

Conversations with crystals awaken us

It was the evening before 1993 spring commencement at Indiana University.



*Practical
Intuitive Tools*
Dana Shino

My roommate, Tamara, and I celebrated our graduations with our families on the green lawn in front of the canary yellow house we'd rented. It was a momentous evening.

Near twilight during the gift giving, Tamara's mother handed me an unwrapped, egg-shaped green stone and said, "This was such an interesting piece, and it begged to come to you." Neither of us knew it was malachite, a stone of transformation, protection and emotional integrity. Yet, we both agreed it was beautiful and held a certain wonderful feeling.

The stone returned to the

West with me, and after a number of years, I put it away in a box and forgot about it. This act was a symbolic reflection of my life: How horrific and utter blasphemy it is to suffocate a stone in a box. In boxing away my rock (and other things), I boxed away my life and for many years lost myself in a dark night of the soul.

Somehow, by the grace of God, I eventually woke to the insanity of my life. I left my husband and began retrieving one piece of my soul after another. It was late fall of 2004 when I reclaimed one of my many boxes from storage on a blustery evening. I emptied the box's contents in the warm light of my apartment living room and discovered the malachite egg at the bottom of the box.

I was stunned. In one fell swoop, I was back on the lawn of a cool, damp, Midwestern evening at twilight before my life was painted with experience. It seemed only a day had gone by since Rosemary

dropped the malachite egg with mystery and promise into my hand.

I shook my head in disbelief that I could forget it. And yet, I hadn't, because somehow, I'd found my way back to a thread, a breath of the authentic life I knew I still had. Part

Durango Gem and Mineral Show

Today is the final day of the event, which is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. at the exhibit hall of the La Plata County Fairgrounds. The show will include door prizes, kids activities, lapidary demonstrations, jewelry, gems, minerals, fossils, educational displays and a breakfast and lunch menu.

of the thread already sat on my desk at work: three beautiful stone eggs of lapis, jasper and snowflake obsidian.

Even when we forget, our souls remember who we are. This time, when I found the thread of my life in the bottom of a box, I was ready to em-

brace the alignments of transformation, protection and emotional integrity that malachite offered. That night, I knew stones speak to us. They guide us with an unspoken language and help heal us as we hold them.

The next spring, I invested in Melody's *Love is In the Earth*, one of the best metaphysical anthologies on gems and minerals, telling about the energetic qualities of the stones I loved. Later, I found Robert Simmons' *Book of Stones* to be incredibly valuable.

As my stone collection grew and I held each piece, I began to feel and hear the stones speak with me. These threads of conversations have woven themselves into a beautiful crystal tapestry in my life.

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