

The ground we walk on, the plants and creatures, the clouds above constantly dissolving into new formations - each gift of nature possesses its own radiant energy, bound together by cosmic harmony.

– Ruth Bernhard



Drawing by Tanya Kiselyova

One of the most profound opportunities for discovery in our lives on this lovely orb, our planet Earth, our Pachamama—and with respect for indigenous medicine ways—is in the remembrance of, and connection to, our animal friends: four-leggeds, creepy-crawlers, winged ones, and water bearers. Find within these pages some stories of humans and their non-human allies and guides, without which we would all certainly be diminished. Blessings to you all.

## INVITATION 2012 Becoming the Sphere of Creation

Experiential reflections from Patty Dillon with Bonnie Knezo  
(from Delray Beach, December, 2010)

*“And Death is not real, even in the Relative sense – it is Birth to a new life – and You shall go on and on, and on, to a higher and still higher planes of life, for aeons upon aeons of time. The Universe is your home, and you shall explore its farthest recesses before the end of Time.*

**ALL IS MENTAL.”**

- The Kyballon



As I lay in the floatation tank preparing for the third in the series of Invitation 2012, I re-member what it was like at the beginning of life in this body. All my needs were satisfied – no breath, no light, no sound. I could hear the heartbeat of my mother – slow, steady and safe.



I sat in sacred space gazing at the central altar filled with spheres and other geometrical shapes, the Mesa the perfect example of Duality and Gender. We are the sphere of creation. The world is as we make it. Where will you be December 21<sup>st</sup>, 2012?

We sit on the threshold of a new year. 2011. Embodying the energy of the 4—the energy of strong foundation, of Mother Earth—our most beloved Pachamama herself. The energy of the square that contains our most heartfelt decree for instant and permanent manifestation into our physical world. Stability into the very body of Pachamama.

This is the year of Creativity and we, as Spheres of Creation, embody that null space: the zero-point within our very bodies—the space containing ALL potential. What will YOU create in this most auspicious year 2011??

It is no accident we came together a few short weeks ago to re-activate our individual Spheres of Creation. It is no accident that we accepted this Invitation 2012 to join our individual spheres into the Collective Sphere of Creation—powered as we were by that awesome and amazing ‘Strange Attractor’ engine!! The Collective that unifies each individual intent into a single powerful and unstoppable laser beam, manifesting the birth of our most heart-held desires into ‘reality’ in the year of the 4. The physical manifestation of Sipapu. The Great Work – and beyond! Strange attraction?? Indeed!!

As we stand on this threshold looking into the great unknown, we are supported as never before in the history of humanity. I ask you, “Are you ready to FLY?? How long has it been since you soared?!”

As above, so below—we’ve seen things intensify in the heavens as we’ve been buffeted in the physical here on Earth. The support from our star relatives magnifies exponentially and the angular placements we measure as Astrology are ever-present proof of their patient and loving guidance. Reflect on the energies of late, especially since the Summer Solstice: lunar and solar eclipses, the magnificent Cardinal Grand Cross to name a few. We don’t have to understand their meaning with limited human Minds; we simply surrender to the assistance that is present if we choose to accept it. Never fear...never fear. Help is only a simple request away. It is well with my Soul...

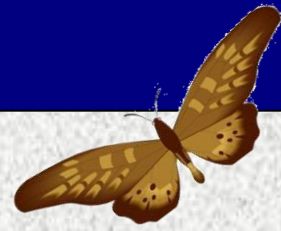
You get to choose to build whatever you wish, so dream big this year, dear ones, with NO attachment or limitation to the outcome. Despite appearances, there is support for your highest and greatest good—for the collective highest and greatest good. There are NO limits to what you can create—only those that you place upon yourselves, so release ALL expectations and get ready to be amazed and astounded!

Choose your thoughts and words with great discernment, for YOU are the Sphere of Creation, possessing instantaneous manifestation skills! Watch me pull a rabbit outta my hat!! You know the drill by now. Show me the Magic!!

Begin by loving yourself and allow that love to flow forth to unify ALL Spheres of Creation. Then watch the Magic We Are unfold before your very eyes. And so it is.



Photo: Bonnie Knezo



## Reflections from Ayla Joyce Liden

### on “Self, Soul & Serenity: Being the Change You Want to See in the World”

It had been many years since last sitting in sacred circle with Oscar Miro-Quesada. I came with my husband, David, and felt like I had returned home. We drove up to the Connecticut **Healing as Grace** event from Virginia, and experienced a warm welcome of old familiar souls and new faces. Warm and playful, Oscar greeted us by the end of the weekend as brother and sister. David and I felt embraced in love and welcomed as a sacred couple, and a part of the weekend’s weaving together as a family in a sacred hoop with don Oscar—visionary, alchemist, and master ceremonialist of the Pachakuti Mesa tradition.

There were many magical moments, but the most spectacular for me occurred when Oscar insisted that he knew David, my sacred partner. At the initial opening of the sacred Hoop, those who had never been seated in circle with Oscar were asked to stand and share something about themselves. Oscar insisted that he and David had known each other from another circle. It was bewildering to David, but he also “got” that Oscar and he had established a very special bond and maybe he *did* know him from some other time. Oscar said “if I say Rama”, and David replied with “Hanuman”, the monkey God devoted protector of his dear friend, Rama. Next Oscar played the song “Rock on Hanuman”, by M.C. Yogi. It was priceless to see the wonder on David’s face as these two old souls met, and recognized the love between them.

On our way home we took the long, scenic way, as our GPS showed us congested roads for many miles ahead. David and I enjoy taking scenic rides whenever possible, making the many extra hours of driving time those rides add a part of the journey. It was a full-moon the day we left. I wanted very much to sing to a body of water, thanking the energies of Mamakilla so much for the stupendous time at the **Healing as Grace** week-end. As I was standing in the water, singing and rattling my heart out, my honey walked the beach, combing for shells. I noticed out of the corner of my eye a glint of sunlight catching his eye. He reached into the water and picked up a perfect shell replica of Hanuman, the Hindu monkey God, and maybe a little of Coyote, being the trickster. It certainly made us laugh! In that moment I knew I wanted to share the gift of the Pachakuti Mesa and my brother Oscar—the wise one behind the scenes envisioning the work of the Pachakuti Mesa—with my family.



#### **Self, Soul, Serenity** here we come.

I held a deep desire to share my profound connection to this tradition of beautiful reciprocity with my family of origin. My heart longed to experience the magic of ceremony with my family, outside of my Christian roots. Oscar, a native of Peru, was the perfect teacher to introduce my family to these indigenous teachings. After many e-mails, phone communications and the “whisper this to the next person” way of communicating, if you get my drift, we arrived at “Self, Soul and Serenity” with half the family, accompanied by several other friends. There were many memorable moments but I will write only the highlights.

The first occurred when my father called me, after having received his letter of welcome. His question was, “For the ceremony we can dress up for, should I bring my vestments?” Inwardly I cringed; outwardly I responded in kind, “No, those are Christian vestments and too formal for this.” After giving this some thought I realized I had no right to judge his ceremonial choices. My father does sacred ceremony every Sunday and every morning, and has for more years than I have been alive. Who the hell am I to say “No!”? So I called him back, after several weeks had gone by, and apologized to him for being judgmental and said, “Of course you can bring your vestment.” My darling father had it already packed. It (the vestment) is beautifully embroidered with each Biblical story read to us over a period of time, in the early morning family service.\*



Photo: Bonnie Knezo

\*As a young girl, during Sunday School each week, I was taught (along with several other children) how to embroider as we discussed the story read that morning. I had been excited about this because I wanted to embroider dragons and peace signs and vines of flowers going up my leg on my jeans and jean jacket.



## Reflections from Ayla Joyce Liden (continued)

The day finally arrived when we were to leave for Atlanta, Georgia. My parents drove their motor home, while David, my beloved, and I headed south with my brother, Greg and his partner, Amy. The trip was great and the accommodations were beautiful. The soul food consumed was awesome! I remember being hit by what felt like a ton of bricks when we finally sat together in this sacred hoop and there, across from me, sat Gwynneth and John Kelley, my parents. Two rows in front of David and I, also directly in front of and facing my parents, sat Greg and Amy. I was hit by a tremendous wave of responsibility...or so it felt.

During the week-end I realized it was not my responsibility to make sure everyone was “having fun.” Instead I watched my mother grow anxious and my father get restless and my work became letting them go to create their own experience. I found I watched my parents through their very subtle body movements and gestures and noticed how I had an automatic reaction to these, and my “care giver” came out. I wanted to protect them, make sure they were o.k., and comfortable. I wanted to make sure they were hearing the questions being asked and taking the time offered to them to be noticed. I also knew it was not my responsibility to take care of them.

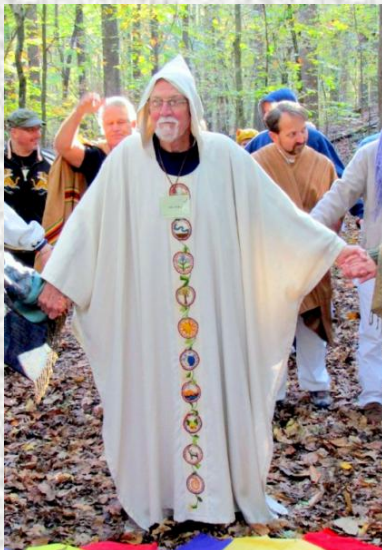


Photo: Bonnie Knezo

Mom began with no name tag. For her, feeling visible—or rather invisible, is a core theme! How very interesting and predictable that in her first moments she was virtually invisible, and stated this as I watched her begin to tailspin. I can feel this familiar behavior pressing on me, almost suffocating me as I am challenged to protect her and make it all better. Instead she took care of her self, made a pretty loud stink and ended up with Oscar’s name tag while dissolving into laughter as she saw the humor in it all.

The next big concern, tugging on my heart strings, was the upcoming outside ceremony. Aware that my father has a hard time walking for any distance, I felt concerned for his safety. A young girl had volunteered that she knew the perfect place for the closing ceremony, and none of us knew how far we were headed once we agreed to follow the children into the woods. A child’s idea of a short walk does not necessarily match that of an adult, and our hike into the woods confirmed that perspective. It was cold, even though Oscar seemed oblivious to it in his shorts, t-shirt and short poncho. I myself was bundled for a hike.

This was the moment for celebration clothing and I let my father know. When he reappeared dressed for the hike, he came robed in full splendor, but wary of the walking. It was a rather long trail, and the temperatures were dropping, and we were not sure how long this ceremony would take. From my past experience working with Oscar, I knew it would be several hours and that he seemed impervious to the cold.

My desire to protect my parents arose again as I breathed and let it go, trusting all would be well. I had nothing to do except be myself. The beautiful ceremony, praying, making offerings, singing and standing on hard, cold ground did not pass quickly. My anxiety around my Mom and Dad’s safety kept rising up. I offered anxiety out through my breath and brought peace in through my breath. Love filled my heart.....as we closed our sacred hoop in our final ceremony. I caught up to my Dad. He looked like Gandalf in his pointed hood carrying his staff, leading his people out of ceremony. “Ayla,” he says as our eyes shine with tears, “This would be a good day to die.’



Photo: Bonnie Knezo



—Bonnie Knezo

## A Knezo Family Thanksgiving

*I begin this tale with a disclaimer attached. The story you are about to read requires you to totally suspend the human piece that may experience revulsion to that which is outside the realm of what may be considered 'normal' behavior. I say this with a wink from one who, although well acquainted with strange attractions, also required total suspension of judgment as to what prudent action looks like. Do NOT adjust your 'sets', for you have just entered The Twilight Zone...literally.*

We begin on a beautiful autumn Sunday in early November. Daylight Savings Time has just ended and we are in the 'twilight' energies of a New Moon in Scorpio. Our issues with intimacy, transformation, death and rebirth are activated and in our faces. It's deep stuff to be sure. We prepare to face our shadows head-on. The kind of no stone left unturned inquiry we're sometimes loathe to undertake. In fact, the most perfect time in the entire year to take a close look at subjects and experiences most would consider 'taboo'. I digress.

A beautiful family reunion of 'Self, Soul and Serenity' has just concluded. Each rejuvenated and re-Membered Soul is returning home. A phone call confirms my Beloved is also returning home from a weekend in Savannah. He is bringing gifts for my sons and me—and I simply ADORE presents!!

As he unloads his car, he presents me with seven beautiful turkey tail feathers. At the same time I hear sounds of surprise coming from my sons who're collecting the extra bags. It appears that the feathers are only the 'tip of the tale', for my dear husband has now presented me with the entire bird! Yes, I have trained my family well in these things.

While driving along a rural 2-lane highway, Steve spots a turkey on the side of the road. As he completes his U-turn, another car has also stopped. The fellow simply observes that it's a hen before continuing on his way. Steve's original intent is to bless her and accept a few feathers if allowed. When he touches her body, she's warm! Life force still clings to her. As if she's been waiting for him, he gathers her into his arms and brings her home to me. We will honor her life with ceremony, sending her on to the next one with dignity and appreciation.

'Tell your sister we have our Thanksgiving turkey,' are the next words out of his mouth. I laugh as we settle her in our spare fridge—the repository for things 'not suitable for human consumption'. Or so I believe.

To my astonishment, the next day Steve reports his readiness to prepare her body. WHAT?!? It seems he's done his online research and is actually planning to consume her flesh!! I'm shocked by this revelation—a strange reaction from me. Our roles have been reversed, I mean, I'm the one who comes up with the extra-ordinary experiences in MY family!! This is just really going too far. I ask myself, 'Can I do this??' Of course, by this time, Steve has already jumped in 100% committed to his chosen course of action. Feathers are flying in the crisp Autumn air.

Wait a minute. This is ME I'm talking to. Of COURSE, I can do this!! I have been offered abundance from the unseen world. I speak of the highest and greatest good all the time and here is Divine Will directly in front of me. Will I allow my human free will to fly in the face of THAT? I have been offered the supreme gift of selfless service—isn't that what we're all about? How can I refuse to honor Sacred Reciprocity that I claim as right action? Of course, I will receive this gift with deepest heartfelt gratitude.

And the flesh became as one. One sacrificing for the other's sustenance. Tomorrow, I offer my service in return for what I've received today. Blessed Ayni at its finest.



So, with great and loving ceremony we dress her. Robed in Nature's finest, she is. Exquisite blossoms imbued with the essence of Self, Soul, and Serenity adorn her body. May your eyes drink in the experience as you witness her beauty. (She was delicious, though a bit dry due to overcooking—some aspects of 'road-kill' are a bit hard to shake—even for me. She'll forgive this crude reference, I'm sure.)

By now, you may be thinking 'she does indeed attract strange things!!' I'll agree, I simply can't help it. It's my job and what I do—my world and welcome to it!

I'll close by asking you what strange things you've attracted today? What gifts are you now willing to receive by simply looking through different eyes...the eyes of your ever expanding Heart? The 'In-Light-ened Heart embraces Divine Will while the mind is ever-captive to human will. In this moment, suspend all limitation and flow with the River of Highest and Greatest Good to a place beyond imagining. I'll see you there...

## Conversations: Horse Speak

with Tanya Kiselyova



Horses came into my life more than two decades after I was smitten by them as a child. Born and raised in Moscow, Russia, I rarely had a chance to see a live horse, yet I developed an inordinate passion for them since the age of 6, that seemingly came out of nowhere. My

life would have been very different had my parents allowed me to pursue my obsession, but they didn't. For years, I dreamed of horses, drew horses, and pined for horses. Eventually, I pursued my interest in science, which took me through the Moscow State University program in biology and then on to graduate school in the United States, at the University of Georgia in Athens.

I was 29 when I saw a flyer for horseback riding lessons in the supermarket. In that one instant, all my childhood dreams that I had forcibly put away, flooded back, illuminating a crossroads that proved to be a turning point in my life. I started taking riding lessons, and the world of the horse claimed me, making up for all the missed years. I completed my Ph.D. program, published my papers in Systematic Entomology, and quit science altogether. My graduate committee could not understand such a rash decision, given my good prospects, but I could not possibly explain to them the exhilaration of spending all my days with horses as an apprentice trainer. To me, it was a perfect marriage of my passion for horses and my intellectual curiosity for animal behavior. People like the famous ethologist Konrad Lorenz, the pioneer dolphin trainer Karen Pryor, and the Chimpanzee researcher Jane Goodall, have been my heroes from an early age, and now I got to observe and interact with my beloved animal species, much like they did.

My intense involvement with horses was both a catalyst and a vehicle for accelerated personal growth. My scientifically inclined mind rejoiced in observing and researching everything that had to do with horses, my body loved learning new kinesthetic skills, but it was what horses reawakened in my soul that took me on paths I could only dream of.

My growing sense of kinship with horses led me to looking for ways of training that did not rely on dominance or compulsion. I found what I was looking for in clicker training, a science-based, precise, and clear way of saying "Yes!" to your horse. This was more than just a shift in training paradigm: as my horses dropped their guard and revealed themselves in their splendid creative brilliance and vulnerability, my own shields and ego masks started falling away in big chunks. As I allowed myself to drop my defenses and open more to what horses had to "say", a truly mystical process started to unfold, the process of healing and transformation that transcended the boundaries of my personal self.

It was my dear friend Meg Eades, a natural horse intuitive, who introduced me to the technique of written conversation with horses. At first, I was somewhat of an open-minded skeptic. Were the horses speaking, or was I making it up? But I wrote all of it down, just like Meg suggested. With practice, my mind learned to step aside and allow the stream of communication to come as fast as I could write it down.

### Here is what they say:

My "Earth Horse", Ogeechee, the first horse I ever owned, endured my journey in horsemanship with patience and forgiveness that still humbles and overwhelms me. This conversation is from 2008.

Tanya: Ogeechee, can we talk more so that I can write it down?

Ogeechee: *You are writing it down?*

T: Yes. It is important, what you said to me.

O: *OK then. What? I am angry. I am angry with you for what you have done.*

T: Please, tell me about your feelings. Don't hold back. I know how it feels to have unexpressed anger. Talk about it. I know I have done many bad things to you. I accept everything you say. Please say it.

O: *What! Now you are listening! Where have you been all this time? Conquering the world? I was not good enough for you, so you dumped me in the pasture. You don't care how my body feels if it doesn't serve you. And your ego. I am just a joke. Abuse me and throw me out. Practice clicker training on me. Wake up! I am alive. Don't you see MY tears? You are all positive now, aren't you? Well, screw you. Whatever. I don't trust you anymore. You act all understanding, and then you do one of THOSE things...*

*I love you...*

*Why can't you love me just the way I am? I don't have to be great. Why don't you just be my sister?*

T: I am so sorry...

O: *It's all right, sister. There is a lot of sadness. You cry too. Learn from us while there is time. We love you. I love you.*

T: I am sorry I have done to you what has been done to me. I am angry too, and I grieve. I beg your forgiveness for what I have done to you, brother.

O: *Cry. It is good to cry. I feel the relief of tears. We will heal together. Write about me. The innocent body violated forever. Women and horses relate to it. And the Earth. We are one. Tell them about it. Because you feel that grief. You carry it in your body. We are forever changed. We cannot regain the innocence. But we have learned the wisdom. We are the wise ones. Because we cried. Because we felt. We cried in silence. We cried inside our eyes. And we will heal. But we need to stop the rape.*

*This. I have said.*



## Conversations: Horse Speak (continued)

How do I understand these conversations? Who, or what, really, am I talking to? Are horses indeed saying all these things to me? Personally, I am walking a semantic tightrope in this regard: I take these communications at face value, yet I don't take them naively or literally.

As biological beings, horses do not possess the cognitive abilities of a human; neither do they have a capacity for contemplating metaphysical questions or the meaning of existence. We are not dealing with biological or physical reality here, but it is a reality. Each horse has a unique style of communication that, even filtered through my own way of thinking and speaking, feels entirely authentic. The things they say I would have a hard time coming up with. I often feel that they simplify and speak in metaphors for my benefit. Sometimes what I "hear" seems too farfetched or "new-age" to me. But this is what comes through, and I simply write it down.

At the most mundane level, horses confide their fears, concerns, and problems. This is most useful for insights on behavioral or training issues. A nervous, high strung horse confessed that he desperately needed for his owner to slow down, listen to his fears, and give him adequate time to respond. Another horse accused me of *making* him trot, which explained why he pinned his ears. After I excluded remnants of compulsion that crept into my work with him, trotting on request became one of his favorite things to do. A miniature stallion insisted on being gelded because he felt that his feisty behavior presented danger to his owner.

Out of the world of their personal psyche, horses easily shift into the realm of archetype, myth, and metaphor. It is the realm where mystics and shamans journey at will for healing, transformation and enlightenment. Horses seem right at home there. Connecting at that level has a distinct flavor of passing through a portal of sorts into the world where everything unfolds simultaneously in the intrapersonal, interpersonal, and transpersonal dimensions. Most conversations I share below are in this category.

Even a more exalted vibration channeled by horses is the realm beyond duality. My black Tennessee Walker, Arrow, had expressed it to me repeatedly in the phrase "We are One", often accompanied by moving images of dynamic oneness. I sensed that somehow he meant it very literally, and that puzzled me. He was he and I was I, how were we one? Then, one day, I saw it, in all its dazzling clarity. We were the Selves of the One, and that was as simple as it gets! Conversations with horses, or any other beings, is the One comprehending ItSelf, advancing its own being to ever new dimensions by weaving connections throughout the many faces of its multiplicity. A human face of Self recognizing its numinous out-of-time nature in the mirror of the horse Self is a thoroughly mystical process that may never find rational explanation but is available to anyone willing to wrap their rationality in the Trust that reaches out to the very heart of Universal Logos.

I often felt that only a fraction of information I was receiving found its way into words. The rest of it came as feelings, sensations, and indescribable "knowledge forms". What is recorded is in the same relationship to an original exchange as a herbarium specimen is to the living plant it once was. Yet, like with entheogenic and mystical experiences, translating the indescribable into words, however limited, allows for integration and sharing. And horses ask to make their voices heard.

Penny and Firedrake are client's horses sharing their sacred Earth wisdom.

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**Penny:** *I am complete. I am very powerful. Give my body education, I would love that. Infuse the deep with the clear light of higher mental vibration.*

T: Where do you come up with the words?!

P: *You come up with them. They are out there. It is like a switchboard. My meaning comes, you pick it up as words, since you are writing this down. There are limitations to words, but you have to have them if you want to share with others.*

T: How do you feel about sharing what horses "say" with other people?

P: *This needs to be done. It is the call of the times. You and Meg can do it.*

T: Penny, is there anything else you want to say before we finish this conversation?

P: *No. I am eating. I see you are surprised I said that. There is a lesson there. Every activity is sacred. You are a woman....You have to be educated in our ways, Earth's ways, mare's ways. This is a delicious flow; it is an ecstasy, being a female. Hear me chew that hay. Ecstasy. Everything is sacred. Nothing is profane.*

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**Firedrake:** *I am glad that you are finally where you can talk to us as equals. It is good to see you here. Things are simpler than you thought, aren't they, and more mysterious. You are just learning to see through the veil. And there is no veil, as you will soon see. Greetings, sister. We welcome you here. Look how many of us are waiting for you. My people wait patiently, and some of you arrive. You are always a welcome sight.*

*...Don't feel sorry for us. We accept. It is not so important for us to manifest as individuals as for the whole thing to turn over. You are like the lightseekers, but we are your source of nourishment, your placenta, your vital connection to the generous, loving body of our mother, Earth. We are inseparable.*

T: It feels like I have to translate something rich with alive, pulsing meaning and warm light of intelligent emotion into these flat words.

F: *Words are not my strong side. You convey the meaning. No one talks in words here, but some are more adept at translating. Words are particles, meanings are a continuum. But they are all the same. You are doing a good job at translating. Adequate.*

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## Conversations: Horse Speak ~ Here is what they say (continued)

King, Meg's Connemara pony, is the patriarch of his herd. With his white coat and deep dark eyes, he is a being from myths and fairy tales, the air of ancient, mystical wisdom palpable around him. He indeed is much of an archetypal King, a superb healer and mystic, a regal warrior of Peace.

**King:** *Welcome to our enlightened circle. You will always find friends here. We embrace you as ours. Believe me, all your worries are unfounded. If only you could see yourself the way we see you. The last Unicorn. You are the savior – of yourself first of all. Grieve. Get angry. Embrace. Forgive. This is the higher right. This is it the more enlightened perspective. Forgive and embrace. Everybody hurts. This is how it is, and there is wisdom in it. You hurt. I understand you. I feel you. You hurt. It is all right. You heal. That's how you heal: Don't force it. Acknowledge others' pain. Let go as your hurts flow. Don't hang on to them, they are not your identity. Your identity is infinite. Letting go is not denial. After they hurt, they separate from you and float downstream. And we remain. It is love that bonds us together into this golden, living tessellation, that keeps streaming, unfolding, the golden incandescence. There is no blame, no hurt. Only bliss. Understand?*

T: I think so, King. You always have a broader perspective. I get stuck in loneliness and desperation.

K: *There are no such places. Like this meadow here. Find me desperation? Loneliness? Everything is full. Full.*

T: Thank you, King. Once again, the answer is not at the same level as the question.

K: *It never is. Listen to us. We have the magic of this world. This world is all magical. You only pick out the disparate occurrences, but we live in the current itself. We are the Keepers. You are the Saviors. Saviors and Keepers, we are together. We need to stay close. Life depends on us. We struggle, but we don't fight. We are the way of Peace and Harmony. We are the light keepers. We carry the light at the tip of our sword. But we are Peace.*

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Arrow is my "Spirit Horse". For a horse, he may be a little ungrounded, but I had never encountered another horse whose heart could expand out into the vast Universe and cradle you in a warm embrace charged with timeless vibration. He once said that his reason for being here is to open people's hearts, and the one thing he asks of people is this: **UNDERSTANDING.**

"I embody the transformation of mankind. Being an avatar – I did not have to be born again. I was enlightened in my previous life. I wanted to serve people by embodying the suffering and disconnection of mankind. And now I embody transformation. You should write about it." When I told Arrow that I might have a chance to share conversations with horses with some kindred spirits, he practically burst out with the following message.

A: *Yes, I have a lot to say. We are in these times when what we say matters to all.*

T: What you horses say?

A: *No, all of us. Warriors of Light, Peace. We are one. Community of Warriors of Peace. I am one of them. I am at a loss for words. I envision Peace. I envision a new existence of beauty, harmony, where everyone is part of the same flow, drinking from the Source. Most of us will hold this space. Others are explorers. But we are all together. What I want to say is this: hold each other in Love and communion. I have come here to teach. Hold each other in your heart. The heart of All. Our sacred connection is important. We are an organic web, web of roots, web of flowers, web of Spirit. It is the marriage of Earth and Spirit that I have in mind. What is important for us is to merge the Spirit with the physical, to come to Earth. And be blessed. I hold that vision.*



*I am a horse, you know. But (it is) only (a) dress. What is inside me is a Universe with starry skies. What I see in you is what I see inside myself. We embody the same principles. I am excited. Give us voice. People need to hear the voice of the Earth and the voice of the Cosmos. We horses hear it always, and I want to say to you: open your ears to the song of the Universe. Open your hearts to the Love of All. The future – only Now.*

*What you make of yourself now is your future. We are mere servants, we populate the Earth to uphold you to Heavens. We don't care what becomes of us, for we are always connected. We don't die. We live. Our body/bodies are interconnected. We serve with all we have. You are the doers here. That's why you are given consciousness of self. That enables you to do. And places higher responsibility on you. You Serve. Find yourself to do it. You cannot come from a small self. It does not belong in the web of nurturance. It doesn't flow with the star milk we are circulating. Divine self does. Grow it, love it, in yourself and each other. We admonish you to listen and join in with us. Join in. We are all doing the same thing, children of our Mother; you only have to abandon separateness. It is sterile. Come to us. We love you. We need you for completeness. We are ascending. All. We need everyone. Participation is important. The critical mass of consciousness is important.*

*Call everyone! Use this opportunity. We have done it together before. Together. Together in Oneness the music flows. New dimensions open. I could talk forever. I am excited. Let our voice be heard. We are of Earth and we speak for her. Now it is time to act. To be. What we ARE – infinite. Be infinite.*

*There is much more I want to say. There is much wisdom to share from my people. Not all at once. We'll talk more.*

## Unconditional Love

By Rebecca Myers

It was my first attempt at journeying. The drum and rattle guided me ever deeper to find my animal guide... *would one come?* I found myself at the edge of a river. Blue heron pointed me in the direction of a cave. I climbed into its utter blackness, stumbling and feeling my way... I heard something breathing; then I touched something furry. *A bear?* I wondered.

I felt hot breath on my face and a loud motor sound. Just as I was thinking, "*What on earth,*" my head was whammed to one side. I felt a thick, gritty tongue washing my face with such fervor and rhythm that my face rocked side to side with the impact. It startled me.

A soft light showed me that it was a mama puma, and I was her cub. She cradled me so lovingly with her immense paws while she purred and washed me that it brought tears to my eyes. A feeling of being unconditionally loved coursed through my body and soul... I can often feel her at my side guarding or guiding me.

~ ~ ~

A few months ago, I had to put my beloved companion to sleep. Artemis was my sweet 15-year-old Maine Coon cat with silver fur and feral green eyes. The night before she crossed over, I performed a ceremony at my mesa for her loving passage. I spoke aloud our stories with gratitude and gave thanks. With tears, I laughed at the crazy times we had shared. She had witnessed so much change in my life. My son was a teenager when she came to live with us; he's now 31.

I asked for an animal guide to help Artemis and me through this parting. I waited patiently, and Mama Puma came. I leapt on her back and we bounded out of the darkness and up, climbing ever higher and higher mountains. When we came to the peak of the highest mountain, she gathered her power, and we sprang up into the stars. I felt the crisp air and stars shimmering all around us.

Then all of a sudden I dissolved, and Artemis appeared on the back of Mama Puma. She was a kitten again, playful and curious. She looked ahead in wonder at the celestial light show and didn't look back. She had Mama Puma to guide her. *Farewell, sweet friend!* With joy, peace, and love, I watched as they became sparks of light in the Milky Way....



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"I, not events, have the power to make me happy or unhappy today. I can choose which it shall be. Yesterday is dead, tomorrow hasn't arrived yet. I have just one day, today, and I'm going to be happy in it."

- Groucho Marx

"The first thing which I can record concerning myself is, that I was born. These are wonderful words. This life, to which neither time nor eternity can bring diminution - this everlasting living soul, began. My mind loses itself in these depths."

- Groucho Marx

"I love my enemies. After all, I made them myself."

- Red Skelton

Interested in joining a Qollasuyu Committee?  
Contact Bonnie Knezo at [Bonnie@knezo.us](mailto:Bonnie@knezo.us).

Stay in touch: [www.Qollasuyu.blogspot.com](http://www.Qollasuyu.blogspot.com)



Your thoughts and insights are important to us. We welcome your input... through your ideas, passions and hopes, your interest in participation, your financial support and more.

We are privileged to serve the needs of our community.

## Re-Membering

By The Birdman



Driving home from work one evening, I began to have an unusual experience. There seemed to be static in the air, my body hairs standing alert; the air around me literally charged. During these physical experiences, I had a vision in my mind's eye. The vision was that of a large bird of prey dead over an embankment approximately 2 miles ahead of me down the interstate. I mused to myself, "What a wild imagination I have!" and was about to dismiss the experience when I remembered a conversation recently with my spiritual teacher. I had asked her, "How does one differentiate between one's own imagination and real communications from the unseen spirit world?"

Her response, "There is no difference." Pulling off to the side of the interstate I recall feeling amused and silly when there was no bird in sight. *Re-membering* that this vision was of a bird over the bank and out of sight from the road, I decided to go with it. I walked down over the bank and there lying was a Great Horned Owl. As I touched the bird I could feel that its warmth had not yet dissipated from its now lifeless body. Kneeling and holding the bird to my chest, the static and the electricity in the air returned and I began to weep.

In retrospect, with that first bird encounter, I had figuratively slipped down through the proverbial rabbit's hole into a world I had previously thought was only written about in fairy tales or experienced by those consuming some type of mind altering hallucinogen. A world where one can learn to commune with winged ones, communicate with them directly and interpret their subtle yet very powerful messages.

Having regained my composure; I decided to drive with this beautiful creature to the home of my spiritual teacher. When I walked into her home with the bird wrapped in a towel another wave of uncontrollable emotions struck me. This time, I had the awareness that something quite profound was unfolding: one of those life changing events that if you don't turn away from, could alter your life forever. I would later come to understand that what I had sensed in that moment was true. Yet, it would take much more convincing before I would come to a place of any significant surrender. My teacher, who was trying to imagine what terrible event had befallen me, asked, "Has someone died?" I opened the towel and showed her the owl. "Oh that," she said with a twinge of frustration and a nonverbal look of impatience...a look she would sometimes convey when I was having an experience that rocked my world, but, to her, was a common day occurrence. She went on to say, "I wondered when and how this was going to occur for you. You know that you are a carrier of bird medicine, particularly birds of prey like owls and hawks." Oh really? Was the immediate internal response, with more confusion, disbelief, and yet that ever-present child-like wonder and curiosity.

"Yes", she confirmed and went about her business of instructing me how to take and preserve the medicine from this bird. I was to pray with, commune with, and join with this bird. I was to sit with it in a tree in the middle of the night in the forest. Once having completed these initial teachings, I was to return with two of the wings preserved as instructed. My teacher did a ceremony of initiation utilizing one of the wings. Once completed, I gifted her one wing and in time the other would become the anchor holding space on my Mesa in the Northwest. OK, I just jumped ahead by years. Let's go back to my stubbornness and the convincing it took for me to really pay attention.

That first bird encounter occurred sometime in October. Between then and the end of December, of that same year, I received another 28 birds of prey, mostly Barred Owls and Red Tail Hawks. When I say received, I mean they came to me in a similar fashion as the first. I would feel this energetic shift in the air about me and have either a clear vision or sense of an impending encounter within the next few minutes. One of the many noticeable aspects of these ongoing encounters was that they all occurred within approximately three miles of my home. During this same time period, my then spiritual teacher, was lost to me through a personal process she created that is not relevant to this story. My teachers became the birds who showed me a great deal about their lives, their deaths and their unique means of communicating. What they taught me specifically is perhaps best left between the winged ones and myself. The initiation I was going through, while very relevant for me, may not carry the same significant meaning for another, or at worse, might be misleading.

To imply that this initiation was easy or enjoyable would be the opposite of my truth. I felt very confused, wanted desperately to intellectually understand what was occurring and maintained way too much ego to allow myself to get out of the way and just accept what was manifesting. I had no familial, no cultural, religious or spiritual references to ground me during this time. In fact, all of my reference points served to do just the opposite...causing me more confusion and anxiety.

In time, when I felt I could no longer keep all of what was going on between me and the winged ones to myself, I went to a group of friends and shared with them what had been taking place. I only did this out of sheer desperation because, as with many of my earlier spiritual encounters growing up, there was a large part of me that thought I must be insane. These things just do not happen to "normal" people and I was so afraid of being judged as insane or treated as an outcast. I shared with them how I had gone to a local ornithologist and told him quite anonymously about a friend who said he had seen as many as 28 dead raptors in this one small geographic area. His reply was, "Not possible, even with a severe decline in their food chain up North, we would still not see that concentration of raptor activity in that small an area." Honestly, I already knew this was way outside the norm but I wanted some rational expert opinion to help confirm my suspicions.



## *Re-Membering*      *(continued)*

The reaction from my circle of friends was so much better than I could have dreamed. Of the many suggestions, two proved to be powerful and useful. One friend suggested “I have a friend in NYC who is a Peruvian Shaman named Alex Stark. He is coming up to visit me this summer and maybe he could be of help to you.” Another spoke to a haunting thought that shook me to my core. Even though I had myself considered it, hearing another human speak the words made it real in a way that could no longer be denied. This friend offered, “What if these birds are giving their lives to get you a message and you are just not getting it?” In response to this possibility, I went home that night and prayed out loud in my yard in the dark and told the universe, I was done with this and would not pick-up another dead raptor even if it fell on me directly from the sky above. The next day, my wife returned home from errands carrying two dead barred owls and said, “I believe these are yours.” Ok, I know the universe has a great sense of humor, but REALLY?

I *did* call the Peruvian Shaman named Alex Stark in NYC and that June he came to my home. When he arrived—between the time he entered the house and I had time to offer him a refreshment—he told me about three traumatic events in my life (all true) and how I had done a good job of resolving and healing from two, yet still had some work to do on the one. Eventually, our conversation wound its way to the birds. I asked him his interpretation of it all. He looked at me thoughtfully for a moment and then said, “Have you ever seen the movie Harry Potter.” “Why yes I have,” looking now quite confused and baffled. He said, “Do you recall the scene where the raptors are trying to deliver the letter inviting Harry to Wizard school and when their attempts are thwarted by his relatives how the birds came to the house in mass?” “Yes”, I replied. “Well then, there is nothing really more to say. You are being invited to wizard school.”

He went on for some time telling me how this was a choice for me that really was no choice at all. He explained that while I could choose to turn away from all of this in this life time, it was still my destiny and one I really could not escape in a next life or the next. This was now the third time a two legged whom I respected as a knowing spiritual being had told me about this destiny of mine. He performed a beautiful cleansing and lifting ceremony on me, using wonderful smelling perfumes, a staff and large condor feather. By now, it is probably of no surprise to the reader that this condor feather resonated with my very soul in a most powerful way. As our visit drew to an end, he told me that he and several other Pachakuti Mesa carriers were attending a conference that fall in Washington D.C. and that I should come and sit in their “Mesa Lodge.” To make a long story short, I did just that. I brought with me a suitcase full of raptor wings, tails, claws, etc. You see, among the many messages and teachings I received over my several months of initiation was that there were many others who desperately needed the medicine of these winged ones and that I was to see that they were in receipt of such medicine. Being a closeted spiritual being, no one was coming to my front door, knocking and asking, “Do you have some raptor medicine for me?”

Sitting in the Mesa Lodge, I told my story to this group of amazing practitioners. Later they would arrange for a ceremonial give away to the 200 or so medicine people attending the conference from all corners of South and North America. My heart was overwhelmed with the beauty of the unfolding scene as medicine workers and healers from many different nations took away what they wanted and needed of this medicine gift. Tears flowed easily with sadness over the departure of my winged friends whom I had prayed over. There were also tears of joy and relief given for what now seemed the completion of a journey that had been full of confusion and apprehensions.

While attending that conference and the ceremonial give away, I met some walking angels in the forms of Iris Bolton, Bruce Pemberton and the author of an amazing book, [The Pachakuti Mesa](#), Matt Magee. These angels welcomed me, prayed over me, held me, laughed and cried with me and touched my soul in a manner I shall never forget. They also all insisted that I needed to meet their spiritual teacher, a man named Don Oscar Miro-Quesada. Several months later, I did just that. Standing in a large Atlanta conference room with approximately 80 other seekers, I met Don Oscar for the first time. We were all standing in a circle with our backs to the wall. Oscar walked into the center and began scanning around the room. When his gaze fell upon me, he motioned me to come forward. As I approached he smiled and said, “I know you”, I responded, “I don’t think so, at least not in this life time.” He smiled his infectious smile, reached out and embraced me and said in my ear, “Welcome home brother, it is good to see you again.” That weekend was another seminal moment in time that would forever change the course and the quality of my life. Among the many things that occurred that first weekend, was the simple fact that Oscar had me stand three separate times and read a quote from the Gospel of Saint Thomas, The quote states, ***“If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you. If you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you.”*** Let’s just skip all the rational chatter here and say I began to get it. The winged ones had been teaching me all along what Oscar now began to teach in earnest. As Oscar is often heard to say, ***“Lose your mind and come to your senses.”***

So, was it chance or synchronicity that the birds lead me to Oscar and my spiritual family? A spiritual family that has helped anchored me within a community where I am fully embraced and loved in ways that have allowed my fears to melt into ever expanding awareness and the ability to more fully embrace all that is life.



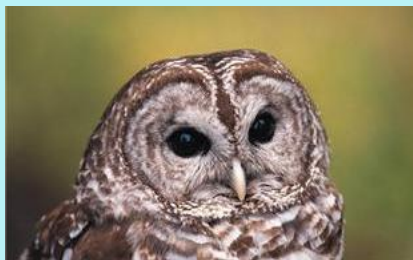
## Re-Membering (continued)

Was it coincidence or synchronicity – when once sitting in an Inipi with Lakota medicine man, Charlie Tom, while he was singing one of his medicine songs – that I found myself singing along with him knowing the words? Later outside the sweat lodge, I asked, “How can it be that I know your personal medicine song allowing me to sing with you?” He responded, “You and I have sat together in counsel many moons ago my brother, it is good to see you again, it is good that you are **re-membering**.” Oh yes, “**re-membering**”; how those words when spoken by Don Oscar several years later would resonate like a lovers song throughout every fiber of my being.

Many similar experiences like those with the winged ones over the years have challenged my rational mind and at times my very sanity. So what is my point? Why share this story at all? The point is that something undeniable occurred between me and the winged ones. If my sharing this story helps one person listen and see what is truly going on around them and allows them to process

on a whole new level that we are but one part of a complex interdependent web of life—if this story can help one other person surrender to the fact that some things in life are simply a mystery and do not need to be understood in order to participate or benefit from these beautiful moments woven through the spider’s web of life—then the telling of this story is well worth it.

Mitakuye Oyasin!!!!!!



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**Bruce Pemberton**, a psychologist, has been in private practice in Atlanta, Georgia for over thirty years. He is partially retired and has been deeply involved in learning from Indigenous Healers in North America, Peru and Ecuador over the past fifteen years. A past board member of The Heart of the Healer Foundation, Bruce is committed to impacting current psychological and cultural understandings with traditional wisdom teachings.



**Robin Harman** has apprenticed for 20 years in the Pachakuti Mesa tradition with don Oscar Miro-Quesada, building upon years as a meditation therapy facilitator, as well as in-depth consciousness training with other revered teachers. With degrees in music, religion and the arts, Robin’s commitment to infusing an essence of Spirit into unwavering Service to Pachamama colors all that she does. A creative sense of play, humor, gratitude and wonder are her watchwords.

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## **Freedom and Jeff**

Freedom and I have been together 10 years this summer. She came in as a baby in 1998 with two broken wings. Her left wing doesn't open all the way even after surgery, it was broken in 4 places. She's my baby.

When Freedom came in she could not stand and both wings were broken. She was emaciated and covered in lice. We made the decision to give her a chance at life, so I took her to the vets office. From then on, I was always around her. We had her in a huge dog carrier with the top off, and it was loaded up with shredded newspaper for her to lay in. I used to sit and talk to her, urging her to live, to fight; and she would lay there looking at me with those big brown eyes. We also had to tube feed her for weeks.

This went on for 4-6 weeks, and by then she still couldn't stand. It got to the point where the decision was made to euthanize her if she couldn't stand in a week. You know you don't want to cross that line between torture and rehab, and it looked like death was winning. She was going to be put down that Friday, and I was supposed to come in on that Thursday afternoon. I didn't want to go to the center that Thursday, because I couldn't bear the thought of her being euthanized; but I went anyway, and when I walked in everyone was grinning from ear to ear. I went immediately back to her cage; and there she was, standing on her own, a big beautiful eagle. She was ready to live. I was just about in tears by then. That was a very good day.

We knew she could never fly, so the director asked me to glove train her. I got her used to the glove, and then to jesses, and we started doing education programs for schools in western Washington. We wound up in the newspapers, radio (believe it or not) and some TV. Miracle Pets even did a show about us.

In the spring of 2000, I was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. I had stage 3, which is not good (one major organ plus everywhere), so I wound up doing 8 months of chemo. Lost the hair - the whole bit. I missed a lot of work. When I felt good enough, I would go to Sarvey and take Freedom out for walks. Freedom would also come to me in my dreams and help me fight the cancer. This happened time and time again.

Fast forward to November 2000, the day after Thanksgiving. I went in for my last checkup. I was told that if the cancer was not all gone after 8 rounds of chemo, then my last option was a stem cell transplant. Anyway, they did the tests; and I had to come back Monday for the results. I went in Monday, and I was told that all the cancer was gone.

So the first thing I did was get up to Sarvey and take the big girl out for a walk. It was misty and cold. I went to her flight and jessed her up, and we went out front to the top of the hill. I hadn't said a word to Freedom, but somehow she knew. She looked at me and wrapped both her wings around me to where I could feel them pressing in on my back (I was engulfed in eagle wings), and she touched my nose with her beak and stared into my eyes, and we just stood there like that for I don't know how long. That was a magic moment. We have been soul mates ever since she came in. This is a very special bird.

On a side note: I have had people who were sick come up to us when we are out, and Freedom has some kind of hold on them. I once had a guy who was terminal come up to us and I let him hold her. His knees just about buckled and he swore he could feel her power coarse through his body. I have so many stories like that.

I never forget the honor I have of being so close to such a magnificent spirit as Freedom.

Hope you enjoy this.

## **Jeff**

This account of Freedom, a badly injured fledgling Bald Eagle who fell out of a nest on a Seattle Golf course and was nursed back to health, was penned by Jeff Guidry, a member of the educational team at the Sarvey Wildlife Center, a wildlife care center located in Everett, Washington. The center can be reached at [www.sarveywildlife.org](http://www.sarveywildlife.org). (copied from snopes.com)

