

## Shamanic Journey - Day 4

So straight from work I arrived at Shamanic practise, disappointed as I was unprepared. I entered and quickly smudged my aura with smoke from the tall table at the door with great anticipation for this class as not only was it the last in the series, but an opening to a new adventure to come.

We first got together to make our masks. I was advised to do a full face one...which I was nervous about as I can tend to get a little claustrophobic and the thought of covering my whole face with plaster didn't quite enthrall me...however I took the opportunity to try something new. I volunteered to be the first to go...I am noticing that my fear of volunteering to be a guinea pig has lifted which is a tremendous feat as I usually hide behind everyone else and look down as to not catch a person's eye, this time I quickly raised my hand and with much excitement rushed to be worked on. Not realizing what the work involved as we had to layer strip after strip of wet plaster on our Vaseline covered faces...(I was warned to layer my eyebrows...I chuckled at this and an immediate image popped into my mind of singed eyebrows...a hilarious story from the past). When the plaster dried up we were to wiggle our faces underneath and the mask popped off. I was quite pleased with mine although it was just a base. We placed it on a counter to further dry and were summoned to the centre around our alter which today was the simplest candle. We each grounded ourselves and followed onto our first journey....

This journey was a little odd it was a movement journey, the thought of trying to concentrate on images and sorting them out while walking was a little beyond comprehension...but it came quite easy. The chants alone took me to meet the ancestor who was waiting for me to arrive. I immediately recognised him as the chief I saw the first night of class and realized that he has been waiting to communicate with me all along. He held my hand and we walked for a couple minutes to a valley between these lush green mountains, I could hear water running and a sudden cold chill brush my skin, I got the most amazing vision of native Americans living....kids running around and just a great community...love and fun. I was led to a fire pit and as we sat around, the entire village joined to hear the story being told by their great chief...the language was difficult to understand but I sat in amazement and truly felt my connection to the people...I wondered if I shared a life with many and as I looked at their faces I felt a sense of belonging. Although I didn't get much from the journey in terms of a lesson, well at least not one I could relate to, I decided it was time to return and pulled off my blindfold.

Our second journey left me at the highest vibration tonight. I was carried into the Andes into a cave on the side of one of the snow peaked mountains. As I walked through and rubbed against the cave wall I could

see great carvings in the wall. Sticks lit up with fire hung on the sides about 5 feet apart. I was led to a group of shamans in a circle around a fire; I could feel the heat and a strong smell of smoke choked my breath. I continued to look and saw a male spirit in the centre of the fire chanting and speaking in tongues I could not understand...the sound of maracas and drumming grew stronger and as I looked around I noticed a big crystal bed to the left of the cave. On the bed lay a girl...probably age 12...her face lifeless and I was sure she was in immense pain. To her right a thin man 5'10" listened to the spirit and went towards the girl's arm which appeared to have bite marks of a snake, the area around the puncture was wine in colour. He immediately placed his hands over it and made a small incision with his hand at the area, no blood poured out, however he pulled out a long black sticky substance from the wound. As he moved his hands it closed up and he rubbed a red mud based solution of the area and blew a fire over the mud. His assistant rubbed the area with water and I was amused to see not even a scar, the child arose and walked off as if nothing had even plagued her. I started to ask a hundred and one questions, but the guy looked at me in silence and summoned me to lay on the bed with his hands. I followed his gesture and within seconds noticed his hands over my lower stomach. He then performed the same extraction in that area, but pulled out an incredible amount of black sticky goo, it seemed to be never ending. He followed with the mud and fire. I felt a huge healing and gave my thanks for the experience. A younger boy 6 years of age appeared next with a scrape on his knee and the mud was placed on it with the fire and like magic the wound disappeared. I wondered how this could be...and begged to know their wisdom...but they told me all in time. I left unsatisfied with that answer but happy to have had the experience and vision. I thanked them and returned to class.

After this journey we circled again and were led into a ceremony of bringing spirit to our masks....the spirit of the mask. We lit candles and placed them beneath the masks and it brought a new life to them. As normal we closed off with a chant, this time an honorary chant...I love the chants...and because we had become so much more acquainted we sang and danced to our hearts desire. There is always such love and honour in this group...I hope they chose to move onto the second level...as we have shared so much in the last 4 classes. If not I'll meet some new faces and look to venture to the healing and extraction part of shamanism....a new adventure awaits....