

## Journey to connect to the Elemental energies

It's a very warm and but mellow summer evening. You're walking down a quiet lane where the hedges grow tall and prickly, with the straggly sweet smelling wild rose briars and the lush verges of pungent cow parsley. You find the lane becomes a narrow track. By now the hedges reach out their abundant summer growth across the pathway, bouncing clematis and sweet nettle to catch your uncovered arms by surprise. And the soft evening insects flutter in the fading shafts of sunlight, the pollen laden bees dozily carry their sweet burdens home, and a lazy bonfire sends wisps of smokey pine and apple wood spirals into the evening air. A song thrush sings his melodious medley, always three times, celebrating the remains of the day. As you walk on you discover the dusty track winds its way beneath rolling green downs, where those that have run out of evening sun are now pulling on their dark night cloaks. You see the track is closely guarded by wind sculpted blackthorn and knotted old oaks. A solitary blackbird delivers his stucco warning bell as he swoops home from his last outpost, and the winds that had been so busy hustling and bustling the trees in the day have blown themselves out and there's barely enough breeze to disturb a leaf. It has done its work of blowing away any dead dry debris from the forest floor, revealing new shoots, but it has just enough softness of presence, for you to feel its breath on your face. Keep following the ancient track, where tufts of bright green grass sprout intermittently where the sun reaches and feet don't trample. And moss sided trees denote the prevailing wind direction and provide a soft springy blanket covering the old wood piles. Climbing and winding slowly through the foothills, the trees each side become more dense, darkening the once sunlit path in places where even the dappled evening sun can't reach. Tonight the full moon has made an early entrance, and is, like you climbing the low hills to gain her perfect viewpoint from the top.

You too are seeking your perfect viewpoint. You reach the top of one of the soft rolling downs. Now stop for a while and cast your eyes back down the hill to see the soft evening mist rising slowly from the land, as the warmed earth releases its moisture to the cooler night air, continuing without question the never ending cycle of water from earth to air and air to earth. Relax and breathe in the fragrant evening air as deeply as you can, reminding yourself it was delivered by the wind for you. Now go find your heart. Yes you can do this. With gentle thoughts, love and intent. And just picture it there, thumping louder than usual because you've climbed a hill, but knowing it always pumps away, reminding you you are this heart. If it helps you to connect even more to this moment we're creating together in no time, then sit or lie on the sweet damp grasses of the edge of your path, now feel your heartbeat into the earth. Do this long enough and with intent, and you will feel not only your heartbeat but the heartbeat of our Mother Earth. In unison. Allow your body to feel the grounding, support, nurturing and stability the earth brings you. Allow your body to feel the wholeness of your spirit. While you're here look around for a suitable spot to set your fire, in this perfect place of cocreation with Earth mother, it's time to create your own sacred space, and in it your sacred fire. This has been done by ancient shaman all over the world. And just as it was a rite of passage for them, so it is for you. You see an ancient group of standing stones, a dolmen, providing shelter and harmony. There you place a wholesome offering, a fresh apple or homemade biscuit. This is your offering to the ancestral energies of this land. Tell them out loud you come in equal cocreation, non competition non hierarchal order to cocreate with them as a peacemaker and peacekeeper. Look around for some wood. It's been dry so there's plenty of kindling sticks at the foot of the trees, last

years pine cones and dry leaves. Collect enough to start your fire, and bigger logs from branches that have been broken off and lying there waiting for the day you will need them. For all is in service to all others. Thank the wood, the trees as you collect it. Make bundles of the kindling, perhaps singing joyfully or saying some sacred prayer words of thanks for the wood for your fire

Build a small stone circle around your fire space, again with prayers and words of thanks to the stone people, those holders of ancient wisdom, earths record keepers. Within this circle is your sacred space where you set your fire

Now open your sacred space by calling in the seven directions and your good true and beautiful ancestral helping spirits. Light your kindling and see your fire take hold with passion and wholehearted action of intent . The fire knows its purpose and expresses it with meaning. It is not faint of heart. It burns with desire to create, cocreate and fulfil its passions. It quickly devours the old dry wood sending smoke signals to the sky where the wind sculpts this transmuted energy and carries it away for repurposing.

Sit by your fire under the dolmen and remind yourself your prayers are carried here through this portal to other realms, your stale energies are released like the smoke signals, and the fire will transmute and transform what you are ready to let go of. It will be returned to you in inspiration cocreation and dreams if you ask. For nothing is wasted. The energetic circle of life and death is the way the elements work in harmony

Now look up at that night sky. Really look at the stars, made of the same elements you are, and the moon, resplendent and glorious in her expansion of self , shining her light as a reminder to you to shine and share yours. She's been pulling the waters of earth into perfect position , working in harmony with the earth, to create a flow and balance of water. First one way then another. The water never afraid to change direction. Never afraid to flow fully even though it will be pulled back again and again. Running deep , always finding its way, carving out new ways, always finding the best route.

As you sit by the fire you suddenly realise that the moon has disappeared behind some very thick looking clouds. You can smell the sweet smell of impending rain, and feel the density and heaviness of trapped heat from the earth. Heaven and earth are getting ready to exchange potent energy with a thunderstorm . You can feel it. You know it. You're made of these elements that make up this energy. You know to do a ceremony in a thunderstorm at full moon and high tide if it were, would be extremely powerful. So you make the most of this , by calling in the wind in your sacred space to work with you. Feel it pick up speed and purpose to fan the flames of your fire. Call to those ancestors who've done this with you over many lifetimes. Feel your body respond. Alert but not in a flight fight or fear mode. In an acceptance and joy mode that you are part of this hub of interconnectivity and portal you've created by opening sacred space here , on the hill you ve climbed . This is your beacon to tell the earth, the elementals why you came. You know your purpose here. The elemental energies around you are showing you your own potency as your own beacon of light. You are your own homecoming beacon. Suddenly a streak of white light flashes before you and a huge clap of thunder shakes the ground you're sat on. You're unafraid. Feel the exhilaration of the storm. The standing stones stand strong and protective over and around you. They too are witnessing earth energies cocreating with the celestial energies and like Neolithic Wi-fi they will send the frequency of this across the land. Another flash of heavens light and thunder brings you to your knees. The lovemaking of heaven and earth is in full swing. Now is the time to release all that does not serve your journey. You may be on your knees but you feel the earth support you. She'll nature you there until you recognise the fullness of who you are.

As the storm passes over huge drops of rain bring coolness that does not dampen your fire. For your

love and passion for this great work is in balance and does not need quenching. The wind has risen and reflects back to you your own potency and flow. So get off your knees, dance and sing, say prayers, drum. Come out from the protection of the stones now the storm has passed and throw your arms in the air to feel the wind, the rain. Allow your whole body the full experience of this. The cleansing, the separation of densities, the releasing, renewing. Shout to the great spirit you know who you are. Not in aggression but in acknowledgement you've found your authentic self. For this is you. Claim it . Choose it. It is now your choice to go back to this visualisation to add to the many layers and the prayers, the words, the song. For now we ll close the sacred space of the spirit fire we cocreated here. We ll leave the lands as we found them, we ll acknowledge and thank the ancestors. Perhaps sleep awhile under the dolmen, and as the sun rises pick up your belongings, and walk back down the hill. You ll see the city or town before you start to awaken, its flickering lights dimming as the sun rises higher. You know now you are of this earth, yet in this world. It's a balance you must walk daily. For this is why you came. And in future ceremonies send your precognitive workforce, those potent light bodies of yours, back to this sacred site to do the same as you did. To light a fire, dance, sing, say prayers. To be the beacon of light offering yourself in contribution to service to light.

A'ho

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