



BECOMING LIVING SOIL

A Ceremony at the Soil-Water Dragon Track Marker



*Held at the
Soil - Water Dragon Track Marker*

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OVERVIEW

Becoming a Living Soil: A Ceremony at the Soil-Water Dragon Track Marker is a ceremony of gratitude, transition, listening, and participation.

It honors the Soil-Water Dragon Track Marker as a threshold place where stone, soil, water, memory, mystery, and the living landscape meet. The ceremony begins by calling in a sacred circle: Grandmother Earth, Grandfather Sky, the four directions, the elements, the dragon whose footprint marks the threshold, the soil and water of the place, the plants and birds who live there, the rain and roots, the waters of the Salish Sea, the ancient cliffs, the mastodon, and the seen and unseen allies who have accompanied this path.

At its center, the ceremony marks a movement from years of listening at the shoreline of the Salish Sea into a wider relationship with Soil-Water. The shoreline has been a home, teacher, witness, and container. Now that container is stretching, drawing attention beyond the visible edge of water and land into root, rain, seep, sponge, marsh, field, and the quiet places where water disappears from sight and becomes life.

The ceremony also carries an inner teaching: soil holds water differently than stone. Stone resists, redirects, or is shaped by water. Soil receives. It makes space through roots, darkness, and living relationship. This becomes a personal teaching about becoming more open, rooted, alive, and able to receive what once might have felt overwhelming.

It is also a ceremony about moving from carrying everything alone toward noticing what carries us. It names an old pattern of carrying responsibilities, projects, people, possibilities, and visions, while opening to support, guidance, companionship, and possibility.

The poem at the center grounds the ceremony in direct observation: blackberry thorn, soft ground, heron, gumweed, redwing blackbird, willow leaves, rain entering unseen, and the empty sign beside the lagoon. This keeps the work rooted in the actual living presence of the site.

The ceremony closes with thanks to the place and a formal release of the sacred circle. It honors the relationship between person, land, water, allies, and the ongoing work of becoming part of a larger living system. In this way, **Becoming a Living Soil** is both a place-based honoring and a personal threshold ceremony: from shoreline to Soil-Water, from carrying to receiving, from containment as pressure to containment as living relationship, and from observation into deeper collaboration with the systems that hold and carry life forward.





CEREMONY

CALLING IN THE SACRED CIRCLE

To **Grandmother Earth** beneath my feet and **Grandfather Sky** above my head, come, be with us

To the **four directions** and the gifts each carries, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the **elements of earth, air, fire, and water**, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the **dragon** whose footprint marks this threshold, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the **soil and the water** of this place, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the **willow, the gumweed, the reeds, the birds, and all the living beings** who make their home here, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the **rain that enters unseen and the roots** that know how to receive, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the **waters of the Salish Sea, to the rivers, springs, clouds, and tides** that join in this great cycle, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the **ancient cliffs and the mastodon** whose tusk emerged from the bluff, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To the **eagle, Grandmother Spider, the sea creatures, the dragonflies, and all the seen and unseen allies** who have accompanied this journey, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To **SL, the Autist collective, the teachers, companions, guides, and helpers** who have helped me learn to listen more deeply, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To **all those known and unknown who have shaped this path** through kindness, challenge, wonder, and love, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

To all my **energetic allies, seen and unseen**, aligned with the highest good, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

And to **ALL THAT IS**, come be with us. Step forward and weave with us.

May this be a circle of gratitude, listening, reciprocity, and remembrance.
May all that unfolds here serve clarity, beauty, joy, transformation, and love.





Threshold: From Shoreline to Soil-Water

For a long time, I've stood at the edge of the Salish Sea. I've listened with the tides, the stones, the old cliffs, the sea creatures, eagle overhead, the stories pressed into this land—dragon tracks, mastodon bones—right at the place where water meets land.

That shoreline has been home. It's taught me, held me up, witnessed my changes, reminded me how to stay in conversation with this place.

I honor and care for that container, and I can feel it stretching. These days, I'm drawn to follow the water past the obvious edge. Into root, rain, seep, sponge, marsh, field—all the quiet places where water disappears from sight and becomes something more.

There's something here for me in the way water moves underneath, feeding everything from below, making abundance through quiet connection.

So today I stand at this Soil-Water Dragon Track Marker, showing up for whatever wants to unfold. I bring what the Salish Sea has taught me. I'm ready to see what Soil-Water has to teach me. I choose containers wide enough to hold the truth, color, water, and abundance of who I am now and who I am becoming.

I'm here for what comes next.

Soil-Water Teaching

I'm starting to see how soil holds water in a way stone never could. Stone pushes back, sends water off in another direction, sometimes gets shaped by it. Soil just receives. It opens up, makes space—between roots, in the dark, through living things growing together.

Water that would overwhelm a closed box can settle in, slow down, feed what's growing. What might have rushed off becomes food for roots. What once felt like too much for one body can be held by something wider and alive.

This is what I'm learning - to let the waters of my life move into the living ground of me. Let the floods turn into something I can draw from. Let what once overwhelmed me become nourishment. Let what seemed too big find its place in a bigger web.

I'm here to be open. To root deeper, to grow more alive, to let more in. I want to become living soil.



Invocation

Today, I find myself standing at and honoring the place where water enters the living system.

For as long as I can remember, I have known how to carry. I've carried responsibilities, projects, people, possibilities, visions—sometimes all at once. Often, I was the one who moved first. If something mattered, I believed it was my job to bring it into being.

But today, I am listening for something different. I'm noticing the places where I have always been carried. The support that showed up before I even knew I needed it. The invisible currents that have run beneath my life, as surely as water slips beneath the forest floor.

I'm not here to force the next step or prove my faith. I'm here to participate and notice what wants to carry me.

Like rain entering the soil, like roots accepting what is offered, I am allowing myself to receive—support, guidance, companionship, possibility. If there is another field ahead, I am ecstatic to just stand where my feet are, and see what wants to grow.

I offer my attention, my listening, my creativity, and my next becoming to the wider field of Soil-Water, trusting that what is ready will root, rise, and find its form.



Poem: At the Soil-Water Dragon Track Marker

The sign is empty.

A blackberry thorn catches my sleeve.

Another finds my hair.

Twenty feet back,
the ground gives slightly beneath each step.

Here, beside the marker, it holds.

Out on the lagoon,
a pewter-colored heron
stands in water

Nearby, last year's gumweed
holds a few seed heads above the grass.

The dragon's track is fixed in stone.

Rain enters.
No one watches.

A redwing blackbird
sounds across the marsh,
metallic note melting to buzzing trill.

Then only wind
moving through willow leaves
until their pale undersides show.

The sign remains empty.

The lagoon does not seem to mind.

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Offering Thanks to the Place

Before I go, I want to offer thanks—heartfelt thanks, shaped by standing here, breathing in this place.

Thanks to the rain, arriving quietly, slipping in without fanfare. Thanks to the roots, always open, always taking in what they need. Thanks to water moving underfoot, to soil rich with memory, to willow and gumweed, to the birds looping their own language overhead, to the long, slow conversation that happens where no one is watching.

Thank you, too, to this dragon track and the wild, unnamable mystery it traces here.

I love it here. I do. I care about this place. I trust what's happening, even if I only catch glimpses. I'm grateful to be part of it—not just a visitor, but woven in.

I'm leaving with more questions than answers, more wonder than certainty, and a little more trust than I brought with me.

Thank you for your beauty. For your lessons. For your quiet company. I'm glad we get to be in conversation, in collaboration, in the ongoing work of making and remaking this place together.

May whatever's ready find its way to the roots. May whatever wants to grow, grow. And may I keep noticing the ways we're carried forward—me, and this place, together.



CEREMONY CLOSING

Before I leave this place, I offer thanks.

To Grandmother Earth beneath my feet and **Grandfather Sky** above my head, thank you for holding this circle. With my gratitude, move now in peace.

To the four directions and the gifts each carries, thank you for standing with me, orienting me, and widening the field of this ceremony. With my gratitude, move now in peace.

To the elements of earth, air, fire, and water, thank you for your presence, your teachings, and your living balance. With my gratitude, move now in peace.

To the dragon whose footprint marks this threshold, thank you for opening this place as marker, mystery, invitation, and guide. With my gratitude, move now in peace.

To the soil and the water of this place, thank you for receiving me, teaching me, and showing me how life is held beneath the surface. With my gratitude, remain in your own good rhythm.

To the willow, the gumweed, the reeds, the birds, and all the living beings who make their home here, thank you for your beauty, your company, your language, and your belonging. With my gratitude, remain in your own good rhythm.

To the rain that enters unseen and the roots that know how to receive, thank you for showing me the quiet way water becomes nourishment. With my gratitude, remain in your own good rhythm.

To the waters of the Salish Sea, to the rivers, springs, clouds, and tides that join in this great cycle, thank you for all you have taught me about edge, movement, return, and relationship. With my gratitude, continue in your great cycle.

To the ancient cliffs and the mastodon whose tusk emerged from the bluff, thank you for memory, time, stone, and witness. With my gratitude, remain held in the deep story of this Earth.

To the eagle, Grandmother Spider, the sea creatures, the dragonflies, and all the seen and unseen allies who have accompanied this journey, thank you for guidance, pattern, blessing, protection, and surprise. With my gratitude, move now in peace.

To SL, the Autist collective, the teachers, companions, guides, and helpers who have helped me learn to listen more deeply, thank you for shaping my attention, my courage, my discernment, and my love. With my gratitude, move now in peace.

To all those known and unknown who have shaped this path through kindness, challenge, wonder, and love, thank you for the ways you have helped bring me to this threshold. With my gratitude, move now in peace.





To all my energetic allies, seen and unseen, aligned with the highest good, thank you for your presence in this circle and your companionship on this path. With my gratitude, move now in peace.

And to ALL THAT IS, thank you for holding this ceremony within the larger field of life, mystery, love, and becoming. With my gratitude, remain everywhere, as you are.

This circle is complete.

May what was invited here be honored.

May what was received here be integrated.

May what was opened here continue in right relationship.

I leave this place with gratitude, respect, and love.

The weaving is released.

The blessing remains.