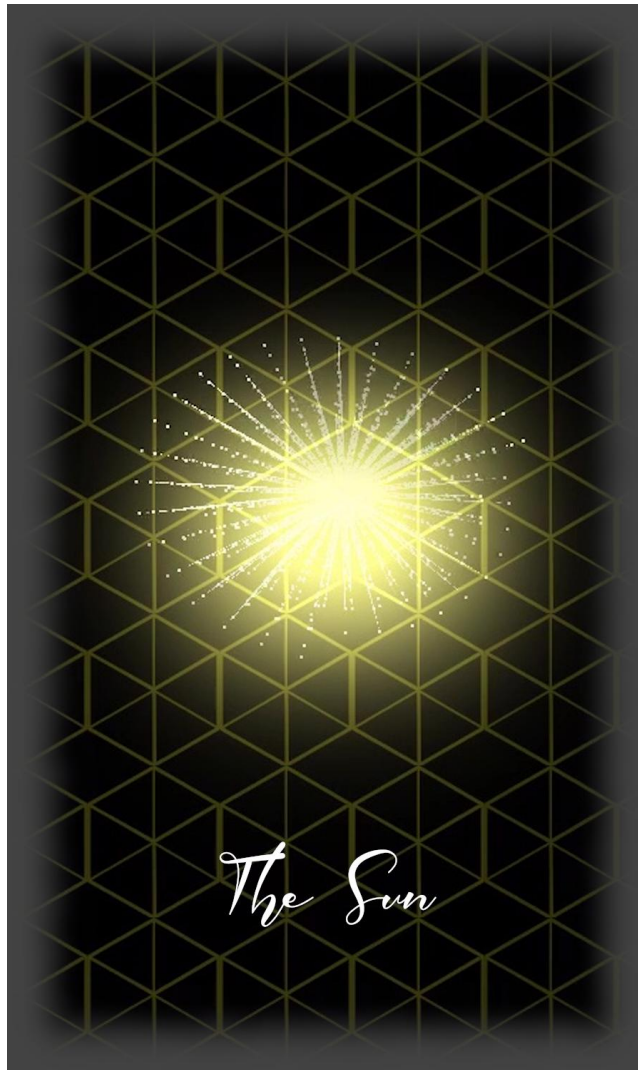


Their Tells

7. 34 Fathers & 44 Sons



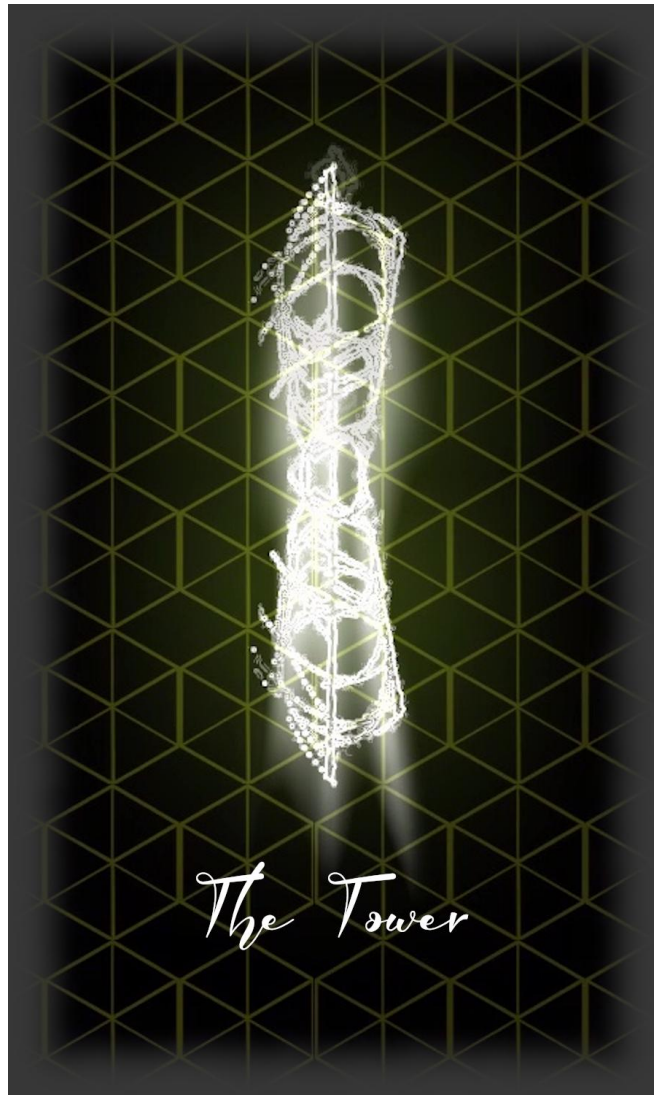
“He embodied wisdom through innocence. It took the unbiased eyes of the untarnished mind to see the truth - and to bring all parts together in harmony”

It is a curious thing to be a son. You stand at the top of a lineage stretching back further than the eye can see; bolstered and hindered by archaic ideals and abandoned patriarchal notions. In your position at the front of the line, you feel you need to step away, to fall from height to your own path. But you are part of a whole that lives in, and through you.



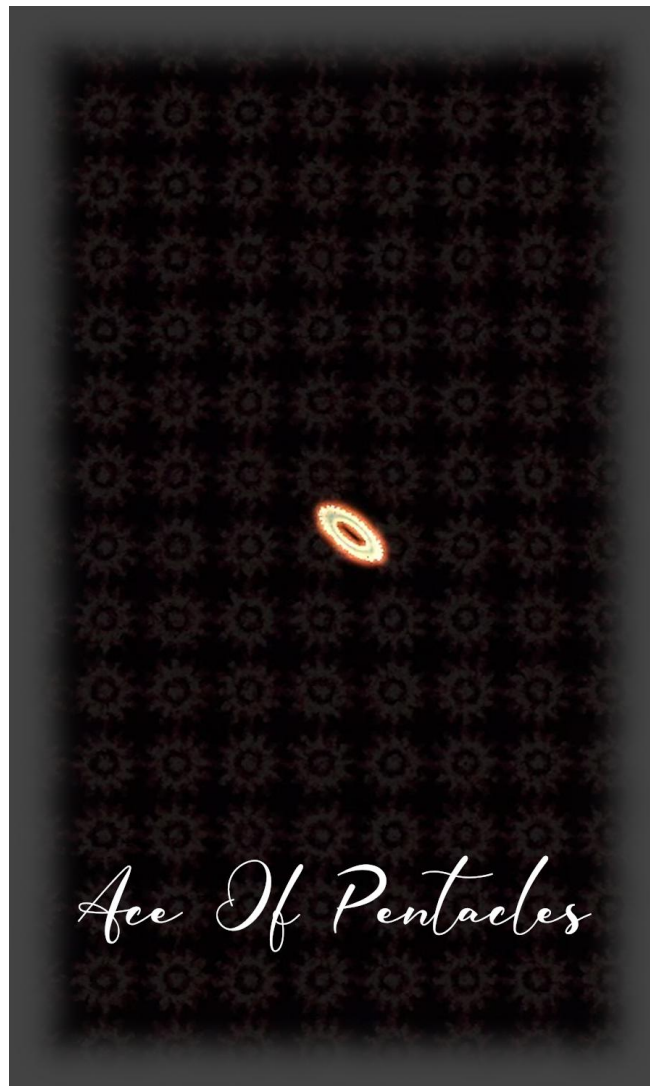
“He was fiercely independent, but sometimes just wanted to give over his agency to a higher power that would fix everything”

It all lies in the balance. You journey out, in life, from your base camp, your safe point of origin. And your primal urge is to travel as far as you can with as little baggage and fuel as possible. But you'll return, time and time again; checking back, lifting forgotten tools and trinkets, looking for snippets of guidance or advice for the road ahead. And then ever-lengthening journeys out into the world, a little further...a little further.



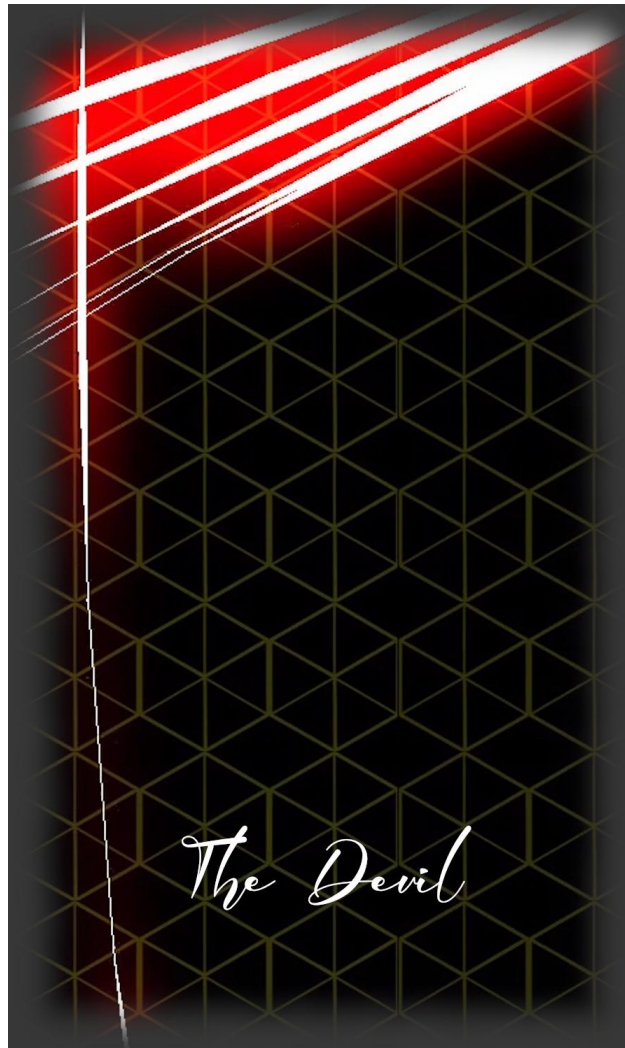
"He had to break it all down. To rise, he believed he had to raze the fields and salt the land. It wasn't the fall that killed him, but the landing"

It's like elastic. Taut and straining, but with enough give, to promise a little more expansion. Pulling away from what came before, and what made *You*, *You*; impatient to make the *You* of Then into the new *You* of Now. Sometimes, only erasure of your own tracks, or the footsteps of the giants that preceded you, will take you where you need to go; out of the collective story and into your own.



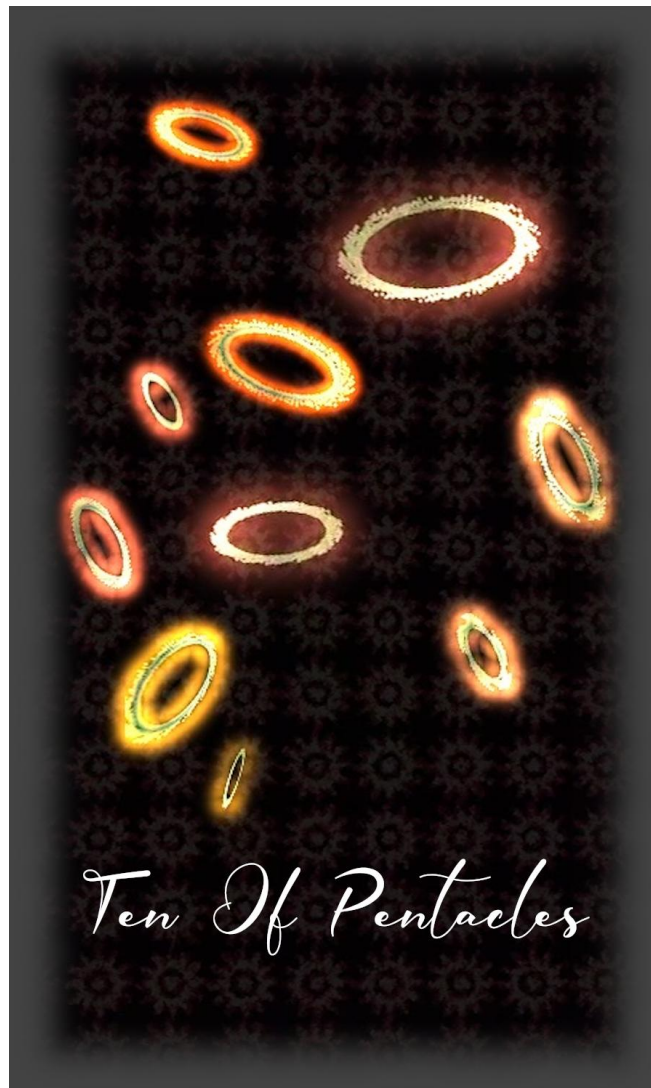
"One coin can tip the balance"

And it takes only one step for fortune to flip. Standing on a precipice, or jumping a crevasse; a sickening lurch as you feel the eyes of those that came before you, their hands reaching out - and the inevitable fall. But learning that balance for yourself is vital to forging your own equilibrium, creating your own fortune.



“Purity & intellect were all very well, but he was a reminder to us all that we are all human, animals governed by passions and irrationality”

Because finding your own way through the pitfalls, and casting off the protective shell of history is the only true way to push forwards - true to the path and true to yourself. Animal intuition needs to take over, scavenging and foraging away from the safety of the tribe. We are as much our basest impulses as we are our shared, austere wisdom.



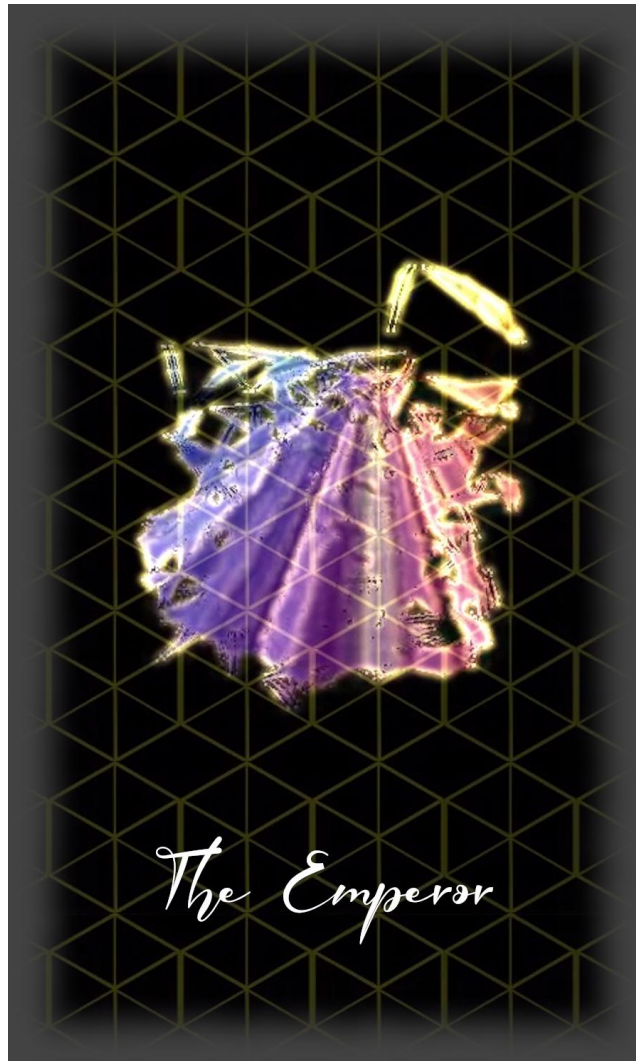
“Sometimes convention, even if it seemed the opposite of what was needed, was the one thing that could provide comfort”

That journey, for some, goes on their whole life; ever reaching outwards, away from what came before. But more often with time comes perspective and the understanding that a balance of iconoclasm and orthodoxy is the best way forwards.



“She kept her mind organised, razor-sharp - like tending to a garden”

Taking the best of the past - the eyes of experience and the shared knowledge of the tribal elders, and aligning it to your own unique, individual future. Acknowledging where you came from, whilst also acknowledging that you are not the past. You are the future.



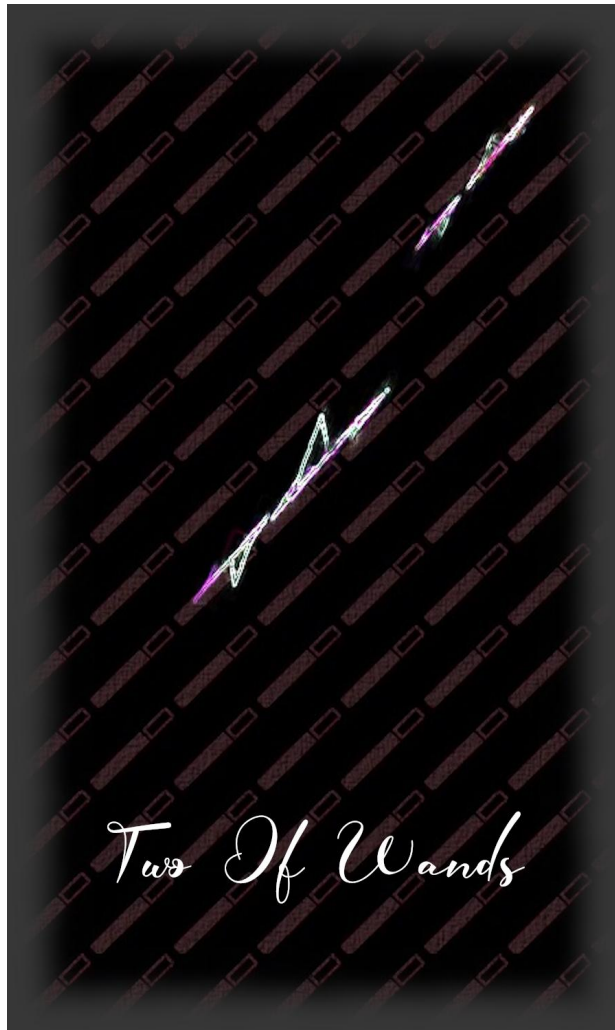
“To me, he was lord of thought as well as of the world of being. He was the executive, & his will the power of the world. His awareness is my experience”

It is a curious thing to be a father. Spending your whole life forging ahead, away from where you came from; only to realise that you've come full circle and are back at the origin, bolstering the journey still to come for those newly awakened. You've spent so much time looking ahead that you didn't realise that the world turned and you were facing back the way you came.



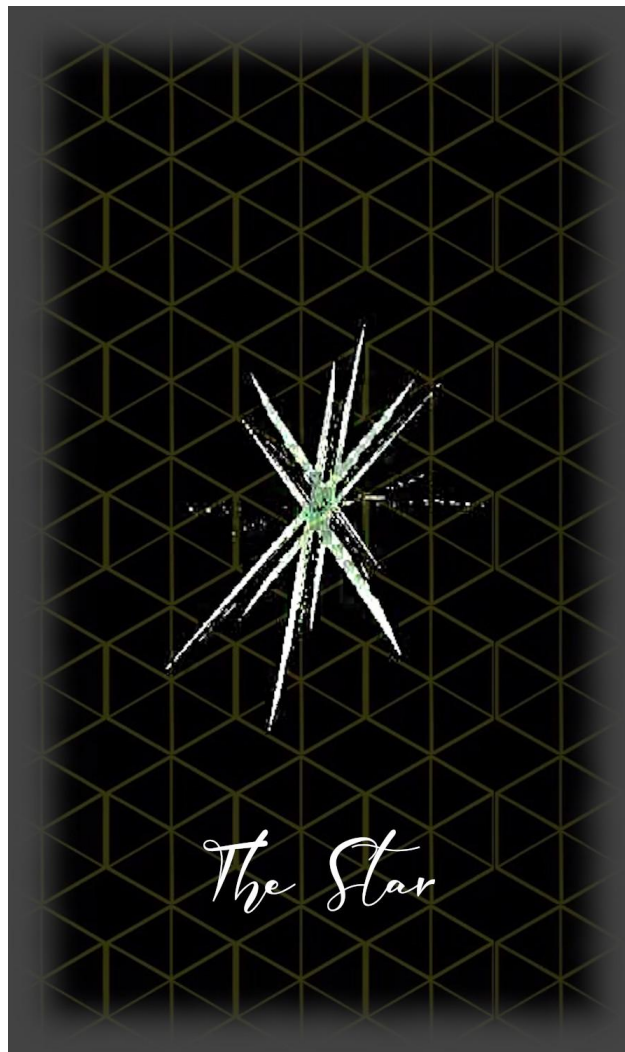
“She gave the appearance of helplessness whilst actually having the upper hand all along”

And suddenly your reason for being flips - at once slow but inexorable. Your moves to forge away have, without you realising, been a shoring up of defences and supplies all along; gathering knowledge, building shelter, making a space in your mind that is an extension of what came before.



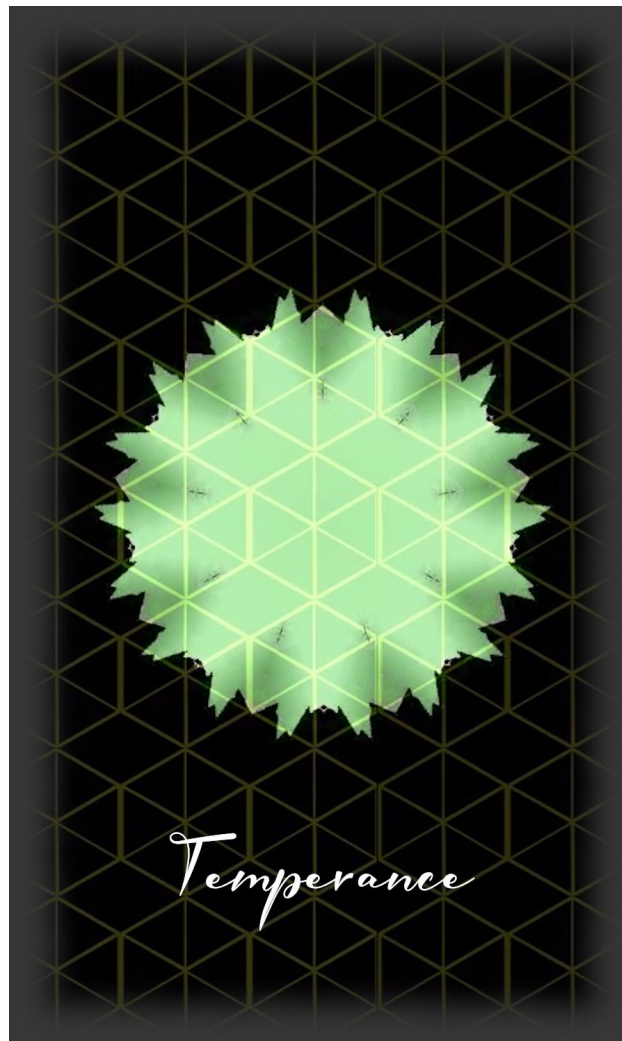
“With every gift came sacrifice. He found a depth of feeling that eclipsed everything else - but at the cost of everything he had”

This can lead to conflict. The duality of the self, and the other, leads to subconscious rebellion; mirroring the push away from ancestral history in youth. This time, the weight of expectations, of sacrifice, of ceding your own agency to another, can cause schisms; you need to accept the change, and with it the responsibility that comes with it.



“Hope and optimism personified, his light touched all those who it fell upon. Small purity in the wide, dark sky”

But faced with the unique purity of a new life, the voices of those that came before take over. A light hitherto undreamt of, fills the world, and fuels the transition; everything falls into place and the familiar paths-not-trodden-before suddenly make sense, as they loop around you and, with the light’s reveal, circle back to home.



“Balance, patience and calm moderation. She drew forth her best qualities & placed them in others- she nourished stability & order. These should never be overlooked or unrewarded”

This is not of course to overlook the place of the mother. But the story of mothers and sons is a stranger one still, and needs to be told from within that bond, where the placing of oneself into a new vessel becomes more literal. That is a miracle beyond our understanding here to discuss; we simply appreciate, awestruck, a magic that transcends our awareness.



“The one dependable constant in life. He both embodied and assisted in others the journey from one stage to the next; he needed no tools as path and gate were the same to him”

The wheel turns. The cycle is complete but loops back round again, again - fathers and sons and sons and fathers, at first denying each other and themselves and then becoming inexorably intertwined, overlapping, blurring into one another. Only into dust will the cycle end, at the point where all things, everywhere, revert back to their origin.

34 Fathers & 44 Sons

Voice 1: Alasdair Law

Voice 2: Alexander Law

Written & created by Ruaridh Law

Tarot cards from the 44 Tarot Deck, created by Ruaridh Law

<http://ruaridhtvo.com>