

MOTHER AYAHUASCA JOURNEYS #1 ~ 8



What words can I use to describe Mother Ayahuasca?

She is fierce.

She is compassionate.

She knows.

She is a teacher.

Since March 2, 2013, I have journeyed with this sacred plant medicine on eight occasions. My last journey was on August 9. I know it will be many months before I will journey with Aya again. And so I want to record these initial experiences for memory' s sake, for my friends, and to share with others who may be

interested in journeying some day or who are simply curious about what kind of wisdom this powerful plant consciousness has to share with us.

Note: The experiences described below are of course, unique to me — my personal karma and soul make-up. But I know there are universal strands of truth here that are meant for all of us to hear.

Some of my journeys were undertaken in the beautiful mountains of central Taiwan, others were held in small apartments in concrete grey Taipei. All of them were powerful, eye-opening experiences for which I am ridiculously, deeply, grateful for. I am also so appreciative of the love, care, and friendship my fellow journeyers have shared with me.

Thank you, thank you, thank you. I love you.

The following posts are written in the wise, booming, authoritative voice of Mother Ayahuasca. I find it easier to share these intense experiences in this way, and I hope Aya will also reveal some of herself to you through my words.

Mother Ayahuasca Journeys #1 and 2

MARCH 2 (outdoors in the mountains of central Taiwan)

You laid down outside, with the group of warriors. **You were terrified. Terrified about what I was going to show you.** But you went in anyway. “I’m willing to go in.” You drank the first cup. The waves of nausea began. I worked through every cell in your body, churning up the layers of hurt, of pain, of self-loathing, of guilt, of fear. You purged into your bucket several times, feeling scared, feeling pain, yet you put on a brave face. There was no turning back. Cold, so cold.

You went back into your tent. Eventually...warmth. Icaros. **The singing, the beautiful singing.** You sang along, however softly and hesitantly. I showed you the peace inside you. You smiled so big. Ahhhh.

Time for the second cup. Disgusting. Drink it down. Back into the tent. **The purging begins as I course through you.** Waves and waves and waves. You are frozen in place, so scared, so unsure. Always trying to follow the rules, to fit yourself into a box. You felt like a prisoner, and you knew not that you carried the key.

The drumming began. Boom ba boom ba BOOM ba boom ba BOOM... Yes, you were waking up now. **The life was stirring inside of you.** The vibrations entering into your ears and into your body. Warmth, comfort, safety flooded your being. An angelic helper peeked his head into the tent and you experienced the energy of love and connection. Rest now, rest.

The music awakens your being once more. Your Spirit wants to move. Your karmic patterns want you to stay put. Which one wins? Spirit, for now. You emerge from your tent ready to celebrate, to dance, to express the joy and freedom within you. But all you see is darkness and hazy forms. No one is dancing. You are frozen again. You feel alone. You feel afraid. You feel insecure. Habitual energy pushes Spirit down, down, down. You return to your tent, so defeated, sad, confused.

You lay there feeling the push and pull of polar energies. Sometimes joy, sometimes hatred. Sometimes laughter, sometimes jealousy. You suffer greatly through the cold and the nausea and the confusion. I purge you. I am showing you all that is within you. Your potential, your patterns. Look at it, dear human. Do not reject it.

You woke up the following morning confused. Much of your system overhauled, rewired, unbeknownst to you. **You plaster on the brave face. But you cannot hide from yourself.** Here comes the flood of tears. You don't understand the mighty depths of your sadness, but you don't need to understand. Just release. Just let go. It is time now to awaken to yourself.

APRIL 13 (outdoors in the mountains of central Taiwan)

Yes, you entered into my embrace even in the hours before the ceremony began. **You allowed Nature to imbue your being.** The mountains, the trees, the water, the stones, the grass, the sky. You invited us all in and the healing began. The previous few weeks, since your first journey, you had reconnected with your body, with movement, with sound. **You heard my message to use dance to bring the energy, light, and love back into your being, to reawaken it.** You recognized the imbalances of yin and yang in your body for the first time in your life. The real work had begun.

Your intentions were strong. You wanted to heal and to understand who you are and why you are here. **“To know is to serve,” you repeated again and again.** Yes, indeed.

You drank one and a half cups off the bat. That was all you needed. I guided you to empty your space until only your yoga mat remained. You began to move your body. **You witnessed your own grace and beauty**, as if for the first time, and it was also witnessed by some around you. It was natural.

You desired to see “visions,” so I let you have it. Beautiful, no? The colors, the movement, the patterns. The funhouse. I think you know that those visions did not carry meaning; not for you, not that time. You wanted it so I gave it to you. Have you noticed I have not really given you visions since then? **Visions are not your path into my realm. I enter through your thoughts, your sense of knowing. Claircognizance, they call it.** That is where your particular gifts lie.

The **clowns** began to show themselves. But you were not ready. You know what they symbolize for you now, don’ t you? (Readers, see Journey #7.) You asked me to “tone it down” and I did as you asked. You returned to your body and this Earth, though not to your mind and senses.

It was time for more cleaning. Purification. Preparation. You held onto that bucket for dear life. Into the tunnel of darkness, whooooooosh. **You glimpsed the white-clothed “men” who seemed to be from another planet.** Two rows. Working in unison. You were not sure what to make of them. Were they benevolent? It is not time to know this yet. Perhaps one of your readers will enlighten you when the time is right.

Physically, it was painful, as purging often is. **Emotionally, you were deeply connected to your fellow journeyers** — that connection is always there, you know? You are learning how to tap into it. You laughed with them. You played with them. You felt their being. So much that you thought you could read their minds and that they could read yours. You were embarrassed that it took you so long to awaken this power — a power that you assumed many of your companions already had. It is true that you all have these abilities. The time to fully set them free is near...but not yet.

Mentally, you would not surrender. You insisted on struggling to remember your limited experience of this world: day and night, place of birth, time, occupation,

names, your identity in relation to others. **You kept saying, “I just want to remember. When is this going to be over?”** When you could not remember, you felt tremendous anxiety and fear. It is ok. You were just unable to let go at the time.

You humans hold your individual experience of “reality” so close to your heart, as if it is your only life line. When it shatters, you feel lost. It is ok. Slowly, slowly.



Mother Ayahuasca Journeys #3 Death

APRIL 27, 2013 (friend's home in Taipei)

You had no idea it was time. Time to face your **fear of death.**

Death. The human does not truly fear death because he fears obliteration or pain or punishment. No. She fears death because she is terrified of the unknown. The abyss.

If the human knew that death was really the road Home (though he usually doesn't choose to stay Home for long), what would there be to fear? But she does not know. And so she fears.

You did not die that night, in that unfamiliar city apartment, with your mostly unfamiliar travel mates. Instead, you witnessed your fear of death — as well as your fierce desire to live.

We started with the purging. There were many layers of energetic impressions (“karma,” as they say) to neutralize. **Karma no longer serves you humans.** Times have changed and the energy of this planet has shifted. You are no longer bound to “play out” your karma lifetime after lifetime. In fact, on this new Earth the concept itself is losing its relevance.

That evening I plunged through your karmic layers, your cells, your DNA. **This time I was not so gentle.** You succumbed to my work. Crying with abandon. Cold. Feeling helpless.

The climax came when I was tunneling deep into your systems. You could no longer feel your body. Everything was blurry. The tornadoes of nausea tossed you around your journey space. **When you felt your bodily systems shutting down, all of the inner fluids merging with each other, and you knew not if you were throwing up, urinating, or defecating, that was your LIMIT.** That was when the thought came.

“I’ m dying.”

The FEAR flooded in with intensity. **Then came the resistance.** Then came the deluge of thoughts and emotions. There was so much you still wanted to do. What a tragic mistake that it was about to be over so soon! Oh no, now your fellow journeyers were going to have to call the police.

You imagined yourself being taken down the stairs in a body bag, on a stretcher. They would be in big trouble. They would panick and be so scared. Their life would be turned upside down. And of course, they would be deeply sad and traumatized.

Guilt flooded over you. **And then a sudden and desperate surge of will to TRY NOT TO DIE.**

You dove across the floor into the arms of your man, your love.

“AM I DYING? Am I dying? I don’ t want to die. I want to live. Am I dying?” Your eyes were wider and darker than black stones. Fear inhabited your entire being.

“Noooooo, no, you’ re not dying. You’ re alive. You’ re ALIVE.” He grinned with amusement. You did not believe him.

“Smile,” he said. “You have to smile.” **You thought he was seriously commanding you to smile — some sort of time-tested technique to prevent dying.** And so you contorted your face into a massive fake grin, subsequently causing your partner to bowl over in laughter.

It was at that point you knew, however subtly, that you were not going to die that night. You collapsed like a child into the laps of one earth angel to another. One coached you to breathe. **Breathe.** Another whispered to you to remember love. **LOVE.**

“Remember love?” you kept asking. For you could not conjure up a single good feeling, nor remember what love felt like. You just knew it was good.

When the ceremony ended, you sat in the bathtub for two hours. Confused. Anxious. Frustrated. Sad.

The pieces of your former reality were still dispersed, and in its place you glimpsed the suffering of the world. The Boston marathon bombing flashed through your consciousness. You witnessed all the connected elements of the incident in one flash. Hurricane Sandy. Flash. The pain of humans in their ignorance and confusion. Flash.

For now, mental thought-images and emotions only. Your physical processing of Gaia’ s experience would come in later journeys.

Now it was time to rest. To integrate. To process. To prepare for the ground for the challenging journeys to come.

You had vivid nightmares the following evening. When you awoke, I/we gave you this message:

“Surround yourself with positive energies.”

So let it be.



Mother Ayahuasca Journeys #4 Superpowers

MAY 17 (friend' s home in Taipei)

The One Where You Were Intertwined.

You must learn how to manage your energy and own your superpowers.

This was the lesson I began to teach you on that dark night. The path to freedom.

We began with purging once again. You were determined to **surrender** this time, and you were not so frightened. As the dense, stagnant energies were awakened inside your body you felt extremely lethargic, weak. You could barely move. Only to pick up your head and move it down to the bucket. Chicken head. (I possess humor too, you know. Oh yes, by now you know.)

It was time for your partner to be taken through the proverbial wringer, and though you could not see what he was experiencing while laying by your side, **you could feel the whole room fill with darkness and intensity each time he died.** In those moments your whole body would tense up as well, and you would try to hold the energy until the threshold had been passed. Then you would breathe again.

As things winded down, you rolled over onto his body. “Are you ok?” Then commenced the playing, the banter, the laughter. The others were playing as well. The twins dialogued in their shared cryptic tongue. Evolution. Remix. Water. **The gentle crystal one lay perfectly still, as I whispered to her about God, the One that is known by a thousand names.** She would later share with you what she learned, using her own soft, child-like language of metaphor:

We all came from the same parents. They are always, always giving us love. And we give others love through our eyes...and our voice. **The female voice represents Mother Sky, and the male voice Father Mountain.** We can feel our parents’ love when we breathe in the beauty of natural landscapes. They are always here. We can always just ask our parents and they will show us the answer.

You and your love continued to joyfully commune in your own private bubble, now and then throwing over a playful word to fellow journeyers across the room.

Suddenly, you were startled by the voice of the mysterious song carrier. **“Shhhh.”**

You froze. Was she upset? Whether you were simply imagining the distressed condition of her inner state or not, no matter. **What I intended to dramatize and mirror to you was how your perception of the drop in another’ s energy deeply affected your own.** Your happiness vanished almost instantly. You felt uncomfortable, trapped. Your voice shrunk to a whisper as you asked your partner a torrent of questions: Why do we have to be quiet? What’ s the matter? Are we not supposed to talk?

His calm vibration, amused smile, and sparkling eyes remained utterly unchanged.

“Wait, wait. Stephanie. Are you ready? I have a message from Ayahuasca,” he declared. **“Fuck 'supposed to'.”**

And then we told you the story of the X-men, their superpowers, and the compassion of Professor X in teaching them how to use and appreciate their gifts.

And then we gently reminded you of your superpower : sensitivity.

Tears and awareness and sadness overwhelmed you. “I feel like I can’ t feel good if she doesn’ t feel good...” And with that awareness...a glimmer of hope.

Dear ones,

It is time to learn to manage your energy.

It is time to stop fearing your gifts.

It is time to own your superpowers.



Mother Ayahuasca Journeys #5 Rainbows and Butterflies

MAY 18 (partner's home in Taipei)

You were scared. Before the ceremony even began your eyes welled up with fear and dread. You knew what was coming.

As I worked my way through your systems, you no longer purged dense liquid. Mostly air. Yawning, spitting, nose blowing.

Slowly, gradually, I revealed to you your most recent past life. It came through in choppy thoughts, not visions. Claircognizance.

You were a child in Africa. Parents dead. AIDS. Little food. You sat outside, the heat of the sun on your back. (Your partner would later tell you that when he looked over at you from across the room, "you were burning.") No one cared for you. No one came to save you. Helpless, hopeless. You died young. You kept shaking your head. No, no... You wept for the girl. For you.

You began to understand why you cried so much as a child. Each time you were placed in the bathtub when you were naughty, memories of your past life would emerge. **Nobody cares about me. Nobody likes me.** You would feel so sad for yourself. You would cry in the same uncontrollable way you cried in Africa.

You started to see why you feel so deeply for helpless people and animals in cages. So many thought-images flashed through your mind. The dogs who live under your apartment that barely see the light of day. The hog you saw in the countryside. The girl in the Chinese movie, The Sent Down Girl. The Holocaust. The World Wars.

At one point you attempted to summon up anger for the men in Africa that created the conditions for your painful and short-lived life. Their greed, their hatred, their hunger for power. **But you knew you couldn't really be mad at them...because they suffered too.** What room for blame?

You cried and cried, for everyone. You witnessed your (formerly) **subconscious belief that you should not feel good while others around you are suffering**. You believe you have to take on their pain in some way.

Finally you declared to me that you had finished grieving. You asked to know what to do with the suffering of the world. Deep breath, and you drank down the second cup.

Your love click, click, clicked on the computer, and **your shaman friend with the fan** appeared on the screen. He was surrounded by a staticky, pixel-infused aura of light. You felt he was speaking directly to you in that moment, knowing exactly what you were experiencing. He began to whistle.

You saw the multi-colored blanket you lay on become soft, pillow-like waves. Each color was a wave, they were in motion. They were beautiful. You heard my message: **There is beauty. You have to remember the beauty.**

You stayed reclining on your side, captivated by the shaman, your savior, for what seemed like a long while, but in fact was only minutes. He sang to you: It is going to be ok. I know..... I know..... It is going to be ok. This is the way it is now. Yes. And then he disappeared.

Now came the pulsing energy of Gaia, her collective memories, her collective experiences, running like currents through your body. You began to writhe in a depth of pain unlike any you had experienced before. You felt like you were giving birth. Birthing the suffering of the Earth. Why? Why?

It' s ok to feel good. I' m allowed to feel good. Rainbows. Butterflies. Love. God.

You repeated these words like mantras, over and over. It was so hard for you to remember these things and bring their vibration into your being. What I was doing was magnifying the way you live your life: not fully appreciating the good things because you feel that you must take on the suffering of the world.

The processing went on for hours. At times you lost consciousness.

You awoke early the next morning, plagued by confusion, heart as heavy as lead. You grabbed your iPad and recorded your experience in vivid detail, trying to

understand. Finally you looked up, frustrated, and begged the Universe to answer this question:

What was the medicine telling to do in spite of my past suffering and the suffering of the world?

You began to type out the answer. The words that flowed through you were wise and gentle. You had never thought much of angels before, but you knew that beings of light were speaking to you. When your love woke up, you told him, **“I think I channeled my angels.”**

And this is what they shared with you:

It's going to get better. There's 2012 and 2013 remember? We're not even going count human history before that. It's going to get better. I promise. So help it get better.

Your gift is feeling the suffering of others. Try not to absorb the suffering of others. See, witness, honor, but don't take it inside your body. That is compassion. In order to serve, you need to learn to rise above the pain and remember the wonderful things and beauty in life. You have to remind people of this.

People who are suffering see your beauty and goodness and they like to listen to you. Choose to connect with those who like to listen to you. You are gentle with suffering souls. You know how to speak to them. Trust that. And be happy. In order to help others, you must. Smile.

Don't be scared. You're always scared. Now you know why. Plant the seeds. Live a good life.

We know it' s confusing. Just remember our words and know it's going to get better. We love you. Keep going. Keep going. Trust. You have more fear than most.

Trust.



Mother Ayahuasca Journeys #6 We Chose Earth

JUNE 20 (at Stephanie' s home in Taipei)

You are a daring woman. **You attempted to test me.** But don' t you know I always give people exactly what they need? You told me you wanted to learn about patience and unconditional love...BUT that you did not want to suffer so much this time. It is true that the previous journey was painful for you and you had no desire to experience similar suffering again. However, when you told me you did not want to suffer, it was not because you were truly afraid. It was because you wanted to test me, to see if I would obey your request.

That is not how it works, my friend. **I shut you down completely for the first ninety minutes.** The second cup offered no change. Finally you understood what was happening, and smiled sheepishly. How silly of me.

You knew you had to rescind your futile request, and you did immediately. But then you became frightened that upon taking **the third cup** you would have to die in that same yang manner your partner had described to you many times. Plunging

down a tunnel, inability to breathe, disorientation. You were truly scared. You began to sob in dread of what you imagined was to come.

I don' t want to...I don' t want to...

A Florence and the Machine song entered your consciousness. **“I must become a lion-hearted girl. Ready for a fight.”** You tried to summon your courage. You paced back and forth for many minutes. Finally, you thought of your fellow humans. Their suffering, their confusion, their immense hearts. I am willing to go in for them. I am willing to “die” for them. This is for them.

You drank.

You lay back down and waited. Before long you realized that you were not going to die like your partner dies. In fact, you were not even going to suffer tonight. **Anger filled your body and you slammed your arms and legs down into the mattress.** How could you fool me like that? Do you know how much it took for me to drink that damn cup? If plants could laugh that is what I would have been doing in that moment. A good hearty chuckle.

Once you calmed down you began to see.

We began with Jesus. “Jesus died for our sins.” You immediately saw the absurdity and falsehood of this statement that could only have been created by man. **Jesus came to teach about the L O V E that you are and ignite a spark in human consciousness that the Earth was ready for.**

In truth, there is no such thing as death. And sin does not exist.

Wave upon wave of knowing continued to enter your being.

Do not be afraid.

God / Source loves everyone.

It is where we come from and where we will return to.

We are a part of something perfect and whole.

We are here to create a kingdom on Earth.

We chose to be here.

WE CHOSE EARTH.

Upon this final realization, scenes from your life flashed through your mind. Your parents. **I chose this.** Your past lovers. I chose this. Specific events in which you had witnessed the ignorance and cruelty of humankind. I chose this. You saw so clearly how everyone who crossed your path was just playing their part in order to foster your growth and their own.

And then you began to see and feel your divine, magnificent nature light up your being, as well as how you had been blocking it for most of your life.

Whoa, I am amazing. My light is huge.

I really do know so many things, but I pretend that I don't.

I dim my light around others, out of twisted, guilt-tainted, false compassion.

I believe if others see my light, they will feel inadequate, bad. But the opposite is true.

Shining light only does good. It helps others recognize their own.

You felt so weightless that you thought you could fly. Then you realized, I can fly. **You can all fly. But instead you choose to come to Earth at this time for a very special purpose.** You enter duality, the world of light and darkness, pain and pleasure, in order to serve the evolution of the Universe. This precious courage of human beings is why you keep hearing about the tremendous love and adoration that angels and other-planetary beings have for you all.

All of you are here to serve, to love, to create, and to expand the Universe that you are a part of. You enter Earth knowing, but you gradually forget. You come in aware of exactly what stage of evolution the planet is in, and you come in aware that you may suffer. Existence within duality has the potential of suffering built into it. Duality helps you grow because it shows you what you want to create more of + what you want to avoid creating.

As human consciousness evolves, your creative powers expand, and the planet and Universe moves toward its ultimate goal (if it could be said to have one): Unified Consciousness.

May the grace of God be with you always in your heart.

May you know the truth inside you from start.

May you find to strength to know you are,
a part of something beautiful.

—Alexi Murdoch



Mother Ayahuasca Journeys #7 Clowns and The Sopranos

JULY 30 (at Stephanie's home in Taipei)

Now you were ready to face the clowns.

As you lay on the couch, easing your way into your journey, your ears filled with the sound of the icaros. You had heard this particular series of icaros six previous times, yet indeed this was the first time you truly listened.

You felt the darkness approach. It was familiar to you by now. It often accompanied your purging. You lay there, swaying to the music, waiting. Your mind was running more than usual and you felt resistance present in your body.

Suddenly a single word emerged from your lips: YES.

You began to use this as your mantra. Every few minutes, softly whispering to me: yes. Inviting me in. Yes. Slowly the room began to change. It no longer seemed solid. Every space you turned your eyes upon were filled with tiny, staticky pixels, seemingly layered over your normal field of vision. You were seeing **moving energy** where you normally see solid objects. Enhanced perception.

You closed your eyes, and soon after this the clowns began to encroach.

Dozens of clown faces floated closer and closer to you against a backdrop of pitch black darkness. Your fear was intense. (As a child, you had developed a fear of a toy stuffed clown in your closet, and were further traumatized by a way-too-early viewing of Steven King's It.) You tried to keep your eyes closed as long as possible. Trying

not to resist. After one minute you could no longer bear the terror, and you opened your eyes.

The energy of the clowns were still there, still moving toward you. But you felt a bit more in control. Suddenly something surged up from your being and you shot off of the couch and toward your purge bucket. BLEEEEEHHHHH. **Only air emerged, but the energy that was released was immense.** Your partner would later describe the sound you made in that moment as the loudest sound in the entire Universe.

The clowns faded away. You knew what they represented. **The shadow side of humankind.** Those dark aspects that you had been fighting most of your life to hide or reject. Why were they so scary? After all, you hadn't done such horrible things in your life, had you? **How dark could your dark side really be that they would evoke such terror?**

It was time to show you the truth.

WHOOOSH. In an instant, a torrent of images bombarded your mind. The conflict in your relationship. **You are responsible.** The slaughter in Cambodia under the Khmer Rouge. You created it. The Holocaust. It was you. Scene after scene from "The Sopranos" ran through your mind. You winced in pain, feeling the wrenching sorrow and horrific violence pierce your soul. It is your own.

The truth was undeniable. You saw it.

You knew, down to the very core of your being, that your nature as a human who had walked the Earth for hundreds of lifetimes guaranteed you a direct hand in the perpetuation of suffering: from the familiar agonies of daily life to the worst atrocities human history had seen.

You writhed back and forth on the floor in unbearable pain. You could not deny it. You could only accept it fully. Yes. And as you surrendered to seeing yourself, wave upon wave of Gaia's suffering coursed through your body with a force unreached in previous journeys.

You finally understood why you had experienced the suffering of Earth in previous journeys at all. Until then, you had vainly guessed that perhaps it was part of your role as a woman and as a lightworker to take on this torment— **you had assumed you were processing a darkness and pain that was not your own.**

No, my dear. **You process it because you share direct responsibility in it.** You are a part of it. It is only because you are a part of it that you can process it, witness it, bear the energetic fruits of it, and in doing so, heal it. There is no such thing as separation.

You tumbled through a cycle of anguish for what seemed like eternity.

Yes, you repeated to me over and over.

It hurts, you whimpered to your love.

I can do this, you whispered to yourself.

Only when you accept responsibility for the full extent of the darkness in you — the clown in you, the monster in you, the rapist in you, the tyrant in you, the mobster in you, the murderer in you — can **the full spectrum of your brilliant light** shine in the world. Only then can you truly love yourself. Only then can you truly love others. Until that day, you will continue to perpetuate **illusions of separation** that bind the world in fear.

YOU CAN DO IT.



Mother Ayahuasca Journeys #8 To Know Is To Serve

AUGUST 9 (at Stephanie' s home in Taipei)

This was a confusing journey for you. You were accompanied by two people very close to your heart, and you knew they were scared. It was their first time.

You were torn between wanting to help and not truly possessing confidence that you could deal with whatever arose.

You need to learn that in order to truly help others you must be able to maintain your sense of self, your freedom, and your power. You do this through **trusting** your self, trusting the true, divine nature of others, and trusting the Universe that all is well.

You attempted with sincerity to do this, yet you remained on alert. **As Osho would say, Your essence was not at ease.** Too many thoughts, too many projections, too many memories. Let them go on their own journey, dear one.

Serve by embodying your full power as well as acknowledging theirs. Be open to whatever comes, but do not try to anticipate what will come. Serve by being in each moment as it arises.

By the time you felt things were “**safe**” enough — **you understand your ignorance here, don' t you?** — you finished your first and only cup. You began to enter my embrace, however superficially. As had been occurring more and more in recent journeys, your body released its density and you began to flutter about the room, enjoying the sensation of lightness. You felt like a little fairy.

Then the darkness encroached, less ominously than usual. You lay down and assumed **your preferred Aya-do-your-damm-thing position:** blanket tight around you, fetal position, furrowed brows.

Many thought-images began to emerge, but as you were not fully surrendered and had not consumed much of my medicine, your conscious awareness of what was occurring was shallow.

Angels. The Bachelorette. Dissertation. Past lives. Woman being strangled. Victim or perpetrator? Cold. Dread. Purge-yawn after yawn after yawn. You knew there was no use in trying to make sense. **You simply let me do my work.**

No need to understand. Relax. Let it go.

You are learning how to truly serve in the world.

You serve by knowing your power.

You serve by recognizing others' power.

You serve by witnessing others' fear, as you have witnessed your own.

You serve by acknowledging your non-separateness.

You serve through trust and surrender.

You serve by remembering the love that you are.

Thank you for reading! :) Much love.

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