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State Of The World Forum  
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Greetings return to you my lords, in the love and in the light of the ancestors, The Source of Life.

Greetings from the Spiritual Warriors, keepers of the flame, we greet you twice.

Greetings from the Chiefs and Elders of The Mound Of The Whale, keepers of the receptacles of knowledge, the fruits of beauty, we greet you thrice.

We sing praises and blessings to the ancestors of Turtle Island who have passed this way a thousand generations ago and have become the earth itself. All that remain are the names that point the way to legends.

It was a way of life that had heart and communion of spirit. Songs that tell of heroic moments that have moved their people to find values true to their inner vision.

Their dance is one that is the beat of the earth itself. Their names are of nature. Their closeness to the land is deliberate.

Their wealth is determined by the integrity of their heart and the freedom of their soul.

They are not poor, they are the bounty of this land, they are the earth itself.

We sing praises and blessings to the ancestral house of Turtle Island, for the vision it seek is not for the eyes, it is for the inner spirit to receive this vision and speak of it to the ancestral house, their heart.

The ancestors ride past on memories that only the clouds can recall.

Know your place within this mystery and a true way to walk by opening your heart to the sighing of the wind that

the grandfather's voice that speak the truth that does not die; open to the earth and ready to fulfill a destiny.

We sing praises and blessings to Mother Earth who spins the web of creation, the eternal principle of truth; who weave the tapestry of life; awareness is her substance, the seeds of life.

We are the prayer spoken individually as consciousness. We create our beliefs and redefine their edges moment by moment and call this cascade of momentum, our life.

To attempt to define the unfathomable mystery that gives birth to the miracle of our being creates a stagnant atmosphere of conflicting philosophies that we have named religion.

So the dilemma arises that has bewildered all faiths, how to evolve in creative expression, seeking to grow past fear and into a heart sharing of meaningful activity while enclosed in a circle of spiritual speculation that speaks of inner truths yet bogs the soul in thought and ritual.

Life itself is the prayer; the prayer is not eternal or for show.

Spirit is the inner essence, the eternal principle that speaks of our life as its truths, but worship of it misses the point.

We are our God, The Creator living in the creation getting to know the Creator better, praying to ourself is useless, but living in light of our truth and applying it into a moment by moment joy of sharing expressive mastery is the enlightenment of our soul.

Self realization is mastery, not philosophy- it is joy, not effort- it is truth, not blind participation.

Our prayer is our joy, and each of us sings of the same truth.

The cordage, is symbolic of the lives we have completed and the result of the choices we have made throughout our many incarnations.

The occasional knots in the cordage are brought about, at this time, by the "Law of Attraction," when life choices were taken away either by or from the weaver.

Where the braiding is taking place is the current point in our life. The strands are of different lengths, substances, and textures, and some tend to be more central to the cordage than others, but at each and every choice, the strands are braided in and out, depending on the ramifications of the choices made.

Each choice is made by the weaver, and each choice brings new form to bear on the cordage. All the strands are valid and some are likelier than others- until the choice is made. The tangling of the cordage strands is caused by choice.

Now: Our own nature, of course, is of the water; in that we as spiritual warriors, are easily impressed and moved.

This is the very fiber of the cordage and the nature of our physical journey and vigil in this three dimensional experience: To not only be moved, but to instruct ourselves to the preferred manner of our movement in mind, body, and spirit; for we are the best teachers we will ever find.

Therefore, as each person enters the energy web of Papa hanau moku, Mother Earth, each experiences two major influxes, that of the conception, which has to do with the physical manifestation of the incarnation, and that of the moment we call birth, when the divine breath, the Ha, is drawn into the body.

Thus those who know the stars and their configurations and influences, such as a navigator of the ancestral canoe, are able to see a rather broadly drawn map of the places through which a spiritual warrior, a bearer of light, has travelled, is travelling, or may be expected to travel, be it upon the physical, the mental, or the spiritual level, through the watery world of spirit, Hawai'i; our direct link, braided with the cordage of love. Aloha.

It is said that we are one link, one connection, in a millenium long cordage of spiritual warriors, activating the wisdom of persuasion and the mastery of the highest evolutionary development, the Chief, related to and the continuation of cognizant nature.

We change what we can and accept what we cannot change for those who can, the descendants of the next seven generations.

We ask that you remain seated until the awa service is completed. When your name is called, we ask that you, the recipient, clap your hands once for the awa servers recognition of the recipient. You may speak over your cup of awa. Upon the return of the awa cup to the server, a command of "Pa'i ka lima" will be given; everyone will applaud in unison "three times."

Makaukau? Inu awa?

#### Awa Service

We the spiritual warriors with the bearers of light, leave you in the love and in the light of the ancestors, The Source of Life; rejoicing in the power and the peace braided with the cordage of love. Aloha.

Hale Makua

Hono Ele Makua