

*Gaia Calling*  
Copyright © 2006  
Kim Bold

# Walrus

*Gatherer of Souls*



## *Walrus: Gatherer of Souls*

swam with all his might...“*Follow the ocean and she will guide you to a herd to call home.*” Walrus hoped that his dear friend Harmony was right. Perhaps the ocean was testing his will to have a herd to call home. He would prove to Mother Earth that his desire was strong and he welcomed her difficult waves, refusing to let them defeat him.

Eventually, Walrus was washed upon a shore with a familiar sand. Exhausted from his ordeal, he lay upon the beach with his eyes barely open, trying to regain his strength. The roar of the waves fell to a gentle, rhythmic cadence while the clouds opened to a brilliant ray of light that almost blinded him. Then Walrus listened to the wind as it howled and hissed and spun all around his face. For a moment, Walrus forgot about his miseries and allowed his thoughts to ride on this mysterious wind.

“*Gatherer of Souls!*” Walrus heard the words as they plunged deeply into his mind, halting all other thoughts. He was somehow aware that this new thought was not his own. But there was a certain energy that these words carried, a feeling of warmth that Walrus could only associate with Mother Earth. It was her vibration that reminded him of Harmony’s caring words. And it was also Mother Earth’s compassion that guided him to accept the path he had traveled thus far and the one which existed beyond his inner vision.

The wind stopped howling around his face and the clouds quickly disappeared. The air was calm and fresh. The storm had passed and Walrus wondered where the ocean had brought him.

“Is it really you, my dear?!” said a voice that brought Walrus a feeling of fond remembrance. Walrus turned around to see the loving face of his mother. She had aged much since their last time

## *Walrus: Gatherer of Souls*

together.

“Mother, I can’t believe I found you,” Walrus cried out as he nuzzled her. “But this means that I’ve returned to the old herd. Why would the ocean bring me back to those who once rejected me?” Walrus was both excited to see his Mother and disappointed to realize that his journey had returned him full circle. He was worried that he would not be able to use his beautiful vocal skills that he had learned to remember. But how could he live a life of silence? Having no voice was worse than having no herd.

“Come, my son, let the old herd hear your music,” Mother Walrus coaxed. “There have been many changes among us.”

And so Walrus followed his Mother across the beach where he soon saw waves and waves of walruses, some with familiar faces and some with new faces. The old feeling of insecurity began to rise up in Walrus’s throat as he was greeted by the members of the old herd. But that feeling was soon replaced with excitement as he heard some of the songs of his heart. Their chorus was not as full-sounding as the herd he had just left, but Walrus felt happy to hear these notes. As he listened to their music, he couldn’t help but sing with them, adding a great depth of sound which mesmerized the masses. Some of the familiar faces could remember how Walrus always sang such beautiful music and they welcomed his enchanting melodies.

“Your sounds are even stronger than when you were a calf,” said a faintly familiar voice. Walrus looked over his shoulder to see a much older Mighty Tusks. His whiskers were gray and his body showed the scars of defeat. He was no longer in charge of the herd. There was a gentleness in his eyes that Walrus had often seen in the faces of his past herd.