

Stories of a modern Mary M

By Irini Hara

Foreword

I am two versions of Me, trying to figure out what is the one that shall remain and live.

I am looking to the past and feel that many other versions of me lived many life times and all of them came together to meet at once in this life. I was shown once that I have lived already at least 10 lifes. All the skills and talents I have developed in the previous lifes are now regaining memory for manifestation, like a sacred act of rescuing the One that I have always been in all those lifes, the one who has to remember who she is.

I look to myself in the present and I cannot find anymore the reasons and the motivation for being the one I pretended to be my whole life until now: the daughter I was taught and expected to be, the sister I could still be, the mother I did not know I was becoming, still struggling to recover fragments of the Self divided by trauma and deep suffering.

I thrive to become the One I know I was meant to be. In front of me lie many paths and possibilities. And still I feel stuck in between worlds and versions, in between longings and desires that I do not know how to fulfill, in between old memories and beliefs and the New that is about to start.

I am telling myself that is Ok to be confused and tired of pretending. I am just depleted of energy and the standstill motion of my whole existence brings me more tiredness and lack of direction. I need to come to terms to Myself and I cannot find the courage to do so. I wish to start something from scratch, to not have to hide anymore, or to speak the way I feel I need to speak.

It is from this scary place of Becoming that I wish to start to say the true story, or parts of it. Today I wish to unravel those parts I forgot in the midsts of time and dig into the subconscious to understand where I really come from and why.

I tell my self that I shall stop identifying with false images and expectations and I will start to be the storyteller of a new chapter of my life. I ask you to be patient and join me in this adventure, as it unfolds - I do not know where it will end but does not matter. Story telling has always been important to me, I can create a good story for you to hear...but instead I will let the story be told by itself, in the attempt to find the way back home.

I was born 46 years ago in a nice quiet city of Romania, during a totalitarian regime that until my 15th year of birth showed to me how I do not wish to live and how capable I was to judge it with my own mind and heart. I remember now how I felt when the regime fell down in 1989, 1 month after the death of a dear person to me. I was mourning this loss for 6 months along with celebrating the fall of the regime, trying to make sense of everything that was happening around me. While I was maturing into adulthood through the changes happening inside and around me, the little girl I once was, was struggling to fit into that reality. I was feeling alone, lost, pressured

to make decisions that were not mine. 4 years spent in a High School that my father chose for me in order to be able to have a qualification and a job that would secure me income once finished, were among the most confusing and painful periods of my youth.

In 2001, after my 26th birthday, I decided to leave the country in search of a future and possibilities that I felt my own native land, culture and society were not able to provide. 20 years ago I left my city moving to Italy, I only had 2 suitcases and many dreams, hope and illusions with me. After that I lived in other 2 countries, Portugal and now in Norway. My steps were somehow guided from above or from below in every translocation and change of direction. Only recently I could see that his trajectory created a cross journeyed along the 4 directions of Europe, from S-E (Romania) to South (Italy) and then West (Portugal) and North (Norway). A cross of struggle, pain and wisdom gained through many challenges, tears and fights. A cross for resurrecting the forgotten memories of who I am and for reclaiming my real Voice, as purpose and birth right.

I come back as such, as Magdalena, as the woman in red-purple dress wearing the crown of rose spikes. I come to share with you the story of a woman who never gave up, who feels in the beat of her heart the songs of other times and many other women of the past. A woman that carries inside her womb the pain and wounds of many generations, the stories and secrets of so many schools of life.

Since 2013 I grow into motherhood, carrying for a child as a single parent. I wished my son to be different and to share my talents and passions. But the kind of different he is indeed is still a mystery to be solved by humankind. Some say he has a mission, as many others, others see him as a boy with special needs, entitled to a lable (or diagnose) and special assistance from the state.

I believe that life and my guides brought me to Norway to support him as much as possible while I am learning to take care of myself as a woman too. Motherhood obliged me to screen myself and see where I was failing in this role and how I could transform my wounds into gifts to be used for him and maybe for others.

I did not know when I came here that here I will be forced to look again into the past and connect with my roots. And that by doing that I was about the learn how to heal my traumas and help others heal too. In the North of Europe the Ancestors met and spoke to me and they asked me to be ready for a deeper journey towards my Center.

And is here the journey to this Center and to my Heart started, in the country of Northern lights. As some said, the Light comes from the North, I was brought here to learn more about my own light and how I can boldy manifest it into my life.

Chapter J

HOW IS TO BE A POLYGLOT MOTHER OF A BOY

WHO DOES NOT WANT TO SPEAK

This was the title of a speech I wrote for a session of Toastmasters club I was part of, while living in Evora, 5 years ago. At that time my son did not have a diagnose, but there were some suppositions that something was not in the normal parameters regarding his communication. I speak fluently 5 languages and nowadays still struggling to progress in Norwegian too...I take it slowly as my time availability and motivation are not the same as when I was younger.

When I delivered the speech I was just trying to improve my communicatin skills but somehow there was something that in my heart asked for me to speak about my concerns. I still remember the emotion of that moment and the people giving me feed-back after that saying that is normal that a boy exposed to many languages besides the mother tangué is delayed in his verbal communication.

I remember that in 2016, few months before coming to Norway, he started to have more vocabulary but still very restricted, I was counting the words he was already saying in Portuguese and Romanian and they were around 50 in total at the age of 3.5 years. The very first I believe it was Elephant (elefant) and he was repeating it very eager every time he would see an elefant in TV, book or drawings of publicity for toys. I know now that this might be his totem animal, a symbol of community, force and delicacy, sensitivity and memories of the past. He was always very found of many animals and likes to see and draw them all the time...

In 2018 we went through a process that was very painful and demanding for me. After many delays and postponements a hospital in Oslo gave us a diagnose. I say Us because I internalized not only the whole evaluation process but also the final label the system of mental health care put on my

son being different from other kids: highly functional type of autism with a kind of acronym I never understood. It actually does not interest me to understand it in depth. I am more concerned with the advantages (if I can call them like that) that this diagnose or label gives us: some extra support in money, assistance and services, and also a right to special education. Although my mother lives with us and helps a lot, having extra support by law is always a positive thing.

I do not think anyone around me was able to understand what I was going through...emotionally and mentally I was very close to a crush down. I have never been very good to explain myself or to show vulnerability. I got from young age into the idea that I am a superwoman and care taker and I can go through many situations and difficulties without complaining.



My son and his favorite toys - books

My work situation resented, the stress was increasing and putting me out of balance. I was already since 2017 in a conflict with the head of my

department. In a meeting with him and the responsible of human resources I tried to open myself and explain that the same lack of communication I was experiencing with him was similar with what I would experienced at home with my son. My boss was having some issues in placing himself in the shoes of other people and also very vindicative with those opposing or contesting his authority. Instead of ending the situation he just kept blaming me for inadequate behavior and even accused me of bullying him when actually I was the one to be humiliated and harressed. The curious part of the situation and the big learning I had from it is that I was the one to bring peace and resolution. I just understood I need to change my whole perspective on him and how I deal with him. I gave up my pride and put my inner peace on first place. I knew I could not change the situation as long as I would continue to argue and defend myself from a place of anger and frustation. At the end the whole department resolved the situation by asking to the higher ones in the institutional structure to be put aside, as he was showing no will to colaborate with us and was stubbornly holding to his position and so called authority. And 3 years later he even left the institution as his presence became redundant and not fulfilling anymore.

When I look back to those 2 years of struggle I understand how much I acted and reacted from a place of wounding. I was already working with myself and my wounds, but that conflict in parallel with my personal situation with my son, somehow helped me to understand I need to get deeper into healing my past. My Inner child was almost invisible and although there were so many signs I needed to connect with her and take care of her, it seemed I was not able to gather resources and energies for this work to be done. So the Outer child was very much guiding my process and my behaviour.

For long time I did not want to speak about my son and his diagnose very openly. I remember that the first time I came out more publicly was in a group of around 100 ladies from allover the world with whom I was in a sacred space doing ceremonies to connect and cherish the Goddesses. It was the first time I felt safe enough to share this story about myself and how I felt inside. I shared with those women that I barely knew this text in the closed group we were creating as sacred container for the spiritual journey we embarqued for 7 months starting September 2019.

Here I wish to share it again with you:

Good morning my SiStars,

I need to speak about it here, I hope you can understand. I do not need words of comfort, I just need to speak while I have tears falling down on my face...I need to release this now.

I was guided to read the letter of a mother who has a son with "disorder in autistic spectrum" and I shared it. It was the first time I did it with the clear notion I also speak for myself, and for my son. I wrote something about it.

He was diagnosed last year with a high functional type of autism. He is now 6 y old and will go to school next year.

For many years since the first time I understood something was different about him I was in negation. I was thinking, as many were thinking and saying to me, that he is exposed to many languages (we were in Portugal by that time - so he could hear a lot Portuguese but at home we would speak Romanian and sometimes even English) and changes (only there we moved 3 times our home) and a boy, therefore slower in verbalization and other situations.

After the negation it came a period where I had my suspicions (and other people from family and our closer environment would support them with observations) about the label I could give to why he was not speaking a lot, not answering to his name when calling him and so on.

But I did not want to speak too much about it and keep saying that my son is special and a little bit slower than other children.

I even wrote a speech once, 3 years ago, in a Toastmasters group, named "How is to be a polyglot mother with a son who does not want to speak". So my heart was in processing mode, confused and still searching for explanations and excuses.

For several years I did not want to speak publicly about how is to be a mother of an autistic son. It was too painful, confusing, exhausting to face the normality patterns and models we get from outer world.

But last year I started to contact more with my inner wounds and traumas and to heal them, to heal my past and the negative patterns I was carrying with me. And while doing this I noticed that, in parallel with therapy and special assistance he gets in kindergarten since we arrived in Norway, my son was progressing more and more.

And our relationship changed so much, he now looks to me in my eyes and sometimes we speak and understand each other without words. He is sooo sensitive to the energy and healing work I am doing with myself. He is even pointing to me sometimes a direction or a meaning that I would not see by myself. And he is such a creative child, he draws entire fairy tales and even tells me in Norwegian the stories and songs he learned. His favorite toys...are the books, and he even started to learn to read and write with big letters few things. He learned the alphabet in English by himself, with youtube movies.

The educators from kindergarten adore him and asked to have one of his drawing on jackets they will use for getting out. He even made friends and is popular among other children...

6 years after my son was born, I tell to myself that is time to step out and speak about it. I see him as special and I know we have a bond coming from other dimensions and maybe life, he chose me as his mother and I feel so honored for his choice. I know that the heartless systems (health, education etc.) governing nowadays are using a label for him being the way he is (in abbreviation is ASD), and that for them he is just another number with a folder attached and in need of some extra support from the state.

But I choose today to speak to all those parents in similar situations as me and show them that our children are actually special and they actually can have a chance to normal life. But we have to start to do our inner work and change many things in our life and behavior and thoughts. Only if we heal ourselves we can heal our children, by the power of our hearts. Because is the language of the heart that they can understand mostly and this language does not need words. It is pure Love and vibration of light and it can be so contagious and healing for many others.

Today I make a promise to myself as a mother and woman and spiritually awaken human: to not fear anymore to speak from my Heart about what I know it is true and to not fear to fight preconceptions and automated, outdated opinions about many things.

I am the mother of an autistic boy and I do not feel I am special because of it. But I know my mission is special, when I deal with testifying how is to live with autism every day. because it requires strength, courage and a lot of hope and determination and discipline. And not for last...a very big, loving and patient HEART.

THANK you for reading this.

Blessed be your day!

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After this event I have created on fb a group named „Special mother with special needs kids“.

I knew this will serve to some purpose later, but at the beginning I have not been so active in this group. Later that year I met a Norwegian lady who spoke to me about a project she had in mind, that could also include my kid and others - non verbal or with limited communication skills. I invited her to do a short video with me and explain a little bit the idea in this group. And I wished to help her connect with more mothers of such kids in the future.

But this story is to be continued so I leave it for another time.



Me and my son in the mountains full of snow and wind

Chapter JJ.

MEETING LILITH - HER GIFTS AND TRICKS

One day after my 45th birthday, in 2020, I had the premiere screening of a short documentary made with a friend of mine from Portugal and living in Oslo. It was the presentation of several circles of women I was organizing in Oslo in the attempt to build up community. We did the screening in one of the city's libraries and had many guests among those women who came to my circles and also other people. It was my first public appearance in a new role that I assumed since 2016, while still in the Portugal. It was the first time I showed to the world what this role means to me and why building community around us is so important for these times we live in.

4 days after I met a man in a meeting with other colleagues from my work. I felt an instant attraction towards him while we had lunch with the others and he stood in front of me. He was a new colleague, an unexpected gift from Universe that soon was to be shown to also be a serious challenge. I did not expect him to appear in my life although for 2 years I was working with the intention to attract love again and eventually start a new relationship. I did not know at that time, more than one year ago, that he will bring a big learning into my life that will change the way I was relating to me in a radical way. I did not know that what it felt first like a beautiful spark of a promised romance (never materialized) will fuel a kundalini fire activation that opened a deep wound I was carrying inside, obliging me to start the healing path. I felt confused and scared, splitted between my body signals (still in freeze and shock from the previous ending of a relationship) and my heart longing for something beautiful, truthful and intimate.

I worked lately with the intention in my trauma therapy training to be able to accept (to want, to be open to) THE relationship I am dreaming of. And I discovered that my open eyes (day) dreaming about the perfect man and love relationship was only a trauma survival mechanism I have created and propagated through life since a small child. Trauma of identity and love, generated early in my life, conditioned my upbringing as a woman searching for a relationship. I finally understood the source of the many failures in my

love life: trying to find outside, in the illusions of the world, what I could not find and sustain inside. My ability to relate to myself in a healthy and fulfilled way was never an option before. I accepted back the disconnected I and embraced it with my whole heart, so we could walk together this new path into more love and acceptance. So I can give to myself what I could not get from the outer world without feeling anymore needy, desperate and addicted to day dreaming.

I had to face the fears and inner demons again and to get back to the place where the meeting with Lilith started 8 years ago when my desire to become a mother was stronger than anything else. Since then Lilith comes to me in so many ways and situations, that I wish to share here with you so you can understand what your personal experience with Her might be. I have her in my natal chart as Black Moon, in the 7th house, area of relationships. A Brazilian astrologer who came in 2019 in Oslo told me that Lilith in this aspect in my birth map represents the split between Patriarchate and Matriarchate. In my subconscious I carry this trial and myth of polarity and that for this reason I might attract in my life people who deal with the same energies and that I could support and teach.

The Dark Goddess called me to her dark healing chambers many times. She promised me a challenge and a gift. I did not know what the gift would be but I was not afraid of the challenge. There were many times in my life when I felt broken, empty without direction, and still I kept fighting and moving on. I did not want to look back and complain. I tried to transform the pain and anger into something else, that would fuel my progress and inner evolution.

But the challenges of the Goddess were more and more difficult every time I would go within, in the darkness of the womb. It might be that the tiredness was growing higher, or that too many things were piling up in the depths of my heart, burdening the journey. When the puzzle fragmented by the trauma was getting back in shape, the energy releases were so huge that I could feel like engulfed by a huge tsunami wave. I remember myself lying on the floor of my chamber for hours during a night, almost unable to move. Other times I was in a room dancing with other people in a transdance or 5 rhythms ceremony, and suddenly the wave would oblige me to get on the floor with almost no energy left. In that moment I felt like dying...and the only thing that kept me alive was that after Death there is always a rebirth.

I saw and had to accept the tsunami waves many times in my dreams. I know that all that volume of water catching me while I was trying to run was actually a blessing, an opportunity to be born again. That was the gift of the Dark Goddess, the gift of Phoenix bird: to be able to give birth to other versions of the Self without fearing what I might lose in this transformation. Many rebirth processes, many versions of Me, step by step were creating a huge change inside myself. In no circumstance I would go back to the previous Me, to the one afraid to step into more clarity and light, to embrace all her skills and talents, all her intuition and power.

On 24th February 2020 I was finishing my 2-year training in family constellation and art therapy and one of those days I realized something that somehow had a clue in it for me. When the training started and first time I met Pia, my teacher, I brought her an image painted by Edvard Munch representing a naked couple. And at the end of the course I realized that that couple were Adam and Lilith and a weird synchronicity made that my last constellation exercise was about the intense attraction and unexplained repulsion I was feeling at the same time towards this man.

A constellation that showed to me how many fears I was holding inside and the main one was that I might be obliged to choose between my son and a potential partner. That constellation made me see consciously that I was the one first to run from this opportunity...in a weird dynamic that during a whole year led to falling apart of this romantic perspective - a story that ended without even ever beginning. A story that taught me to be patient and to get back to my center and own needs, to put myself first and to not quantify anymore my self-worth based on the attention of a man.

In March 2020 in the same series of ceremonies entitled Goddess Codes with the 100 ladies I had this visualization of the medicine wheel with several Goddesses. Lilith came and positioned herself in the North, together with the Ancestors. I saw in this a powerful symbol of the work I was called to do using family constellation and also connecting deeply with the archetypes of female world through Goddesses. It became obvious that was not a coincidence that I was called to embody and deeply connect with Lilith through my ancestral line...to experience freedom, pleasure, independence of spirit and fierce communication as a whole woman. In the same transmission I was shown what my sacred power tools are and how to use them: wand/microphone, a feather pen for writing, crystals, an orange-red

fire flower (in my womb) related with my creativity and sexuality, and the Inner Knowing (intuition).

In the same period I also had this vision, an image of Magdalene Womb Oracle, that I have co-created with a group of women from Oslo along the whole year, strangely enough a year of pandemics when a mask became a strong status quo symbol of self-protection and distancing from others. This time the masks we have painted on our bodies were bringing a different meaning to wearing a mask, inviting for re-connection with something beautiful and deep as the Sacred Womb of Magdalena is.

Now the Oracle is ready to be offered to the worldwide women community. But the masks we have co-created in this unique project tell the story of Magdalena, as a Woman of many bodies, faces, archetypes, origins, life stories and healing paths.



Later, in April 2020, I had access to the Dark Goddess chamber while doing the transmission with Lilith and had a profound orgasmic experience meeting her in my yoni-womb space. I used to think about myself as a sexual being, not inhibited and able to satisfy myself and the other if in an intimate relationship. But I was without a partner for so long, since my son was born, and the prospects to have a new one were soon discarded when the pandemic started in March 2020. So, experiencing self-love and pleasure became obvious part of an uncertain future and Lilith opened the path into

going deeper. In August the same year I started this plan of vaginal steaming and the opening into the softness of my womb mysteries became bigger. I started to meet then my Inner Lover and to understand that the first more beautiful and precious sexual encounter is with myself. That I cannot expect a man to fulfill me sexually if I am not able to do it by myself. So I became my own Lover, enjoying the touch and arousal like in a ritualic act.

In another retreat in July 2021 Mother nature granted me the gift of a stone where the astrological symbol of Lillith was beautifully depicted (black on the white of the stone). At first I did not understand it, I saw the Moon symbol and a black feather and then it made all sense. I enjoy te writing and most of the time is the influence of the Moon that gives me the drive and inspiration I need. But is when I connect with Lillith energies that I find the most authentic expression of the Self, the free spirit and the depth of my Womb Voice. And as Lilith I have the untamed soul of the Wild Woman, the passion and desire to explore life with bold courage and wonder.

For more than 2 years I was asking the Spirit and the Universe to bring me Divine Union of Souls and Bodies. I even had this wonderful visualization in a meditation of the Divine Masculine being ready to meet the Divine Feminine and embrace her in an eternal dance. But only later I could understand that this Union is only possible in the outer world when we create space for it inside ourselves. And that a man will not mend what has been broken in the past, but just hold space for more healing to happen in the heart space through love, acceptance and compassion. I was not aware at that time that the Union I was expecting and hoped for was already happening inside of me through the inner work I was doing and still to be done. And it became even more obvious during a fire breathing meditation when the Fire element actually granted to me the gift of embodying inside myself this union, the flame of Divine Twins. It was also the gift of my teacher in shamanism at the end of the second year of training.

The process of accessing and reconstructing the Identity was already happening but an essential step was given at the end of 2020...the return to myself as Identity, letting behind the confusion that I carried inside whole my life due to separation from the mother - a trauma that I accessed and started to heal when the same pattern presented to me again: the choice between two men, realizing that the only one I was supposed to choose was Myself. It took another half of a year to understand that I deserve to make this choice

and Self-Love was the safer place I could find in this earth. I had to stop running from myself and embracing all that is and was as one Identity, able to healthily connect with the outer reality.

So, a poetry was born from this journey and awakening, I called it „Self-Intimacy“, and wish to share it with you now:

„In the fibers of my Soul

There is a Voice

Crying, dancing, praying, laughing, cursing...

In the bones of my Body Tree

I carry shadows and lights

In small cells and knots

Full of stardust.

I am longing for the Deep,

I search for the Wide,

And I bring Myself heavy for

The Big encounter.

I could dig inside,

To make more space for

The Mirrors of Me,

The Layers of You.

But all I can see it is out:

The sky, the forest, the mountain,

And in between a bridge...

And inside me a window

Outside a ray of Sun

Dropping tears of Moon light down.

*Could this be True?
Diving into the Breathing waters
Among the sky walkers
Talking to the Moon?
I am here, waiting...
I can find...Me,
And I can start again.
Everything that ended returns to
Calm down the Fire and the Thirst!
I just became a Rainbow..."*



Drumming on the beach for a women circle ceremony

Chapter JJJ.

**THE STORY ABOUT A SCHOLAR AND HIS
(MISSING) SHADOW**

*„The Infinite Potential,
I carry inside is hidden in
Chambers, bottles and energies
In my Body, in my Psyche and in my Soul.
Retrieving my Soul from the Darkness,
Is not a Battle, but a Distillation process,
A transformation of the White and Black into Colours,
to be Activated by Sacred Intentions.
Each of them has a specific purpose and even
When I want to control the process of transformation,
Synchronicities and people show me where, what, how and when to go for answers and
clues.
I am the Creator of my own Shadow and of all the Pain inside my Body,
I am the Magician able to transform my Own Reality,
I am the Divine Master of my Life, because I accept my Darkness and I open to the Light
that from the shadows can emerge.
And I say YES to my OWN HEART!”*

There was this story, a very long one and complicated, about a Scholar who lost his Shadow and at the end got killed by Her. I felt asleep while listening to the story, but before this I could remember the image of this Man without a Shadow (but with an umbrella), under the hot sun of Portugal on an empty street.

I woke up still wondering and not understanding how is that: a person without a shadow?

A question came up: Who am I? Am I the Scholar? Am I the Shadow?

And the answer also came: I am BOTH. So I drew the shadow in violet color, running into a house full of flowers on the balcony. And I understood that there is room and space for all under the Sun's heat and warmth, together with all their shadows. Whenever I need I can invite All of them in a Circle. All meaning all my fears, patterns, joys, dreams, bright and dark sides of me. I call them to join Me in Circle, so we are One and we can see each other. Even if there are projections and mirrors, we are together and we learn from each other.

I am a scholar in my research profession and already achieved much, and still I feel this is not my real path...but the experience and skills I have learned in my profession can give me something precious to also use in other fields and endeavours. In the last 4 years there was a massive shift in the way I see my profession, and how I evaluate my ambitions or how I balance my work with my professional life. I used to be for many years a workaholic and did not see that this was a sign of deep childhood trauma and avoidance of the pain I had inside. It was a way to keep my shadows hidden in a closet and live a normal life as any other woman. But it never felt enough, not matter how many projects or publications I would accomplished, something was still missing and all rewards I would receive were not enough to satisfy my inner Child.

My Shadow is big, black and white with some gold. It has heavy hands, the chest filled with golden light, a thread linking the right side of my skull with the right femur's articulation and heavy bones. When I pull the thread from my skull, the entire structure moves up and down and viceversa, as a marionette.

It looks very much like a skeleton in a closet. It is a mechanism I got used to, an alter ego I keep journeying with along my life. I feel it somehow neutral, I know is there and in many challenges wakes up and looks to me waiting for an invitation.

The Shadow is not Me - but still is part of Me. It goes everywhere I go and can see what I am doing, what I am thinking, how I'm feeling. It knows all my secrets and is not hiding or running away from any of them.

In this last years my Shadow became more active, tried to interfere with my conscious plans and ideas. And no matter how much I tried to put her back into the closet, She came back stronger and somehow taller, bolder and active.

There were so many ups and downs, a rollercoaster of emotions and events. I tried to surf the waves but sometimes I got stuck and empty in my head. I lost the track of something that used to be a solid structure for whole my life. Many things and situations were teared apart and many others (even people) disappeared or took distance.

I got to a stillness point where there was NO Me anymore, I could not recognize myself. I knew there should be a new path but I was not able to see it in front of me. A complete lack of structure made me question all my previous life. All the efforts and sacrifices I did along the years, all my plans and dreams, my talents and knowledge, the red thread linking my birth moment to the present...

But I gained something important, a new awareness about my place in this life and it was the Shadow to help me understand it. As I tried to control too much the Sun and the cycle of life, the Spirit put me back on my seat and shout out loud to me: nothing can be controlled!

My son tried to show me things and I was not able to understand. There were so many trolls allover the place but the most dangerous were in our own psyche and home. The hate of men and exclusion of family members, accumulated from past generations, confused him. He was in pain because he needed to understand his place in the generational chain and could not. I was too busy to show him all the time that is Me who can do everything for him, only me has the power and authority to be his parent. I was excluding my own Heart in the relationship with him.

And then the constellation work and the Shadow said YES to my Heart. I embraced my Shadow's light and Heart. I gave to my Shadow the merit and the place she deserves. I could see how important she was and still is in my own healing process. A distillation process, a transformation of the White

and Black into Colours, to be Activated by Sacred Intentions. I am the alchemist doing all this work, the shadow work to be able to regain my strength, my purpose and my unique Voice.



My Shadow and the big Yes given to her

Yes, the Peace begins in the Soul but only after many battles and fights. Only after we connect with our Shadows and Demons we can face the Light. Because the Light is so pure and bright that needs someone to defend it. And when Light grows from darkness and pain, it needs conscious support in order to not be faded away again.

Peace means ability to listen and connect authentically those parts that seem to be in conflict. There is a concept of non-violent communication that needs to be applied in practice to really connect deeply and consciously with other people, especially in cases when there is a disagreement. But this no-violent communications needs to start inside ourselves, between our Feminine and Masculine sides of us, between the victim and perpetrators roles. When we can observe ourselves in performing these roles outside, in the world, and start to reassess our communication from these perspective, something changes. Our words change, the intensity of the situations change, a point of balance is achieved and Peace becomes possible.



Drawing of my son and a book written by B. Hellinger

Trolls can have many shapes, human or animal or both or even just shadows. My son loves those who manage to shape themselves in the mountains and trees and rocks. I read him fairy tales with trolls and monsters. He is very skilled in drawing them as you can see above. His drawings have always some interesting clues for me. This time was somehow unexpected to see them come in human form and with so much heaviness.

He asked me repeatedly to draw for him the „Syvende far i huset“, from a notorious Norwegian tale. The tiny men, very old, of Matusalemic age, living and sleeping in a horn, with a long white beard coming down from the wall. This man represents the 7th generation of fathers in the house, to whom the guest asks permission to stay for 1 night in the house. I could understand that was somehow a question he had for me too – if he could be the 7th generation of male in my family and where he actually sits in the whole genealogical tree. And then the troll he drew spoke in the constellation – he was very angry and full of hate for all the males in the family, on both sides. Actually was a She energy, but really „trollate“, mean and focused on the negative and control issues.

My heart broke open and I could recognize the energy from my family, transmitted through my mother. Old, stuck and condensed energy of hate, fears and isolation. The shadow decided to also allow the red thread to break from inside and scream to the world: I am here and I have a heart too! I saw my father and my ex, father of my son, isolated and in pain. My son was in

pain too and this touched in all my fibers, like a knife stabbing my heart. How can I be so blind and stuck in my efforts to be a good mother? I am just a mother, I will never be a father for him. Even if I think I can supply for both roles, I will only be the mother. And he needs his father. He looks for the father figure inside himself and cannot find one because I did not allow one to be present there, here, in our life. I am not enough anymore as he is growing up and needs a father figure in his life. The question is: how do I create one? How do I recuperate the time?

The Heart answered to all the questions and showed me that ways can be found, but I have to open for Peace and Love from inside. To not be afraid to show there is space for all, with what they can do, with as much as they can give.

So, I gave the first steps in the direction of admitting I am not enough for playing the parental role, that someone else needs more space. And I try to give more space to him...to his figure, his needs and wishes. I still feel I need to do a lot of work, but I keep the hope that at a certain point things will start to move in a different way. I trust the energies and the intention I placed into my heart, to send away the trolls back to their forest and mountains.



Chapter IV.

HALF WAY – HALF LIFE

Meeting my Ancestors, again

I am half-way, a second half of life is waiting me and the question is: How I am going to live this second half? What lies in front of me and how many rebirth stories I will still write?

I carry so many burdens and grief inside myself and this sensation of stomach ache almost wishing to throw up is so heavy and sometimes overwhelming. In front of me there is a portal as the Ankh key (symbol of Isis Goddess) and I can see the light behind this door. I know something better is waiting for me once I step into this portal, but again there is fear and memories of the past preventing me to gather the courage.

I stepped into the heaviness of the burdens I carry and drag behind me and I felt so much Shame. In the constellation I could understand that I have to make peace with the past and accept my country, Romania and ancestors as they are. Once the peace is accepted inside my soul the light is obvious on my path and I can start to thread this new happy path.

I brought with me the fragments of the Feminine and Masculine once I modelled in clay and also dried in fire. I did not know why but after I modelled again my country's profile I understood that all these fragments are to be spread around the territory as in this way I can find myself in all people of my past and history. And these fragments were painted in the colors of the Romanian flag (red, yellow and blue) and the country profile was settled over a paper in the shape of the Heart also painted with the same colours. There was a big moment of recognition, forgiveness and acceptance with my roots and ancestors and it felt so natural and powerful. Even the life boat that now is navigating in Norwegian waters was colored with the same red, yellow and blue.

My destiny feels now so bright and high, I can spread my wings and fly high to fulfill my mission.

The Three-folded flame

I am a carrier of the Three-folded flame of Love, Light and Wisdom of the Divine Feminine. There is no doubt I became a Torch carrier, A Way-shower and now other people can see it and recognize this flame in my Soul and Heart. But it took a long and painful process to get here.

I practiced the art of giving until exhaustion but in the last few years I also learned to receive. Balancing the giving and the receiving is not coming naturally unless I get to the point of understanding I am exhausting myself and not preserving my energies.



Heart painted with the colours of Romanian flag
and the Ancestors fragments inside

I was educated to expect something in return only if I have something to give. So I became a giver and care taker...but I paid a high price. People were admiring me for so many qualities and achievements and for the strength forged through many challenges and battles of life...but inside I was feeling empty and tired of fighting and struggling. I exhausted myself trying to keep alive the Mask I have forged as Identity along the years...

Many times I was looking in the mirror and could not see myself pride of myself and worthy of loving. Only when I started to face that pain inside my

body and psyche I started to feel something different and an opening broke open into the Heart. Grief and anger was relieved in waves and tsunamis, the fragments of my Soul started to recompose with every step I was giving towards completing a cycle. I tackled with the witch (sisterhood) wound, the mother and motherhood wound, the hurt inner child screaming to the adult to be listen and seen...so many memories, events and images came back from remote times of past lives and this life. The recognition process was slow but steady and led to the point of no return. A new version of the Self was created from mud and pain. I felt so broken inside my psyche, like a wounded healer trying to fix the unfixable.

While working with other women and praying to the Goddess a new Temple was built from scraps and leftovers of the Soul puzzle: The Body Temple where Feminine and Masculine can complete their Union in sacred space.

It is clear now that I am called to step into the light and soul sovereignty. The shadow work was deep and overwhelming at times, but it helped put things in a different perspective. I activated my Fire, the kundalini energy raised into my spine conquering all the dark places of the Soul, transforming the dusty corners and fears into fertile ground for future creation and co-creation.

I was asked to harness my power and all the Fire, to meet the Dragon energy and master it. The Ancestors showed to me they are behind me and support my path and decisions. I've learned to honor them and their legacy, no matter how humble. And I am integrating now, on this new path, all the skills, talents and knowledge/wisdom I accumulated along many lives.

Romantic love knocked at the door when least expected. It was so sudden and intense that I found myself frozen in between fear and past memories, still making me bleed inside my heart. In constellation work I could understand how much I was hiding and looking for excuses to not face Him: a Soul Mate. But in this point of no return, half way-half life, I need to decide to face this opportunity with an open heart and authentic wish to be happy. Because I know now that I deserve Love and I wish to close the cycle of pain and struggle, the addiction to the shadows of the past and all the trauma that happened.

I have created a piece of art in white and dark clay, as a blend of Feminine and Masculine energies. I gave it as a present to the trainer/constellator but then I received it back. The full cycle came into completion and myself is

hopeful and excited with this new path. Other steps and movements will be given into more fulfillment and personal achievement. I am building the future NOW, as the Dove brought a message of hope, peace and love.



The Spirit bestowed upon me its blessings and just asks me to be open and receive.

Chapter V.

ADDICTED TO PAIN

I am and was an addict. I was addicted to pain, to suffering and struggling. I do not know how this addiction came...maybe out of fear, trauma and a childhood distorted education in a rigid, "orthodox" and narrow-minded society, used to accept suffering as a norm and preparing us for the redemption of our sins in a future "heaven". Or maybe I just accumulated through past lives, inherited it in my cells and nerves from a very long genealogical tree full of suffering and struggles.

It does not matter how, it matters I am/became aware of it.

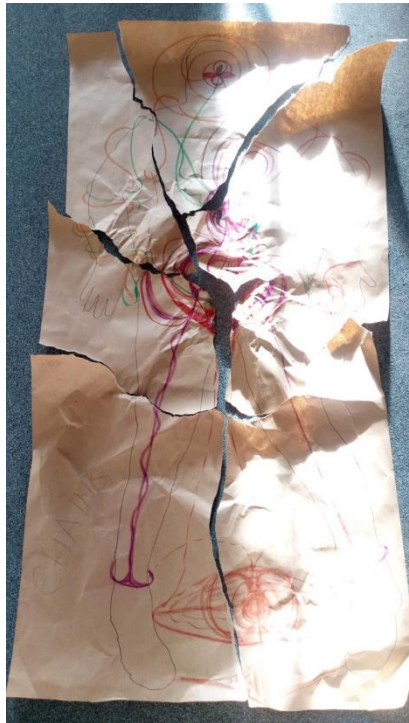
I can hold a lot, my body and psyche are used to store highly intense waves of pain and suffering and when I release them it is a tsunami of emotions and sensations and more pain again. I can handle pain in my body above the normal levels, I sometimes even I cannot feel the pain although I know is there, because is below the normal threshold...

It matters I started to contact with it and to heal it. It was difficult at the beginning as I did not know where to start, there were so many things stored in my cellular memory, while other were deleted from my brain and memories of this life. Life and the universe took care of the process, brought me people, situations and to places where I could have insights, help, challenges and support.

Since I have arrived to Norway in 2016, the process intensified and somehow accelerated. I do not know if it is the age but it was like the whole Universe screaming to me: Wake up, why are you losing your precious time? How long are you going to ignore what is happening inside yourself? How long are you going to resist which should be released and you do not need anymore?

I had at least 2 moments when I thought I would experience burnout. It did not happen because my body told me to stop and look to myself. It did not happen because I chose to say yes to my Pain and Struggling and to explore it, trying to understand it and work with it.

I had a very powerful insight during a 5 rhythms dancing workshop once. I understood I have created inside my own mind a wall and I kept fighting against that wall although I knew I cannot demolish it. I kept fighting because there was pleasure in feeling my own power and energy invested in this overwhelming endeavor, impossible indeed...I felt pleasure in acknowledging that the pain and the struggling can be bigger more and more I try to do this. And hurting myself was pleasurable, was fated, was part of who I was.



My Body shape in Chains of Pain and Struggle

More than 1 year ago I also understood something of great value about myself. While working with myself for several years I could contact with my sacral inner authority (I am a Generator according Human design classification) and I could understand how powerful it is. But its true value is not so much the power or intensity but the fact it can transform, it can transmute, allows the alchemical process of transformation start in myself, in others, in situations and places. Just by being myself my sacral authority manifest itself in many interactions with the inner landscape and journey but also with the outer world. And actually this is my real re-source and

power...to be able to transform my own pain and struggle in something else, that can serve to me and to the world.

In another ceremony with plant medicine I also got a precise answer to one question about myself - saying that I am an Activator. I energetically activate change and transformation in people I connect with and even inside institutions or groups I am part of. Although inside myself I always knew there was something different, the answer surprised me. And at the same time arrived as a confirmed of the work that most of the times I was doing without even knowing why and how.

Two years ago, as a New Year Resolution, I chose to not live in pain and struggle anymore. I chose to Love myself and to praise myself for whom I really am in all my depths, heights and weights, as I am a woman who is Enough to Herself and to the World. I am just a Light Being, a Soul who sees the beauty of herself and of the world and people.

I make this choice to release the past and suffering and to transmute all that was into something that can make sense to the healing of the Planet and to our common future. And I know that when these new things will manifest they will be perfect in their imperfection, filled with all what is needed to make a difference, to create rippled effects of change and transmutation, to bring Love and Compassion into Action.

I made a choice, and is the second ever consciously made choice I did in my life, after the conception of my Son.

And even if it was made consciously, it affected and still affects my life on a deep subconscious level. While I am deepening the work with myself and my own trauma I got to know other layers of this pain and struggle. I got to screen it as almost I had a magnifying glass showing to me the root of everything, the symbiotic identification with the sources of pain around me, starting even into the womb. I had to face the womb trauma my mother carried with her and the deep impact had on my whole life. I had to insist for the YES for Life, for my own birth right as a newly fecundated ovule, while the whole environment around me, the womb of my biological mother, was shouting: NO. An impossible mission to face, to accept and to integrate fully....it took me several days living under a normal energy level, with difficulty in doing anything to be able to recover from this finding. I was in a state of pre-existence, pulled between two big forces: Death and Life.

I had to face again the feeling of anxiety that followed me my whole life. The heavy dark cloud that would cover my chest, preventing me from breathing freely. The feeling of not being enough, the fear of expressing who I truly am. I met again an ancestor fighting between life and death, with a shallow and low breath and gave her a place in my heart so her sacrifice could have a meaning.

I realized in those days of processing the trauma, behind the trap of anxiety, that I was putting myself on a second place all the time. Even in times of pain and darkness, where I was struggling to breath and feel energized, I was putting those around me (my son, my mother, my friends) first. And the worst was that I could understand my inability to express what I was processing, the depth of the pain I was prooving to understand I was giving myself a NO again, when no one was actually asking me that. I was in freeze mode as it happened so many times in my life, where I could not move or make a decision to help myself because I considered others more important and a priority before my own wellbeing and state. My mind started to dissect the situation and what I was feeling and kept me in a loop of misery and victim mentality for several weeks. It was like a slow, silent mourning of something once important that meanwhile became redundant to this new version and phase of life.

And the solution to break this vicious cycle from my own inner wounding came from a mindful practice that for years I almost forgot: yoga. I started to do again exercises while listening to meditation music and changed a lot my day. The Evrika moment came from boredom and pain again: if you wish to see an improvement in your condition, you need to change something in your routines and ways of handling yourself and your energy, along the days.

My inner Goddess expressed herself and chose to prioritize her own being in the present and doing something she enjoyed so much in the past. NO more huge intentions to save the Planet and those around me, but just a conscious action with a simple practice that can change everything. So my Inner Flower can blossom fully and colourfully to show the beautiful and precious essence I carry inside.



New Irina in the shape of a Flower
with many symbols dear to My Soul

Chapter VJ.

SHE AND HE, as ONE ME

„It is not and never was about She and He.

It is not and never was about Weak and Strong gender, about differences and sexes playing social, psychological and mental games.

It is about how to live in and as Oneness: understanding, accepting and embracing those differences, seeing what we have in common and we can share on mutual basis for improvement and harmonious living.

It is not about fearing the power, the voice, the Love expression on multiple levels...it is about how to use mindfully the Power, the Voice and Love for bringing clarity, healthy relationships, inner growth to human existence. It is about understanding that excesses, struggles, battles, aggression and more anger never achieved something if not dividing more, creating more trauma, anger and fears.

It is about acknowledging that I and You too are part of the same One, polarities in the same energetic field, creating waves of energy around. If we are able to feel this energy as a whole and not trying to divide it more, to create negative and positive in imbalanced projects and fights, then we begin to be something new, a whole new Being and Seeing Life, co-creating a whole new dimension for She and He as eternity, as flow, as Awareness.

I have a dream...that one day instead of She and He, One and We will be part of a new vocabulary of human Heart and Mind. You and Me, as She and He, as One in We as We in One are walking this path together...let's grow stronger than weakening each other, let's move mountains and touch the sky!

Heaven after all is not so far as we might think...Heaven is Here, and is We - sharing love, clarity, purpose and life meaning in balance, in peace, in healthy vibration of souls”.

THE FEMININE in 12 Fragments of Soul

My Feminine is trying to remember where she lost herself, what pieces need to be put together and manifested into the fullness and into Love.

She knows her Past, even if hidden things are still to be revealed. It is not a shame and nothing to blame if the memory deleted some, the body will remember and will heal the wounds. Trauma feelings and consequences are in a healing process, once they came to light. A lot of pain, sorrow and fear were and are faced with courage and a new path opened for the future.

The Sacred Space was opened and 12 steps are given. Each step brings Her close to her Essence, to the Inner Child, to the Light Path. She plants Seeds of Wisdom and Love in the world around her while walking her Own Path, while Healing and becoming an Warrior of Light.

Into the flow of Life, Angels and other light creatures support the change and bring advice on new Directions to be followed.

A new Being is shaped and will come to life, with a strong Charisma and Mission to fulfill. She feels and she knows that once the Cycle will be complete the One-Self will be ready to manifest, as it was already written in the Golden Book of Time and Life.



Feminine shapes - symbols - meanings

Patience and hard, deep work will be rewarded...but first there is a step to be taken. A step into the humbleness and smallness...and will require a lot of Self-awareness and Compassion.

HOW to be Small when I thought I can be BIG?

There were so many to mourn, to revenge, to not forget or help. The history might not remember their names, but the Soul and Spirit knew who they were and how many. They could not be saved from Death and Suffering. Death is so Powerful, but Love cannot be beaten. And as long there is Life and Love, there can be Hope...

So I had to become bigger as a child...bigger than my Parents, bigger than everyone around so I could take care of everything. I carried burdens that were not mine and I chose the path of Giver and Carrier. Always caring,

comforting, defending, helping someone or something, assuming responsibilities and duties. I saw the wounds, the pain and problems of so many...and always had a hand or shoulder for those in need.

The only one I could not see and love was...ME. Too busy to save this world...I was forgetting that the first one to see and watch for was Me. And felt so tiring, and almost impossible to resist temptation to be BIG.

And then the Truth came up. And it stroke so strong and obvious that my Spine and Heart had to curve into the Humbleness and it hurt so much. I do not know to be Small. Too many times I had and thought that being Big is who I am and why I am here. And now to be small, as a child again, how can I learn? When and how can I come back home, to My-Self? Is there any magic spell to tell, any potion to drink that would allow me to become small again and accept it as a natural state of the Soul?

The only thing to do is accept and flow, put together the fragments once lost and dismantled. The Heart knows her Wisdom, the Greater Spirit brings the Helpers to comfort the loss. Something was lost on the way, but something better will be gained. Resisting change will not lead anywhere, only to more pain and delays.

Embracing change has all the risks...but I am not afraid. Courage never missed. A new adventure of the Soul now begins.

The MASCULINE and Nature's gifts

My Masculine is strong and boldly will-driven like a Bull. It is made of brown clay, of Earth and Fire helped by the Water to melt and model the matter, carries the wisdom of turtle's age and keeps the energetic balance connecting to Mother Nature.

All the elements of Nature were gathered to create the Masculine in strong connection with the Vital Force of Life. Even when polished with gold and painted with sacred wisdom's blue, it brings a magical and fierce full presence to the world.



Masculine figure from clay, stones, fire ashes and tree branches and cones

He knows that everything comes from Earth and goes to the Earth, the Life and Death cycle is not a mystery to Him. He is protecting Me, My Feminine, in any battle and struggle stays strong. He claims his allies to Nature if needed and knows when to defend or attack, and keeps the balance when the boat shakes to a side or to another.

My masculine speaks of raw force and authentic courage, of standing straight in the tempests of life, of casting spells and rituals with Nature's forces and protectors. My masculine brings healing energies and nature's wisdom in everything it does. He bears a Shaman's Voice and Talking stick as power tools.

The DAWN of a new Life Direction

I was longing for coming back home, for feeling secure and stable in the struggles and changes of Life. I knew that my Home is where my Heart is, but I did not know that my Heart was feeling lonely and lost. Love was such a big word, finding true Love seemed a lost battle, the search for it full of promises and temptations and disappointments.

But how can be Love found if you do not know and love Yourself?

I need to get together the Fragments of Soul and I need to balance the Feminine and Masculine in One reality. It is not a game, it is not a puzzle to be made...it is MY Life. This is my Reality and I am the Magician able to create something valuable and long-lasting, welcoming happiness, love, companionship, friendship and many other rewards.



Masculine and feminine together as One

I feel now that this is the biggest project for Life I ever had: gaining a meaning for myself and becoming able to manifest Love to my Self and to my Son.

He needs to learn to love, he needs to learn to see the others and clearly express himself. He cannot take care of me...I am the one to support him to become an adult. Will this be possible in a reality where kids like him are seen as different from the norm? Will Love be enough to teach him not to be afraid of himself and the world? Will my creativity and courage fuel his own and new ways of being and communicating?

I know we are together for a reason and I know he is part of my spiritual mission, among others. Our hearts drum together on the same vibration level, will our Love be able to create waves for a Change that is needed?

The time will say, but now is time to rest and wait for another step to be taken...



Lake in the forrest near Kongsberg, Norway

CHAPTER VJJ.

I am a Bee...and I fly a lot!

„Humankind got out the Cave so long time ago but its symbolic Image, its blueprint is still inside each of us. It carries lost memories and fragments of remote stories of life and death, of survival battles and wonderful expression of singular crafts and talents.

This Cave is our most hidden space inside our body and soul, a space that many times we fear to access and still is the only space where all the answers can be found. From its darkness and mysterious presence we can recover what has been lost and shed light on those shadows that still project our deepest desires and challenges.

This Cave is also a powerful Portal towards realms of other dimensions and realities, linking us in a never beginning and ending timeline of the whole humanity. This Cave has many names and symbols attributed over time, but one in particular is holding the key for Ascension of the Soul. This name is known as Womb or Hara. In many ancient civilizations it was praised as Holy, as the Grail of many Mysteries. It was revered and blessed in rituals and ceremonies as receptacle of ancient wisdom and as a power center connecting us with the Womb of Mother Earth.

When we disconnected from this Cave, from our WOMB, we lost something very precious, we lost the light coming from inside us and gave our power to outer world and reality. We started to project and mirror our fears and anger in this outer reality instead of looking inside the Source of all of them. We chose thus to abort our deepest wishes and projects of the Soul, to accept our limits and fears as fated and definitive boundaries between us and the rest of the world. We stopped to believe we are infinite and that the Universe resides inside ourselves.

At the down of a new Era, the Mother Earth's Womb is calling us to Her, we are her Children and she feels is time for a bigger re-connection, for re-creating the magic of the Cave again. We can accept this call and dive into this journey of rediscovery or we can deny the access to the Source.

The choice is still in us, but the possibilities of the Womb awakening are so many and so intense in their power of expression that is impossible to resist. It would be resisting to the obvious awakening of a flower or tree in time of Spring, to the joy of birds and insects flying all over when nature comes back to life, to the natural stream of blood pulsating in our body under the bright warmth of the sun, to the waves of the sea's water blessed by the Lunar light.

There is not purpose in resisting to what is necessary and already happening. More we embrace our darkness and we light inside our Womb the Sacred Fire, more the Life Force will call us and will ask us to Become, to Breath and Birth something new in our Lives.

The time has come to tell again the story of the Cave...be One of those threading a New Mystery of the Grail on your own path, accept this change and use your Magic Wand”.

A new Me with Her Story

«I eat my own placenta.

Placenta is not shit.

I am a bee.

And I fly a lot».



The bee sculpture

This is Me, a woman in the middle age phase crisis of her life, evaluating the path she walked until now and trying to figure out what it lays ahead of her.

Something was lost in this travelling around the world, interests and habits have been left behind or changed, a new being in life and walking the path was created. All this from a lot of pain, suffering, struggles and doubts.

The constellation work opened a new process, very deep and challenging, tracing back old trauma and survival mechanisms not yet acknowledged. Everything stored for so long in the Womb space started to be felt and seen, a lot of tears and screams washed through my vulnerability, releasing the pressure of self-control and denial. Something that previously was considered shameful and dirty needed to be re-evaluated and accepted with all courage and self-awareness. The work I did for almost 2 years in a Women Circle began to make more sense, as part of something bigger and full of clues for my own re-creation as an awakened woman, as SHE.

While threading my own Medicine Wheel, my Womb faced its own «Placenta», the basic nutrient and protection material for any creative act and intention. Something that once was a tabu and uncomfortable, painful reality of my life, was finally revealed in its splendour and usefulness, being cleaned from preconceptions and negative behavioral patterns. Returning to my own depth of strenght and fertile potential, I understood that I have to be proud of my own Womb and to feed myself from Her own Source of pleasure, wisdom and nutrition – the PLACENTA.



I released my parents from their responsibility and energetic chords. I had to accept even the most painful truths, the guilt and the blame. I embraced gratitude towards them and all the life gifts, even the most unexpected and improbable. I connected more with my Inner child and started to listen to her wishes and the Voice from inside the darkness of the Womb. I embraced my fears and truths, learning to trust to the path opened for my new Self and asking for higher guidance.

The Feminine and Masculine, the Perpetrator and the Victim, the Heart and the Mind were all embraced inside myself and invited to co-create a sense of Peace and Inner Acceptance. I needed to accept myself as an Imperfect being and enough in many aspects and with all my multiple and rainbow coloured facets.

And at some point I modelled in clay something beautiful and colourful (red-orange, green and violet). A Bee, inside a circle, linked to the serpent and the genetic code mysteries, came to shape. A busy bee, polinizing many flowers and trees with her unstoppable wish to spread life, love and kindness all around. Also a turtle carrying her house around the world and planting seeds of light and wisdom with the power and magic of her sacred intentions. A swan full of grace and sensibility towards nature's and human's creations. A fairy spirit, the Lady riding the Unicorn and telling lost stories of courage and return to the Sacred source.

Bees are essential for the survival of the planet and for fertilizing the whole nature. Very small beings, living in a community, they humbly support through their work the whole chain of Life. In a world full of uncertainty, the Bees remind us to trust the power and abundance of life and creation, its sacredness.

As spiritual messengers, they bring a message of Hope, of manifesting our Creative endeavours and Gifts in the outer world. The Bee reminds us that our industry and hard work produces a community life and social organization that generates abundance.

My Ancestors guide my flight, and no matter how far I can fly, they put me back on my track and help focus my intention, when I lose myself in between many directions and opportunities. Ancestors chose me to start and fuel the healing work and they will support me to bring their message to the world. From the cellular memory restored to its cleanness and integrity, I am writing new pages in the Book of my Life so they can rest in peace and found their own healing. I am generating more healing by healing myself as mother and woman. And my son shows me that I have to trust in this work and deepen the connection with the symbols and archetypes from the spiritual world. They were sleeping for a while but now they are awoken and the work needs to be done. From the past I travel to the future, holding the sword of the Higher Truth and the shield of Love. The memories that ones burdened me

are now a source of wisdom, from where I can teach how to surrender to Life flow and to the higher guidance. Once the Womb heavy burdens were collected in the Stone and buried under the tree, He claimed the center as place for care and dedication of my efforts. He is the center of my Altar now (and the Altar became so light and soft) and from there we can create space for more health, patience, understanding and love in our relationship as mother and son.

Into the Portal of Light I will blossom into all my creative potential and I will spread my sparks and seeds as a Sky Dancer, trusting, letting go and just embracing the flow. There was an ending to an old version of the Self, but now a new life is born from ashes, as a Phoenix bird.

I contemplate my dreams and I accept to give up expectations of others or of a reality to which I do not belong anymore. I am here to create my own reality and to be Happy, to feel fulfilled, to embody the Goddess within me.

While the Spirit guides me towards more Light and Wisdom, I give up all the expectations of an Old Self, and I write the pages of my own Book...about a Bee's work and mission, among all the other creatures living here, on this Earth.

Expectations & the Book of our Life

I had an amazing vision few days ago while dancing a 5 rhythms class: I received a feather pen and started to write something, with a beautiful flamboyant calligraphy. At first I did not understand what, but while the music was playing I had this insight that I was writing the Book of my Life and my Heart got filled up with joy and excitement. I live and write every page dancing, breathing, loving, enjoying, playing, dreaming, planning, creating, solving, evolving and above all...accepting that every day and page I write are the right ones for me. Because I am the right version of myself today, not the one I used to think I am or should be. I am still improving and learning...but now I can accept I just AM ENOUGH and I do not have to please anyone anymore but myself.

When I was a teenager and later a young lady I used to think that one day I will have everything I could desire: a wonderful job, a big family with many children, a house, a loving present husband and generally a sense of fulfillment and accomplishment.

Choosing to live life abroad, alone, things started to get a different turn than expected and many challenges appeared and needed to be handled to the best. I got used to change jobs, homes, cities, countries, partners with a certain frequency...nothing was suitable enough, or fulfilling my desire for adventure and growth and accomplishment.

Even when my son entered to my life nothing was settled down, everything seemed heavy, unbearable and distorted from all the perfect situations I could have dreamed about him and me and a beautiful classical family concept.

Close to the half of my life (this if I manage to get to 90 years old...would not be too bad if still in good shape and with a sharp mind) I realize that I actually made the best of every difficult situation I handled, but every choice I made put me at so much distance to the initial expectations I would have had long time ago. And I am not anymore in pain and struggling inside because I am not perfect - the perfect daughter, sister or mother - I do not have the perfect job or partner or the perfect situation in my personal life. I know there is always room for improvement and I work for this, but I gave up all those artificial expectations my family, society or other influencing factors in my upbringing and surroundings could have.

I feel I have earned so much wisdom by giving up to the perfect version of me, to all those walls, pretensions and facades I thought I needed to build over time, while ageing. And actually the funny thing is that more I age more I become aware of my youth inside my Heart and Soul, more I enjoy the good moments and good people contacting or surrounding me.

And I am not afraid to speak for myself or for others, if I feel is the right thing to do. I discovered I have a Voice with a strength, wisdom and power that comes from inside of me, and contrary to every expectations (of being a good girl, a good responsible and reliable employee or a shoulder to cry on for friends) I use my Voice when I feel it is necessary to use Her, even if this bothers, creates suspicion, animosity, envy, distance from people who would better accept the beautiful lie then the ugly truth. I am not afraid anymore to tell to someone dear I love her/him but that she/he has to learn to respect my boundaries. I am not afraid to ask for help and show I am vulnerable sometimes. I am not afraid to ask apologies when I understand I made an

error or offended someone. I am not afraid to challenge people to think and act differently, even if this seems harsh and difficult to accept.

More I write in the book of my life, more questions and different perspectives on situations and people and events come to me. I learned to trust and read the synchronicity of meetings and events when I have doubts, when the direction is not clear, when I need guidance. I learned to trust my intuition or to accept things when is misleading me as a lesson and impulse to get to know myself better. I strive for Peace and Love and I would like to see them spread around me but I know there are still few battles to handle before having them filling my life in every moment.

Re-connecting with the Body

I have always had some difficulty to stay into my body. After an out of the body experience in my youth that scared me as hell (I was sleeping and suddenly I saw myself from above) I developed this ability to disconnect and travel in other dimensions and states. In my shamanism exploration I also made use of plants that can give you wonderful and deep journeys into the subconscious thorough accessing altered states of consciousness. I always did this travelling with deep respect for the spirit of the plants and in many cases deep healing happened and amazing visualization and insights came from the different worlds I have accessed.

But, some of these journeys also revealed to me my trauma inheritance. My psyche fragmented from past wounds would struggle sometimes to get connected again with reality. I know that these journeys require grounding and check up once finished. I needed support to be able to get back into the body and sometimes this reconnection would be painful.

What I did not know was the reason of this ability. But in a session of trauma therapy I understood that early trauma from a surgical intervention that probably required anesthesia and a difficult (distant) bond with my mother since the birth moment were behind all this. I was feeling the need to rest and find peace and I was struggling to understand or find ways to achieve them.

All the days spent in hospital while a kid, for regular check ups on my heart (to which a doctor from Romania placed a diagnosis as being sick - a diagnosed later confirmed as being wrong!) helped me bond with trees, my

creative side of the psyche found a way to cope with the abandonment and loneliness I was feeling at that time. As an adult I saw what this meant for me along my upbringing and why many times along my life I felt I do not belong, lonely and confused, carrying inside a deep sadness I would not know to name or justify.

My heart is healthy now, never actually had any disease, but rather was manifesting what my body stored as trauma and wounding. At that time, the adults around me would not know what that was so the easy way to deal with it was to put a lot of restrictions on the activities I could do (normal ones as running or playing with a ball or a bicycle would be always forbidden) and a close control of my routines or food (diet with little salt or fats).

Looking back to my childhood and youth I can see a very active child that would borrow a bicycle from friends and even run and engage a lot with other children on the playground or in nature. Some of them would even call me Sandokan as I used to be a leader and always defending those weaker than me. There was a part of me that would rebel to the outer norms and restrictions. Maybe that part, that Inner child also saved me later, when life situations seemed unbearable and so heavy that I would crush under the weight.



Posing for the Womb Oracle in deep connection with my Little Girl

Today my Inner Child is more connected and aware inside my adult body. And when I hear her screaming or crying I embrace her, I comfort her in my arms. Because the body holds the clues to everything it happened and in the body we can find all the resources that are needed to retrieve not only the knowledge but also the healing tools more suitable for us.

The healing journey is not finished, every time I make a step forward other windows are opening inside of me, asking for resolution and more healing. But at this point, I am not afraid anymore of the darkness and unknown, even if I feel it would be difficult and draining sometimes. And from my own experience and guidance I can offer further advise and tools to those who wish to work with their own inner wounds and traumas.

I have questions for you, now that you know parts of my story.

Are you really and authentically writing the Book of your Life?

Are you still afraid to give up old expectations to step into your own power and embody your Highest and Unique self as a permanent ongoing process of re-birth and re-creation?

How much Peace, Acceptance and Love do you feel right now inside your SOUL?

How much imperfection are you ready to accept from yourself to walk your own path in this Life?

Are you ready to Expect nothing else than ...Your new evolved and evolving Self.

CHAPTER VJJJ.

The Soldier and her Heart

My fairy tale

Once upon a time...

there was a Lion King's Heart Soldier, who fought for those in need, because she had a very big heart, a Lion heart, and loads of courage. She also had a big sword, a helmet and a shield to protect herself.

The Soldier had a fierceful Dragon, able to fly high into the sky and blow fire when upset. A red Dragoness, who did not fear anyone.

The Soldier's best friend and counselor was as mall Golden Chicken. He helped Her overcome many obstacles and clear out thoughts when decisions needed to be made.

The Soldier would always follow her Heart on each path and in each battle needed to be handled.

One day, her friend, the Golden chicken, asked her to go and save a friend of him, another golden chicken kept prisoner in a castle, in a white basket. But the castle was in the power of a Witch, who would keep at distance with her Magic all those wanting to enter the castle.

The Big Heart Soldier followed her friend, the Golden chicken, and went very close to the castle, following her heart's path. When they approached the castle's surroundings they saw a big Red Apple in front of them. And the black Witch came, she had her head covered with a big black Hat and she said to them: "I leave you enter into the castle if you find a Bird big enough to eat this Apple at once."

The Soldier went into the woods and searched for birds in the trees. And at a certain moment she found one tree full of green leaves and beautiful flowers. And on a branch of this tree a Red Bird was resting, enjoying the smell of the flowers. She asked the Bird if she could eat the Big Apple at once and the Bird said: "Yes. But if you want me to eat the Apple, you first need to bring me the Shield with Royal Hearts".

The Soldier asked surprised: "And where is this shield?"

The Bird replied: "You will have to find it by yourself".

The Soldier asked again: "And how I know where to go and search for it?"

The Bird said with a spark in her Eyes: "Look for a Flame in the shape of a Dragon's Heart".

The Soldier left and took her Dragoness, flying high into the sky, over the Forrest, over many Lakes, snowy mountains and fields of green Grass. They flew for many days and months, loosing the count. One day they arrived close to the castle and suddenly they saw the red Flame in the shape of a Dragon's heart. When they got close to the entrance door they saw a shield with Royal Hearts, the Soldier took it quickly and brought it to the Bird.

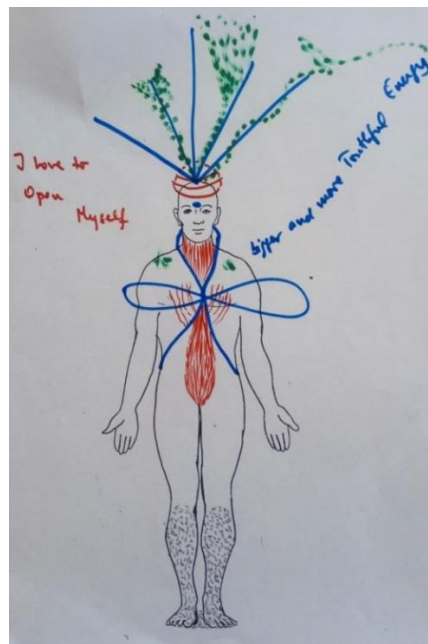
And so the Red Bird left the tree branch and went to eat the Big Apple.

The Witch finally agreed to leave the Soldier enter in the castle with her friend, the Golden chicken. And in one room, under a window, they found the other Golden chicken, kept prisoner in a white basket.

All four (the Soldier, the Dragoness, and the two Golden chickens) were so happy to be again together and celebrated their friendship and the conquest of their Hearts, singing, dancing and laughing.

A bigger and more truthful Energy

I had this dream that I do not remember, but when I woke up a sentence was so clear in my mind: I have to open myself to a bigger and more truthful energy!



The energetic portal

Despite all difficulties, betrayals, judgmental attitudes, outer and inner challenges and hard times I am asked to keep my Center and Grounding. Even when it feels that everything falls apart, I am standing and walking my path with open heart and courage. When anxiety and overwhelming feelings come to me, I take deep breaths and I tell to myself: Everything is as it should be, you are growing and learning directly from the Source. Be grateful for everything and to everyone teaching you something about yourself.

Self-love can only grow from Painful embracing of all that has been, manifesting forgiveness and acceptance of own vulnerability and intimate needs. Trauma did not start with us but it can end with us, in a supreme act of connection and forgiveness of those who provoked or just propagated it.

Escaping from the pain will not serve, only staying inside the body and embracing the open wound and bleeding of the Heart creates the fluid movement towards healing. An interrupted movement might be a source of pain and conflict, but is a way to start the journey of the Soul on deeper layers. It is a way to meet the Frog and break the spell, get out the limitations of a safety zone of self-complaining and indulgence.

The Witch' spell reminds me that every challenge is an opportunity to meet my power and use my shield and helmet. And by healing my own old dusty anger against the outer aggression and oppression, I can finally find the Dragon's Heart Flame inside my Heart, the Sacred Fire of Passion and Action, connecting deeply also with my Womb's Red Bird able to swallow at once that big Red Apple.

The Fire is my power and I do not fear anymore its intensity and transformative alchemical abilities.

No matter how many people will try to deviate me from my path and to make bleed my Heart, I know I deserve to be seen, listened, appreciated and guided. And I trust in a higher Order and life's synchronicities.

I am Here, I am Now, I embrace my Soul with all his scars and wounds and my Heart pours the Golden Balm of Sweet nectar of Love on them. I am centered and every time I need I know how to return back to my Home.



The fairytale in shapes and colours

My helpers might have shapes and colours from the outer world, but they all live inside myself, in my psyche. They show me when to take risks or wait, when to rest or act. They teach me to be confident that All is at it should be and that I do not need to struggle anymore, just trust and thrive.

Into the collective consciousness I search for clues and symbols able to orient me on my path, but inside me I can find the courage and the light at the end of the tunnel. Once the treasure is found there is nothing else to claim my Royal Heart...as I become that Heart. An open (broken) heart will sing with joy her message to the world, while performing the sacred ritual of the Solar and Lunar lights coming together inside the Portal.

The Life boat roaming to the North – in LOVE signo vinces!

I made this figure in clay, in two colours reminding of the polarities, the shadows and the light intertwined in the life's journey.

My Soul (Anima - She) decided that in this second phase of my life I have to go North, in a sacred encounter of my and all Ancestors, who wished Me to work with them and for the healing of many generations.

In the Medicine wheel reconnecting to the North direction represent accomplishing a full circle of initiation and healing and the Turtle shows me the path, bringing her wisdom of the Past.



Life boat moving to the North

A Northern country, Norway, called and welcomed me for doing this work and growing into a new Me. Love is the flag I bring in sign of Peace to conquer other's hearts, sing my Song while dancing the waves of the Body-Soul connection.

It is not a mere coincidence I am now in the extreme North of Europe to rediscover my healing capabilities and start to practice them, while also healing myself.

My Ego (Animus - He) seeks the truth and dives into the Consciousness field to find clues but the Constellations bring to light many hidden dynamics from personal and collective unconscious. Each of them fulfills a precise purpose into the puzzle of a bigger realm: the Order of Love needs to bring into the balance the Giving and Receiving, the I(s) and You(s) and all the other energies and cure them all.

Movements of creative power are acknowledged so the shadows and the darkness mysteries can be brought into the light. The soul expands accordingly, with each step that is given, deeply trusting the movement.

CHAPTER IX.

FUCK OFF

„Yes, you heard it well...I can repeat it to you. And yes, it is my Anger shouting this to you.

You, those who think you are allowed to put me in a box, to think that I am not enough important to just be and expressed the way I wish, those who do not respect my boundaries and take all for granted...it does not matter where you are coming from, the language you speak, the intention for our connection.

I am learning to speak my truth. And I do not feel I need to be politically correct and pretend that I can accept whatever you wish to give to me or whatever you consider relevant for confirming there is a connection between us.

FUCK OFF!!!

I really do not care what you think or really want from me. As long as you do not see the real Me, my heart and my deep compassion for the burdens and wounds you are carrying (many times, as a reflection of my own wounds and burdens) it means you are not worthy to take a space in my face, surroundings, in my life, or in my projects and intentions. Not even for a second.

Because I can see you and you might need me for something. But it is not for sure to confirm your weakness and inability to connect from heart, to be true to your Soul and not to what others or society told you to be true.

I am learning to take care of those parts of me which were never cherished, visible or understood. So none of you can ever take credit of what I do, create or give birth into the world. Because once all parts of me once separated by wounding and traumas are back, I can be whole, strong and true to my unique essence.

So, yes FUCK YOU if you think you have the right to see me as less worthy of your respect, ear, understanding, acceptance or intimate connection.

My patience is not limited and it reached the point of no return...so I can quietly return to myself and tell to my heart: You are right, you can be at peace, you are with me and nothing else matters. We are together as One and never separated again”.

I wrote this text on facebook in a moment of processing anger from the past. I was triggered by a lady who answered in a very angry way to my questions about her participation in one of my workshops. She placed Go into the event of the workshop but then she did not want to attend and I asked her

to consider that when her intention is not true or full is better to just write Maybe so I can spare my time in having to confirm participation with her.

That Anger that speaks loud is actually a long due scream from the fibers of my Soul. An Anger that went through so many processes as my own, along my whole life. It is an Anger that burns from inside and fills in the pores of my body, able to turn into ashes everything that encounters. Accumulated throughout lifetimes and past experiences this Anger is a deep and silent cry of the Inner Child longing to bring peace and love in the relationship with the Adult I became.

For longtime I did not know why every time I would meet a very angry person I could feel inside my stomach, or my solar plexus, that anger projected on me. I remember once, I was in this meditation group led by a friend in Oslo and one man in particular made a powerful impression on me. He started to comment since we entered the room something about what I told the participants (to leave their shoes outside the room for example) and then he sat in front of me in the circle and continue to speak angry words and comments. At a certain moment I got enough of that energy and I faced in a very direct way that Anger, shouting something to that poor man. I told him to stop commenting and nagging on what I was doing or saying, to stop projecting his unresolved energies on me. He suddenly shrunk and stop saying anything. The energies and clearing done during the meditation helped us all to release that tension. Towards the end of the meditation and went to him and apologized for my outburst and embraced him, asking him to forget that episode.

After that meditation, long after, my friend told me that the angry man left this world, due to a cancer. He was carrying all that Anger that consumed him up to the end. I felt sorry but I could understand that in that meditation circle I was the mirror of his own Anger - he had a good opportunity to face it and do something useful with it. But he might not have been ready to seriously deal with this at that time.

That was one of the reasons for which I chose an intention in my trauma therapy training: I am not my Anger. Because I was tired of being consumed by this energy every day, night and month of my life. The intention brought out again the cause of it, rooted in my early childhood and linked to both my parents, who did not know how to deal with me and create a loving space

and situation for me at that time. I was angry to my parents, but mostly towards my mother. Because she was not able to be a real mother emotionally in my first years of life. She was burdened by her own traumas and probably was carrying a deep depression that she was not aware of. The point is that distance, that inability to really dive into motherhood with her whole self and heart put a big stamp on my whole life. I could understand, when connecting with this trauma, how much I struggled to feel I belong to a place and how the feeling of walking on a thin thread or line between life and death was governing my life even in adulthood. How many nights of lack of sleep and full of tears, not understanding why all that pain inside my heart...?

My Anger came again to show me my deepest pain and longing...and I had to humbly bow my pride again and accept that the only way out of this conditioning was to get in connection and accept the situation as it was and as it is.

The release of Anger is never easy but it can be gradually done if we accept it and embrace it as a catalyst for something new to open in our life. I felt drained and sad after the session of trauma therapy, as a small child that needs to learn how to walk in life and does not know what will be next step to be given. It took a long while until that feeling of sadness and lack of preparedness will stick with me. I was starting to mother myself in adult age, after so much wandering through life without any clue about what this was. I was already a mother, but it is much easier to be a mother for your own biological son than for yourself. It is much easier to connect with the needs of an external being, than with your Inner Child needs and wishes. But once you start to do it something beautiful blossoms inside your heart and new windows open so you can seize all those lost images of your childhood and to cherish them more than ever. It is a precious gift that your Inner Child can give to you once you accept to acknowledge this connection and to reestablish new ways of being as an Adult and as a Mother to yourself. To be able to attend to your own needs and wishes without searching for fulfillment from outer sources or people.



My family spending fun time on the beach

CHAPTER X.

Retrieval of soul fragments

For a long time I thought that Soul retrieval is something mysterious that only few initiates of the Spirit would be able to do through ritual and ceremony or using other tools that would require some experience in the realm of hypnosis or karmic cutting of past life contracts.

I actually wished to learn how to do it for other people, to learn it like a new skills that I could master one day.

Without even knowing I was already retrieving fragments of my soul when I started on the shamanism path in 2014 and the process intensified 3 years ago when I got in contact with the family constellation work. Piece by piece lost fragments of painful experiences emerged from the shadows of the past and required full attention. For a while I was telling to myself that I was doing all this hard work for my son, to be able to become a better mother and support him on his own path and in creating space for a harmonious relationship between us.

Then I understood that all these fragments were so many and sometimes so difficult to access in normal circumstances. I wonder sometimes if this retrieval will ever end...more I dig into the shadows and cupboards of my soul, more things are coming like from a Pandora box that once opened will unleash all the monsters and most unexpected stories.

Trauma therapy came as a deeper level of this soul retrieval experience. Much deeper than what I experienced before, it made me face really painful fibers inside my psyche and reclaimed full awareness from all that I am as a being. Deeper I connect with the splits inside the psyche, more time I need to reconnect in conscious way with what I already know in my daily life reality. It is like piercing through a thick iceberg structure and every time I dive inside it I emerge again with my mouth full of muddy and sower taste, filled with ice spikes inside. It takes time to dissolve the inner resistance and be able to change this taste into something that can make sense and even be acceptable or eventually agreeable.

One of the latest intentions I worked with was related with my Anger and the release of the energies was really burdensome. I felt very low in energy for several weeks, not able to do anything important or to get out of this state (it felt very much like a wounded warrior...carrying a helmet and an armor too heavy for the weakened body). I felt physically prisoner of my own mind and body, without being able to get out of it, while real outside walls (the lockdown restrictions) were even more oppressing and impossible to break.

I tried to take a break and go in the mountains for a short vacation with friends and family, but it was not the best of ideas, as I could not enjoy it at all. I actually had a major realization about myself and it became clear that even in my lowest point I was giving so much to the others and very little to myself, although in that moment I would have needed some extra support and understanding. But it was nobody fault I was not able to express what I was feeling and my real needs.

I had days where the only desire I had was to sleep and not have to wake up anymore. The confrontation with the Void space was huge and still there was a resistance inside me against surrendering to this. I was connecting again with the old belief that I am superwoman and that I can hold a lot in terms of processing pain without complaining. And I was stubbornly holding to this belief and old image of me...because I was feeling too small and impotent in front of all these energies that were released when working with the early trauma behind the huge anger I feel against my both parents.

I was retrieving the fragments that a 2 y old child lost, abandoned to grandparents who were not able to properly take care of me and then moved around in between family members and environments like an object, without even realizing that something huge was happening with lasting impact over my whole life. The healing process put me again in the shoes of that little child, showing to me how impotent I can be in front of such energies and their shaking movement. And this fueled the feeling of anger even more, while creating space for asking myself how was that possible.



A mask (like the one recommended in pandemic times) is not always what we need, but it can show our Heart

The anger of a little child can be expressed in a very visceral way, but the anger of an adult feeling like a small child, is thousands of times more bitter and powerful, especially because it cannot be expressed properly. So I had to suppress myself, as I most of the times did, especially in situations within the family members. Suddenly I was observing my mother and my son. They were mirroring this anger dynamic to me, my son started to hit his head against hard surfaces and even with this hands. He would show me what I was not able to see and my mother was reacting over and over again like a blind adult, that only sees the inappropriateness of this behavior and not understanding it chooses to just be aggressive through shouting and screaming, as always did with my father and sometimes with me. I saw and finally could understand how I was self-harming myself by not being able to express what I was carrying inside. I was like those paper puppets projecting their shadows on a wall in Asian tradition of puppetiers.

And even in this contradiction I chose to step back and just observe (in constellation work I would give a name to this position - a meta perspective,

needed to guide the energies towards healing), while trying to comfort and send good energies to my son. Because I was asked to be a mother to my son and a daughter to my mother, while I was living the drama of the little girl I was once (searching for an absent mother and her attention)...which adult would be able to deal with such a situation in a different way?

I can see now that soul retrieval is nothing out of this world but sometimes it asks us to be a superman or superwoman, as we are playing at the same time different roles and ages in the midst of an emotional storm, that shakes the structures of our own existence. We can choose to withdraw and leave the process for later or hide it under the rug, but sooner or later we will be confronted with the consequences of long repressed feelings and traumas.

The question is how to be able to surf the wave of the tsunami without being completely overwhelmed by it? How to heal and accept the challenge of saying our own truth and not get stuck in old patterns where we were accepting less from others than we were deserving. Time will say if we are going to revisit those places of pain and struggle, but for the time being a little pause would do only good. A little break from ourselves, and from past dynamics of toxic relationships. Others might not understand what does it mean or why we choose to do so, but does it matter?

I had this realization that it is up to me to do things in a different way. Surrendering to the pain and anger, releasing it gradually without wishing to project it anymore on others. Observing those energies expressed in the people around me and understanding that it is just a moment, in the cycle of time and life. Better moments will come for sure, I just need to trust in what is unfolding.

Even if I feel like a wounded warrior, I still have to carry my sword of light and truth and one day I will be in full energy to continue on my path, as a retrieved Soul of pure Golden Light. The Divine blend of a human body and angelic heart walking a path that is not for many but it can benefit many.

CHAPTER XJ.

J just want to be happy!

I recently had a conversation with one of my brothers, I retain him as being a more open person in my family that can understand things from different perspectives and also the psychology of behaviors. He told me that he just wishes to be happy, that has his own way of living and choice to do things that please him and enjoy doing with other people, including his two sons.

I tried to speak to him about traumas and how important is to heal them. He did not seem open to discuss the topic, he actually argued that he has not time to waste, that he wishes to do what he likes and not bother about other stuff.

I answered to him that is so easy to disconnect while we pretend that we prioritize what we enjoy and makes us happy, but actually finding excuses to not do the real work. I had the sensation that I was speaking to a closed window and no one will listen to what I have to say. I remember that once someone told me: You cannot heal your family, but your family will heal through the work you do for yourself.

Before this conversation with him I had another interesting conversation in a group of women I am guiding into healing work. I was trying to figure out how many participants I would have for the next session and most of them were finding excuses to not come. I had to place my boundaries and tell them that if I do not have a real group I am not going to continue with this work. I was already doing it almost for free, as I was trying to also get more experience and case studies for my future practice as therapist. I warned them that they should start to take this work more seriously and establish their own priorities, but not make me waste my time and energy, that were already limited. One of them even argued that this work is difficult for her and her time is limited too...

Looking back to these conversations I see a common denominator in the perspective of others when I speak about trauma and the necessity to do this work. First, they think they already know their priorities and second they will always find excuses to actually not do the work, because it is hard and

painful. Why do it, when we can be happy and live our life as we wish anyway? Why dig into the muds of the past and hidden, when we can live superficially, in indulgence and pretention of owning life easiness as a birth-right? Adopting the illusion of happiness that only covers our inability to connect deeply with our sense of Self and generate a true Identity of Love and contentment.

The real question is: how people think they can be happy when they live in a complete disconnection from themselves and not aware of their own darkness and shadows and how these govern their own life? How people can full themselves to the point that they create trauma survival mechanisms that apparently make them happy in their own ignorance and superficiality?

What kind of happiness we can achieve if we run away from the truth and from all that happened in the past and still influences us? How can we be happy if our psyche is still in split and fragmented state and we run on a survival mode, repeating patterns and beliefs that we inherited from others, before us?

Yes, getting into healing the past and the trauma is difficult, is challenging and even overwhelming sometimes. Many times I told to myself I give up, it is too much and too heavy to process all that is coming out. I had people who know me (friends, teachers or guides) telling me: stop working with yourself for a while, you are exhausted, what do you want, to burn out?

I keep doing this work despite all odds, despite the sensation that I might break down. After difficult sessions of therapy I had days and weeks where I could not have enough energy to get out of bed or even move properly. And still, I managed to recover and move on, keep living, thriving, exploring.

I see all around me people pretending that they are happy and prioritize themselves, completely shut down to themselves and their real Self. I see a world in chaos, governed by disconnection mechanisms and trivial interests that are meant to bring instant gratification to disconnected beings, too afraid to connect with the inner world, running after dreams, wishes and needs rewards that are not even theirs.



Smiling to the Spring and wind

I cannot be fooled anymore, I see the hidden pain and the struggle. And sometimes I cannot just shut down my mouth and pretend it does not affect me. Then I bring a challenging energy to the plate. Because I know what hard, deep and difficult work that means. Because I know that the light can only be found when we dive into the deepest dense darkness that we store inside.

Should I ask myself if I am happy or how would be one day to feel that I deserve to be happy? I actually made myself clear that my main objective in life is to be happy. But this path to Heaven is not easy, as there are many battles against all those hidden enemies and the shadows to handle. It takes courage and bold action to be able to not give up to this path. It is what Hellinger wrote once: Love needs courage. I would say that Happiness needs courage too. And not only courage, but also awareness of the limitations and difficulties we are going to tackle until we get there. Actually happiness cannot be defined as a destination, but rather as a way of living, of creating and believing in miracles that we are able to accomplish every day.

Yes, I cannot say I am 100% inherently happy. More I work with myself, more the quest is getting deeper and wider.

I finished another training module in constellation some time ago (2021) and had to make peace with the Perpetuator and Victim sides of my own inner landscape: I had to accept I am both. I felt deeply touched in my soul about

the dynamic that the energies unrevealed, especially because it had to do with my son and a certain behavior that I have noticed lately, a self-harming behavior. Every time I work on this topic of my relationship with my son very deep pain is unveiled and I have to re-connect with it in a very honest way. I have to face it and accept it. And then I needed time to integrate the energies released and the movement of them into a more peaceful place.

Are you asking me: when are you going to feel happy and at peace? I really do not know. What I know is that every day brings a step forward on this path I have started few years ago, into self-awareness and healing. Every day I bring another piece of me back from the outer reality and the morphogenetic field. Sometimes I need breaks in between movements and acknowledgments of what it is. Sometimes I need advice, a pampering massage or an extra healing session. Sometimes I just only want to sleep and rest and observe what is around me without interacting or reacting in a certain way. Sometimes I feel drained and lost, other times I give myself the luxury of crying over spilled milk.

What you should instead ask yourself is: when are you going to start your path towards real happiness too?

What it takes to get back to your Center, to re-connect with that spark inside yourself that will bring miracles as a normality in your life?

How far are you available to get to discover your own strength and capability to not only survive to your own traumas but also to convert them in a deep wheel of wisdom and self-care?



Sea landscape at sunset in Romania - Constanta

CHAPTER XJJ.

Give me a Name!

Fairy tale of 2 Soul Mates

„Once upon a time,

.... there were two Souls. They travelled together in many lifetimes and made the promise to meet again, when chance will come.

And so, another life has started and they reincarnated again, one has chosen a male body, face and name while the other one came as female. Far away from each other, the Body-Souls started their own path in their human journeys. Slowly and steadily each of them forged a Mask, that would define them and the Persona that life asked them to become. For family, friends and society they will be that Mask...but in the solitary nights and upheavals of inner journey the masks would fall and melt. From shadows in the psyche, sparks of Soul will sometimes strike from inside the Masks and show that light hidden behind, the real Names, the real Them..the only Heart.

At mid point of their life, the two Personae have met. An instant inexplicable pull towards each other blended with the desire to run far away. There was this instant recognition of two souls, but the two Masks could not face the light behind each other. And so they chose again the darkness, less challenging than the reality of their deeply entangled hearts. The Shadows started to play again the game of life: the war between the sexes, the subconscious triggering from past wounding and relationships, the need to control the process and the outcome. A mirroring of all the shades the masks would normally hide became so obvious. Impossible to resist the game, even the rules would change with time. A dynamic of chaser and runner showed all the flaws and strenghts of the Persona as faithfull body of Shadows reconstruct.

In dreamspace the Souls will communicate much better and authentically than in real life. And so a dialogue between the Masks became a quest towards a new probability of giving a name and identity to this relating. A new space and bridge between souls was shaped for opening new possibilities and thrive. So that which has been separated can reunite...despite all odds, fears and doubts.

- *I saw you yesterday, said one day the Male Mask. I looked to you from afar, I actually stalked your profile for a while. Your smile is always charming me in many ways...impossible to resist or forget.*
- *I know you did, I was just sensing your energy behind your faraway eyes, answered the Female Mask. I just wonder if you still remember my names...I know you like one in particular.*
- *Yes, I like the many facets and coloured shades of you, among which your name, that name that feels like home to me, said the Male Mask. I would very much be able to tell you more, but everytime I try, something stands in my way, I get chills inside and I stop.*

- *I can be scary sometimes, my energy is too strong for many. I do not blame anyone for feeling they are not enough or lacking strength to face Me. Since I understood who I really am, it is even harder but I cannot give up in being who I am...said the Female Mask.*
- *You feel like a supernatural being to me. It is scary and I cannot grasp that magic of your skills, but I feel them all as something that keeps me bound to a kind of spell.*
- *I am just a human and I have a human heart. But yes, I always walk between two worlds and what appears impossible to many is nothing than a joke to me. I like to pierce through mysteries and read all sorts of energies. I read yours many times...*
- *Maybe one day you will let me in inside your magical world and show me how it works...and please forgive me for being so weak and stubborn in my approach. One day I hope to be able to exchange your kindness and heart warmth.*
- *Yes, one day, if you will open the door to your heart...I do not know how to deal with only the Mind. I was stuck in that space a lot and tired to have to handle everything for so long during my life. Once I got inside the heart I cannot go back, I lost the track. It feels sterile to just be inside the Mind, controlled by it and pretending is what I want.*
- *I only knew the Mind for long time, I was even told and taught that only the Image I create to others is what it matters and that I shall make all possible to fulfill this purpose as a Mask.*
- *I could show you the way, but the seek and hide has to stop. It is not helping any of us, if we wish to see the real question or to find an answer. It does not make room even for dialogue between us, as Masks...it only creates more distance and loss sensation.*
- *I do not know how to do this. I like to play chess, to be strategic in practical matters of life, but when about the heart, all is heavy and uncertain...it does not feel safe to me to get into that place.*
- *I understand how you feel. I am the same and I felt the same for long. And still, I have changed so much along the years that I trust I can change more and learn more from life...so nothing really scares me, not even another false start.*
- *Everything happens for a reason, concluded the Male Mask. If I would apologize for all that happened and the mess my undecision created, would you accept?*
- *Yes. Everything is possible, a false start can always be an opportunity for a fresh one, so a new Name can be given!*

The two Masks are now facing a new path. If they will choose to have faith in their own call and hearts desires, miracles are still possible. But if the Minds will prefer to just keep their distance and cold judgement and pretension that is alright, another fall behind the Masks will mark the Souls fate. So they will have to wait another life to meet again and play this game of Masks...a game of Thrones and Kingdoms. Where human bodies ride the Dragons and new souls are shaped from stardust."

I wrote this short story in a moment of inspiration while thinking to all the Soul Mates around and all those that I could name like this in my life. I had in mind a particular situation with a man, that although was in standstill for more than 1 year, still intrigues me and makes me question all the preconceived notions I have on love and relationships. A situation that grew

from non-contact and fear of communication that taught me a lot about myself, my own fears and triggers.

When I look back to my life, to all the affairs and love stories I had, there is one aspect that brings more questions and wonders. I always have been an independent woman, adventurous, unconventional and bold in my approach to love. But for some reason, that I only start to understand now, I was not able to find motivation to keep a relationship for more than 3 years (and this was a troublesome relationship, with many ups and downs, with an Italian man, a musician to whom I owe the discovery of the feminine psyche wounds through fairytales - I actually decided to break up our relationship after him giving me as present a wonderful book: *Women who run with wolves*, by Clarissa Pinkola Estes). And there were few men with whom I could see myself settling down in some kind of long-term commitment, but it never happened.

After all the inner work I did in the last 5 years I am now in the position to understand how my past wounding influenced my choices in love and this chasing of illusions I got caught up in along my early years. Because I was chasing something that most of the time does not exist in reality. I was chasing the perfect romantic love, the accomplished status, the handsome physical appearance, but instead of finding them I was offered only bread crumbs and mind games or poker faces. And I was accepting all this, with pain in my heart and not understanding why I cannot deserve more...I even fall for a Portuguese man who did not exist and decided to have a child with him. It was the most real, deep and traumatic love experience I ever had, after which I promised myself that no other man will ever turn my life upside down as he did (with me even allowing it).

Only very few times I was close to real love and I ran away because some other more materialistic requisites were missing (a stable income or an owned house). I had other values and ways of evaluating a situation at that time. Now I can see clearly that all of these situations were lessons and not so much disappointments, as I experienced them when they happened. Lessons to learn and to make me grow, to be able later to leave behind all the useless baggage of misconceptions and illusions I was carrying with me.

Last year, 2020, I was offered again the opportunity of an important love lesson. I am still not sure I have fully learned the lesson, but that experience,

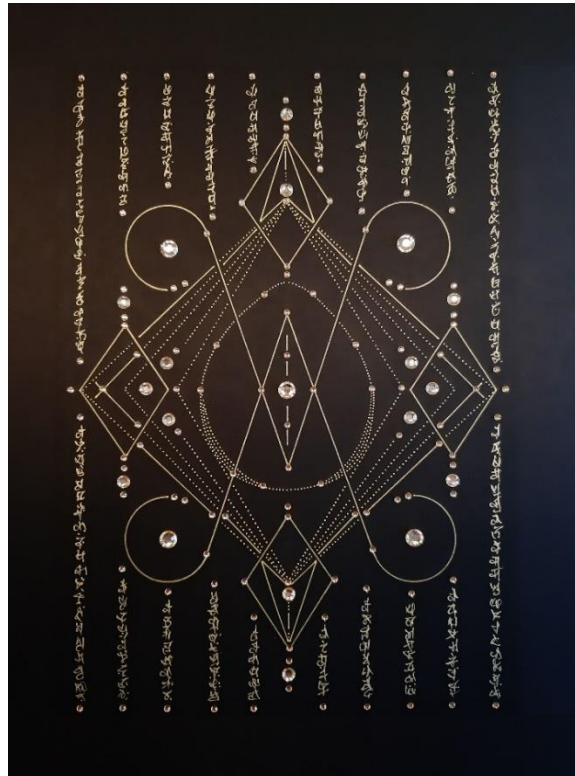
that looked like the story from the Garcia Marques' book - Love in times of cholera (that for my case was more something like Love in times of corona...) - changed the way I relate with myself. Because it showed to me how much I tend to disconnect from myself and my real wishes when I connect with a man, who seems to fulfill all those criteria that my mind and ego created. How much wounded my Inner child is and how big the abandonment wound is. How much I still try to control the uncontrollable hoping that this way I will receive the attention and love I am searching for. How much my trauma conditioned mechanism of relating can be mirrored by the other.

After realizing all this something switched inside my heart. My mind was still in conflict trying to find excuses for a behavior that I should not accept and to invent stories and probable scenarios about an improbable outcome. In the midst of chaos and confusion created by this situation, I activated the deep well of creativity and I have started to bring myself into a space of lack of expectations. It did not happen suddenly, actually it required a lot of inner work, solitary introspection and investigation into patterns and traumas I was still not aware of. What it helped was the intuition I have developed along the last years since I have started to work with people. That compass I have inside myself that tells me when there is more than the eyes can see. Reading energies also helped and I actually started to develop a new skill, to be able to read them even in absence of the person, using other tools I started to master more recently. I

have asked the universe to bring me real love and a stable relationship some while ago – and I saw in this the start of the quest as a corner stone for my own progress as a woman, as a woman able to connect more deeply with another being. I prayed, did loads of rituals and ceremonies, I worked with plant medicine and trauma healing. It was deep work, all with the hope that once healed and more balanced inside myself, I will be able to manifest this love I dream of, this relationship I never had until now.

In return, I kept stuck in my head, desiring someone who was not available emotionally and who was prioritizing other situations (work, family etc.) in his life. The abandonment wound became so obvious this time that I could not avoid to look into it anymore. For a while I was trying to convince him of my good intentions speaking about what I see and read in his own situation, giving advice about healing and wound mending. I probably scared the poor man, and he took even more distance, offering to me a silence

treatment as I never had from someone before. The measures of lock down and social distance did not help either.



Light codes drawing for manifesting Soul Mate relationship

For a while I tried to explain myself that is all about a karmic payment from a Soul with whom I had a connection or more in past lives. It was like he was running from me again because his Soul would remember what I did to him. I blamed him for narcissism and an ego-focused approach. For being a control freak and more comfortable to watch me from distance than to behave like a real man and decide what he wants from me (his energy got into an obsessive thinking pattern that somehow mirrored my own obsession with him and his reluctance to connect with me). I even got to the point to give to Death the addictive attraction and pull I was still feeling for him, despite his emotional distance and non-contact for more than 1 year. I wanted to be free of his energy (that I was feeling so much hooked up on my own energy) and I had to put conscious and constant effort for this to happen.

One day I understood that all this was not even about us (as Soul mates or karmic partners) or him. It was mainly Me, my history and my triggers regarding relationships and ways of relating. So I had to return to my heart and listen more carefully and authentically. To be able to master my heart and create a real relationship with this energy I have to trust my feelings and my desires in any circumstance. Independently of the presence of a man in my life, I have to make choices that come from my heart and speak to my mind from a place of silence (or inner listening) and inner balance. Not from a place of wounding, of mirroring or projecting. It is work in progress as there is so much healing still to happen, but now I know that this is the only way to achieve my dreams in love matters. Love starts in the heart and soul and can bring us home, if we already found one inside ourselves. And love requires courage and ability to let go of what burdens, even if it seems something so important and valuable for us...even if it hurts.

Between the Summer solstice and the Full Moon in June 2021 I received a precious gift from the Fire during a meditation guided by my Portuguese teacher in shamanic studies. I was not expecting this gift and it came as another AHA moment, and blew my entire being. When the Fire started to burn inside my solar plexus and heart areas, I visualize the three-folded Flame and instantly I felt the Twin Flame energy inside of Me. And in front of me the shape a He and She embraced each other while tears of joy and surprise were pouring down my face.

I have been single for 8 years since I have separated from the father of my son. The emotional and psychological trauma, I endured on the occasion of the birth of my son, made me freeze from inside and reject any idea of having another relationship for many years. I actually punished myself for not being able to give to my son what once was a beautiful perfect dream of a family. Last year (2020) in a shamanic retreat in Portugal the Fire gave me the gift of being able to finally burn that dream and the suffering I was carrying inside, and start the alchemical journey of transforming it into something that can serve in the future.

I might be single for a while, as I was and still am very much focused on my own healing and inner processes and on the whole situation of motherhood, that is always time and energy consuming for me. But now I do not need to pretend that real Love is not important for my life. Instead I learn to become Love, to give to myself what others are not available to give for their own

reasons...and so my new reality is a way of living inside the Heart and spreading this higher vibration around me.

This new name is something I was given after birth, one of them. I was called Irina, which is the Romanian version for the Greek Irini, meaning Peace. I am Peace when my Heart finds peace and comfort in simple things and situations, when I feel grateful for every breath I take, for being alive and enjoying simple pleasures.

As I am becoming the One I was waiting for, I find Peace inside my Soul when I can be myself and accept that my energy might be strong for others, but it is just the right one for myself.

Chapter XJJJ

Healing the Womb of Magdalena lineage

I have been meditating a lot lately on Healing and what this means for me and what the meaning is for other people too. I wish to share some considerations with you based on my own experience and interaction with persons (both women and men) looking for healing, for clarity and for fulfillment in their life.

Alberto Villoldo, a spiritual guide that I admire a lot, says that to cure is the job of doctors (physicians), while to heal is the job of shamans (or medicine people).

I do not see healing as a job or work, but rather as a vocation and also as a process that once started will never end. And is very difficult to me to think about healing as a business activity that can give profit to someone practicing healing arts. Because when someone accepts to be a channel for healing energies, that person is at service in two ways: as a channel from Spirit or what I would rather call a wider, bigger and higher energy flow and also as a guide able to make people receiving this energy flow understand the benefits of it and also how this flow can actually be used by themselves in several circumstances. Because when healing energies knock at our Soul door, we have two options: to accept the call and open ourselves to a complex and many times difficult process (that can actually be compared with the opening of a Pandora box), or to run away and continue in the same patterns and life challenges as before.

Healing is not something that you can order from a menu of options like food in a restaurant, but it can present you methods, tools and people who can guide you in the process and path.

Personally, when I search for someone to guide me in the process I am very careful. I first set my own intention to find someone and then my energy starts to attract different kind of people and guides. And as a first selection criterion, I usually try to avoid those who claim: I CAN HEAL YOU!

Because I strongly believe that No one heals nobody, as we all have the potential to heal ourselves. But most of us do not know WHERE to start. In most of the cases we only start to open to healing processes and energies when we arrive to our limits of supportation of situations and challenges, when we touched the bottom line and it looks like there is no point of return. When the healing path looks like the best and only option among the symptoms and challenges of the darkest night of the Soul.

The second criterion would be your own ability to answer to the question: how ready and available are you for a deep process? Because real healing cannot be superficial, cannot be just a small talk around some ghosts and dusty memories from childhood. Real healing requires courage, truthfulness to yourself and most of all...a lot of Love! Love for yourself and for your own life! a such a deep and truthful Love that hurts to be felt...and this pain can actually fuel that alchemical process that healing can be.

So, again, I advise you to not trust those who will present you easy ways of healing...a session now and then, a friendly talk around some events and feelings that marked your life, a miraculous potion or method that works by night. Sometimes healing can happen in few minutes or hours, but actually to get there something needs to be built over years to create the opening for the miracle.

For several years (since 2016) I have hold space for many women of different ages, origins and cultural backgrounds. I am lucky enough to be a polyglot and be also able to hold the space in different languages so the communication can be smoother and clearer.

One major thing I have observed in women, especially in those who are less experienced or of a younger age, is that at the first obstacle that appears, the first deep encounter with themselves, they block and withdraw. Many come to a circle or workshop with the hope that that activity or the healing tools are proposed will solve all their problems and doubts and fears. I believe is much easier to think like that and act consequently. Many wish that a miraculous pill or practice would bring the resolution they await and search for...but the truth is there is not such a thing.

The healing of the Womb is a huge work and needs to be continuous and responsible. The woman needs to be energetically ready to open herself to something that can be bigger and deeper than anything she ever has

experienced. Something that will reveal her true, raw and naked Self in all aspects: physical, emotional, psychological, energetic, spiritual and so on.

And when this magic happens many will prefer to hide from the truth or to invent excuses for not showing up to this meeting with the Self. Because it can be extremely powerful and also painful. It will oblige us to meet and deconstruct and then reconstruct from inside out our shadows, our negative thoughts and triggering mechanisms.

But, if women manage to get beyond of this threshold of fear and resistance, into which we were all programmed to stumble, then something beautiful and sacred is ready to emerge. It is like the Phoenix bird able to emerge from her own ashes...a whole alchemical process able to convert even the most hidden part of ourselves into gold and light.

Healing can include coaching tools and wisdom, but needs to be deeper than just that. Because healing is not a Mega-Objective that you will attain after 100h of marching or driving with a high or moderate speed on a highway. Healing cannot be controlled and rationalized. It is something that your Soul needs, and as being your Soul has first to recompose the puzzle, to gather the fragments that were scattered by difficult and traumatic life events.

And there is no straight direction to follow for getting healed, as each of us is different and had lived different situations and in different conditions. So each of us is unique in his or her own healing pattern and path. And each of us needs to listen to his or her own wishes and wisdom, from the deep core of the wounds and traumas kept in the body, in all the layers a body can have.

Because Healing is about bringing together the scattered pieces and fragments of our Soul. But only when we merge the reality of the body with the one of the Soul, when we start to see our body as a container of something bigger, as a reflection of the Divine flow and love, we light something inside our Soul, like a candle or lantern creating in front of us a path of trust and courage to wish to know more, to receive more of this light, to become the love and happiness we dream to have in our life. This is where we need to start...go inward, feel our body, remember our past and search for questions and clues popping out as sensations, feelings, memories, mirrors and projections, obsessions, addictions, patterns, beliefs etc.

Learn to search into your body and soul, to listen to all the messages you receive from them...and you will start to see the real You, the little child in need of healing, the wounded Masculine and Feminine searching each other in the midst of so many illusions and fears and fights, the Mother and Father and all of those behind them from whom you took Life.

And when you will start to feel inside yourself, without effort and without self-imposition, the Gratitude for everything and everyone who crossed your path, be sure that you are on the right track, that healing is already happening.



Matrioska doll model - womb inside womb

When I work with women I tell them that the most important connection for us is with the Womb and Heart, because between them there is a channel. And this channel can become a portal for something very sacred: the connection with our Inner Self and Power.

In the society we live, very much embedded into patriarchal rules and scheme of thoughts and patterns, we are “trained” to disconnect from the power we have in our Wombs and from the love and compassion that our Hearts can hold. And when we lose this connection we actually forget who we are and what are we here to do.

The Inner Child resides in our heart and many times we ignore her Call, her presence and her gifts. Because she has many gifts of healing for us, but they

only come when we face the darkness, the fears and other demons we have inside. Only when we connect with our Heart and Inner Child we awaken the Inner Lover that is able to bridge and ignite the love and forgiveness we can bring inside ourselves. And the Inner child nurtured by or Inner Lover can awaken and manifest the Goddess in each of us.



Because we carry and manifest the Divine principle in us when we embody the Wholeness of Heart, Womb and Soul in one reality, one energy, one vibration: LOVE!

The healing is then possible and it takes 3 main steps: FACING our wounds and traumas, ACCEPTING everything it happened and as we are, and then FORGIVING AND RELEASING whatever needs to be forgiven and released.

There is no magic potion or miraculous recipe for this healing process. It is unique to each of us and it needs an OPEN HEART, an Inner Child able to listen carefully to our body needs.

Sometimes it takes years to get through a deep healing process, sometimes maybe hours...but it requires full awareness and courage to enter the darkness of the womb: consciously dig and see what is there. And often we fall into the illusion that a course or a recommended healer will do the work and the magic.

And often we overdo, we over practice, we stress we do not do enough for this healing...it is just another mechanism to escape to what we feel it is right

for us and actually works for us. And we start to project, forgetting that the reality and people around us are our Mirrors, our Teachers.

Ask yourself today: how much I have healed and what else I can do for more healing?

And tomorrow decide what the next step should be. Because you can and you know what is true and useful to You. The Spirit and the Universe see you and send you the signs and helpers that are needed.

Your Soul knows too and is already waiting for the best version of you, the healed and complete You, the Full Circle. It might not be the most perfect, most beautiful, most charismatic version you can have in this life, but is the right one for you...welcome the future You and create this version with every breath and step you take.

Today I invite you, my SISTER, to think about how much you see and praise your Inner Girl and how much love you give to Her daily.

How much of you is your Inner Lover and how often you dance and sing with the Goddess within you?

How much you embrace your wholeness and accept your imperfection?

How much you accept to just Be and not Do all the time?

The answers will give you freedom and connection.

They will open the Womb and Heart channel in a magical ritual of Self-recognition and Forgiveness.

Today I ask you, WOMAN, are you ready to surrender to this sacred call that your Womb is making to you, to descent into its Darkness and Wilderness and get back your full Power and Voice?!

So you can heal your womb and the wombs that came before you, a whole lineage waiting for the sacred balm of Magdalena's heart.

Instead of epilog

A legend told by the great shamans of the Andes says that we come into the world with two books, a golden and a silver book. The silver book is already written, but the golden book is empty. We spend a large part of our lives studying, editing, and following the written book; living according to what is written within its pages.

I found this text by Alberto Villoldo and it resonated with me a lot, especially because I feel that this e-book I am offering to you now is a part of this Golden book I write for myself.

Very few people know that when I was in my twenties I was dreaming in becoming a nun, in serving a higher purpose than the one a woman would have in a strong patriarchal society - to create family, raise children and contribute to wider community through her work or profession. I was searching for something to give a meaning to my life and the traditional mindset of my family seemed too tight for my Soul. I even took a 4-y bachelor degree in Theology and Fine arts, studying the Orthodox Church dogmas and religious art history among other topics. Twenty years later I find myself to join those who prophesize the return of Feminine Christ as Mary of Magdala, recognizing myself in her Spirit and Message. It took more than 20 years to realize that it was time to start writing the Golden book and archive the Silver one. It has been a long journey that I took through life and around Europe in a quest for freedom, wisdom and fulfillment of my Soul mission and purpose.

While working with my wounds and traumas in the past 5 years I was discovering parts of me that I did not even know they existed before, I could experience and testify the processes and wounds of many other women I connected in my activities dedicated to feminine world. Sometimes it happened that I triggered processes for some or I just mirrored their own unsolved issues, and the trauma mechanisms behind them.

As my spiritual practices focused in the past 3 years on walking the Priestesshood path of Magdalene lineage, the inner processes became more intense and sometimes challenging. Because Magdalena brings you gifts and wisdom, but also asks you to be raw and authentic first with yourself and then with the others. You cannot hide anymore, you cannot pretend you can continue in the same type of behavior and ways once you met Her.

The Rose path of Mary is actually a difficult path and not for every woman. It is a path where we are called to confront our fears, shadows and negative patterns governing our life. It is a path of self-discovery and courageous diving into the darkness of our wombs, to be able to retrieve the light within. It is path full of spikes, and every time we bump into them we will be reminded how vulnerable we are, how much things we still need to learn and how much we still have to release. And as a Priestess of Magdalene I have to confess that is one of the most challenging offices and tasks I had to handle in my life, except motherhood. Because it is not something I have chosen for myself, it is something I had the call to do without even knowing what I am going to and why. It is a path that goes beyond the visible realm and experience as a woman and human being. It is a path where I have to be bold enough to say the truth even when I know it will hurt many. It is a path where I learn to show my Voice and not fear her power. A path where sometimes I am the spike that wounds when you interact with me as I know that from that wound a beautiful rose can be born. For sure I can also offer you a beautiful and soft rose, but sometimes I chose to be that spike as I feel and know it is something that You might need to meet or hear on your own path. Because when we carry a sacred Flame, its Fire will burn wide and deep every time someone approach it without clear or genuine intentions.

In this Year of global change and transformation, 2021, I bring an Omen to all women around the world.

I wish that you all could tread this path of the Rose of Mary M, but before saying Yes to this path think and feel inside your Womb if you are ready for it. Because will challenge you to the root, to the core of your insecurities and wounds, to make you conquer your true and unique skills, talents and essence that even you were not aware of.

Dare to think about this Rose Path as a complex, deep and mysterious journey to your Center, to the Sum of all the versions of you as a woman, along this lifetime and beyond. But know that before conquering this Sum, this Center, this deeper and higher Self, you will have to cross many battle fields, tears oceans and gateways of challenge, doubts and fear. You will have to! Once you start there is not turning back. Only move forward, courageous and multidimensional. Because will reveal you all the dimensions of the Self, all the aspects that were buried or forgotten.

So you can emerge as Magdalene, as the One who wears her crown of Roses without having to fear their spikes. Because these spike will transform in stars shining bright and illuminating this Path.

Blessed be your Heart, and your Rose path!

P.S: if you wish to celebrate Mary M feast day remember that is on 22nd July.



Madonna, by Edvard Munch

(in my interpretation is Mary Magdalene -

sensual, luxurious, beautiful and powerful naked Soul of a Woman)