Garden Protector Medicine Wheel
By Richard J. Clofine, DO

An eclectic, cross cultural wheel for GARDEN PROTECTOR

EAST

Ho INTI., HO!
Winds of the East, come and blow through me!
My Spirit is Fire, Fire is my spirit.

In the east the seed is planted, spring and the new day dawn. In the east two become one and fire of conception manifests.

I CALL ON THE POWER OF THE SEED TO PROTECT OUR GARDENS!!! (reaching into the air)
I CALL ON THE FIRE OF OUR SPIRIT TO LIGHT OUR WAY!!!

The seed is planted in the ground, to be nurtured and cherished, holding full potential for its life cycle.
The seed of fresh ideas is planted in our mind, to blossom into infinite new ways of solving problems.
The seed of new intent is planted in our spirit, to grow determination in reaching our goals.
The seed of pure love is planted in our hearts, to embrace ourselves and others in compassion.

Here, the seeds planted have VISION unconditioned by past experience, an INNOCENT VISION that holds the potential for infinite paths to all future outcomes.

The fire of life is held in a seed, representing pure potential.
May that fire burn bright and bold inside us, turning the dross of our lives into gold.

In the east fly birds over our city.. They fly high above the ground, seeing the big picture of the landscape. Their vision not blocked by the confusion of individual buildings and towers. Let me fly with the birds high above the landscape, high in the wind on Pachamama's breath SO THAT I might see the big picture of my life!

I CALL ON THE POWER OF THE SEED TO PROTECT OUR GARDENS!!! (reaching into the air)
I CALL ON THE FIRE OF OUR SPIRIT TO LIGHT OUR WAY!!!
I CALL ON THE POWER OF INTI, THE SUN, TO PROTECT OUR GARDENS, AND TO WARM US ON OUR WAY!

HO! WINDS OF THE EAST BLOW THROUGH ME! HO!

SOUTH

Ho Pachamama, HO!

Winds of the South, come and blow through me.
My body is the Earth, the Earth is my body.

In the South, the seed grows to a plant, pregnancy progresses, summer is here and our day is warmed by the sun.
I CALL ON THE POWER OF PACHAMAMA, GAIA, MOTHER EARTH, TO PROTECT OUR GARDENS!!
I CALL ON THE POWER OF EARTH AND MY BODY TO PROTECT OUR GARDENS!!

Pachamama is under us all! She is the firm foundation on which our city lies. When the city dies, she will reclaim her skin. She loves us all, her life in every sidewalk crack, and crevice. Let us tread lightly as we ask her to compost our shit into rich fertile loam.

The seed grows and the pregnancy progresses. This is about the NUTURING AND HEALING ENERGIES of Pachamama. Learning how to nurture our gardens. The gardens we grow our food in, and the garden of our life. Working to weed out that which hinders growth, and to cultivate those things and people make the garden of our life more fertile, and a better place to be.

In the south new ideas and ways of being take shape and form, preparing to manifest as action in this world. In the south fresh intent grows strong, reaching toward the sun with full power. We are nurtured in pure love.

In the south a great SERPENT is present. Let me learn to be as the snake, who is blessed to always be hugging mother earth as it moves through its day. HO! GREAT SERPENT, come and wrap your coils of light around me. HO! Let me learn to shed my skin, as you do, and become anew. Ho great serpent.

I CALL ON THE POWER OF PACHAMAMA TO PROTECT OUR GARDENS.
I CALL UPON THE HEALING AND NUTURING WISDOM OF THE WOMB TO PROTECT OUR GARDENS! Ho Pachamama! Thank you MOTHER.

HO! WINDS OF THE SOUTH COME AND BLOW THROUGH ME TONIGHT!

WEST

Ho! Winds of the West, come and blow through me!!

My Blood is Water, water is my blood. Same as the blood of pachamama, as it flows through the vessels of her rivers and streams. In the west, the fruit falls and delivery occurs, as the fall and dusk fill our days.

I CALL UPON THE POWER OF WATER AND BLOOD TO PROTECT OUR GARDENS!!!
I CALL ON THE SPIRIT OF BIRTH AND TRANSFORMATION TO PROTECT OUR GARDENS!!!

Water is so gentle, conforming perfectly to all it encounters. Yet its persistence forms grand canyons. It feeds all life and shapes our world. Where TWO BECAME ONE in the fireconception of the east.... here ONE BECOMES TWO in the process of birth and transformation. Here the water bag breaks and we come into new worlds.

In the west, fresh ideas come to fruition and manifest. In the west, new intent is recognized as
Here is WARRIOR SPIRIT, to move with surrender through the birth process and be one with the flow. Here the ultimate TRANSFORMATION occurs, where we move between worlds and become anew. Push, PUSH HARDER, push through the pain into the ecstasy of deity manifest.

A GREAT CAT runs with me in the west. Sometimes she sits at my side in times of great crisis. I can feel her muscled shoulder lean up against mine. I smell her heavy warm breath against my face and feel her rasplike tongue along the back of my neck. Ho! Otorongo!

Newmoon time. A time of releasing. Releasing our fears, our pain, our anger and our menstrual blood.

HO! WINDS OF THE WEST, COME AND BLOW THROUGH ME TONIGHT!

NORTH

HO! WINDS OF THE NORTH, COME AND BLOW THROUGH ME TONIGHT!

AIR IS MY BREATH AND MY BREATH IS AIR!

My breath connects me to my life force and higher power. My breath is AUM.

In the NORTH, the fruit of the harvest is stored for the cold days of winter. Dormancy is required for the new cycle to begin. The night sky brings blessed sleep and dreamtime. What blessings. Here we see the results of our manifest action.

The NORTH holds SAGE WISDOM of all the ancient ones. Thank you grandmothers and grandfathers, those of blood and those of spirit! Here we find the wisdom of those who have traveled the wheel many times. Here we are bound to the DNA river, that we float along and that floats through us.

In the NORTH flies a hummingbird that comes and floats around may head. I hear the buzz of its wings and catch the glimpse of color in the corner of my eye. The hummingbird teaches me about power and family. It has amazing strength in its vast migration on tiny wings. It fiercely defends its home and power spot, to keep it safe. Dragons also fly, and light the night sky.

HO! SAGE WIDOM OF THE NORTH, LET YOUR WINDS COME AND BLOW THROUGH ME!

LOWER WORLD

(kneeling down to touch the earth....)

HO! PACHAMAMMA, GAIA, MOTHER EARTH!!!!

Pachamamma, you are always there to embrace us. You always are firm ground under my feet. When my feet stomp, you lovingly receive the blows be they stomps of anger or rejoiceful dancing. When tears flow from my eyes you absorb them all, be they tears of pain or ecstatic joy. You take the shit of my life and compost it into rich humus, to use to fertilize the garden of my life.

Through a crack in your skin tunnel down whirlwinds into the lower world, into shadow and mysterious things. Pachamamma!“help me to know how to embrace the shadow of my life.
Your lower world holds all the healing plantpeople and stone people. The plants we grow for food and the wonderful healing herbs we soothe our pains with. The sacramental power plants that raise our spirit, and allow us to know the divine within. The crystals and stones we hold near to us, to make us near to you.

In the lower world run my animal spirits, totems and tutelaries. Let me more and more learn to connect with them, and through them with you. All your powerful support.

Thank you mother, HO PACHAMAMMA!!!!!!

MIDDLE WORLD

(standing and looking in the eyes of those around you........)

I am so grateful for this middle world we live in together. For the grace and blessing of this body.

It is good to 'be in the meat' together. So we might look into each others eyes and feel one another's touch and know the divine that threads us together. So we might meet at the fire and hold space for transformation to occur in our lives... HO!

Each an individual flower that require different things to fully blossom. Each flower with different fragrance and shape and colors and textures. All drawn together in this world, into a beautiful garland, connected by the uniting thread of divine love.

When climbing the mountain together, there are times when you push me, and other times when I pull you. Sacred reciprocity, AYNI (pronounced I-knee).

Let us grow and walk together.

UPPER WORLD

(standing tall, looking up with the left palm stretched to the sky ((receiving))...)

As we flow through the universe on our beloved Pachamamma, we honor the mysteries above, as below.

As we each understand it, we call on the mysteries of the upper world to come into our lives. To bring us more in alignment with our higher power and true nature.

oh GREAT SPIRIT... You who are known by many names and whose name is our life force. Let us recognize your grace and blessings all around us, in all parts of our lives. May you fully manifest to each of us, in our own way.

To all the ascended masters, spiritual guides, angelic forces, starbeings and otherworldly divine forces..... we invite you into our lives and around our fire tonight!

Help us to embrace the mystery of our lives, the mystery defined by birth and death. Help us know our lightbodies. Help us to stoke the inner furnace of our heartfire, and spread that warmth to others.

Thank you GREAT SPIRIT! HO!