

A Peruvian Love-Story

10 years of living and working in Peru have taught me lessons and levels of higher consciousness beyond my wildest dreams. In this part of the world, shamanic rituals include working with Medicinal Power Plants - also called the “Plants of the Gods”. A great love of mine is the sacred plant medicine of a cactus called SAN PEDRO (mescaline), one of the seven Master Teachers within the Plant Medicines Kingdom on this planet. Its Spirit and wisdom is astounding and always reveals what is needed and what the person is ready for to receive. To take San Pedro means engaging in an accelerated growth process to transcend the “tangible and known” and to tap into other levels of consciousness not easily accessible in more traditional therapy work. I have been witnessing uncountable magic, rapid change and transformation of lives within only a few days of working with my clients from all around the world.

I am very rooted with “Pachamama” (Mother Earth) in the Andes and have been living in Cusco for altogether 7 years now. In 2002 I moved for 3 years to the North Coast of Peru, continuing my work in my Oceanfront Retreat. During some of my travels, my housekeeper, Virginia, had installed a hammock in our garden, attaching one of the hooks to a stone wall and the other one into a fork between two branches of an almond tree. The tree was bent with branches all stretched out to one side due to the strong sea breeze we were experiencing at times. Upon my return I immediately made a comment to Virginia that the hook needs to be removed, it would hurt the tree, but I did not enforce my intention. I loved this tree, secretly called him “sheltering tree”, as a steady companion and ally, providing for shade for my clients while working outdoors with the sacred medicine. He has been witnessing the whole spectrum of human emotions from sadness to joy, from states of fear to all embracing LOVE. And all the time I noticed the hook in the fork growing deeper and deeper into the bark of the tree without doing something about it.

One day I decided it’s time to have a ceremony just with myself to touch the deeper cores of my being and learn more from my beloved teacher San Pedrito. Hours into the ritual and sitting under my tree, the Spirit of the sacred medicine showed me a clear vision of a future event, even though what I saw was reality to me and happening at that very moment. All of a sudden I noticed the tree bending more and more to one side, then slowly up-rooting himself and at the verge of falling over. In shock, I cried out for my new caretakers (husband and wife) to come outside. They were substituting Virginia, who had returned to her home in Cusco. I asked them to get some ropes and tie the falling tree to the palm tree standing next to it. Their lost looks and questioning expressions in their faces told me that they had no clue what I am talking about and did not move. Quite frantic, I repeated my demands and asked them to just follow my orders. As they did, I calmed down, returning under the now securely fastened tree and asked what was happening to him. The answer came right back, sharp and clear – “I am dying because of your and other people’s irresponsibilities and lack of consideration”! I looked at the deeply ingrown hook between the fork and knew what he meant. This did it to me – I sat there slumped over, totally crushed, could not stop crying for hours, begging the tree for forgiveness and promised to take care of everything the following morning. I never have

felt so guilty about anything and unworthy to continue my Light Work for Humanity and Planet Earth. When I finally fell on my bed, I was processing all night long what had happened, exhausted, guilt-ridden and still crying. The next morning we took care of the tree, removed the hook and cut all the heavy branches back to free the tree and give him the opportunity to right himself again. From this day on I honored the tree with regular prayers and Reiki healings. He recovered slowly, healed his deep wound where the hook has been and seemed to be happy again. However it took many weeks and lots of Love for me to integrate, to be able to let go and find the “Beauty” in all of this and consequently to forgive myself for my ignorance and negligence.

This event changed me forever - life has never been the same. The Spirit of my beloved San Pedrito taught me an invaluable lesson about the undeniable interconnection with all Living Things, on how our actions count and the loving respect we owe to all of nature and its inhabitants at all times. In essence, what goes around comes around – there is no escape, everyone is responsible!

Needless to say that a few days later my new housekeepers quit working for me. They clearly were frightened - my shamanic life and behavior was beyond their comprehension and level of acceptance.

With loving respect and reverence to All Living Things,
Lilo Ccoyllor – owner of the “Casa de la Serenidad”, CUSCO, Peru
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Please ask for info about the SHAMANIC JOURNEY TO HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS
NOVEMBER 18TH – 2ND DECEMBER, 2008.