

When I was a child, I used to give myself the privilege of time, stillness, and wonder of watching the clouds pass by. As a fun exercise, I'd try to shape out all the fantastical creatures I could see in the sky. One time, while sitting in the back seat of my parent's car, I looked up into the clouds and saw two tiny beings running after one another.

They ran and jumped as they pleased in zigzag formations, bouncing from one place to another. They looked like children. I looked away a few times to see if my eyes were playing tricks on me. Maybe the sun's rays were burning my eyes? But when I looked back, they were still there; albeit on a different cloud making their way towards an unknown destination.

As a participant in this year's TENT (Theatre Entrepreneurs' Network and Training) program by the Toronto Fringe Festival, we had the privilege of Elder Whabagoon, who is Ojibway and a member of the Lac Seul First Nation, talk us through an opening and closing ceremony. She explained the four sacred medicines (tobacco, sweetgrass, sage, and cedar) and the healing energies of the earth and water.

She also reminded us to look away from our phones and take in the beautiful blue sky – to give ourselves the gift of looking up.

During this pandemic, I have dug deep within myself and looked outwards – my surroundings for healing and inspiration. On some mornings, as the sky begins to break with sunlight, I'll do some movement improvisation on a not-so-feet-friendly surface (coarse concrete) behind a school nearby. Despite these practical challenges of continuing my artistic practice, I try to ground myself in gratitude – I take a breath, look up, and revel in the sky's magnificence.

I am overwhelmed and humbled by its vastness.