

The Silver Moon Wolf



It was the night of the full moon and Manni, the Norse moon god, was sending his magical silver rays down to Midgard. In a small hut at the edge of the forest, a man named Erik sat staring up at the open window through which the Manni's light shone in.

Erik had been searching for a cure for heart and soul and loneliness for a long time. His wife and child had died in his kndbed and Erik was alone, living as a charcoal burner on the outskirts of his village away from the community. The villagers shunned him, said he brought bad luck, bad fortune. In recent weeks, he had heard again and again about an old healer who lived here in the area much deeper in the forest. Behind closed doors, an old woman from the village had whispered to him the weaving description of the healer. Erik had decided to seek out this mysterious man in his lair. One who had lived hidden so deep in the forest for so long must know how to deal with loneliness.

So Erik left his hut and went deeper and deeper into the forest.

At the spring, turn left, a thousand paces until you come to three birch trees. Then turn right, five thousand paces ere remembered the old woman's words and Manni's light shone on the path before Erik, accompanying him as he wandered alone through the night forest.

Finally he came to a small clearing where a warped old hat stood, almost overgrown by moss. The healer stood before the door his bearded face furrowed with age and wisdom, his back bent but his eyes still sharp, full of Odin's wisdom.

He had been expecting Erik, nodding his head slightly as he drew on his cob pipe.

I know what you're looking for," the healer said softly, adding, "Come with me. I'll show you something." They set off into the darkness of the forest and soon heard only their own footsteps. Now and then the healer looked up at the shining disk of the full moon.

Suddenly, silently as a ghost, a gigantic wolf with eyes as bright as crystal rose before them, its fur gleaming silvery in the glow of the night moon. The wolf growled once softly and ran - followed by Erik and the healer.

"Do not be afraid. We will follow him and his wisdom."

They ran and ran, the night air around them rushing by. The old healer seemed young again, running like a young warrior in battle. The wolf always seemed to be out of reach, but they followed him anyway. After a while they stopped at a quiet river. The floodwaters were woven glitteringly by the moonlight, and the water rolled quietly over the stony bank.

"Look closely," the healer said to Erik. "The wolf is looking for peace in the moonlight." They watched the giant wolf wade through the clear water - alone under the shimmering full moonlight.

Then a strange thing happened: the wolf slowly turned toward the sky and howled in the direction of the moon. It was a long wail and then the wolf came back and pressed its body against Erik. Their eyes met for a moment; in that brief glance everything was conveyed and everything was understood.

The wolf licked Erik's face with his rough tongue before trotting away into the water and dissipating like a mist in the early morning sun.

As they walked back to the hut, the healer spoke to him again about his experience.

"We humans often close ourselves off to other beings, even though we are one, we are all the same in our hearts."

Erik pulled his jacket closer around him and looked up at that mysterious night at the edge of the forest. And knew that he, too, would finally find peace - just like the wolf below Manni's beams.

The sacred energy would be ever present with him as well.

It was a spiritual revelation under the canopy of stars - he had begun to find his lonely path in the world.

And many years later it was Erik the healer who led other seekers to the silver moon wolf, to Manni who - himself hunted by an immortal wolf - shared his heart with the people in the form of the wolf.