



## Spirit Guide to Third Falls

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Kathryn LaFevers Evans, Three Eagles  
*Three Eagles, Chickasaw Nation*  
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*Figure 1: Sawtooth Matterhorn above Third Falls*

Across Robinson Creek footbridge

where melted snow-waters glint  
in the sunlight,  
as the river bends out towards the lake,

The trail up begins moist and strewn

with golden aspen leaves,  
as it winds through the white-bark trees.

Through the darkened pine-forest,

across the log bridge that spans  
the final twisting rush  
before the steep granite-gravel switchbacks.

And further up beyond the fern grotto,

I hear her call  
as I approach First Falls.

The Eagle, unmistakable, calls for me.

I cannot see her perched among the pines.

Granite boulder mountainside waterfall,

First Falls whitewater.

And after awhile I go on up,

along the narrow switchbacks,  
steep Sierra trail towards Second Falls.

This is Puma's land, and Black Bear's,

where dried deer-lettuce crunches underfoot,

frozen by an early snow.

I hear her call, as I approach Second Falls.

The Eagle, unmistakable, calls for me.

Whitewater rocks with moss-covered felled-tree banks  
usher me on to the final switchback  
before Third Falls.

The granite-gravel trail, moistened  
with yesterday's rain,  
feels firm and sure beneath my feet  
as I stop in the sunlight  
to sit on Meditation Rock.

Below me is the wide beaver creek,  
flowing flat and slowly towards the drop  
at Second Falls.

Fertile green foliage spreads out around  
the beaver dams,  
while grey leafless trees,  
drowned in the pond,  
stand quiet.

And on beyond is the stark granite edifice,  
that itself appears to cascade down,  
under majestic Third Falls.

It fans out across the rock face

as if to claim it—  
the visual base that frames  
the Sawtooth Matterhorn  
high against the sky.

The peaks are covered deep, and dusted  
with new snow,  
and the topmost ridge of white  
is blown up mist-like even higher  
on the sky.

Then walking along the final band of trail  
as it swings wide above the beaver ponds  
and on  
towards the top of Third Falls,

I see her circling  
  
borne high upon the air—

The Eagle, unmistakable, calls for me.

**Kathryn LaFevers Evans**, Three Eagles, is a Chickasaw shaman and longtime practitioner of esoteric techniques and rituals. She is Adjunct Faculty at Pacifica Graduate Institute, member of APA Division 32 Humanistic Psychology, and member of IAJS International Association for Jungian Studies. Evans holds a BA in Comparative Literature and Research in Consciousness from Maharishi International University; an MA in Literature and Writing Studies from California State University San Marcos; and studied yoga, esotericism, and world religions with a private teacher in Santa Barbara for 17 years. A citizen of the Chickasaw Nation, she received her native name Three Eagles while on vision quest in the High Sierras. Three Eagles has received the lineages of Shiva, YHVH/Yahweh, and YHshVH/Jesus; and teaches Medicine-Wheel-Vision-Quest™ and Natural Magic through her company IAWHE <http://www.threeeagles.net>. Her work—integrating theory and practice in an interdisciplinary paradigm—engages the imaginal, mythopoetic cosmologies of Renaissance neoplatonism and natural magic with depth and archetypal psychology. A life-long writer of devotional nature poetry, she is a native Californian who grew up on the beach in Carpinteria, and now lives in Ojai with her family. [kathrynevans@threeeagles.net](mailto:kathrynevans@threeeagles.net)