

SHADOW SYNTHESIS: Student Writings

Reflections by
Shadow Synthesis students
during their process

These writings have been shared with permission of their authors.

Contact: sienna@shadowssynthesis.com | shadowssynthesis.com

Table of contents

Introduction.....	3
I Was Dead And Frozen And The Flame Of True Love Woke Me Up.....	4
This Inner Baby Stuff Is Really Moving In Me.....	6
Unworthy Of Unconditional Love.....	8
Spiritual Ascension Is 99% Emotional Healing.....	9
I Create With My Imagination.....	10
I Rewrite The Beliefs.....	11
I Will Never Let You Down.....	12
Reflections Of The First Graduate.....	13
Reflections Of The Second Graduate.....	31

Introduction

This document contains reflections from people going through the Shadow Synthesis course; they are shared here to give you greater insight into the work you will engage in for yourself.

These writings are very intimate sharings from people who have dedicated themselves to the sacred journey of soul reclamation into their personal and collective shadowlands.

May their brave renderings inspire and encourage you as you explore and consider doing the inner work. Heartfelt appreciation to you for being here. Doing our inner work now is an act of activism for the transformation of your world and for all of us.

Blessings,

Sienna Lea.

I Was Dead And Frozen And The Flame Of True Love Woke Me Up

By Ana Berenice

I was dead and frozen and the flame of true love woke me up. I rekindle the connection with me, and ignited a powerful fire that will keep me alive forever. It took potent bravery to dive deeper and deeper within my shadow, so I could claim my power & mySELF back into union. The fragmented broken pieces of myself that were forgotten or frozen from the horrors lived... I was able to lovingly honor them back into union; they truly deserve to be home. The parts abandoned left hurting and forgotten deserve justice, reverence and care, lots of "I care about you, you matter". I continue to embody my ultimate worthiness I deserve all the love.

It required complete devotion from me to me, Can I accept myself? How much? Now I know what feeling ALIVE really is ;) it's a secret you think you know, but you don't know 'til you know. I discovered the vast layers within myself is sweet ride the expansion. I can FEEL a fresh joy now, but it took a dedicated warrior in me to rescue my heart. Owning our shadow is tough as hell, owning our collective shadow because we are in this together absolutely all of us; and no one is escaping the gravity of the universe.

After I survived hell, I had to confront the absolute worst fears terrors and monsters that hide in the shadows. I healed the poison in my heart with absolute pure true love. I see and feel what really matters to my soul in life, once you change there is no going back. Evolution takes the self through an ever constant metamorphosis. I found different versions of myself and every time that it was eye opening, I really relish in that surprise, it transformed and expanded my greater Being. The eye awakening process, that moment of 'the truth shall set you free' is indescribable because is experiential and different for each soul.

I was lost but now I'm found. I regained a sentient self, a powerful sight that comes with understanding. By seeing and working with my blind spots, claiming forgotten/lost spaces within me I was able to wake up and snap out of it; I have a more powerful clarity that is connected to real life, and I can use my discernment by reconnecting to organic life. I'm a sentient being; I become more aware each day. By allowing my being to express alive I can engage fully with life force and the organic universe.

Merging love with knowledge, activating my masculine with my feminine to earn that full power; because dealing with my shattered heart, its sorrow, and terrorizing fear required a higher wisdom and new evolved muscle/strength. Yes our shadow is the scariest shit ever for everybody, but with our own masculine and feminine collaboration is how we can overcome adversity and grow our soul into new fond strength. The Divine Feminine grants us unconditional true love in our hearts; we heal our most profound wounds by being held in the sacred space where the essence of grace resides. And with the Divine Masculine we fully integrate our experiences by exercising our power of comprehending our own truth, the intel, the new the new realization. And this experience is very humbling.

This Inner Baby Stuff Is Really Moving In Me

By Stephanie

Whoa Nelly! This inner baby stuff is really moving in me. As you may have seen my previous post, my inner baby was shadow projecting whereas nearly every person I encountered earlier in the week, I could see and feel what I thought was only “their” inner baby. Only to receive clarification from Sienna Lea, that the projection is how my baby was trying to get my attention. So, I’ve been feeling through all the different emotions I was picking up to understand which belong to me...my inner baby.

Here’s what I’ve come up with: sadness, devastation, fear, neglect, abandonment, frustration, confusion. There was a touching Facebook story about a little boy born with no arms or legs and how his mother rejected him initially and couldn’t accept him the way he was. It really spoke to me deeply...so I knew I was seeing pieces of my inner child in him. What I have come to understand is that while I was born with all my limbs, my parents rejected me because of my soul freedom. On some level they were terrified of the sovereignty I came in to this incarnation with...and they did everything to shut it down from the start. From my mother relinquishing her birth experience to the medical community...to weaning me too early from breast-feeding...to my father handing me over to a Catholic priest against my will (yes, I knew as a young baby the God Matrix bullshit I was being exposed to) to be baptized.

So, my parents, whether consciously or not, did not recognize my soul and its freedom; it’s purity. I scared the shit out of them, and they did their best to shut me down...and for some part, it worked.

When I did the inner baby mediation last night, newborn Stephanie showed up. She knew I now recognized her and cared so much as to never leave her alone again. She was so relieved that I finally saw her in her realness, her truth. She came to me in the

rolling hills of Kauai. My light body protection was enormous...a giant egg of ribbon-like energy in patterns...something akin to sacred geometry. Nothing could penetrate it. I carried baby Stephanie nestled close to me to the beach, and there I sat on the sand and nursed her. I could physically feel this and it was so healing, so loving. She nursed for a long time, and then I held her skin to skin and she slept on my chest also for a long time. She didn't want to part ways, so I told her she could come with me, and anytime she wanted to nurse, she could. I let her know I would continue to hold her close (baby-wearing) in a sling right next to my heart. My daughter Vienne has done a wonderful job of sharing energetic space with baby Stephanie. Such a precious experience...though still a lot to work through.

The reality that my parents walked me, guided me, right into the matrix...God matrix, and all the control systems of this reality. They didn't see me, they didn't recognize me for who I really was. They still don't. They are still trapped. They may stay trapped. I know at some point, for me to be free and sovereign, I have to let my parents go, but both big and little Stephanie are still working on the courage and strength and confidence and love to do this...the infinitely loving way.

Unworthy Of Unconditional Love

By Kajal

I have been working with 'I am unworthy / I have value / I am worthy of unconditional love' and 'I am unloveable / I am lovable'.

It is bringing up some things, emotions and thoughts, sadness, pain, anger, presence and joy and laughter. Unworthiness is my core wound, as is humanities. It is a lie that I have believed for a very long time. Maybe for some lifetimes. Unworthy of unconditional love. I can slowly feel this energy shifting within me, within my cellular memory. It's going to take a lot more time cause this feels like a deeper tear. but the wound is where the light gets in. So I'm not worried. hehe.

I can feel the veins and nerves and cells and bones and muscles of my body aching and becoming ready for unconditional love to flow through. Today in the session with dusty, when I was saying I am unworthy I felt like I was owning this belief fully because the vampires feed off all that is unowned. I own this. Fully. I am in the process of owning it fully. So it can neutralize and no one can feed off it.

Dusty was saying 'my lies keep me hidden' which was an interesting dance cause these are the beLIEfs that are keeping us hidden. Remembering and owning my/our inherent eternal 'worth'.

This full moon is interesting and since it's in Virgo and since I'm a Virgo, it's taken me on an interesting roller coaster of emotions and thoughts and beingness. Being grounded and witnessing it all.

Hope ya'll are doing good. Much love beautiful women.

Spiritual Ascension Is 99% Emotional Healing

By Kajal

Wanted to share that even though I am quite deep in my shadows these days, I am also getting in touch with my emotional body on a deeper level. There are definitely more layers and energies that I need to heal and cleanse. I do have my moments of distress but I am getting better at discerning what I'm feeling on an unconscious level. I am beginning to remember my souls love and for that, I feel such joy and gratitude. I feel a lot lighter than I have felt I a long long time and let us just say I am coming back to love. Though I need to do a lot more work to heal my emotional constipation. Starting with quitting smoking as it gets me totally in my brain and away from my pelvis. Overall, after all is said and done and not said and not done, I feel grateful today. For starting to know and remember love. And I feel determined, a sense of commitment to heal my emotional body.

As Lisa Renee says spiritual ascension is 99% emotional healing and I feel I am ready for it. With emotional intelligence and our beautiful hearts and minds, AI doesn't stand a chance at its harvesting agendas. Haha such is the beauty and intelligence of Organic Existence.

Here's to a truthful heart centred second quarter of healing in this beautiful space of shadow synthesis. Its definitely been one hell of a ride till now. And here's to more of letting it rip. Grateful beyond words.

I Create With My Imagination

By Dusty

My own Creation!
I create with my imagination!
There is no need to copy anyone else!
I have all that I need to create inside!
When I use my own words and my own voice I am not feeding off of anyone else!
My Creation comes from my imagination!
I create with the beauty within me!
I create with the ugliness within me!
I love them all equally!
I love my aspect family!
Each are a part of me!
Whatever comes up is what I write!
I show myself my own light!
I allow myself to feel no matter how long it takes to break through!
I love my Inner Child!
I love the Captor inside of me that wants to be loved and set free!
I show each aspect that arises love no matter how long that it takes to open up!
This is my Creation and I would not trade it for anything else!

I Rewrite The Beliefs

By Dusty

Today I worked with Kajal and Carolyn.

In my session with Kajal, I finished My lies keep me hidden and started I hate my body.

There were a lot of different feelings that I moved through as Kajal moved through 3 feeling states. I felt my negative beliefs and feelings being mirrored back at me with the lies that keep me hidden. I also felt the good things that I keep sabotaging by believing these lies about myself and my body.

I met with Carolyn and did I hate my body. She did I am unworthy. I saw myself as a kid in different scenarios where I hated my body because of the color of my leg hair. I saw how I hated my body because of my bone structure and how I would get made fun of because of my scoliosis. I saw my dad's mom saying that she is unworthy and mirroring her low self-esteem on me like the rest of that family.

I rewrite the beliefs:

I am scared to shine in my truth/ I shine in my truth: A scenario came up where my grandmother on my mom's side was telling me that the music I was playing at my daughter's funeral will embarrass her and my grandpa's reputation. I told her that I get to pick the music because it is my daughter.

I replaced 'I hate my body' with 'I am Feminine Beauty'. I replaced 'I am not worthy' with 'I am worthy'. I replaced 'I am ugly' with 'I am beautiful'.

I have been processing a lot of anger and rage organically this week by letting it arise and having love for myself exactly where I am.

I Will Never Let You Down

By Dusty

I get really angry when I cannot sleep!
I get really angry when I do not get respected!
I do not like being this way!
I know that this is not the real me!
I want to love all of me, not just the “good”!
The “bad” is beautiful also!
What am I supposed to do?
Am I supposed to put you away in my little Shadow Box?
Am I supposed to let you grow and fester?
Will you turn into a bigger “Monster” then?
You are not a monster by any means!
You are a beautiful cocoon with a shimmering Butterfly inside!
What you need is for your story to be heard!
Let me hold you!
Let me learn from you!
You are just as important as all of the other jewels in my crown!
I will never let you down!
I will not listen to Society and keep the “Beast” locked in her cage!
I will not make beauty hide her own unique expression!
I will hold you!
I will nurture you!
Most importantly, I will love you!
I will accept you right where you are!

Reflections Of The First Graduate

The Shadowland Process...

The experience of our first Shadowland Workshop graduate. She writes in three distinct sections reflecting her journey.

Phase 1:

How The Shadow Was Created

Samantha The Snake Woman

I was born in 17?? in Northern France. I lived in a castle, with a lot of other people and my parents and servants. My mother was a midwife and wise woman, knowing about wild herbs, the power of natural forces, the moon, the stars, and the power of the human body. My father was a carpenter, a good hearted, gentle and simple man. Both of my parents had a lot of other lovers, but they always stayed faithful to each other. My mother also knew about babies, how to encourage and how to end pregnancies. Before she was forced to leave, she passed her knowledge on to me, her only daughter.

I was the wise woman of the forest. I could communicate with the animals, the elementary forces, make rain come and drought go, I could call the sun and the moon and the thunder and the lightening. I was the guardian of the forest and of the natural forces. I could ask mother nature to bring children to those who loved, and ask the unborn to leave the wombs of those who could not or didn't want to take care of them. I could heal with my hands and with my love and gladly did so. I had many lovers, and taught people about the magic and the healing power of sexuality, and the human body. My symbol was a snake, as the snake was my main advisor in all the matters of spirituality and healing. I could walk on the line between life and death, and be the messenger between these two worlds. I knew about the power of

love, and taught many other people about it and how to love. Some people thought I was not human. But I was very human, with all the human feelings, I just differed in my way to handle them and knew the real power of human beings. I could see in other people's souls all their fears and joys and longings, and used this gift to help them. I loved my fellow human beings, and I loved life. As I also had the gift to foresee the future, I knew that this was not going to last forever, and that filled my heart with pain.

People sought my help and asked me for advice, but many of them also feared my power. Many times they caught me and many times I escaped. I lived with my two daughters and my companion in a little hut in the forest, in a little village. But then the moment came, when I couldn't escape anymore. By treachery I got put into prison again. And they also held my daughter, so I couldn't escape again and leave her there on her own. They blinded my eyes, took them out of their holes, and played with them. They broke my fingers and my chest and other bones of my body. They didn't dare to rape me, but they did rape my daughter. They left me in the hole with my broken wrists tied to the wall, sitting there, or rather being held by the iron handcuffs, because I wasn't able to sit anymore. With broken bones and without eyes. My companion was wandering around outside of my cell, but he couldn't help me.

Then, the priest came and asked me, if I wanted to sign a contract with the dark side. They would take away my pain and let my daughter free. I refused. He asked me several times more, during the night, and I refused. Then I got put on the stake, and the priest set it on fire. The crowd was watching. My friends and my companion were also watching, trying to support me and say good bye. My older daughter was free again, together with her father. I felt it getting hotter and hotter, felt the devouring heat and deadly hunger of the flames. The fire, who's guardian I had been before, had turned against me. I could feel the hot blood streaming down my face and my body, heard the dark sounds of the breaking bones. And I could smell the

horribly sweet smell of burning human flesh. My own flesh. At that point, I was fully conscious, but I couldn't feel anymore. Then, in between life and death, the priest came to me again, not in his human body, but in his real, satanic Gestalt. He was holding my baby daughter in one hand, and a contract in the other.

“Now you can choose” he said. “Either you sign the contract, or we will do everything we did to you also to her. And she will sign. We will get her anyways. What do you choose, Samantha? Either, you will be released from this pain and your daughter will be free, or you will feel this pain over and over again. Both of you. What do you choose?”

I took the paper and signed. Under his diabolic laughter my soul left my body. I did a journey to the stars, and when I came back, my body was lying there, intact, with eyes, without any broken bones or blood, with clean clothes, waiting for me. I slipped in, went down from the stake and opened my eyes. As I opened my eyes, I realized that I had died. I didn't feel any pain anymore. I didn't feel anything anymore, besides the anger and the dark, powerful glooming in my eyes, and the wish to destroy. The laughing priest came to me with a piece of papyrus, on which my name was written.

“I just came to show you your contract, and to make you fully mine.” He said. He showed me the contract:

“I, Samantha, will give my power and strength, intelligence and wisdom to serve the dark power in any way we want you too, stood there. I will take any order you give me. I especially will destroy love, truth, femininity, any form of female power and consciousness and other women. I will fully use my sexual power to separate women and men from life, to create war, hostility, mistrust, fear, selfishness, the want for more, non-satisfaction and violence. I will fully use all my power to separate women

and men from each other and from their higher selves. I will work for them to lose the orientation, and recruit them into the dark forces. I will fight softness, and despise it as weak and bad.

I will serve and honour the bad and despise the light. Against that, I will get redemption from my pain. I will not have to suffer anymore. Not in this life, nor in another one. I will get the power over life and death, the power to destroy, and the power to make people do what I want, the power to make them love me for destroying them. I will be a goddess of death and destruction, have many servants and be adored for that. I will experience pleasure serving the dark side. I will experience pleasure with everything the dark side asks me to do. I will never have any unpleasant feelings again."

– Samantha Devil'

The priest laughed, while he was reading the contract. "And now, we will conclude the contract. I will make you one of mine. Come here!" he said.

I stepped towards him, like a puppet, without any will or desire. "Undress!" he said.

I took off my clothes, like a robot. He took his clothes also off and started penetrating me, taking the last leftovers of my soul. I thought that I should hate that, but somehow I really liked it, I liked to feel him and his power. I liked to give myself up to him, losing myself and therefore gaining a share of his power. As mentioned in the contract, I felt pleasure. Then, another one of his followers slept with me in the same brutal way, and I felt my power rise and rise, into unknown heights. I got drunk from the feeling of power. Then the priest gave me my baby daughter. "Kill her!" he said. Without hesitating I put a spear through her. For a part of a second, I felt my motherly heart cry, as I heard her scream, and then I looked at her dumb eyes and the red shining glittering blood running over her, and I felt a

sensation of cold, immense power. I was the mistress of the universe! I swung myself up into the starlit sky, had a walk over it and looked down on the earth. The priest walked next to me.

“Now you are one of us.” He said. “I am proud of you. Now you are free to do whatever you want. You are the mistress of the sky, the lightening and the fire. Take your power!”

An immense feeling of pride, that he trusted me so much to give me this important task and power filled my chest. "I will never deceive you, my master." I said, taking a handful of lightnings and sent them to the earth. First without clear goal, then I looked for people to hit, set houses and animals and people on fire. I spit fireballs to the woods, in which the other wise women were hiding, my earlier friends, and to the central grain storage points of the city. I let the sky explode, and turn the city to ashes. I let the seas overflow and destroy the borderlands, I let an immense hurricane blow away entire cities. The priest looked at my rage with amusement. After a while he came to me. “This is good, my little warrior princess.” He said. “It’s a good start. But now it is time to get more focused. Come with me!”

Like a dog, I followed my master, as we walked down from the sky and into the earth. Deep underneath, there was a green meadow and trees and a church, painted in black. We went in. The priest, his follower Mephisto and me. “Mephisto, show her how to treat people!” he said. Mephisto got up on stage. The room was full of people, all dressed in black.

“Good morning my people!” Mephisto said. And the audience shivered. “As the sun rises, we want to bless this new day of our Lord of the Power by a special offering. Who of you would like to give his daughter the chance to give herself as a present to the Lord?”

Almost everyone raised his or her hand. Mephisto looked around. “You are the lucky one!” he said to a small, thin, old and sad looking woman. “But I don’t want to be a sacrifice!” her daughter screamed. “Come on, don’t be a wimp, this is a great chance.” Said her mother, as she undressed the girl. Mephisto took her to a big wheel at the entrance, and let her mother fix her onto it, the legs spread. “And now we need three male volunteers to do the first part of the ritual. Who wants to?” Almost all the men present raised their arms. Mephisto chose three of them. Everyone watched, as they raped the crying girl. “And now let Samantha do the finishing.” The priest said and gave me a knife. “Cut her! You’ll know how. And put her blood in this cup.” I cut the breast off the girl, then put the knife into her vagina and began to cut. As the blood jumped out, I filled the cup and gave it to the priest.

“Blessed be our Lord of the Darkness!” he said, while holding the cup up. Then he drank a zip of it, gave Mephisto, me, the mother of the girl and the three men a sip, and threw the rest over the present people. “Blessed be this day, which brought us Samantha, the new Queen of the darkness!” he said. I could see the jealousy, fear and wanting for power in Mephistos eyes, as everyone repeated the sentence.

“See, Samantha, you cannot be so brutal. You have to be more subtle. And, the most important, you always have to give the people the feeling that they are doing what they want to do. Never forget that, my darling. And you as a woman have a powerful tool to enslave man. We need your beauty.” He said and grabbed between my legs. “Mephisto, show her how to get new members. Go! Now!” he said. Mephisto harshly grabbed my arm and led me outside. As soon as we were alone, he said: “Don’t you ever forget, I am the second important person in this church, not you! You are my servant! Even if the priest calls you a queen, you are just my servant!” He pulled my skirt up, opened his pants and started penetrating me. I did nothing, like a robot, and noticed first with surprise, then with satisfaction, that I enjoyed that, and that my bare presence was a threat to him, made him angry and got him hot. I started to try to guess his sexual preferences and try to fulfil them, in order to gradually but

steadily shift the power balance between us. 'You will be my servant.' I thought. 'Nevermind what you say now! I will make you beg for sleeping with me!' My whole body was flooded with a sensation of immense power, and this felt so good, that I had an orgasm. This man would lie in front of my feet and beg, so sure as I was standing here. Laughing, the priest appeared behind us. "I think she already understood, how this works! You can stay here, Mephisto" he said, still laughing, whereas Mephisto tried in vain to hide his anger. "You bitch!" he said, as the priest had left, and slapped me in the face. But I just pulled him towards me and rubbed myself at his rising penis. "You are mine, and you know it! Because I am the woman." I said and left. I thought. But he grabbed me again and started penetrating again in the anus. I enjoyed the power I had over him, and started laughing as he went on harder and harder, angrier and angrier. But I couldn't feel pain, so I just laughed and enjoyed his anger. This was the beginning of a very long fight for power.

As the time went on, I discovered that Mephisto had also a softer side, which he knew well to hide. That he actually liked the woman to be the more active one in sexuality. That knowledge made him completely my slave. Sometimes he would notice, get angry and rape me as a sort of revenge, but since I couldn't feel pain this didn't bother me. He was mine. And then I had sex with the priest, to give me more importance. The priest knew the game very well, he never succumbed to my power, but the fact of being his lover gave me power over Mephisto and in the church. He was brutal as a sexual partner, often also hitting or beating me, and used sex to dominate me, but he also gave me little pieces of his power through that. And as stated in the contract, I enjoyed being his slave, I enjoyed getting a bit of his power. I enjoyed that he also needed me (I thought), even though he showed that through violence and rape. Or well, he couldn't really rape me, because I was his. He owned me, and I would never have dared to refuse intercourse with him. He was my master, and as he was sharing his power with me, it was my duty to be sexually there for him. I never questioned that.

And I gave the violence on to others. To Mephisto, tons of other men I made fall in love with me, and then played with them as with puppets. I made them give up their lovers, give me their wives, daughters, nieces, lovers, houses, wealth, made them sell their fathers and mothers to my army, just for a little bit of passion. And when I had gotten everything, or just when I got bored by them, I gave them up and let them to themselves. Some of them stayed in my army, others committed suicide or went crazy. Some of them I gave high posts in my army, so they would continue to serve us. I also made the mothers and fathers give me their children, against a bit of power, wealth, or, more often, against an enhanced sexual power. And the people thanked me and thought that they were happy.

I performed many dark masses, and many male cult members wanted to sleep with me. I did sleep with many of them, and always I let them pay my services with an evil deed of a hugeness they could not have imagined to do before, so they would give more and more parts of their souls to me. I was the mistress of a puppet theatre, and the puppets were their souls. I also made women and girls succumb to my charms, but less often, since with men it was more fun. They were just so much asking to be used sexually. The women I'd rather let to be destroyed by my lovers, so then I could get the soul of both of them, which I preferred. Or I used physical violence against women. I preferred to do that against women than against men. Because some women are so much more weak and innocent than men. And weakness makes me angry. There is no place for weakness on this planet. And, as the priest said, it was one of my special tasks to destroy the female weakness.

Sometimes a man would regret his deeds and try to kill or rape me as a revenge. Oh, how I loved that! I couldn't be killed, since I was dead, and rape, well, I couldn't feel pain. I just felt the expansion of my power over him, how his soul was more and more integrating in my army, becoming mine, through the aggression he was giving to me. I could feel my total superiority over these low creatures.

This went on for a while. I spread horror and destroyed people, while they loved me and thanked me. I also burned my ex companion on the stake. But eventually I started to become bored by this game, which was always the same. The priest noticed it immediately, and eventually the high counsel decided to let me get a new birth, in order to get a new task at some other place. Mephisto was happy and sad at the same time. Sad, because with me went the fulfilment of his sexual wishes, and happy, because he would get his power back. I let him beg and lick my feet for the last time, but even this was boring.

Then I left.

Phase 2:

How The Shadow Effects Her Present Life

Samantha In My Life

I made you hurt. I made you lie to your parents, so you would continue to suffer and they would not change.

I made you want to manipulate men with your sexual power. I made you want to take revenge on men and patriarchy. I made you believe that you have to fight patriarchy and globalisations with their weapons, which are my weapons. I made you separate from life by being aggressive. I made you think that your aggression and desire for power are different from those of the people in power. I made you want to dominate. I made you have rape fantasies, so you can turn all men into perpetrators.

I made you hate yourself, your femininity and your softness. I made you hate weakness. I made you hate your brother for his desire to end his position of being hurt, and for showing his weakness. I made you forgot your qualities and who you

really are. I made you hurt yourself. I made you do as if you care for people you at that moment didn't care for at all.

I made you devalue sexuality. I made you sleep with men you did not really know and then look down on these men and at yourself for that. I made you hide your hurt and sensitivity, before yourself and others. I made you play the game of the strong woman. I made you look down on others for being in a weak position.

I made you want power and to be in the center of attention rather than being yourself.

I made you be afraid of your beauty and your sexuality.

I made you feel helpless and worthless, so you would forget who you are and I could enlist you in my ranks.

I made you want to cope with the desires of society and others more than wanting to be true to yourself. I made you shut down all your non rational ways to communicate and see things. I made you believe in the reality of power and war.

I made you play power games.

I made you afraid of men, and I made you look down on them for their desire to be sexual with a woman, and for their attachment to women, as you considered that as weakness.

I made you want your lovers to be powerful and to give you a better position.

I made you look down on men who are not machos for their softness.

I made you want to be recognized as a good person. I made you give importance to what others think. I made you want to be right.

I made you think, that you always have to prove yourself. I made you fear, that you will never have enough, especially if you go for your wishes.

I made you believe that it is dangerous to be who you are and to go for what you want. I made you believe that in love there is no place for your wishes and desires, and that even there to get anything you have to prove how much you can love and how much you can suffer.

I made you believe that there is no solution to your problems. That you live in a world full of fear. That you will not be healed or satisfied. That for everything you want you have to fight. I made you believe that you are separate from the rest and that you have to deal with your issues on your own.

Phase 3: **Rewriting The Shadow**

Sajeela, The Light Figure

I am Sajeela, the Snake Woman and messenger of light. I was born in 17?? In Northern France, in a castle. My mother was a midwife and a wise woman, and my father a carpenter, a simple, good hearted, gentle man. Both my parents had a lot of other lovers, but they always stayed faithful to each other.

Before my mother died, she passed her knowledge on to me, her only daughter.

I was the wise woman of the forest. I could communicate with animals, plants, stones, and elementary beings. I was the guardian of the natural forces and could bring rain or draught, whatever was necessary. I could invite children to come to those who wanted them, and ask the unborn to leave the wombs of those who were not able to take care of them. I was the connector between this world and the other worlds, between life and death, which is also a part of life. I helped many people to

fully develop their love and sexuality and themselves as full human beings. I love humans, and I love creation. I love men, and I am totally in love with the forces of nature, eros and creation. I was nature, and nature was me. I was love, and love was me.

People liked me and were grateful for my services, but many of them also feared my powers. Some said, I was not human. But I was human, and I gladly shared my knowledge with whoever was ready to get it. I was just aware of what a human being really is.

But then times got worse, the catholic church got more power, patriarchy was on the rise. The dark forces wanted to take power of us, wise women. They hated us because we were women, and because we serve the light forces. Like all the wise women, I got put into their carcels several times, and several times I escaped. But eventually I couldn't escape anymore. I was put into their carcel, and by interrogating me, they broke almost every bone of my body.

The man, who interrogated and tortured me, was called Mephisto. He was of an unusual beauty, tall, dark skinned, with long hair and an athletic body. But his eyes were cold, as if they were dead already, and his beautiful body moved stiffly, without feeling or won energy. A bit like a robot.

As he interrogated me, I sent him all my love, compassion and understanding, right from the bottom of my heart. After the third session, I saw a glimpse of his original being, of life, in his brown eyes. I saw a very small Mephisto sitting somewhere deep, deep hidden in his soul, saying: "Please, don't hurt me."

"Please, help me! Please, I want to get out of this prison!" An immense sadness and compassion filled my heart, and even though this was quite hard for my body to do, I got up and hugged him.

He left my cell hastily and without a word, visibly afraid of what was going on with him, but also very sad.

Sometimes also his boss, a catholic priest, came to talk directly to me. He was visibly more cold and controlled than Mephisto. But usually he just came to have a quick look, or to propose me to sign a contract with the forces of darkness, of which he was the chief. I always refused. Once, he came together with Mephisto and the contract. I refused to sign again. Then, the priest was thinking and said: "Maybe this needs some sort of other pressure! Rape her, Mephisto!" Mephisto took an unbelieving look at the priest and then pulled my skirt up and opened his pants and started penetrating me hardly, giving the priest the impression that he liked to do that. But his eyes looked at me and silently said: "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

I felt a huge compassion with this poor man who had sold his soul to the dark side, and tried to open up for the good part of him and give him the love he didn't get before.

Then the priest left. Mephisto took a quick look outside of the door, to see if the priest was not to come back, and then hastily cleaned me. I took the contract and passed it through the iron bars to my daughter and my companion, who were waiting there. My daughter looked at it very intensely, then she gave the contract back to me. Mephisto did as if he didn't see anything. He left my cell, with the unsigned contract in his hand and an immense cloud of sadness around him. At home, my daughter carefully made another copy of the contract, but with a slightly different content. The next day, the priest and Mephisto came again with the contract. I looked at it, while I let the blood drop from my head on the contract.

"I will sign it" I said then. "But see, you will have to get another copy of this. This is not readable anymore, it's all full of blood."

The priest looked at the contract. There were little red, shining lakes on it, in which the light was reflected. About every third word was covered by a lake of blood.

“Hmpf!” The priest said, visibly angry. “Mephisto, get another one of these! You know where they are!”

Mephisto left. The priest fastly washed my face and harshly put a bandage around my head. “So we don’t take the risk that this happens again” he said.

Then, Mephisto came back with the contract. I looked at it and signed. Then I gave it back to the priest. He signed too.

He grew immensely tall and started to laugh. Loud, harshly and diabolic.

“Now you are mine! Light princess! Ha! Now you will be a servant of darkness, and I will make you fully mine. You are my princess! My slave. My female aid for enlisting humanity in my army and destroying the female. You are mine! Ha! Ha! Ha! – And now, we will complete the contract.” He said. “Undress!”

“No.” I said

“What do you mean, no?! You have signed a contract, you cannot say no anymore. You are mine! Mephisto, read the contract to her!” Mephisto had gotten very pale. He took the contract, and with a small, shattering voice, started to read:

“I Sajeela, make a contract with the dark forces. I will use all my powers to return all the members of the dark forces back to light. I will use my full compassion, love, intellect and wisdom to fulfil that goal. I will love even those who try to destroy me. I will never seek revenge for anything.

Against this, I, the devil will set all the beings who are held in my army free, and I will give them their full capacity to feel love, joy, compassion, sadness and pain back. I will also take back my own feelings. I will learn how to feel love, joy, compassion, sadness, pain and any other feelings I might have. I will develop a heart and learn how to open it. I will learn how to trust and fully surrender to life. I will take full responsibility for all my actions, and what they provoke in others. I will die as an evil force and be reborn as part of life. I will not be addicted to power any longer."

– Sajeela Devil'

The priest had gotten pale as Mephisto was reading. Then, he run towards him and tore the contract out of his hands. He stared at it in disbelief. "You little bitch!" he said to me, as he tore the contract apart, furiously.

But the contract magically came back together as one piece.

"This is a magic contract." I said. "It's the kind of contract you make. You know that it is not destroyable."

The priest was still in disbelief. He looked from me to the contract to the pale Mephisto and back.

"And you, Mephisto! Couldn't you take a bit better care!? Didn't you pay attention to anything at all?!" he asked with an angry sound of panic in his voice.

"I could have. But I didn't want anymore, Mylord" Mephisto said. "As a matter of fact, I took the contract of Sajeelas daughter in full knowledge of its content."

"But you have a contract! You can't just..."

“I had a contract, My lord. Now I am free. Free to do whatever I want. Free to be myself. And I will not serve you anymore.” He said, falling down to my feet and crying.

“But...” The priest didn’t know what to do. He looked so loveable in his despair and confusion. So simple! “I love you.” I said, and went towards him and hugged him. “I love you.” In my arms he melted away and turned into a dark brownish liquid, which formed a little lake in front of my feet. Mephisto, terrified, jumped up. Full of horror he looked at the lake, who had been his boss for so long, and started crying even more and shivering. I went towards him and hugged him.

“It’s okay.” I said. “It’s over.”

“I am sorry.” He said. “I am so sorry.”

“It’s okay. Everything is alright.” I said, as we held each other in the arms and cried. And Finally this is the Re Dedication to life as she integrates the realizations and energies she has experienced in the Shadowland.

Prayer To The Divine Feminine

Dear Goddess,

I recognize now that at some point in my life I separated myself from you, life, and the forces of creation.

I used my magical, spiritual, intellectual, sexual and other powers to serve evil. By spreading my anger and destruction, I contributed to the spreading of evil. By recruiting souls for the dark forces, and tricking others into the service of evil, I helped the dark forces to expand around the globe. I was a perpetrator, and, what is maybe the worst, turned others into perpetrators, thereby taking over their souls for

the darkness. I also hurt life by hurting myself, shutting me down, not giving myself the value I deserve and hating myself for my sensitivity, which is actually my lightful power. I also fought a war against femininity, and therefore against myself, considering the feminine as weak and therefore not having a right to be there. I also partly enjoyed serving the evil and getting a lot of power over others from that. I enjoyed being the princess of the darkness, even if someone else was the king.

I realize only now, how much I have served evil and how much this goes against my very innerst core, which is you, life and creation. By hurting you, I hurt myself and vice versa. I am very sorry and apologize for all the evil things I have done. I especially apologize for having fought a war against life, femininity, sexuality and myself. I ask for forgiveness, as I also forgive those who have hurt me and turned me into a perpetrator.

From now on, I want to use all my spiritual, intellectual, emotional, sexual and other powers to fully serve the forces of love, peace, life, and creation. In order to do this, I ask you to give me the full connection to you, life, back. I especially want to be able to fully feel love, eros, compassion, joy, and to learn to surrender to my pain if it is there. I want to be able to cry. I want to learn how to fully trust in you, and in myself, and my abilities to heal myself and others. I want to learn to be able to see the full, multi layered reality, to develop and value my power to see with my heart and my third eye, and to learn how to communicate with all the beings in this universe. I ask you to give me the wisdom and strength to use this abilities to the best of myself and all creation. I also ask for the ability to love myself and cherish my femininity and femininity in general. I ask you to help me to stop drawing a border between the suffering I cause and the suffering I experience. I ask you to purify Samantha and myself and to integrate all her power in me. In a way that serves love, light and life. I ask you to give me my lost powers back. And I ask for you for guidance, so I may use this gifts wisely and serve life, love, peace and light in every moment of my life, with all my abilities and strength and weaknesses, with all my entire self.

I ask you to show me the way to come fully home to you, my mother.

Reflections Of The Second Graduate

The Shadowland Process...

Here is the experience of our first Shadowland Workshop graduate. She writes in three distinct sections reflecting her journey.

Phase 1:

Source Of The Shadow

Before starting to descend into Trans a comes up a picture of a big bird fighting furiously someone wants to cage her and lock her in. There is a big flapping of enormous wings; it's in a dark place, feels outdoors, a dark cold place.

As I start to descend deeper she is held so tight by people, beings around her that take full control over her. I feel her head shoved close to the ground with a hand holding onto her throat and see just her big eye looking with deep sorrow around... she surrendered, she is contracted to a small extract...

In this desperation she gathers in her soul the picture of the big eagle bird which was gliding over the canyon in the desert in Israel on my vision earlier this year. This eagle spots a deep creek in the desert canyon and dives down into this vagina shaped creek to bring out branches which carry rich pomegranates. Her task is to spread these pomegranates in different directions of the earth. She is called to do so, to pass the treasures and information carried within these pomegranates on. She is called to conceive and be conceived, to be a carrier of those treasures. This bird is very big, beautiful, and majestic in her presence...an eagle of some sorts.

The hurt bird in the violent traumatic vision carries her in the deepest memories of her soul to keep a thread to her origin, to hold onto the memory of her beauty and power...

Then when descending even deeper the next image is of these wild beasts, people, beings with hands whoever they are, those who trapped her...they forcefully open her legs which now take the form of a woman's legs. They cut into her body through her vagina and take whatever is in there, the pomegranates, the treasures; they push and shove their hands inside. There is a feeling of swords coming into her and she just surrenders, there is nothing she can do, feeling tiny and small as if all the air has been taken out of her balloon...there is deep cutting pain passing through my vagina towards the stomach and my chest feels squeezed and warm and I feel very cold all over my body.

Then connecting to an even deeper point behind this story, I see myself with fire shooting out of my vagina towards outside, towards others. A beautiful majestic woman with shooting light and fire from her vagina which was probably misused at times and created uncontrollable fire around her to the point where probably these men invaded her to grab hold of the fire or to try and go into her beyond that to take the source of the fire...these are the treasures hidden in her which she probably didn't know how to own and manage in a way that could be properly channelled.

Phase 2:

How The Shadow Connects To This Life

Daya was conceived and born into a mess of confusion around her when the forces of destruction were prevailing forcefully on planet earth. The echoes of the second world war were present in all bodies and beings of the earth and humans trying to hold onto new grounds, territories, ideas...they were talking in the name of peace: amongst humans, with the earth and all the beings, but their souls actually carried war zones of thousands of centuries.

Daya's soul , my soul started to embody on a ground of colonization in Africa, Zaire, a Belgian colony. My grandparents, mother, aunt, all Belgians depressed and traumatized by the war, living on the African land everyone in their own way searching for independence.

My Father an Israeli in mission of the ministry of foreign affairs, he is walking his life with a deep longing for love. His lifelong experience was of mistrust and ongoing war of his parents made him swear never to follow their path, but no one could show him what love and peace are so he started inventing and creating a particular inner language which was driven by love but no one could understand, so sadly he recreated a wall of separation...

This was the setting for my birth, Daya's birth...

I arrived after a long journey close to the moon, from where I observed the beauty of this huge blue planet for so long and was excited and full of joy to finally be embodied as a human and experience this miracle and mystery. My body was expanded by full sexual energy, the power of creation, joy, laughter, curiosity, courage, adventurousness, tenderness, sensitiveness and wildness, all in all filled me when sliding out of my mother's womb.

I embraced with loving eyes and smiles to everyone and everything that crossed me and wondered at what I was seeing and experiencing. My first walking steps were made with eagerness to set out for exploration. However by the age of 3 the destructive forces were in reign in all my surrounding and all my family's personal traumas were shot towards me by my father. He didn't intend to but my whole body was caught unprepared for what came towards me and this resulted in that a crucial part of me severely shut down...

This was actually a point that activated in me a long lived presence of many lives before which I wasn't aware of at all. Structures of protection and immense walls

started to rebuild and surface again. All the sadness rising in my body made me behave in a way to please my surroundings to be the good girl expected of me...

The walls around me grew thicker and thicker as I retreated into my inner world. That is where I felt safe, there I could fly and flow to wherever I wanted and needed to. I felt so hurt, my vagina filled with throbbing pain of knives hitting the walls of my inside. My digestion shuts down and I learn to hold it all inside, fully constipated as if saying to the world: you will get nothing out of me anymore, and my voice becomes quiet and shy.

A huge gap and barrier is created between the outer behavior I wrap myself with. The huge love and sadness inside fills me with compassion and I can see and soak the suffering of others around me. Although I find no way to express my pain, hurt and anger so frustration becomes a companion to many of my steps.

My inner treasures make it possible for me to create a controlled facade; I help others and become the good girl hero of the grownups. My early childhood wild nature shows me how to live my aliveness in secret, to do whatever I need to do without anyone knowing.

This quality grows in my teenage years and young adult years when my sexual nature is longing for expression, which I was taught to be forbidden. I find all the stories and heroes through which I can live my fantasies in the darkness and there too keep control because of the fear infused in my body, I can never fully trust. Just saying the word trust fills me with pain, I can't embrace this word. Now as I am writing myself down on paper I notice that the point of trauma happened when I stepped into new other territories and encountered people who didn't know my language but were drawn by my light and fire and violently robbed from me what I actually came to offer. I came to offer my love and wildness to dance with others, but they just wanted to take it all to themselves....

So...as a young woman I keep my intimate relationships with men very limited, just to the point where I could still easily shut back the doors of my “safe”. An outer surface of softness and tenderness and inner wildness, curious eyes, a quiet voice with minimum words, just enough to create the mysterious facade to draw what I needed, I live it in the dark of the night, with married men or other situations impossible to be lived in the daytime. And when the threat of being robbed hit my intestines I would either gently or fiercely shove them away.

Normally I would be unconscious unaware of what is driving me to push them away. As this structure of behavior becomes thicker I didn't realise when my inner flow started to block and not be able to simply meet my needs I started being needy and this neediness led to manipulating my surroundings. I find ways to hypnotise people so that they would fill my needs, hypnotise them through my silence and riddled way of speaking. I formed a convoluted way of expressing myself which created a mysterious aura around me making people men in particular but women too curious about my riddles and they would come closer and closer to listen to what I was whispering and at the right moment I would grab them, take what I needed to feed my wild nature with to survive again. At points when I couldn't find any prey around I would create dramatic stories to attract people's attention...

I would invade other people's spaces with my patheticness and make them all comply to my needs. I become a sticky creature; make myself exceptional wherever I go, stand on the fringes always observant from the side to see what I can take, use and change the whole to fulfill my needs.

I am unreachable, untouchable by others, yet take all I need from all around me....

Phase 3: Rewriting The Shadow

Daphna'zshs Emergence into Being.

Riding on waves of awareness I re-birth myself as a gift to planet earth. My name extends itself from Daphna to Daphna'zsh which feels to me a broader, encompassing being than a singular entity.

My body carries a deep knowing of every aspect of the beings living on this planet. I particularly embody the flow and rhythm that make the raw elements breathe themselves into form. Forms such as plants, animals, humans, all that keep the co-creation of life on the planet a continual living dance.

The roar of the river, thunder, lightning, soothing waves of the ocean, rain drops, dew, the eternal fire in the underground, the shifts, twists, wines of the winds all in all are activated in my body. These energies, the power of Eros are clear and open in every cell of my body and from there exceed and extend through every step I make.

I use this force to tickle the earth's body to encourage growth, to caress and embrace the beings on their evolutionary journey, to allow the tears that need to flow.

The deep silent listening, observant seeing that I was taught in previous lives now are tools of compassion to keep the heart open.

This new awareness born into my body acts as an immediate channel to consciousness, it bypasses the constructed mind of patriarchy. My body and knowing become one, are one.

I learn that the flows of feelings are the water information carriers within my body. With my newly regained wisdom I own my feelings, create the proper retainment vessels for them then to be soaked properly in the earth of my body. In this way these feelings become the life force that nourishes all my actions.

This is the wisdom I am to bring forward to others: the true essential living force of feelings, power of the heart, women's wisdom. For women I am a guide to a new understanding of the woman's body, the form through which I and they have direct connection with the body of the earth and the whole of creation. To men I transport this energy and assist them to reconnect by deeply breathing in and out to listen to the depth of the heart beat of the earth, to know exactly what should be acted upon in every moment.

Sensual and sexual encounters are vital tools for me in these guiding acts.

Through me words regain another power. Fewer words will be needed through the wisdom of communication coming via my body. The new language formed by my perception consists of words which hold the breath and rhythm of what needs to be transmitted, these are words that hold the sensuous treasure of matter, of things, of actions.

Life through me become a simple act of knowing, simplicity, simpleness, clarity, presence are all integrated in my new joyous experience of life.

Daphna'zsh a new cosmic presence in this world; I glide in the world playing, creating with all the elements. My adventurous nature carries me to continually dare to seek new grounds to exchange seeds of life between different locations on the planet.

Allowing my hair and my body to surrender to waves of life I am now putting on a new dress over my skin,

Fully excited to step the path of Daphna'zsh zzz

With the buzz of zzz and the sh sss sound of the wind,

Daphna'zsh halleluya havaya....

Prayer To The Divine Feminine

Dear Goddess,

Thank you for all the life giving teachings you have offered me and my women friends in our lives.

Thank you for taking us on the exact particular journey on which our lives can expand and grow.

Some lifetimes ago you gave me gifts and treasures with the task to conceive and be conceived as a force of creation in the world. There was a point when I crossed the borders probably, when I was unprepared and these gifts instead of creating life triggered violent dark forces in myself and my surrounding. This event took on many lives of hiding, keeping the gifts to myself, living in fear, manipulating, hypnotising people me and doing many actions driven by dark forces.

Now I am in pain again fully recognising the huge wall constructed around me and I wish to melt it away. I hear you calling behind the wall and feel it's time to go beyond the fear. I feel my power calling through you, it's time to come out, to show and give your treasures back in, to melt the dark away.

I feel the fear still close to me but stronger the call to come out and surface from the

I am calling for your support for your love to show me the way again...

I ask your forgiveness for all the situations in which I have inappropriately controlled, for the people I hypnotized, manipulated, misjudged and acted my anger and fear on violently.

There was no bad intention but infiltrated frustration locked in my system which I ask you to show me the path to transfer them into action of openness, love and compassion.

I wish you to guide me on my way to trust humans to live truthfully and trustfully with humans on this earth, to share, give and spread all your gifts embedded in my body. To flow the dance of life, with the fire of love, the heart of the waters with full awareness of this earthen body...

Thank you, amen, merci,

Yallah lets go wild!