

## Chief Lone Eagle



"I need my solitude," was the only thought racing through the boy's mind, as he scampered up the large thick limbs of the live oak tree, as easily as if he were a squirrel. Once up on the higher tree branches, Carl finally reached his safe haven. No one would find him this morning, because of the thick fog. He felt safe from everyone's judgments. No schoolmate, teacher, minister, or family member could taunt him when the thick leaves of that wonderful tree hid him.

"Why doesn't anyone understand me?" he said aloud.

"There will come a time in your life, when people will understand you."

"Who are you? And how did you get up here? I didn't see or hear you climb up this tree?"

"Does it really matter who I am?" the stranger answered.

Carl noticed the boy sitting on another limb of the tree, had a dark complexion, as if he were a Native American. "I supposed it doesn't," Carl replied.

This was the first of many such meetings that these two boys would have in that live oak tree, along the inland waterway. The Native American boy always seemed to be able to comfort and nurture Carl, the **only** nurturing force in his otherwise very hostile environment.



Years later, Carl would discover that the Native American boy, who would visit with him in the tree, was his Spirit Control. A Spirit Control is the Spirit who watches over and protects a medium. When a Spirit wishes to communicate through a medium, the spirit has to get permission from the Spirit Control.