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## **Dance of the Least Weasel**

I lived in a ramshackle house on a farm in the Treasure Valley of eastern Oregon while I worked on healing after being hit by a drunk driver. I sat in soft dirt in sunshine, sheltered from cold spring wind by the big cottonwood tree I leaned against. I played my guitar and built a new song to help guide me up from discouragement that had come to me in my dreams the night before and was hard to leave behind in early morning.

Eleven more large cottonwood trees grew along the dirt driveway that ran past the back door of my house and then across the grassy swale to the long-abandoned milking barn.

I saw a small animal up the dirt road, coming my way through bright sunshine, almost hidden by weeds growing in the dusty road. I kept playing my guitar and watched.

A least weasel, reddish brown, about six inches long, with white underneath, carried its black-tipped tail straight up and trotted jauntily down the dirt road toward me. Without altering its pace, the weasel looked me over as if it liked the music resonating from my guitar, trotted past me, up the steps, and in the open back door of my house. I got up and followed it, still strumming my guitar but trying now to find bright rhythm that matched the small animal's confident trot.

The weasel toured my living room, looked my sparse furniture over, trotted in and circled my bedroom, walked into the bathroom and looked everything over, came out, and trotted by quite close to my feet, unafraid of my hugeness, of my humanness so close to its tiny form as it trotted though this part of its day.

Harmony of my guitar's tones filled the narrow hallway as I matched the small animal's rhythms of movement.

The least weasel trotted out my back door, down the steps, and down the dirt road, out of sight into tall grass and trees. It had delivered its message, that I am not alone, that the life force is strong and surrounds me with joy and flows smoothly into harmony and into the future.

I sat down on the back step and played and sang a new song, a weasel trot, happy, confident, resonating into the world.

Sunshine and bird song filled the day as my song and I reached toward the clear blue sky.

Sunny day after sunny day developed into summer. My song, the song the very small weasel had brought for me, developed, unfolded and became the starting point for my songs that celebrated sunshine, harmony, the healing power of life.

I left crutches behind. I left my cane behind. I walked. I healed in ways, in strengths I hadn't thought were possible. Often, in the years that have gone since that morning in The Treasure Valley, when I needed to climb toward harmony, toward renewed enthusiasm for life, I danced the weasel dance, sang the weasel song, to remember better the bright message the tiny animal brought me through weeds and dust in spring sunshine, that life is good. Life is full of healing. Life flows in harmony all around me.