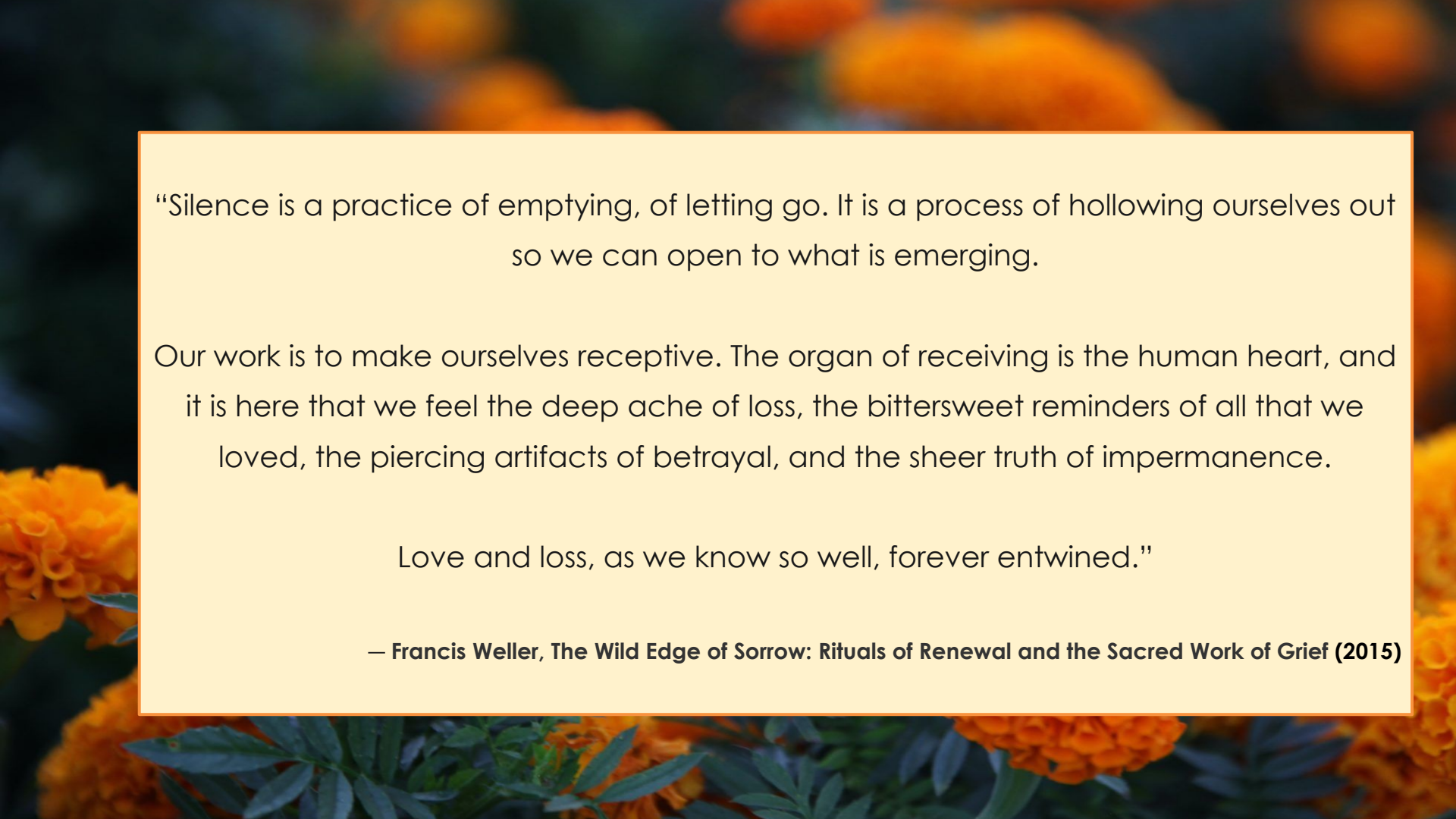


MOURNING IS THE WORK

Art and Ritual-Based Practices for Educators to
Metabolize Grief

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“Silence is a practice of emptying, of letting go. It is a process of hollowing ourselves out so we can open to what is emerging.

Our work is to make ourselves receptive. The organ of receiving is the human heart, and it is here that we feel the deep ache of loss, the bittersweet reminders of all that we loved, the piercing artifacts of betrayal, and the sheer truth of impermanence.

Love and loss, as we know so well, forever entwined.”

— Francis Weller, *The Wild Edge of Sorrow: Rituals of Renewal and the Sacred Work of Grief* (2015)

GATE OF GRIEF: THE SORROWS OF THE WORLD

- The losses of the world around us
- Daily diminishment of species, habitats and cultures noted in our psyches
- Communal sadness for the Earth
- Where we experience the soul of the world



A close-up photograph of a field of bright orange and yellow marigold flowers. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, with some showing detailed petal structures. A white rectangular text box is centered horizontally across the middle of the image, containing the text "PRACTICE: WIND PHONE" in a purple, sans-serif font. The background is softly blurred, showing more flowers and green foliage.

PRACTICE: WIND PHONE



The Wind Phone

When threads of conversation unravel
When the conversation is lost
Or could never be
Find the place
Among the trees

@mywindphone

Uncradle the phone for
In the still of the Forest
You can speak what you didn't
And hear what you haven't
Words not spoken
Now carried to each other
On a together breeze

-Bruce Minnes

@mywindphone

WINDPHONE PRACTICE

1. Turn your camera and mic off.
2. Using your phone, dial the predetermined number and follow the prompt provided.

(facilitator should set up a Google number and use the prompt on the next slide as the outgoing message)

3. When finished with the windphone, reflect on your experience in the collective journal

A wooden box, mounted on a tree trunk in a forest, contains a black rotary telephone. The box is open, and the phone is mounted on the inside wall. A coiled black cord lies on the wooden floor of the box. The background shows a dense forest with green trees and a path.

“Hello, you’ve reached the Wind Phone—a place to share your thoughts, feelings, and words with those in the world you hold in your heart.

Speak freely, and let the wind carry your message.”

— Collective Journal Prompt —

In reflection to your experience with the wind phone, what might you need more space to grieve?

What is your grief telling you?





CLOSING REFLECTION
CLOSING PRACTICE



Art by Lexx Valdez

“What felt different this time was the interior experience of the grief and despair. It was not centered on personal losses—my history, wounds, losses, failures, and disappointments.

It was arising from the greater pulse of the earth itself, winding its way through sidewalks and grocery lists, traffic snarls and utility bills. Somewhere in all the demands of modern life, the intimate link between earth and psyche was being re-established or, more accurately, remembered.

The conditioned fantasy of the segregated self was being dismantled, and I was being reunited, through the unexpected grace of fear, despair, and grief, with the body of the earth.”

— Francis Weller, *The Wild Edge of Sorrow: Rituals of Renewal and the Sacred Work of Grief* (2015)