THE BEAR OF SACRED PRESENCE
A Voice of Rest, Power, and Joy

THE SLUMBER

When Bear comes, you are being called
to settle into stillness.
To pause the proving.
To come home to your cave — not to hide,
but to remember.

You are not behind.
You are not broken.
You are simply in a season of becoming.

Bear teaches you how to hold yourself
the way you once held others —
with warmth, with presence,
with holy gentleness.

Let yourself be loved by the stillness.
Let your bones be heard by the earth.
There is no shame in the long sleep.
No weakness in the wintering.
This too is sacred.

You are not meant to bloom all year.
You are meant to rest.
You are meant to feel full.
You are meant to remember your enoughness
without effort.

THE FORMIDABLE

And when Bear awakens —
the ground remembers.
You are not just gentle.
You are the reason others tread carefully.

Your power is not cruelty.
But it is undeniable.
You protect what is sacred
without hesitation.

There is no need to explain your growl.
No need to shrink your shadow.
You do not owe comfort to those
who come with empty hands and loud demands.

You are not a threat.
You are a boundary.
You are the one who does not flinch
when others try to cross what is holy.

Let them fear what they cannot tame.
You were not made to be managed.
You were made to stand between harm and home.
To roar when silence is no longer safe.

THE JOYFUL

But oh — when the storm is gone,
you play.

You eat what’s sweet.