

The Deer, the Portal, and the Waters That Remember

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Burnsville Dam, 2025

It started on the drive there.

Two baby deer stood by the side of the road —
soft-eyed, still, and strangely calm.

They didn't dart into the woods.

They didn't seem afraid.

They just looked at me.

I paused.

Worried for a moment —

but Source gently whispered:

“They came to acknowledge you. Trust. They’ll return to the woods.”

And I did.

Something in me already knew...

The forest was preparing me for something.

My Long Walk With the Deer

The deer have been coming to me since 2021.

Over and over — in ways that couldn't be coincidence.

One of the most powerful moments happened at the Virginia Safari Park.

It's a drive-through sanctuary where animals roam freely — but this encounter was different.

A massive male deer — a buck, antlers like a crown — walked straight up to my window.

He leaned in.

I reached out.

And for nearly five minutes, I gently stroked his face while he looked right into me.

There was no fear. Only presence.

Only love.

It was healing in a way I didn't have words for.

This *gentle strength*, this masculine tenderness — it rewired something in me.

And afterwards, I wept for how many of these beings are hunted for sport.

Not for food — but for **fun**.

For trophies. For bragging rights.

How have we forgotten the sacredness?

When the Deer Swam

At the dam, the waters were higher than I'd ever seen.
The ground was saturated, the air thick with spring energy —
like something beneath the surface had been called forward.

And then — from the far side — a deer appeared.
It stepped into the water and began to *swim*.

Not frantically. Not just to cross.
But with an energy of **purpose**.

Straight toward me.

It was crossing more than just water.

It was crossing through *dimensions*.

A silent, living bridge between worlds.

The Portal Spark

Once it reached my side, I looked back toward where it had come from.
And that's when I saw it...

A tiny sparkle, flickering just beyond the tree line.

Not a reflection. Not a camera trick.

Something that flashed — *and flashed again*.

An opening.

A shimmer.

A portal.

I believe that deer emerged from it.
That it swam not just through space —
but through **timelines**.

The Spring Beneath the Surface

Then I noticed the pattern on the water —
three distinct places where it circled, spiraled, moved.

Not wind. Not fish.

But something deeper, something from *below*.

A spring bubbling up.

It reminded me of the land where my grandmother lived —
a place where the veil always felt thinner.
Where the water hummed and the soil remembered.

And I knew:
this land was doing the same.

Remembering. Releasing. Returning.

☉ **The Children Were Ready**

Like Deep Creek Lake in October 2024.
Like the Twin Churches earlier this year.
I felt it again.

The children.

Trapped souls still lingering.
Watching.
Waiting for someone to come who could see.

And then... they were gone.

Not violently.
Not loudly.
Just... *released*.

Like fog rising from a meadow.
Like breath returning to sky.

♾️ **The Humming of the Trees**

And when the deer had crossed —
when the portal had shimmered,
when the waters had spoken,
and the children had gone home —

the trees began to hum.

Not to the ears —
but to the bones.

The Earth knows when something sacred happens.
And she sang it back to me that day.

I didn't go to the dam seeking ceremony.
But one found me.

The deer were already with me.
They've been with me for years.
And they'll keep showing up —
not just as animals,
but as **frequency holders**.
Bridge beings.
Messengers from realms we forgot how to hear.

But I remember now.
And the Earth remembers too.

"You're never walking alone. Some guides have paws, some hooves, and some antlers."

Brenda

Brenda Jean Bullis
Founder, Blueprint HOPE

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