

## Light Bearers Being Safe Harbors for Suffering Beings

It's cliché to say that there are no words to capture a psychedelic journey. Words are only pieces of how to capture it. This psilocybin journey felt so very much like Ayahuasca to me. But it was the addition of Julián and Claudia's singing and music - them bringing the jungle, the energy of the medicine here with the mushrooms. The medicine is not just the mushrooms - it is *all* of it and at the base it is the energy - the life force of the sun that ignites in our hearts that we breathe in and actually burn oxygen. We are literally on fire - the sparks inside of us each. We have forgotten who we are in our core, at our most elemental energetic center. This creates suffering. There are so many varied ways to lose touch with our essence and once set in, our cultures and communities, and family's burdens stack more wounding on top of more wounding.

Psilocybin taught me what the energy of global suffering feels like energetically. It is deafeningly loud, gratingly heavy, and solidly dark - almost elemental as if the atoms of metal are being ground and pulverized. But without the conscious tending of it, of the alchemical process of healing our wounds and suffering, it gets stuck like cogs locking and grinding harder - taking more energy than would be necessary when we turn towards it with our loving compassionate hearts on fire - our essence.

Suffering is beautiful - it is part of this experience here on Earth - a very dense and hard place to live. There is a grander master plan at work in the design of global suffering - the disintegration of people, families, communities, governments, and our lands. And it is each of our purposes here to re-awaken to our essence, to heal our wounds and then to be a bright beacon of light for one another. Light Bearers being safe harbors for suffering beings to take refuge as they begin their alchemical, natural process of re-remembering.

The energy of pain and suffering is almost too much for our physical bodies - it pulverizes bones and tears our cells and fabric of our tissues as we bleed and we can almost feel like we are literally dying. When we can help people remember what is dying is the burdens and the separation of themselves from their essence (parts and Self) and the separation from God, the great mystery, and one another, the process becomes a little more palatable. Even more so when we ask honey and the bees to bring their gift to our healing work. Honey sweetens, it touches us energetically to the spark of fire, of light, within us - helping us to remember who we are. We each need to shine our lights as brightly as they were designed - as bright as the sun. I'm blessed to be called to this work having been in the alchemical fires so very many, many times and able to hold it all - all the global suffering, as we each find our ways home. Turning carbon into diamonds.

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Naropa Practicum Psilocybin Journey at Cora Center