

Disentangling the Matrix

An adventure, a guide and a Redman

by Barbara Rose

At last, a month after the event, the time has come to set down my experience of the North American SW Tour. It unfolds in two parts expressed through the essence of two spirals. The first, set out in the form of a letter to our tour guide Ronald Holt, is the ‘unravelling’ or, as Jeremy, Navajo medicine man, puts it, the spiral of chaos. It denotes the dismembering of the structured self, under the auspices of the quantum navigator, using surrender as its method. The second spiral runs concurrently but, for ease of relating, will be shared in part two, the Redman. It’s important to know neither is complete in itself each being an integral part of the other; one a breaking down of that which is false the second introducing that which is unfettered and whole.

The Adventure

Inspiration for our unique trip came through Ron’s many years exploring, meditating, and sharing with others his intimate connection, not only with the land and its power spots, but with indigenous peoples who know well the ways of the Great Mother, and her partner in Spirit, Father Sky. Added to this was the deep inner work he, not only facilitated, but dedicated his life to, on a personal level; dissolution of self being the ultimate in reward. It was in the latter capacity that I knew him well. Serving as guide and mentor to me, through workshops and one to ones over several years, I can honestly say he has been instrumental in awakening layers of understanding within me that have changed my life beyond recognition. I first met him in 2008 at a Seed of Life, sacred geometry, workshop where, Lyssa, his wife and co-facilitator, introduced him as ‘a heart on legs;’ it was no word of a lie – he is. As such he inspires implicit trust in those he serves whatever the capacity. The South West tour was a new venture for me, not only in it being a ‘holiday’ type tour, but in my getting to know Ron as guide within the ‘external’ world of form rather than the inner landscape of the Soul with which I was more familiar. I was soon to find out there was no difference!

Our journey, lasting nine days, began in Phoenix, Arizona, and took us through four states including New Mexico, Colorado and Utah to reach its crowning glory in Monument Valley, land of the Navajo; our mode of transport, a well-equipped mini-bus with capacity to seat 12 – we were only six so had more than enough space to spread out; overnight stops, different every night bar one, were spent in well-appointed hotels or motels; and the hikes to each power spot were relatively easy although did involve quite a bit of ‘up’ on occasion. The landscape through which we travelled, even without the added benefits mentioned above, were stunning. As one who lives on a relatively small, over-populated, island the expansive quality and clarity of air, was positively breath-taking – in itself sufficient to bring light to a clouded mind. Add to the mix, indigenous culture, powerful meditations, petroglyphs, night skies devoid of light pollution,

magnificent sunrise and sunsets and you have a recipe for profound inner transformation with life-changing potential.



Cliff Dwelling and Kiva, Bandalier

The backdrop to my experience would be incomplete without mention of my travelling companions. From day one, almost before we had left our hotel in Phoenix, there is but one word that, for me, epitomises our relationship – easy. As one member said, “this feels like a reunion.” It did, and I am pretty sure it was. Not without its challenges, the tour by its very nature, held the potential to bring to the surface personal irritations, niggles over long hours in a bus, late arrivals at accommodations, questionable food (sometimes!) etc. etc. but, to my knowledge, none of this happened. We just got on with it and celebrated the marvellous gift each of us brought to the other in being present on the journey; it was the group that made this possible, and, by the same token, the group that made the trip into the momentous experience that it turned out to be.

Lastly, in using the word, ‘Redman,’ I mean no disrespect to the Native American Indian whom, as the following story will reveal, I honour above all else. It is a name given to one who is not of this world and who is beyond any creed, race or religion. It is a name given to one who, in effect, has no name but whose essence, for the purposes of this article, requires an identity.

The Guide

Dearest Ron

Prior to signing up for the trip I knew the fundamental structure (or lack of it) held much of, what I considered to be, my worst nightmares in a practical sense – different accommodations every night, no sleep, long drives in a bus, sweat lodge, Hogan, Arizona heat etc. etc. to say nothing of the bikes and my lack of physical fitness. In short I did not know where the hell I would be with it all or how I was going to cope! As it turned out none of this mattered. It wasn't even something I had to work at or consciously surrender

to; the issues just weren't there. I came to realise the substance of those nine days was, in essence, normality for the first twenty plus years of my life. These skillsets returned effortlessly without my even thinking about it.



Canyon de Chelly

And so it went on for the first three to four days. I had implicit trust in you as a guide, valued the impeccable foresight you had applied in assuring our every need was met, and when the opportunity came to enter the 'ear' of the 'watcher over the canyon' at Canyon de Chelly I had no hesitation in making the climb. Not only was I confident in skills gained through many years of mountain scrambling I had no doubt you would assist me should there be a need. And there was, and you did!

Then came the fall. Deeply entrenched insecurities, which go hand in hand with life on the move, rose to the surface leaving me shaken and vulnerable at a core level. The physical shock and injury was addressed using homeopathy together with the professional skills of Sonya at the retreat centre. I cannot thank her enough for bringing my battered and bruised body back into alignment that I may continue the journey relatively unscathed. This left the insecurities – not so easily dispensed with.

Echoes of my early life returned. Someone I relied upon had failed to live up to the implicit trust I had placed upon them. Now I was confused, and wary. Enter one who was familiar with the terrain, one who knew the subtleties within every verbal utterance, who could read every expression, assess clearly where preferences and loyalties lay in the one it deemed to be the leader of the pack and who, for aeons, had ensured the one under its care would survive at all costs. The watcher was awake and it stepped up to fulfil its purpose in looking after the one who was exposed and vulnerable - me.

Outer and inner, inseparable in their expression, journeyed as one. As we travelled from one breath-taking power spot to the next the watcher performed its duties but unbeknownst to its innate intelligence, lying beyond its wily gaze, was another, equally adept, Master of the Maze who knew its every move. As sibling rivals courted favour with assumed parent, as green dragon exhaled its soul-destroying fire and as the worthless one tried in vain to be heard, the Master of the Maze held it all. In love, it drew all to its heart allowing none to escape its warm embrace. And so, the dragon was appeased, the watcher relaxed its vigil and all returned to stillness. Until, on the afternoon of the last day, the unreal became unerringly real and the pain of rejection seared like a knife through my opened and vulnerable heart.



Grand Hogan

And so I returned home. As I shared my story, stained by the after effects of the fall, a close friend asked, "Has this affected your relationship with Ron?" "I don't know," I replied, "and I won't do until I

unravel my projections within it.” This has been my journey to date. I travelled deep into the inner workings of my mind, swam in the bloodied waters of a wounded heart, and offered all to the tender mercy of the Soul. Piece by piece I disentangled my projections to reach a point of clarity where my friends question may be answered, at least in part. Completion came with the onset of the reversed, clockwise, spiral; the spiral of integration.

*Two days after my return I felt the spiral reverse its flow. It was physical, tangible and fully present within my etheric/physical body. But it took a further two weeks for the effects to be translated into daily life, particularly concerning the events above. It happened spontaneously as I walked my dog. I realised that every day I walked a circular route in an **anti**-clockwise direction, re-enforcing chaos, and had been doing so for years. Now I consciously reversed the flow. Walking step by mindful step, in a clockwise direction, I received my answer.*

*With every move my heart opened to **your** vulnerability. I felt the love you expressed in putting this whole trip together, your vulnerability in sharing that which you love so much with others, your child-like enthusiasm in encouraging us to grow and evolve, as you have, through intimate connection with the land. I felt your deep and intimate love of Spirit, your innate wisdom and dedication in following its direction regardless of cost to yourself. Above all, I felt your boundless determination in stripping back the layers of falsehood that Truth may stand naked in the face of all adversity. And now, there you stand, a shining light, a pristine mirror, where naught but Pure Spirit is presented to those who have eyes to see and a heart to feel. And there you stand naked, vulnerable.... human. I see you.*

You are Anam Cara, Soul Friend. Not my friend or even my Soul friend, you are not anything that would denote yourself or another ‘special.’ You are, quite simply, Soul friend, a friend to the Soul; nothing more, nothing less. As such it has been an honour to walk these lands under your guidance, to share your passion, your knowing, to walk alongside you as Anam Cara. Yes, now I know, I too am Soul Friend. It is this I love, this I surrender my whole life to, this I follow until I am no more.

So now I can finally express my gratitude. At last, I can speak from a heart that’s true, one that has honoured its wounded-ness, one that has had the courage to wait, to enter the great silence that the love of the Soul may be expressed through it. Now, I can finally say to you, Ron, thank you. Thank you so much.

*With love
Barbara*

The Redman

He entered in the wake of the fall. As my battered body tried in vain to rest, as mind spiralled untamed within the wheel of regret, and heart wrestled with the demons of blame, under cover of darkness, he was there. Chiselled features, strong countenance coloured with unquestionable authority, he placed his unequivocal mastery upon the moment. Yet his, all too palpable, presence belied the gentleness of intent shining through his softened gaze. He was warrior, a

figurehead within his tribe, one to be respected and revered, even to be feared. Yet this persona was not quite as it seemed. I could feel it.

His heart had tasted the pain of loss, knew separation from those he considered to be his own, and how it was to be banished from the land he loved. He had ridden the spiral of despair until naught of himself remained and now he stood before me naked, vulnerable, alone; demanding nothing, baring all. Warrior was he but his greatest strength lay in his approach on bended knee. Even now, more than three weeks after the event, I see his face, feel his presence, his mystery running through my veins and the love that flows, so effortlessly, from his heart to mine. And so it was on the occasion of our first meeting. It was some three or four days before I was to feel his presence again.



Spiderwoman Rock

In the meantime mind travelled backwards through time. I recalled the day before when I sat alone on the overlook to Canyon de Chelly, how the vortex of its womb-like space kept drawing me in, and in likewise fashion, in the pouring rain, at Spiderwoman rock. In each instance I had a sense of falling but without fear, more a longing to give of myself completely to the presence that was calling me. I remembered the crow and how insistent it was in setting the direction for us to meditate so close to the edge of a precipice. Perhaps all were harbingers of events yet to unfold? Our return journey from the base of the canyon I recalled with ease. Walking uphill not being my forte, I had set off before the others so as not to play catch up. I walked slowly, deliberately, each step a surrender to the presence of the moment, every placement of foot an honouring of the land upon which I walked. I had a sense of pilgrimage, of re-remembering, and a knowing it was one other than I who walked the land....through me.

And so we continued our tour. From kiva to cliff dwelling, ancient civilisation to Wi-Fi enabled hotel, our trusty steed (otherwise known as a bus!) and guide (Ron!) led us into ever more expansive experiences within magnificent panoramas. Through four states – Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah then back to Arizona – I absorbed the sacred heart of the land through which we travelled, listened inwardly to the song of its people and heard the heart-wrenching cry of the earth as she exposed those who had murdered, raped and pillaged her revered protectors in the name of civilisation. My heart bled. My eyes struggled to cry.

And then he was there. Whilst entrenched in the despair of that timeless moment, as we crossed the border from Colorado into Utah, the Redman made an appearance again. Only this time it was far more than his face that called me to his side. His presence enveloped me, descended around, through and within me, until 'I' was but a viewer through the mirror of his mind. I witnessed him drinking in the land through **my** eyes; my body, tired from long hours spent on the road, felt renewed by his strength; and my heart....my heart was overwhelmed by

gratitude.....**his** gratitude. At last the tears flowed. Soft, gentle tears birthed through recognition of service. Tears that made no sound, carried no emotion, which left no scars upon the heart of the one who wept; tears released only when the one who weeps is not the one who has reason to cry. All was falling into place, beginning to make sense.



Long before the outset of this journey, when it was but a possibility in my mind, I had a feeling it was never about me. An exciting and once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, that should have left me fired with enthusiasm for weeks, failed to ignite familiar feelings of anticipation and expectation. Now I knew why. It was the Redman that called this body to his lands, though until now I knew it not, the Redman who miraculously, from out of nowhere, manifested funds for the trip, and it was the Redman who, as lightly as he could, generated the impetus for the fall that our spirits may merge. With humble heart, on bended knee, my tears merged with his..... my heart took on a new rhythm, beat to a hitherto unknown drum.....and my 'self,' the one who had set out on this journey, gave in.....Before I knew it our trusty steed had entered Monument Valley, home of the Navajo and, for me, highlight of our trip.

There are many tales and insights I could share concerning the unforgettable two days we spent with Navajo Medicine man, Jeremy Crank and his family. I could speak of animated creation stories, sleeping in a Hogan under the stars, of weavers and grandmothers, dancers and sacred rites, of sunrises and sunsets, buttes and mesas, and so, so much more. A lengthy script could be written on each one, but for now I confine the telling of my experience to those events having direct bearing on the unfolding of the spiral within this story; the sweat, a tale of children and a water blessing.

It is only at the time of writing that I recognise the pivotal role the sweat lodge played in reversing the flow of the spiral. Far more than sitting in the dark, getting hot and sweating buckets the experience is steeped in ancient ritual. Jeremy and his family prepared the ground,



Sweat Lodge

built the sweat and offered sacred chants for two weeks prior to our arrival; a momentous addition, and unprecedented honour, to these preparations being the unexpected appearance of Grandfather, who bestowed his blessings. The sweat, as I understand it, is an honouring of all that is sacred in our relationship to each other, to the land upon which we are blessed to call home, and to the celestial lights that grace the heavens above. Instructions, simple but clear, were delivered by Jeremy towards that end, before the start. Always enter and leave in a **clockwise** direction, set the intention to purge, through bodily sweat, all that is 'unclean,' take the dirt upon which you rest to 'wash' the body, drink freshly prepared sage tea before you enter.

And so we began. As my body transformed through fire, earth, air and water, I surrendered to the presence of Great Spirit. Songs of creation, chanted by medicine man Jeremy, stirred my soul. The Redman came alive. His voice echoed words, long since forgotten, using cords within a body that moved in synchronous rhythm to the beat of the sacred song. The air was pregnant with joy at his return to that which he loved, whilst the human, that was me, smiled quietly inside. There are no words that can convey the depth of knowing that was awakened through that simple ceremony. So deep, it has taken nigh on a month, in virtual silence, to express these few. No doubt many more moons will pass before the magnitude of its effects is fully felt in this, my daily life.

The water blessing, on the shores of Saint Juan, was the sealing of our time with the Navajo. It was simply that, a blessing, but it held particular significance to the Redman and my continuing relationship with him. As the sacred songs graced my ears, as my spirit soared and heart rejoiced once again, I 'saw' a vortex of liquid light, spiralling **anti-clockwise**, arising from the surface of the river. It opened, as would a flower in response to the sun, to become, what I can only describe as, a 'deity.' Features unclear, it nevertheless had vast, outspread, expansive wings, coloured white, and 'arms' that were proffered towards us in a gesture of offering; the energy it imparted was one of gratitude. Then it was gone, in its place a small Puebloan boy playing by the edge of the water. He had miraculously appeared from what seemed to be an umbilicus reaching deep into the core of the earth, as if the Blessed Mother herself had released his form to physical life.



Water Blessing

The significance of this vision is still finding its way into waking awareness but one of Jeremy's stories offers a possible explanation. When a child is born to the Navajo the medicine man takes the umbilical cord far into the land where it is buried according to ancient rites. This sacred act ensures its children, no matter how far away they may travel, will always return to the land of their birth. It seems to me the Redman, through the body of a white woman, had at last returned home. All was now as it should be, a wrong had been set right and balance was restored.

As the two spirals entrain, mystery within the matrix of creation stands revealed. I see that unconscious projections, seeds of rejection that clouded my perception of our guide, had their origin, not within a damaged childhood, as I had always believed, but in the fate of the Redman cast so many, many lifetimes ago. Now I ask myself, how can I possibly continue to live and relive a story when it is so obviously a mere blink of an eye against a broader expanse of time? And having experienced, so intimately, the combined energies of each spiral how can I fail to see the leading players, guide and Redman, are but two different expressions of the same archetypal masterpiece; the inner father?

As all comes full circle, at least in this respect, the fall reveals its most treasured gift. Subtle behavioural patterns, learnt through a dysfunctional relationship with my father **in this life**, are contrasted by a new, wholesome, and life-affirming way of relating, through the Redman. He has shown me, through his presence alone, how masculine authority may be expressed through feminine qualities – gentleness, acceptance, wisdom and loving-kindness. What began as an act of selfless service has returned to me a thousand fold; the server has become the served, the great spiral has showered its blessings upon the one who surrendered all to its passage, and the white woman has the song of a Redman running through her veins. It brings with it an ease of being, an acceptance of self, and nutrient rich soil wherein a young Puebloan boy may play in the dirt, sing songs of gratitude to his ancestors, and learn how it is to walk the way of beauty..... the Way of the Navajo.



Grand Canyon

Barbara Rose

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