

PART TWO - THE VOYAGES

MÉAHUASCA

JOURNAL OF THE SOUL



MEETING ME

VOYAGE ONE: September 2017.

My past fifty years plus on this current plain of existence have had moments of suffering, moments of bliss and everything else in between, which is nothing unusual for most People.

There were times when it felt like the suffering would be the *sad* death of me, and equally, the bliss gave me an elated feeling of being happy enough to die (in those moments). Isn't it strange how the theme of "death" can arise both in suffering and in bliss, depending of course on who you are, and what your frame of mind is at the particular time?

My very first Voyage with Mother Ayahuasca was in September 2017. Although this date is not very relevant, it just provides for a relative time context, in relation to how far back or recent any of these voyages were, depending of course on when you are reading this text.

For approximately four days prior to imbibing the Medicine Plant Ayahuasca, my food intake consisted of watery vegetable soups, water and coffee. It is often and strongly recommended, you do not drink coffee, as it can or might cause nausea, vomiting and/or diarrhea as a response to taking Ayahuasca. Going without sex for six weeks (as recommended) was bad enough but going without coffee for a week was a step too far (for me), as was going without tobacco.



Most of my life has somehow been directly or indirectly about rebelling against the many pointless rules, conventions, legalities, limitations and beliefs governing or held by or in society per se. Sometimes this insolence has brought me into conflict with those who would presume to have authority over others or me, when in fact they do not.

Of course it needs to be said and clarified; my rebellion is not and has never been driven by malice, ill will or intent towards People, but on the contrary. It has always concerned me greatly that a great many People are so compliant with those persons who assume authority over others, solely based upon the fictions created on paper, by *authoritarians*.

Authoritarians have led millions of People astray to say the least, and many more millions to their deaths, over the centuries. So drinking coffee and smoking tobacco didn't seem to be too much of a breach of the guidelines set down, as part preparation for imbibing Ayahuasca. At the heel of the hunt, it did not adversely affect my personal experience with Mother Ayahuasca, which is not to say of course, that it would or could not adversely affect you or others. Perhaps Lady Luck has been with me (thus far) throughout my voyages, or perhaps there is something more to it than mere luck?

After a four-day fast from solid food, my hunger pangs dissipated, and my energy levels did *not* feel low, or exhausted. In fact, my mind (as it were) was clear, lucid and alert. It is clear to me now at least, that soup, while it can fill and sustain you quite adequately for perhaps a very-very long time, one can eventually grow to dislike it immensely.



PREPARATION DAY: The day before my (very first) Ayahuasca Voyage was spent with a group of other voyagers, in preparation for our first voyage the next day. The facilitator and guides actively prepared us as much as they possibly could, to *surrender* to the medicine, and put us at ease with any worries or concerns we may be having. The key phrase here being **SURRENDER**. The morning of the first preparation day, we gathered together with **M** the lead facilitator. **M** invited us each in our own time to say something about ourselves by leading with the phrase ***"If you really knew ME then ..."*** This phrase resonated with ME at the time, and still does, and it forms the basis of the title for this text, as in ***Meahuasca***.

We were invited to participate in various activities, with a view to breaking down to a certain extent, any resistance our conscious or egoic mind may be putting up in front of us and to a further extent putting us at our ease ... after all it is not every day you get to experience what is sometimes called the ***"little death"***. Ayahuasca is also known as the ***"Vine of the Dead"***.

We were actively invited throughout the preparation day, to listen, discuss, ask questions, share why we were there, dance, to chant, meditate and to breathe. By the end of the day, we had all built a trust with the facilitator and guides that they would take care of us. This was a safe, non-judgmental environment, and moreover, we could surrender to the Medicine.

If we had to vomit, we could vomit and they would tend to us and clean up the mess. If we had to shit or piss they would escort us to the toilet or, if needs be, bring us to the shower to clean ourselves. We could comfortably scream, shout, laugh,



cry, sob, sing or just be silent when we needed to and trusted that we were supported without judgment no matter what, within reason of course!

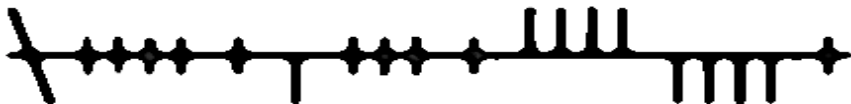
We participated in a series of activities devised to open us up and to become more comfortable in our own skins and in each other's company. In the morning, we were invited to share with others who we were, and what our intentions (or not) might be for our Voyage with Mother Ayahuasca.

In the afternoon we danced, learned to walk and breathe (again), look one another in the eye and how to be silent. In the evening we were invited to participate in Meditation, Vibration and Breathing exercises, whilst being enwrapped in some marvelous music.

The Meditation and Breathing exercises (with the music) were particularly beguiling for me. Without realising it at the time, these exercises provided me with what can only be described as being a Mini Voyage of sorts, without the use of entheogens.

In retrospect and as a POINT OF NOTE: Once you have reached the Zeropoint, strictly speaking you do not need to use entheogens again, although it must be said, a great many People do not immediately reach the *Stillness* of the Zero Point with a first, or initial experience or voyage, with Mother Ayahuasca.

For many, although they may get an experience of sorts, it may take more than one voyage with Mother Ayahuasca to reach that certain Stillness of the Zero Point. What most People may experience, prior to reaching their Stillness are certain types of



emotional blockages and/or their egoic mind resisting surrendering to the Medicine. Emotional blockages can come in various shapes, sizes or types of trauma and Mother Ayahuasca may need to guide and assist you in working through these blockages and/or traumas. This, in essence, is where the magic or healing begins ... more on this later.

The next day arrived, the day of the ceremony, the day we imbibed the Medicine Plant Ayahuasca. We were all generally dressed in white clothes, and mine were generally grey. It is almost impossible to find entirely white second hand clothes in charity shops, or in the cheaper high street chains, so light grey was the nearest equivalent available to me, but this did not really matter, because once you have taken your Medicine, you do not care what colour clothes you have on, or are taking off.

Most People, including me, still had a certain level of trepidation or nervous excitement about this day, despite all the previous days' activities. In my case, it was simply because it was my very first Voyage with Mother Ayahuasca, and like anything absolutely new, one did not know how one was going to react or respond. If there was any concern on my part, perhaps unlike most People, it certainly was not about vomiting or shitting myself, but more about what emotional responses would arise (if any), or memories it might awaken in me.

We entered the ceremony room without talking, and took our places on our mattresses. The ceremonial leader gave us some practicals and more reassurances about being in a safe place, that we could trust her and the guides to take good care of us and our needs for the day. We could surrender to the Medicine



without any concerns for anything else whatsoever, and go on our own personal inner voyages without a worry in the world.

Then the ceremonial leader invited us all to share our intention for this voyage. The group was relatively small in number (about 20 or so), so we all individually shared our personal intentions with the group. My personal intention was to find out (more) about death - was there death or not? Was there existence after the body died, and so on? Relative to other Peoples' intentions, which we will not get into here, this was not so strange a thing to want to find out, well not for me anyhow. But as many People who have imbibed Ayahuasca are prone to saying; ***"Mother Ayahuasca gives you what you NEED, not what you want"***, as did the Rolling Stones in another way. See ... everything is connected!

On the flip side of that same coin, what would you do with getting what you want? Could you handle it and would what you wanted still be what you want, once you get what you want? Perhaps wanting what you need is a better approach to setting an intention, rather than wanting what you want? Or perhaps not wanting anything is an even better approach to setting an intention? Or even, not setting an intention is an even better approach? Something else to ponder!

We commenced the ceremony by being handed our first Cup of Ayahuasca, which we held until the ceremony leader said her bit, blessings and all. Then she invited us to drink the Medicine in our own time and so we did. The smell was not good, and the taste was none too good either, but down it went all the same. It tasted a little bitter to me, but you could hear the sounds around the room of People smelling, tasting and



swallowing. You could tell, even at this very early stage, that some People were already ready to purge or expel the Ayahuasca from their systems, one way or another, through one orifice or another.

For some People, being in the company of someone that is sick or purging is enough to set them off ... it's a bit like yawning. Once someone starts, it becomes highly contagious and those around the initial yawner also find themselves yawning pretty soon after. There were some immediate purges, there were some early purges, there were some intermediate purges, there were some later purges and no doubt there were enough cases of People having to use the toilet and/or the showers.

As my blindfold was on almost immediately after the first glass of Ayahuasca, my sense of hearing was picking up on the sounds emanating from the room so there was no way of telling who had to go to the toilet or showers, not that any of this really mattered.

Once we all had imbibed the first glass of Ayahuasca, the ceremony leader **M** commenced with playing music, gently talking and taking us through a Chakra meditation, whilst we were all sitting in an upright position, or as they say in yoga, the lotus position.

M invited us to lay back or lie down whenever and at whatever stage we wished to. We did not have to stay sitting or in the lotus position, but to do as we felt our bodies needed. For me, ten minutes (at most) into the Chakra meditation was enough. Yoga is not my thing so my body has had no practice in staying in an unsupported upright position.



The music and the Ayahuasca took over and had me laid out flat on my back, and cosseted in blankets. It is not that my voyage had necessarily started as such, but my body just needed to be in a more comfortable, cosy position. Perhaps my body just needed to rest, relax and unwind and that it did.

Once the Chakra meditation was completed, the ceremony leader announced that the guides were going to approach each of us to ask if we wished to take another glass of Ayahuasca.

By this stage, an hour had more or less passed and my body was already feeling what can only be described as being deep intermittent vibrations. These vibrations were internal, but it also felt like the internal vibrations were also vibrating into the space/room we were in. It was intermittent, like a wave, like a roller coaster, like a washing machine! It came in waves and it came in cycles. There was an intermittent hum, sound, noise also, that gave you a certain advanced warning of the oncoming wave of vibration. This was marvelous, this was terrific, and this was somehow strangely familiar. Mother Ayahuasca (MA) had not yet taken me completely. This vibration was her warming up her engine or warning me, depending on how you look at it. MA was teasing me, testing me and daring me to take another glass of her medicine ...

Finally! The guide arrived by my side, and as my blindfold was on, she gently touched my shoulder and whispered into my ear ... "would you care for another glass of Ayahuasca?" The guide barely got the question out of her mouth, when my answer was an empathic "Yes Please!" ... and then she was gone. It felt like an eternity before she returned, and gently touched my shoulder and whispered ... "here you go".



Of course, you cannot drink this stuff lying down, as you have to brace yourself and time the matter, to avoid choking and gagging on its taste and in turn spewing your guts up. The guide waited patiently for me to sit up, take my blindfold off, look around the room, and then handed over the glass of Ayahuasca. She again waited patiently with me until the glass was empty, although it was me who asked her to wait. Then my guide took the glass and wished me well on my voyage, with a cheeky little smile.

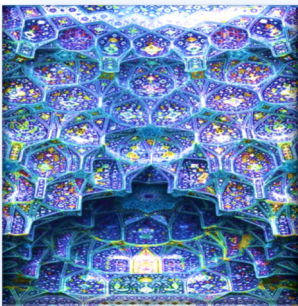
At this stage in the ceremony, just after my second glass, there was no need in me to vomit, purge or to go to the toilet. Everything down below was calm, cool and collected, as they say. It felt like the medicine was now coursing through my veins and my blood, that my whole body was getting ready for liftoff so to speak, and Mother Ayahuasca didn't disappoint me one little bit. My surrender to the medicine was totally unreserved and all consuming, if such a thing is possible! Even at that particular moment as we lifted off, there was something informing me that this medicine was needed and an absolute necessity to my continued existence on this plain and the work ahead of me, whatever that may be.

This medicine would not be leaving me any time soon. Its intention was to stay in and with me, to heal me, to guide me, to inform and infuse me with clarity on certain matters, and to dispel my many illusions and confusions. To shake me, to wake me, to stir and rouse my traumas, fears, pains, stresses and suffering and show me the door that could provide access to bliss, well every now and then, and when it was most needed and not just when wanted. Not so bad for just two or so hours into a voyage ... and it was to get even stranger!



During this first phase of my first voyage, there were also a myriad of visual effects, colours and archetypes, but one predominant message (feeling), that came through can be summarised as follows: ***Write, to process, get clarity and integrate revelations better, and thus be better able to relay and relate to others in a more effective way or manner.***

In penning this text or book, it concerns me that it might be my egoic mind expressing itself and not an expression of the higher self or being. Nonetheless, it still feels like the right thing to do, as a valid attempt to explain, in the simplest of terms possible, what occurs beyond this dimension of reality when you voyage with Mother Ayahuasca. So on we go ...



In this first phase of the voyage, Mother Ayahuasca brought and showed me into a Temple (of sorts) and revealed certain *internal* aspects of this Temple, and in particular, to focus my attention on its domed-vaulted ceiling and its pattern. Whomsoever designed and created this particular ceiling was obviously very talented and skilled in numerous and various aspects of art, science, mathematics, architecture and spirituality.

The ceiling of this Temple was stunningly beautiful, intricate and complex, all in one. The most predominant colour, that stood out to me was BLUE.



At this juncture, deep into my BLUE ceiling experience, the ceremony leader very gently announced, ***“If anyone would like a third glass of Ayahuasca, could they raise a hand now?”***

Without being cognizant of it, my hand raised itself high into the air as if attempting to reach up and touch the BLUE ceiling laid out before me ...

My arm swayed in the air, til my guide came over, not to bring me the Ayahuasca, but to confirm that my hand was up to receive Ayahuasca. She held my hand, and whispered to ask if this was the case. Then promptly left, but only for a very brief moment this time, arrived back, held my hand, got me to sit up, take off my blindfold, and gently handed me the Ayahuasca. My guide stayed sitting beside me and waited until my time to drink was right. This third glass, although perhaps a little more difficult to swallow than the first and second, went down (a treat) and stayed with me.

If Mother Ayahuasca was unclear before about my initial intention, by this third glass of Ayahuasca, both of us were now very clear. Almost as soon as my head hit the pillow, Mother Ayahuasca vibrated my every being back to the BLUE Temple and revealed herself to me as a BLUE woman. She had somehow hidden herself in the ceiling, where ***she had been watching over me all the time.***

This revelation stirred a very deep sadness in me. Then stuff just began to click with me. My intention to find out about death was not relevant to me (at present), the deeper concern was my buried sadness and sorrow. Then memories of being a baby and being abandoned by my birth mother at birth began



to creep in. These were memories of feelings of me as a baby. Who would have thought it possible that one could remember such things? Mother Ayahuasca quelled my sadness, as she reassured me, she had not ever abandoned me, and ***she had been watching over me ALL the time.***

That was emotional enough, but she didn't allow me to express any tears of sadness or joy, as there was more to come on this voyage. She wasn't finished yet ...

She took me in her arms, lifted me up to her ceiling, cuddled me and then gently let go of me. This wasn't like a drop; it was more like a slide or slow descent through, what can only be described as being a universal birth canal, and then finally out the other end into this domain. This was in essence *my rebirth* with the added benefit of knowing Mother Ayahuasca was watching over me all the time, always would and always will. She also imparted that she would welcome me back any time it was needed, which of course is good to know.

This revelation broke me up entirely, and my body curled up into a fetal position and began to sob and cry with relief and happiness. In this fetal position, Mother Ayahuasca softly touched my cheek, and continued to look over me, as my body went into a relaxed slumber.

My first voyage was a detailed examination of the moments of my birth into this world, and the literal circumstances that surrounded it, in that my hurt about my perceived abandonment as a baby. It had left a very deep trauma that was hidden from me and possibly protected me to a certain extent in my childhood, young adulthood and as an older adult



in this life. To expose it and face it was exhilarating, a real buzz as they say. Whilst present in those moments and reliving feelings of abandonment, there was also a part of me, a higher consciousness that was objectively seeing it for what it was ... just a story or film reel about a baby who was abandoned, lost and disconnected, and had now reconnected with the source that is Mother Earth. In fact that connection had not ever been broken, it had just been buried, suppressed or hidden, and was now rediscovered. It was a very happy ending to an initially, sad tale.

After some time my feeling, senses and hearing informed me there was a lot of physical movement in the room and it was time to begin my final return to being present in the room. My sense of smell picked up food. There was food in the room, so with that, my blindfold came off and I was sitting upright just in time for a guide to come and present me with a massive bowl of fruits. Obviously the whole bowl and all the fruits were not for me, we all had to share, but there were other bowls, enough fruit for everyone.

As we consumed the fruits, women and men were standing now and dancing, moving and swaying to the music. This dancing and movement was a most beautiful thing to observe. It wasn't sexual ... it was more a sensual thing. Seeing natural and uninhibited dance is a complete joy of life, or is for me. The movements were absolutely sublime, and every dancer seemed supple and in perfect tune with themselves, each other and the music.

Most People by now were out of their Voyages, although there were still one or two that persisted and continued on into the



night. Some People had come out after just a few hours, and some People stayed in up to 12 hours. It obviously varied depending on what was needed for the individual. My own first voyage took approximately 6 hours but other voyages since then has lasted from 6 to 8 and up to 10, hours.

Sometime after the fruits were consumed, the ceremony leader closed the ceremony, and each of us shared some stuff about our personal voyages. Sharing is an intriguing process. Whatever about the details of what each one of us went through on our personal voyages, the sharing changed the space between us all and also facilitated a more trusting environment.

The sharing part for me is still a little fuzzy, although it was also a very enjoyable part of the ceremony, it does not require much elaboration, as it would not feel right to say what other People revealed on their personal voyages.

To write about all details of these first 6 hours of my first voyage would require a book in its own right. The key elements and my personal revelations of this voyage and others to follow, may be of some assistance to you to read, ponder or consider, in that there may be themes, symbols and or archetypes etc., you can consider and perhaps pre-study prior to imbibing a Medicine Plant. This will assist or guide you, reduce confusion and/or help you integrate your own experience should that day arrive. Those key elements and personal revelations can be summarised as follows ...



KEY ELEMENTS/REVELATIONS OF MY FIRST VOYAGE:

- ॐ The preparation day before the ceremony of sharing, discussions, dance, meditation and breathing was an absolute must, in that it assisted me greatly in building trust with the ceremony leader and the guides, and therefore helped me surrender to the Medicine.
- ॐ The Medicine on this occasion stayed in me ... no purging, peeing or expelling (shitting). So my body and spirit obviously needed a good dose of the Medicine, this time round at least.
- ॐ Early on in the ceremony my body, in a literal sense, felt the vibrations of the room, the earth, the planet, the universe, the cosmos etc., and the vibrations were good.
- ॐ A Temple and its high domed vaulted ceiling in particular, featured very strongly.
- ॐ The colour BLUE was the most vibrant colour, the BLUE in the ceiling of the Temple stood out for me, and Mother Ayahuasca presented herself as a BLUE lady (this time).
- ॐ Talking, discussion and exchanges with others, would lead me to writing, which may in turn lead to other People gaining a better perspective on how to integrate their own Medicine Plant experiences. We shall see!
- ॐ Mother Ayahuasca brought me back to my birth into this current existence, and provided a more



contemporary reworking of that birth ... the gift of REBIRTH.

- ॐ Deep sadness and trauma featured, as did a final elation or a kind of blissful ending to the trauma. That load was faced off and lifted, with a final knowing that Mother Ayahuasca was watching over me.
- ॐ A sense of *a knowing* began to seep in on a very deep level, as opposed to a belief of any kind, held by the egoic mind. My egoic mind had been switched off, if only for a few moments or 6 or so hours, and a knowing occurred to me ... this voyage was and is a representative sample of death, there is no death as People in civilized society ascribe to, presume or associate it to be, or they are told it would be by certain authoritarians.
- ॐ Mother Ayahuasca was revitalized in me ... and she had not yet finished her work.
- ॐ Finally, the ceremony guide and her team of guides were magnificent to say the least. All participants seemed to open up. There were a few People attending and guiding that connected with me on perhaps another level, so we have stayed in touch since then. This connectedness has been and remains a great personal support to me. Ye know who ye are ... ***Go raibh maith agaibh go léir.***

Footnote on this particular first voyage: The room and space the ceremony took place in, was filled with music, sounds,



noises of People being sick, vomiting, singing, laughing, crying, sobbing, screaming, expressing all and every human emotion from suffering to bliss inclusive, and everything in-between.

Every now and then there was complete silence and stillness, where you could hear the sound of silence itself emanating from the vibration or breath of the universe. For me certainly, there was no lack of control or ability to come out of the voyage and be back and present in the room as certain things arose in me. My feeling is that, my intermittent returns to being present in the room were possibly two fold: **a)** It helped me bring my voyage experiences into perspective for storage in my conscious memory, and **b)** Hearing and feeling other Peoples emotions, assisted me in surfing the waves of vibrations, enabling me to voyage in a smoother way and to avoid purging or expelling the medicine. More on this later ... everything is connected!

On being back home from VOYAGE ONE:

Arriving home from my first voyage was very strange indeed. Had arranged to have no work lined up immediately on my arrival home, on the recommendation of *a friend*. As it turns out, this was a good call, and perhaps something for you the reader to also consider. Had taken three or four days out, as a recovery or reintegration period after this first voyage. It is not that it was impossible to tune in to this *reality* again, but it sure was difficult to motivate myself to think about or consider work to any great extent. With no *normal* work lined up for the next few days, it was possible to a certain degree to withdraw into myself, listen to certain types of music, and communicate with my new found voyager friends by writing



emails. It also gave me an opportunity to do more detailed research on entheogens and medicine plants and all the surrounding paraphernalia, including shamanism and spirituality and so on and so forth.

Books were ordered, films and documentaries were watched and listened to, interesting material was read, and notes were taken. Music was downloaded and listened to, and emails were flying back and forth from all corners of the planet. Alongside this, my meditations and relaxations continued, as did my voyaging and then the lucid dreaming started.

Yes, lucid dreaming. Lucid dreaming is when you dream and are aware you are dreaming but you can control and direct the dream. Lucid dreaming is available to everyone, irrespective of using, taking or imbibing medicine plants. It is just that for me, the door to the world of lucid dreaming was opened, along with other doors, or at least some part of me knew where the doors to these dimensions were ... Mother Ayahuasca had handed me a skeleton key, with a stark warning ***“ENTER AT YOUR OWN PERIL”***.

Living in the countryside can have certain drawbacks, at certain times of year or day, depending on what is going on. Things that town or city folks may take for granted, such as electricity, heating, running water, sewage disposal, food supplies and transport are not taken as a given for every day of the year, when you are country bound. Whilst we have electricity connected, this electricity provides us with power to pump water, to power the pump for our heating system, provide light and internet access, alongside running a cooker, fridge, freezer and of course a washing machine.



If the electricity goes out, albeit because the electric suppliers are just having a bad day or there is a storm or snowdrift etc., we are totally in the dark and we cannot pump water to drink, to wash with or flush the toilet. Most of our food supplies are either in a fridge or freezer, so after a day or two without electricity, food goes off. We also cannot pump oil through our heating system or cook food without electricity, so there is the potential to starve or freeze or both. We do keep a limited stock of solid fuel, dried and preserved foods, a few bottles of water and a little alcohol - for medical emergencies, of course. Thankfully thus far, we have had no need to rely totally on these supplies, but we make sure certain supplies are replenished fairly regularly.

We have been snow bound on a few occasions and with no power on one occasion for about a week. We obviously survived to tell the tale.

One time when we were snow bound, the car was of no use, and even off road vehicles couldn't get through to us. We just settled in for that particular week, visited our neighbors on foot, and drank relative amounts of alcohol to keep warm and to keep our spirits up. It was great fun, playing in the snow, visiting the neighbors and generally having a whale of a time.

Despite these challenges, when you have come back from a voyage with a Medicine Plant such as Ayahuasca, there is no better place to be than the countryside, immersed in nature. You are away from "BUSY PEOPLE" going busily about their serious, important business, being in your presence but yet managing to somehow ignore you. You are away from the busy



noise of commerce, production, capitalism, cars, planes and trains. You can easily switch off from news, current affairs, politics, statistics, reports, disasters, crime and blah, blah, blah etc. Instead you can shroud and surround yourself with peace, quiet, tranquility, engage with nice neighbors, or even take time to go for a walk and find out if the neighbors are nice. Read, listen to music, meditate, walk, paint, make, create, write, or just zone out before an open fire.

If you are lucky enough to live in the countryside, coming down and/or integrating back into *normality* from your voyage is usually an easier ride than living in a town or city. But all is not lost as there are ways to minimise or mitigate the potential pitfalls, anxiety, stress or concerns that may occur as a consequence of town or city life after a voyage. Here are a few useful suggestions or tips, in no particular order or preference:

- ॐ Book or take some time off work for when you get home from your voyage, or perhaps even consider planning or doing a sickie (as they say). Mind you ***“doing a sickie”***, or pretending to your employer or workplace you are sick can be stressful, as it may require either self or medical certification, phone calls and some creative thinking or excuses. You could always suggest you have been through a (little) death, and are still coming to terms with the loss (albeit a temporary one) of your egoic mind. Take some time out for yourself!
- ॐ Find, create or make a quiet space for yourself, a space where you can get away from the world entirely with no phone, no laptop, no internet access, television or radio.



- ॐ Let family, friends or housemates know that when you are in this particular space, you are not to be disturbed. Use your space to be quiet in, to meditate in, to burn incense, to listen to your chosen music (with headphones on), to do yoga or simply chill out.
- ॐ Avoid engaging in conversation with People who just don't care about what you may wish to converse about. Get tuned in to when People switch off to what you are saying about your experiences or voyages. Be careful who you choose to tell about your voyage, this includes family members, friends, and neighbors or work mates. If they have not voyaged, they may often be the worst critics. It is not that you are avoiding critics but when you are just back from a voyage, it is best to initially have just a few People who support you, rather than an army of critics who don't.
- ॐ Consider staying in touch with one, two or perhaps a few People you have met and shared a voyage with. Call, email or write to them, meet them for a chat (if possible), consider staying connected with them, as you now have at least one thing in common with your fellow voyagers.
- ॐ Staying away from Social Media Platforms is an absolute must (well for me), as it ultimately generates idle and hollow chatter and wastes a valuable amount of your time and is energy-draining. This time is perhaps better spent researching, reading, studying, watching, listening, learning and speaking or writing directly to People who are on your own wavelength, so to speak.



- ॐ Be cautious about what you eat and drink. If you have been fasting or abstaining from certain foods, alcohol and/or other substances, your body is still relatively sensitive and pretty cleansed at this stage. It may upset your system to overindulge or abuse food, drink or substances of another kind. Although not recommended, it is widely rumored that smoking grass or weed (without tobacco), having a joint etc., can either extend or bring you back into a voyage. Your brain has made some brand new connections, has become rewired to a certain extent, and this new wiring is delicate, so requires a delicate touch until such time as it becomes established as a new *norm*!
- ॐ Consider writing about or journaling your experience of voyaging with Ayahuasca (after a voyage). Writing for me is very cathartic, in that it helps and has helped me remember stuff, and integrate in a smoother way. Some People carry, keep and write notes on a voyage, and at the ceremony itself. To me writing whilst at a ceremony is too much of a distraction from the voyage itself. Your heart and body is a very capable storage device, which we will discover later on, so consider trusting yourself to somehow remember ... and with a little bit of prompting you can recall all ... or everything at least that is relevant or important and worth recalling and remembering.
- ॐ Your voyage, and now your return to *“reality”* represents a most fantastic opportunity to consider where you are in life and your life’s purpose, where you are going, and the possibilities of what may be next for



you. This is a gift not readily or regularly presented to all, so do try to take advantage of it in the present, when you are hot to trot. In other words, do something with it, and don't just let it fade away into relative obscurity.

Writing the above reminds me of the words of a song by a singer-songwriter-musician and bard extraordinaire called Damien Dempsey, the song is titled ***"Not on Your Own Tonight"*** ... which is as follows:

*Walkin' through the city, Was as lonely as could be
I'm wanderin' in the night-time out in search of company.
I feel real isolation, When all around me life
Familiar but unfriendly, Unfriendly with no choice.*

*And, I can see the evil, But I can feel the good
Shining out to greet me, From within bone and blood.
I'm throwin' off this loneliness, I can't stick it anymore
Only need myself tonight to open up that door.*

*And I know that sometimes it gets so bad
But you're not on your own so don't be sad
'Cos if you feel real bad then you're not on your own tonight
Please don't be so sad 'cos you're not on your own tonight*

*Oh yeah yeah yeah, You see I know the feelin'
Don't have to tell me nothin', 'Cos you know I know the feeling.
Everybody seems to think it's they who bear the pain
They who bear the biggest cross, The loneliness and the shame.*

*Day to day you suffer when you're livin' in your past
If you started livin' for the now you could free yourself at last.*



*If you started living for the now, for yourself and those around,
Experience and celebrate the freedom that you've found*

*You could free yourself forever, and live life as you should
The choice is yours to take now 'cos I've said all that I could.
But I know that sometimes it gets so bad
But you're not on your own so don't be sad*

*'Cos if you feel real bad then you're not on your own tonight
Please don't be so sad 'cos you're not on your own tonight
Well if you feel real bad then you're not on your own tonight
Please don't be so sad 'cos you're not on your own tonight.*

*Oh yeah yeah yeah, You see I know the feelin'
Don't have to tell me nothin', You know I know the feeling.
Well if you feel real bad then you're not on your own
Please don't be so sad 'cos you're not on your own ... Tonight.*

This song is used with the kind permission of Damien Dempsey himself.

... Thanks Damien.

The song, when you first listen to the words, and hear it sung, sounds and feels meloncholic, but to me (now) it is uplifting and inspirational. It reminds me so much of my first three voyages all rolled into one.

My guess is not that the writer-singer is saying ***You're Not on Your Own***, because he is with you, but that something else is ***'Shining out to greet me (you), from within bone and blood'***, and is with you all of the time, but is something you haven't awoken to just yet. And it, whatever it is that is ***within***, is within all of us, without exception.



Arists, writers, painters, poets, dancers, musicians, singers, inventors, great thinkers and the like, can often tap into this *something* deep within them and express it through their art, craft or creativity. You will often hear game players, sports People or athletes speak of getting into the zone or flow, where they do not have to consciously think about what they are doing ... they just flow.

ALL PEOPLE, without exception, can tap into this IT, that is within. Sometimes though, we all need a little bit of a reminder of how to reach *that which is within, to open up that door.*