

## The sacred vote: elections '08

Dr. Clarissa Pinkola Estés | Oct. 31, 2008 El Rio Debajo del Rio

This is the prayer I prayed before I filled out the secret paper ballot whilst sitting in my pickup truck in a rain storm this week: *Please help me vote for the souls who can do the most to help those who suffer most ...*

There is sometimes a cynical thought going round like a flu, that one's vote doesn't count; a single vote is only one tiny dot on a vast polka-dot field. Sure, tell that to Klee and Pollock, that one dot on the larger whole is unimportant.

To the artist, as to the scientist, as to the healer ... they witness that a glory of colored music, a vapor turning to good use, a healing that holds ... can rise and fall on the often slightest addition of one element just so ... the one small thing has the power to tear down, raise, move, pull together ... mountains; psychic ones, cultural ones, and otherwise.

In all of nature, the action and movement of even the smallest, influences the largest. And a vote is a holy choice to act in any one or all of these ways as well:

*votum, vovere*, to vow or promise

*voto, veto*, to prevent, prohibit

*vox vocis*: to cry, to call out

And for this last, *vox vocis* the crying out, the power of the one vote ...

Listen ... and tend to your ballot. There is an ancient heart inside you which knows the way ...

### The Wonder Owls, Los Tecolotes Milagrosos

Across the road, a man stood on his flat roof

at 9 pm every night,  
hooting a good sounding hoot at the owl  
in the dark cottonwoods,  
and he was so thrilled  
that the owl hooted back at him.

Hoo hoo, said one,  
Hoo hoo, called the other ...

and night after night this went on ...

Hoo hoo said one.

Hoo hoo, said the other,  
and the man was so happy ...

until another neighbor man mentioned how  
at exactly 9pm after dusk  
he would hear a hoot owl cry,  
and he would cry back,

Hoo hoo

to each Hoo hoo he heard.

And how wondrous it was, he said,  
that he and the owl spoke to each other  
every night.

It soon became clear

that the men had been hoo hooing  
not with an owl,  
but at each other,  
each convinced it was the real McCoy.  
And they laughed and changed the subject  
To, How 'bout 'dem White Sox,  
and that was that.

But, meanwhile, before, during and after,  
the real owls of the woods,  
talked amongst themselves  
about the humans hoo hooing to each other ...  
The owls nodded, Not bad, not bad,  
their accents are thick  
but their phonetics are pretty good.

And the Queen of the Owls heard the story  
of the two humans hoo hooing each other  
thinking they were speaking to a real owl,  
and she saved up the tale  
to tell to the God of the Humans  
and they both had a big gentle chuckle over  
both the humans and the owls ...

speaking long into the night with  
great tenderness, remembering  
the thundering days in which humans  
and creatures were first created,  
about how glad they were  
that humans longed to speak  
to animals,  
and how glad they were for animals  
who heard the humans trying,  
and approved.

The sad part; the two men  
were terribly embarrassed over not knowing  
the owl they were calling to  
was another human being ...  
and they never stood on their porches or roofs again  
crying out Hoo hoo, for they did not know or  
had forgotten that inside every man  
is a great raptor,  
one who can see in the dark,  
one who can lift its tip-feathers  
and fly through forests  
without making a sound.

But the embarrassed men had little sons and daughters

and the owls at night still practice their hoo hooings  
as close to the children's windows as possible ...  
for in the Church of the Owls  
in their scripture scratched on bark  
it says that giants walk the earth  
and that the entire kingdom of birds  
has been given dominion over the poor giants,  
to care for them, to lead them, guide them,  
to watch over them while on Earth ...  
  
to teach them, again and again, that inside  
each soul is a great raptor  
who can not only acutely see and hear during dark times  
... but also by merely landing,  
with what seems so mere a weight  
of twenty pound of feathers, thereby  
can cause the limbs of thousand-year-old pines  
to bend all the way to the ground.

The prayer for this time, and with love:

*Go do likewise*

If you wish to read more about how Dr. E voted: [Barr, McCain, Obama, I Voted Today. In The Fedora Tradition?](#) [1]

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