't you see I am Sonny's true twin? Not in flesh and blood, but deep down in the soul. Sonny and I are the two sides of our Zia medallion. He's the sun, I'm the moon. Day light / dark night. The self-appointed channeler said it through the little owl, or maybe it was the other way around... We're entering the Sixth Sun, a Sun of Darkness. Fear not, reader. It does not mean your fabricated hell will break even looser (loser, heehee...). It means this new era is that of subtleness, intuition, silence and signs, AND the divine feminine, Hecate and the like. You, Rudy, attributed me the color red, because sometimes I deal with blood (someone has to), and because "black*

doesn't belong in the rainbow". Only from darkness will there be light though... And blood boils at least once on every soul's path, to cast a few karmic shadows. Sonny always put the blame on me, but I trust his growth: he is willing to better look at his reflection in the true mirror that reflects all, good and bad, WITHIN ONESELF. May your journey back home be peaceful, old man. Thank you for creating me, because light, without shadow, would be lonely.



Looooooooo-nah! (...) He's headed for la 'cequia. (*Heart of Aztlán*, 108)
(Photo courtesy: Rachid Mendjeli)

Remembering Rudy Anaya



Rudy Anaya, at about 13 years old, stands from contemporary (and indistinguishable) Santa Rosa, Volume 2, which includes an album of the Goodbye Ceremony and is available at Santa Rosa Memorial Library.



Santa Rosa's Santa Rosa Memorial Library has an impressive collection from the life and times of Rudy Anaya, much of which was given to the library by Anaya himself. The photographs in some of these books, many of which have been translated into other languages.

Las Acequias

By Rudy Anaya
for José E. León

Crecieron las manos de Chile con el agua de la acequia, en la valle abajo verde. Las manos del río han crecido con agua de nuestro río.

El chile verde, rey del jardín, si la planta está sana, cultivada, y un bocado de calabacitas. Cuchara de salsitas calientes, o en un chowmeing de manzana.

Creció el Soler por el agua bendita de las montañas y viene cantando el agua en ríos, el agua en ríos.

Al crecer crecieron y algunos crecieron los arroyos y la vida, crecieron de los abuelos, regios de Don Genaro.



Anaya at his Santa Rosa station.

Photos by Jessica Carranza, David Alonso, and Michael Gallegos from The Communicator.

How Santa Rosa's newspaper, *the Communicator*, honored Rudy after his passing.

7. MENTOR, GUIDE: DON ELISEO. INDIGO

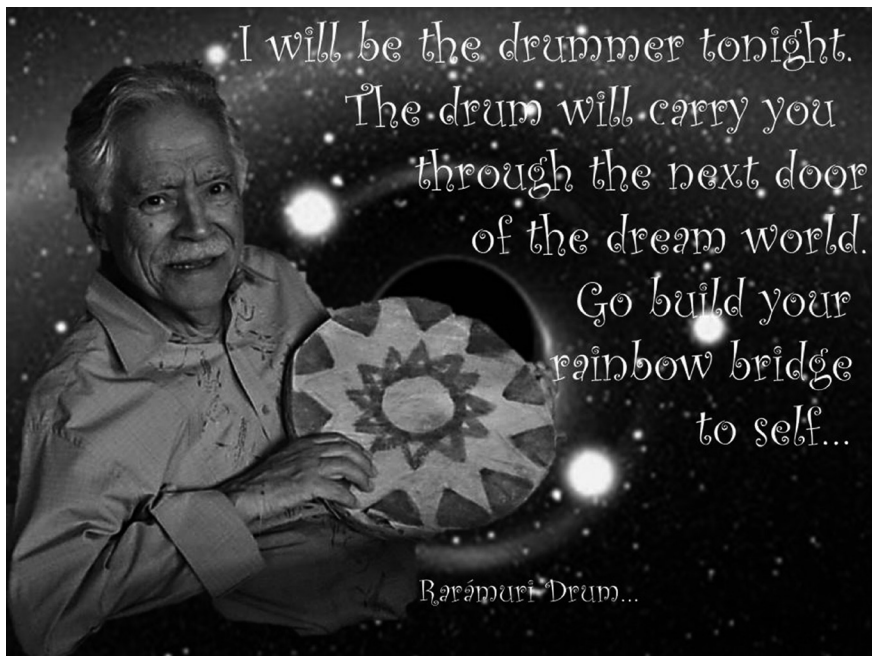
*We made it safe and sound to the other side of the mirror, back in the land of the ancestors, through **THE CENTER** of the rainbow dreamcatcher I once made for Sonny's fight, a cosmic third eye. I am glad to count you as our fourth Musketeer. "Snap, Crackle and Pop" were bored! As much as I hated acknowledging Raven's virtues, now that I'm here, I must admit it's true. The fight has always existed between light and shadow, but beyond the veil, down below, we forget that it is an inner fight... Once we find balance, we are healed, therefore allowed to become healers. I am humbled by all the teachings you wrote on my behalf, Rudy. Now you have arrived, you finally crossed the luminous door behind your ancestors' altar.*



Painting by Pola López (polalopez.com) behind Rudy's altar,
what Antonio saw from his old turtle truck!

You're one of them now, un Señor de la Luz. Here on this side of the veil, you can choose to rest on a lovers' bed of clouds, or already plan your next walk on earth. Meanwhile, commit to guide those willing to hear the sound of their beating hearts, longing to hum the song of their

highest purpose. A storyteller is forever a guide; a storyteller never dies. Know that you'll always be in light and love, as you contemplate your Camino Real del Alma.



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NOTES

- 1 The titles of each “channeled” section—except for Ollie, a non-human character—are Rudy’s own choices of words when I asked him to associate some of his characters with a trait, an object, a feeling, etc. Each is attributed its corresponding color of the rainbow and the chakras. Each section mentions a sacred direction to honor both the Medicine Wheel and the Zia sun symbol on the New Mexican flag. The “channeled” words are in italics, a tribute to Rudy’s way of retelling dreams in *Bless Me, Ultima*, and to differentiate the character narrators’ speech from my personal narration.
- 2 See excerpt of a previous open letter to Rudy <https://recornection.com/2020/10/04/ravens-gift-part-two/>.
- 3 Video of the “real Wisdom School”, the Montessori Middle School / Farm *Camino de Paz* in Santa Cruz [de la Cañada]: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4PPtxdgYkEc>.
- 4 True story. Two Oñate statues in New Mexico came down in Albuquerque and Alcalde. The latter (close to the “real-world” Camino de Paz, Montessori Middle School) was a pacific removal, followed by Sun Bird’s dance; the former led to violence, resulting in man gunned down in Old Town Albuquerque. All this happened two weeks before Rudy’s passing. Details of the Alcalde story can be found here: http://www.riograndesun.com/news/county-takes-down-o-ate-monument/article_2530ed9c-af2f-11ea-b2e9-4f1a4633c37b.html; details of the Old Town Albuquerque story are revealed in Sonny’s “channeling session”.