

AYAHUASCA and EMERGENCE

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I was privileged to discover the healing properties of a very ancient shamanic medicine that completely circumvents USA pharmacology for an entheogenic solution that is ten times more effective. It was my sense the toad medicine contained intelligent consciousness much like ayahuasca. The mysteries of brain chemistry will not be resolved by allopathic medicine in the form of psychotropics; as the fundamental premise is addressing the effects, which is the chemistry. The toad is not a top down approach, but, rather, a bottom up approach. The Toad goes into the subconscious blockages and leaves the brain chemistry alone. Those blockages release the body's own natural immune system to come back online, but its not in the form of white blood cells. The only immune system that contains any significance is our link to creator source. This is the only synapse we need to concern ourselves with, and the toad knows it. Following only one session with BUFO, I can feel the brain chemistry beginning to recalibrate, but, still, this is only the EFFECT. I am not a doctor or a shaman, but I am a man who has lived with unhappiness most of his life, so I may contain as many (if not more) qualifications to write a short dissertation on this modality that is currently illegal because it does not profit the coffers of pharmaceutical companies. BUFO is not for recreation nor should it be disrespected or handled with anything less than guided professionals. Nonetheless, if you have found yourself to this post, you may want to PM message for further discussion on how I graduated from western medicine and found alternatives that can offer and provide hope where there previously was none.

September 13, 2019

Here is the lesson I received from mother ayahuasca - CNTRL-ALT-DELETE! Most of the new age community and most religions and life coaches and western therapists cannot take a person into the darkness. No disrespect towards the light working community - but but most of the really really painful shit just ain't gonna

budge. And, the caveat - Unless we enter that which we fear the most, our own darkness, our shadow, and face the energy head on, there will never be a true letting go. All modalities in my story prior to Ayahuasca were valuable - but mostly as precursors. They set the intention by releasing the message "I am willing to be shown." I could not deal with it or heal it from the mind that created it. But, I did have to be with it - ALL OF IT. What is it? that's no longer important. I used to have many names for it (ADHD, codependency, PTSD, Alcoholism etc.). Mother ayahuasca removes all labels because the root Cause lives below those effects. This is the hardest journey a man (woman) will ever make. Ego death is a beautiful rite of passage. Until this is faced, nothing created can be from the heart without compromise or conditions.. After this is faced, the heart will be in command once again and a life of authentic integrity shall commence. Mother ayahuasca showed how to be with it. She is a teacher. Just be with it, no healing, no mantras, no positive focus, no distractions. Short and sweet kiddo, simply embrace it - ALL OF IT!

October 15, 2019

My second Ayahuasca ceremony last weekend was another trip into the deep abyss where I saw many parts of myself that were too painful and too difficult to face in therapy or self help support groups. What I got was very simple. "Love what Arises!" Most of us were taught to love the good and reject the bad. Or, love the good and put positive messages and new age theology and confessional prayers over the bad. Mother Ayahuasca takes a different approach. She has a different definition of love. She defines love as "sitting with it!" As simple as this may sound, it's the hardest work that a man (woman) will ever perform. I don't care how willing a person is. If there is developmental trauma, some stuff simply will not budge without the wisdom of powerful entheogenic assistance. Although it was horrible, it was wonderful. Sitting with shit can and does create fertilizer. Courage is born and medals are achieved after warriors return home from battle success. The internal battles that come with shadow work are no less heroic. But, we do not return with medals. We return with something more valuable. Our own heart healed! I saw in ceremony last weekend that my own stories of victimhood painted an incomplete picture. And - I have been doing it to myself. Not because I was wrong or bad - because I did not know how to love. I needed to be right. Because, I believed being wrong had sin attached. Perhaps if I had a "personal savior" belief in my story I could have walked away years ago - but I was not

engineered to adopt belief systems with personal savior stories. I am not a christian. Most of us are taught by our culture and education and religion and families to love the good and forgive the bad also - but how? How do we forgive the bad? How do we love the bad? How do we love hurt, betrayal, shame, guilt and fear? HOW????????? How do we love ourselves when we have been hard wired to reject our own unloveable parts? How do we love ourselves when we tell ourselves I shouldn't judge and I shouldn't hate? HOW????? Love does not approve or condone. Love does not understand should or shouldn't either. But, love does not abandon. Love simply can't. Instead, love allows. Love holds space and love says YES! Love sits with it - all of it - all of the energy. Not just the pleasant, but the painful also. No talk, no thinking, just being. Being present with everything. The fear, the shame, the guilt and the hurt. Not even trying to heal it, but, instead, entering it. Going towards it and being that Too. Being the horror until its no longer horror. Being the hatred until its no longer hatred. Being the shame until its no longer shame. Is this Alchemy? I dunno to be honest. I'm just trying to put into words my ceremony with Ayahuasca last weekend. I suppose a psychologist would call this integration. I can only share that I feel much much much lighter with more freedom. All of the energy that was spent to hold at bay those shadow memories, fearing all of my buried hatred and anger, its gone NOW. Fearing that my shadow would commit a heinous crime if ever unleashed. Fearing that my buried pain made me unworthy of loving myself. Fearing I needed to protect others from loving me so they would not get hurt. GONE! So much was lifted. Not because of a doing, but because of a being. Being present with EVERYTHING! Am I healed? Thats ridiculous - absolutely not. So, now, time to love that also. Love that I am not healed! How is that for badass?????? I feel 100 pounds lighter today. Its wonderful to be alive!!!!!! My plug this afternoon for Mother Ayahuasca. All of that energy spent trying to control life has now been set free to simply be life NOW. Thank you Andres villa. I will be back soon brother!

December 10, 2019

My 4th sitting with Mother Ayahuasca in Ceremony. The hardest weekends of my life take place in ceremonies. Ive been an alcoholic and an addict for much of my adult life, and no matter how many tens of thousands of 12 step meetings I attended, some stuff wouldn't budge. Mother ayahuasca said enough, you deserves a miracle NOW! In ceremony, she made me feel the trauma that had kept my soul in fear of god for 52 years. ITs Friday and I have been in tears all

week long since ceremony on Saturday. My heart is breaking open. I spent most of my life thinking I was a bad person because I could not heal my core trauma issues with 12 step programs, sponsors, spiritual retreats, spiritual meetups, mediation, prayer, therapy, church, SSRI's, volunteer service etc. All of those steps were helpful and essential. But, there was more. Because, after 30 years of spiritual seeking, parts of my heart remained still pretty significantly closed most of the time. I kept returning to fear like a rubber band. Mother ayahuasca did not put light over my wounds. She opened them. All of them. EVERY SINGLE ONE! Wounds I did not even know I had. Then she made me sit and feel the hurt. I tried to run, she was firm. I could not run. I could not think of the wounds. No more stories - FEEL FEEL FEEL!!!! What I thought would kill me saved me. When I was a little boy my mother was a stressed young woman. She had an absentee husband. She did not know how to love herself and she did the best she could. Nobody taught her. She did not know what to do with a creative little boy, and she was frightened. So she drank. I was an empath. I sensed her fear, so I tried not to burden her with feelings. I closed down. I chose to close down because I did not want to frighten my own mother. I thought this was Love. I was wrong. All this I did to myself. I believed that my fear and my hurt and my pain and my loneliness held the power to harm others. This was the core belief that fueled my alcoholism and approval seeking and performance drive. FEAR FEAR FEAR and more FEAR. Mother ayahuasca made it possible to look at this truth. Then she said I was ready to feel the fear and feel the loneliness and feel and feel and FEEL AND FEEL AND FEEL!!!!!!!!!!!!. This is what I have to share with my gay brothers and sisters in recovery today. Our freedom begins when we are shown that our wounds embody the power to save us. We can stop running. I had to be shown I could face what arises. I had to do this. Nobody can stop death. But, In this simple horrible awful truth, the promises of AA can begin to illuminate. This was a spiritual awakening. It's freedom to love. Freedom to love not just the good but also the bad. My heart has been opened after yet another ayahuasca Ceremony. I guess posting this publicly on facebook has pretty much ruined any polished public image I may have ever had, but I don't care anymore. And, I am sure I will begin to receive considerable fallout from people who may still think that Ayahuasca is a drug. But, I'm too old to care what people think. All I care about today is loving myself and loving others. Sharing a modality with my recovering community that may save lives. That's what Mother Ayahuasca told me over the weekend. She said my only job in this world was to love and forget about everything else. If I can save someone's life I don't care if others hate me. Forget about my public image.

Forget about others likening me. Yes ,I still have fear, but she showed me that even if am homeless, I can and must still love god for this gift called life no matter what. This is responsibility on steroids. Thats all I know anymore so here is my truth today. Because, in this new truth, no more need to call it “trauma” anymore. Because, she is teaching me I can feel pain. I am learning how to love pain, or, perhaps, simply not abandon the man who is experiencing pain. No more need to medicate life. FAITH FAITH and more FAITH! Is my pain gone? No, of course not. Healing does not take away pain. Healing teaches us to love pain. Not endure pain, but to have patience with pain. To become intimate with pain. To allow pain. Is this easy? HELL NO! Why do you think I am writing this post. We are in 12 step programs and this is my “EXPERIENCE STRENGTH and HOPE” OK, there you have it folks, thats my story for Friday Morning. Please, try to keep the hate down to a minimum. I only want to help people see there are new alternatives available to help us work a better program. I love you all. Thank you for reading my post. last night I stood out in the rain in the park on the grass and danced in celebration. Life is a gift. If any of this rings true message me and lets join on FaceTime or talk on the phone. God Bless everyone.

January 23, 2020

Thank you plant medicines! I am a 52 year old man and here is my story. I came out as “gay” in 1985 at the height of the aids pandemic where I fell into a community of physically sick and wounded men. I Became addicted to alcohol, cigarettes, sex, meth, porn and morphine along with countless other prescription drugs. I was angry at the christians who rejected the men in my community so I turned my back on God. For decades I attended thousands and thousands of 12 step meetings, cycling through sponsor after sponsor. But, I was never able to harness any modicum of faith. I could not surmount the first three steps. Instead, I attended motivational seminars and collected a library of self help books, all in an attempt to fix my problems with the secular approach. But, not matter what I tried, nothing seemed to work. Thinking something was wrong with me I hired countless therapists and psychiatrists who had me on dozens and dozens of psychotropics including Klonopin and Adderall. My medical chart contained labels such as ADHD, BIPOLAR, and SCHIZOPHRENIA. They all said I had a chemical imbalance, and they were right, I did! In my attempts to heal I checked myself into one mental hospital and two treatment centers. I was never able to secure a successful relationship or a stable job, and, I was also a cutter. I could not be

honestly intimate with myself or anyone else because I was ashamed of my wounds. Needless to say, I was a mess! 5 years ago a friend introduced me to a book by James Fadiman "Psychedelic explorers guide" which I read cover to cover in just one day. Perhaps there was hope after all. I began attending meetings at the Portland Psychedelic society and started to ask questions. Slowly I began to shed the belief that these were dangerous street drugs. At first I began to explore with LSD on my own. My first few trips were astounding. I was able to reconnect with my sad and frightened inner child for the very first time since childhood. Tears began to flow as I started to grieve the losses. Sadness which had been locked away for decades began to pour out. My grief work has begun. I soon got off all of my medications and made a determined effort in to heal. I found a psychedelic therapist who specialized in trauma and started with MDMA therapy. Step by Step I began to see improvement. Next came ayahuasca and peyote, all in sacred ceremonies with qualified shamans who held space and taught me how to be with pain courageously and not run away. Very simple, just feel, trust and breathe! The message was very clear; "do not abandon your pain" and "love your shadow!" As my work with plant medicines began to accelerate my heart began to open and my fears began to disappear. I stopped blaming myself and started loving myself. As I began to trust life my problems began to dissolve. As my brain chemistry began to heal I began to develop intimate relationships. I was shown that I am not gay, I am not mentally ill, I am not alcoholic and I am not damaged. I am the son of god who simply chose to view life from those perspectives. My entire worldview began to shift. And, with this shift in perception, I saw why I had chosen mental illness. Instead of trying to heal my wounds I began to love them. Very simple; When I battle pain I get sicker. When I love pain I get better. When I began to say yes to life I was no longer a match to suffering and I learned how to live in the moment. As the miracles and synchronicities began to accelerate, people began coming to me for help and trusting me with their pain. All of those years of suffering have given my archetype the role of "wounded healer". I do not try to fix people because I do not see them as broken. Instead, I just simply love them as they are, and people thrive on that! Everything in my story which I thought was wrong was right. Because I know mental illness I have compassion for others who still believe they are mentally ill. Suffering has taught me patience. I do not try to help people because I am not God. But, but I do not abandon them either. I simply hold space. I have found the holy grail and I have discovered my life purpose. I have learned how to love! My biggest joys in life today come from loving people who still

believe they are wounded. I enjoy spending time with those who are depressed, confused, angry and frightened because they are seeds I can fertilize and watch germinate. I love doing this because witnessing miracles is best high of all. The world is a beautiful place and I am so grateful to be alive. Thank you God and thank you Plant Medicines!

August 14, 2020

Gracias mother ayahuasca, gracias father sapito, gracias ninos Santos and gracias grandfather peyote - gracias, gracias gracias. Over the weekend I was able to look into the eyes of my late father and feel his heart. Two hearts beat at one on Saturday night in front of this offereda. Someone much wiser than myself once said "The holiest place on earth is where an ancient hatred has been turned into a present love". Thank you Andres Villa and thank you Pachamama medicines. Thank you - Thank you - Thank you!