

Spirit's calling

The darkness of the night fills the space. Everybody has gathered in the malloca, a round building with a cone roof out of straw made especially for healing rituals, and is sitting quietly, meditating or perhaps praying, trying to calm down the heartbeat, convincing themselves that it is worth taking the risk. Every night gets greeted by the sunlight – it's for the best, for growth. We hope to free ourselves from inner burdens.

Only a single candle is still burning on the middle pillar. The shamans are never late for a ceremony even though every other event takes place in a jungle time, that is maybe soon, maybe tomorrow or maybe not at all if the individual flow demands it another way. But not the plant medicine ceremonies. Those are sacred. Because of them people came here from all the different corners of the world. Only a single candle is still enlightening the room which will soon be filled with patterns, colors, visions that each of us will be painting in the darkness. The shamans have come, they greet the brave ones sitting in the circle alongside the walls of the malloca, they greet the hour of the night when the spirits awake, call the medicine to work for our benefit, speak with her softly, whisper in the bottle where her physicality rests concentrated after hours of boiling down. The soplay, a melodious whistling, of the medicine man already calls the visions and makes my stomach crumble as my body, my soul already knows the taste and the effect of it. Madre medicina. Please teach me gently to walk the path of a light warrior in grace and surrender. I aim to learn patiently from you in the ways you find to be the best for me to learn. Though, you know my wish. I repeated it many times before in my heart. I already know how to struggle and fight for the truth. I know how to bring a sacrifice and let go of what I once cherished. I recognize now that struggling is no way out of suffering. Struggling is suffering in itself. And way more strength is needed in calmness in face of a turmoil than in fighting it. I know, your ways of teaching me can be mysterious and not always pleasant. I do trust you in those moments

when, I feel, I can't take any more of it in. But I do believe in your art of healing and freeing me from the pains I have been carrying within me for lifetimes now. I just want you to know that from now on I feel ready to walk this path with grace, in peace, and radiating lightness. I feel I have forgotten how to walk the path slowly and hold on for a moment in astonishment, seeing the beauty surrounding me everywhere I go. Won't you help me remember? I will take others with me, grateful for your lessons.

A giant wise snake that is curious. Curious to learn the human perspective. There she sits immediately after the ceremony is over in a small group of people exchanging their impressions about the night's journey. And she, after the night work is done, is lying down quietly onto my eyes observing how those who have experienced spirit express it to those who have not yet been there with their dreams. She is subtle. She's now in me.

Sacred Andean cactus medicine Huachuma, also known as San Pedro, uplifted me only in our second physical encounter high by the Andean mountain-lakes called Kinsa Cocha, in native Quechua language meaning Three Lakes, to the vibratory level of this incarnation. At least it was the first glimpse into the frequencies I am meant to integrate again. Just after discovering the love to my Tibetan brother and renewing our existing connection we hiked with a group of the ritual participants up the mountains on a more than just a windy day. It was mighty. No layer of clothing helped us to hide from the cold gusts of air. By the time we reached our spot for the official ritual opening coldness had spread itself through my body. Sitting by the giant rocks, facing the shimmering blue water, grass bushes making such fast movements my eyes can't separate two from one. Shivering inside I've found myself back in Siberia. I was brought there through the medicine

work a few times already. My grandfather had the destiny to spend seven years in the soviet concentration camp and I bear the memories of his experiences locked in my body. Going again and again into the freezing snowy lands, this time, though, it is more a blessing than an ancestral work for my family. Previous days the topic of inner fire was brought up a few times. It really rang in me. I felt how my whole body is contracting from shivering and the tension even between my organs is growing. A thought came to my mind to put effort in relaxing this inner tension. It doesn't change the fact that I am cold if I feel tense or not, so why not relax. As I was focusing on working against the contracting forces my mind drifted elsewhere, to what was being said by the ceremony leader, to other participants and the magnificent high-altitude nature. As I came back with my focus to my body, I was shocked to find an ease. Winning the battle in loosening, not letting the tension creating influences take over turned out to be the key! The genetic imprint of my grandfather's experience appeared as a trigger, chosen so cleverly, in order to activate the knowledge of Buddhist practices lying covered with dust in my knowledge shelves. I could maintain my body temperature for the rest of the hike, sweating my feet and hands, in the end warming everybody's hands with mine and even giving them access to the belly of warmth. To have freezing hands laid on this sensitive body part to the astonishment of everybody, including my own, gave me absolutely no discomfort.

As our ritual Huachuma journey continued I spent some beautiful time talking to my Tibetan brother from back then remembering our bond. He remembered those times no less than I have as the core of our beings, main character qualities were mold and shaped exactly in those spiritually oriented places. Through the day my vibratory level increased an endless number of times. Every time an elevation took place I needed to focus, concentrate in order to keep walking and stay on my feet, to hold the intensity that wanted to rip me apart. And when that frequency would come close to an integration I would start relaxing, expanding in my focus, being able to communicate or sing again. During the last descent, before the sun went completely below the horizon, hiding behind the massif of mountains, I felt so seen by my

brother. He knew me then. It was exactly the time when I was remembering the energetic states that were accessible to me back then. Next thing I knew I was in my Tibetan monk body feeling low in height, round in shape and so, so light, almost buoyant! It was the most realistic experience of living my other incarnation I've ever had!

The journey back home didn't stop my process, so the medicine continued to bring me into ever higher vibratory levels as it was the case for the whole day. Step after step, level after level I entered the Krishna priesthood incarnation. It was made clear to me that I am yet to integrate this one, containing still undiscovered qualities, just like I did with the previous ones. But this time it's not about the pain nor remembering the wisdom I gathered – it's about living in my natural state as a god-like being (or maybe just my mind not intervening too much). My mind must be left behind for this task to be accomplished. And the vibratory level is higher than my body is able to maintain at this point in time. The preparation has already started. I fear, what will come might be the challenge I'm going to rate as the heaviest one once again...