

El Camino Azul

- The Blue Road -

Veerle Phara

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Gratitude

Gratitude to a special generation of young wise women who are dear to me. They carry the Lemurian spirit: Abby, Joy, Maeva and Ella-June.

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Jonas Louise for the Cover

Foreword

I am walking through the meadows. Suddenly I sink with my right leg into a boggy ground. A shock goes through my whole body. I quickly pull my leg out and somehow I start laughing at this. My right leg in a swamp ... hilarious.

The next moment I receive an image of a large bright blue puzzle. I see all the puzzle pieces in different blue colors on the ground in front of me. I notice that about three pieces are already connected.

Immediately I receive a message: El Camino Azul. The Blue Road has begun. My book has begun. Some of the puzzle pieces already fit together. But the ground is still littered with all the other pieces.

I see a woman calling and telling me: 'We are waiting for you at your next destination.'



With the image of the blue puzzle pieces, I wake up with a big smile. It finally feels like a day I wish to get up and start my day, opposed to my inner struggle with the drudgery of daily life. During the period when the *Blue Road* became clear to me, I often felt anything but comfortable in my skin, often on the verge of depression and the question I asked myself so often in my life: 'what am I doing here on earth?'

During a journey to the Andes, in the vicinity of Lake Titicaca, I came into contact with a wise Aymara women with whom I experienced a few magical days. At one point, one of the women analyzed my morning urine. It was extraordinary how she examined it expertly and with all the time in the world. After a while she asked me if I had recently been violently startled by something. At first I couldn't imagine that. But if you interpret the term 'startled' more broadly, I realized that I hadn't felt whole for some time, not really belonging anywhere nor feeling my true place in accordance with the path I am walking on earth.

My spiritual path is a search for the Source of all existence, the source that is the basis of our existence on earth. On this path, I have long encountered the rules, structures and values of what is called the *Red Road*. The Red Road is a tradition from Native North America, formed by a number of *Native American* teachings and spread worldwide through the *Inipis* (traditional sweat lodges), the *Sundance*, the *Vision Quest* and other rituals, ceremonies and initiations. It is a path of discipline and devotion where warriors at the time found the strength to go to war and find a way to the center. It represents a way of life where people seek contact with the Eagle or the Great Spirit - *Wakhán Thánka* -, the creative force that gives us life; with Father Heaven and Mother Earth; with the Grandparents - the spirits of those who have died and are spiritual leaders; with the Ancestors - those who have died and gone before us - and with the beings and elements of nature. In the great medicine wheel of life, the goal for each person is to find the path of the middle. Together with Grandmother Moon, the feminine. Grandfather Sun, the masculine and four races: the red, the white, the black and the yellow. We are all one.

All respect and understanding for this indigenous vision of life and its accompanying ceremonies and rituals, which for a few decades found their way effortlessly to the West. The Red Path connected easily in a world where change, renewal and openness to spirituality was needed, but in an already patriarchal basic structure. Because no matter how you turn it, the Red Road stems from a masculine tradition.

Due to the fact that the Red Road found an easy entry point into a male society that was cautiously in need of change, for decades it was regarded as an essential way to the heart. When you are a follower of the Red Road you are still given a kind of prestige and belong to the Tribe. It acquired a kind of spiri-wiri elitism where certain rules, structures, values and norms determine how this road can be traveled, what is allowed and what is not. With a certain rejection of other traditions or other, more free forms to build and herd the fire or a sweat lodge for example, to have a ritual or ceremony and sing songs, with (very) little room for intuition, feeling, tuning and playing ...

Let these aspects: intuition, feeling, tuning in, playing and even the instinctive, be exactly the facets that our world in change desperately needs. We have moved beyond the time of the Red Road and our souls and hearts are now asking for

other paths of authenticity and truthfulness, with respect for the past, tradition and the future.

We live in a world where there is so much in flux and change. Pluto, the planet of our soul, was in Capricorn, a cardinal earth sign, for almost 15 years. Capricorns are initiators who are excellent at starting something new where they can keep control. They like to decide for themselves what will happen and often keep the strings a little too tight. The Pluto era was successful for global institutions, organizations and powerful elite empires. From March 24 through June 11, 2023, Pluto took its first steps back into the constellation Aquarius after two hundred & twenty-six years. After that, Pluto moved in and out from Aquarius to Capricorn. From November 19, 2024 to 2044, Pluto will be in Aquarius for twenty years. As he moves further into Aquarius, he will influence transformation, personal growth, power dynamics, sexuality, revolution and technology. He will push us to explore the depths of our subconscious and jump where it is needed. Aquarius, an air sign, seeks freedom, maturity, playfulness, new values, norms and patterns.

The rebel - or just the awaking human (!) - who:

& finally starts questioning the his-story and everything that has ever been held up, forced upon us and spoon-fed to us as the so-called truth and no longer accepts anything as just that. So not even that the Sun is obviously male & the Moon is obviously female, that the wind directions coincide with certain elements, and so on;

& seeks his/her inner truth in alignment with a larger collective whole;

& gets rid of what no longer serves him/her, from old values, patterns and norms to the timidity and shame of ancestral biological lines;

& rises from centuries of sleep of oppression and slavery;

& becomes aware of who he/she truly is as a human being and the great potential he/she carries within;

& is aware that his/her deepest wound is also his/her greatest potential when we embark on the path of healing and transformation and step out of a victim role;

& accepts the challenge to fight for a new earth and a more humanitarian humanity;

& is a keeper of fires who opens Hearts and will also jump into or through the fire for whoever or whatever is dear and related to him/her;



& follows his/her intuition and creates new rituals, initiations and ceremonies that serve an ever-changing world;
& speaks and acts from his/her heart: *Teach what you Preach*;
& is aware that nothing can be hidden, concealed or repressed any longer. It is done with repressing our shadow sides, with ignoring our wounded inner child and repressing our hurts and traumas. Everything is allowed to flow into the light;
& embraces joy as a basic value of life

Intuition, playing, feeling, tuning into, creating, connecting, network, mycelium, become the new individual and collective soul values. Connected to the energetic web of ebb and flow that lies beneath the natural order of the universe and earth. We are done playing hide-and-seek and treating people as slaves or allowing ourselves to be treated as slaves. The way lies open to remember who we truly are and the potential we carry within.

It is time for the (re)birth of the Blue Road, a new path that opens the flow of life force, life energy, life juices and truthfulness.

Through the process of writing this book, I slowly came to the awareness that the Blue Light has been living in me for a long time but was only now ready to flow out. During this process, I myself was able to turn the key from depression and the lifelong question of what I am actually doing here on earth, to gratitude, zest for life, tremendous creative power, acceptance of the great being, of the high priestess and medicine woman that I am and my mission on earth: not only to contribute substantially to the collective healing and transformation of feminine energy and the layering of the Dark Feminine, but also to propagate the Blue Light on earth.

It is a wondrous process whose magic I have tried to weave into a tapestry of memories, discoveries, experiences, revelations and sensations, with the full awareness that I have already found many, but certainly not all, of the puzzle pieces. I found during my 58th year of life the door to a deeper magical layer of my soul mission on earth ...

As I look out over the cliffs of the Atlantic Ocean at sunset on a stormy evening, within walking distance of our current home in this world, in Aljezur, Portugal, and gaze with wondering eyes at the five-meter high waves ... I am the grateful

spectator of a miracle. When the waves skip and turn into white foam, you notice at the bottom of the gray-white foaming mass ... a bright blue color, exactly that color of the Blue Road.

It leads me to reflect that the Blue Light can be found just in that sublime and subtle carpet pad. The Blue Light has always existed and flows with the energetic web of ebb and flow that lies beneath the natural order of the universe and the earth, in the underground lakes, in the waves of the seas and oceans, in crystalline beings, in vortexes, portals, Lemurian power places and in the source of our own blood, DNA and cellular memory. Why do you think both many gods and the nobility on Earth have been characterized by blue blood for centuries?

DNA is a molecule that contains all the hereditary material of an organism. Thus, DNA stores our genetic information in the cells of our body and is passed on to subsequent generations. It is like a blueprint of who we are, biologically and energetically. Indeed, in the underlying structure of our cells lives also an energetic DNA of our soul that thus contains information about who we are at the core of our existence. All living beings have DNA in their cells, so the Earth also has its own DNA. During the Age of Aquarius, we will gradually change into higher frequency beings. This process begins in the memory of our cells.

Read this story with wonder. Let the Blue Light heal, transform and lead you to awareness.

This story goes from -4 over 0 to +9. As you read, you will notice the significance of this.

My second book, 'Temples of the Black Sun, precedes this story. You don't need to read it beforehand, but it can add value to better understand the interweaving with the Black Sisters and their guardians on Earth.

The rebirth of the Black Sisters on Earth occurred during a special astrological constellation in June 2022, when the Sun, New Moon, Black Moon, Sirius and, of course, the Black Sun, coincided in the astrological sign of Cancer.



These are the daughters of the Black Sun:

Osorong, the Black Primal Mother

Kadru, the Naga sister

Zaida, the Moura sister

Natawista, the Native American sister

Hatun Yachaiok, the Andean Ñusta sister

Hydra, the Primal Water Sister

Eingana, the Aboriginal sister.

Message from the Black Sisters, from my book the *Temples of the Black Sun*:

'We are the antithesis of the seven Sisters of the Pleiades, the starlight sisters. They sparkle in the universe and have been a symbol of feminine light for centuries, associated with so many cultures. Multiple cultures have a similar myth of seven goddesses said to come from the Pleiades. Their energy naturally fits perfectly into the image of lightworkers and celestial angels. However, the question is whether the seven sisters found in so many cultures always represented the Pleiades? Peoples likewise referred to us, the seven Black Sisters associated with the Black Sun.'

'We are the feminine dark demonic primal force, repressed by the Romans, declared heretical and pagan by the Church Fathers and all services to one God or Guru, banished by the patriarchy. We were pushed far away from the earth. By banishing us, those in power assumed that we were forgotten, dead, no longer existed.

Nothing could be further away from the truth. We have waited in the darkness of the universe for centuries. Now, with the opening of the Gate, it is time to pass on our messages and restore the forgotten primal power of women. We are here to break open something on earth, to act as keys and remember ancient wisdom.'

The seven black serpent sisters are chaotic, dark, primal, raw, powerful, demonic, untamable, but also silence, primal consciousness, deep grounded focus and immense creative power. They feel like keys to a new feminine consciousness. These serpent-like beings meander back to different parts of the world to mark a starting point of a new era. They may release their energy again, recall their wisdom and messages, flow into the cells and feminine DNA and into the hearts and souls of all women and men who are ready to receive this energy. They may reawaken us after centuries of sleep in tin boxes, do their work and speak through their Guardians on Earth. They may restore that which has fallen into imbalance.

Do you wish to read more about the Black Sun, the Black Sisters, their messages and their Guardians on Earth? Then read my second book, *Temples of the Black Sun. Remembering, Liberating and Empowering Feminine Energy*, of course also open for men to read, with quite some messages for the masculine.

A word on the main character of this book.

Aneia is a wise woman in her late fifties. She has many precious friends around her and two adult children who share their own lives with their partners. She has worked as a coach and medicine woman for over twenty-five years. In her heart and soul she is a nomad who has lived in many countries, loves to travel, explore other cultures and is immensely fascinated in exploring other - also non-visible - worlds. Above all, she is aware that she is on earth to live her fullest potential, to support people in the process of discovering their greatest potential and to collectively make her contribution for a new earth and humanity. Finally, essential to this story: she is the guardian on earth of the Black Sister from the Andes, Ñusta Hatun Yachaoik.

Grateful for these immense transformative times in which we live and the awakening of mysteries so long hidden from us.

Veerle Phara, Aljezur, Portugal

- 4. Message from Hatun Yachaoik. Opening of the Solar Gates

I find myself in a house with a number of people. Many of them are in uniform, authority figures, elite figures, as well as some dear friends. Everyone is feverishly searching for a key that will give access to ...? It is not clear what we are looking for, but it is something that is super important. Because whoever finds this key can receive the codes for a new Earth or at least something crucial to the evolution of humanity.

But no one finds the key, apparently we are looking in the wrong place.

Suddenly my gaze shifts to the window where I see an ancient man walking down the street. Someone walks past him and he seems to give a sign: 'It's him'. I exit silently so no one notices. The old man on the street hands me a dirty filthy black package.

I take it to the bathroom, open the package and look at the contents. It is really dirty and filthy. There are all kinds of toy animals in it, like a lion. I wash all the parts but find no key. 'Could one of these objects be the key we're looking for?'

I don't know, so I leave the bathroom for a moment. Then I decide to return to the bathroom and take another thorough look in the remains of the pack ... and find ... the or a (?) key. My heart races and I wonder if I would share this with anyone. I decide not to, partly because I don't know who I can really trust and who I can't.



Somewhat confused, Aneia awakens from her dream, not yet knowing exactly what the key is for, where the location, locker, closet or lock is that the key fits.

A few days later, Aneia is sitting in a local café drinking a cup of green tea and her eye catches a magazine that reads, *The Mystery of the Sun Gates*.

She takes the magazine and flips through it until she finds the article. Fascinated by the contents of the article, she barely notices that her heartbeat is speeding up and she becomes more and more immersed in another world with every word she reads.

Interstellar portals form lattices connecting stars. Cylindrical wormholes run from our Sun to Earth, and certain places around the planet act as their entry points. Most access points have been there for thousands of years, and often the Sun gods and their descendants constructed buildings and monuments at these sites, usually by certain means to deter the uninitiated. Scattered throughout the world are many natural sites as well as man-made sacred places. They are considered places where an invisible world overlaps the physical 3D world. Some of these exude an uplifting sense of spirituality and can be aptly described by the Celtic term 'Thin Places'.¹ Many of them are entrances or exits to invisible highways connecting our world to the Sun.

Certain entities made their very first appearance on Earth in their physical form with the intention of creating these grand entrances and leaving their presence on Earth. This is true of the Tuatha Dé Danann, who 'landed in flying machines' in Connacht, Ireland in the 4th millennium BC. Similarly, the God Wiraqocha made his debut in physical form in the millennium BC on the Island of the Sun on the Bolivian side of Lake Titicaca, bordering Peru. Knowing that they could only maintain their physical or semi-physical form for limited periods of time and further aware of their need to return to the Sun regularly, they all established places in our world where they opened portals to interdimensional solar connections.

The recently adopted term for such places is 'Stargates'. Their entrances take different forms: inside temples, pyramids, caves and artificial cavities in rock walls: under artificial hills (called 'mounds' in Britain and North America, or 'tells' in the Middle East); outside in vortexes between rocky hills (as in Sedona). Where are they located?²

¹ Thin Places are places of energy where the veil between the visible and invisible worlds is thin. They are places where you can pass from one world into another. Usually you don't see these places but can feel them.

² Op. cit. from an article by Paul V Young, Locating Sun-Gates Part II. Australia, Antarctica and Underwater Portals, 2015.



The more she reads, the more the world of the café seems to fade away and a portal opens to another world. For example, she barely notices that a tall woman with long gray-blond hair, radiant pale blue eyes and facial expression, dressed in a long robe with snake motifs, has been watching her for some time. Exactly when the clock indicates 13h13, she gets up and walks toward Aneia.

'Can I come sit at your table?', she asks with a smile and a voice you can hardly say no to.

Somewhat startled by the trance Aneia is in while reading the article, she looks up into the radiant face of this charismatic woman and nods.

The next moment, it seems as if Aneia finds herself in a ceremony. A portal of light opens.

She finds herself on a path she knows all too well. A path that leads from Ollantaytambo, in the Sacred Valley of the Andes in Peru. First it runs along the river and then it winds left uphill to the Temple of Media Luna, where the high priestess and medicine woman Hatun Yachaiok once lived during Inca times.³

The high priestess takes Aneia through an initiation that dates back to a pre-Inca time and was later adopted by the Incas. This initiation of the Sun was only passed on to chosen people in the Inca Empire, the bearers of the (Yellow) Sun.

Hatun Yachaiok opens the female channel at the front of Aneia her body and plants golden light, symbolizing the sun, in her navel and heart region.

Atop the Tumi platform⁴, the power of the Sun and above it, the power of Sirius, can be felt. The Sirius star has a palpable radiation twenty-three times stronger than the Sun.

'Open your heart to the Apus, the spirits of the mountains, and tune in to make those sounds that bring about the right vibration', Hatun Yachaiok requests.

Sounds with a very high vibration arise naturally. The vibration that arises activates an ancient memory through which a portal reopens and an energetic state of being is restored in Aneia. Aneia naturally begins to spin clockwise as if

³ Read Temples of the Black Sun, about Black Sister Hatun Yachoiok Ñusta.

⁴ The Tumi was originally the knife used in Inca times to cut open the throat or chest, offer the blood and/or heart to the gods in a ritual of gratitude for the gods' gifts on earth. Later, the Tumi became a symbol of healing. The upper platform of Hatun Yachaoik's natural pyramid is built in the shape of a Tumi.

this movement is a part of herself. The power of the temple where she is located is reactivated. She feels a channel of light like a column going deep into the earth. A part of her becomes anchored back into and onto the earth.

She notices the gatekeepers of Sirius present with her, two great lionesses in their crystalline blue structure. They bestow upon her a goblet of Golden Globes as a healing tool. Through vibration, she receives a transmission: *'Plant these spheres in people's energy bodies, this is how healing takes place.'*

Aneia travels even deeper into the earth to the core of the light beam. This is connected to an underground network. She takes her drum and activates the earth's network.

The next moment, she travels to Chavin, a pre-Inca mother culture connected to the ocean and the jungle, where the ancient *Wachuma* temples stand. The high priestess invites her to descend into the underground temples of the sacred cactus.⁵

At the center of the shrine, in a labyrinth, stands *Tayta Huanca*, the powerful Obelisk of Chavin that, like a Totem, connects the inner earth to the cosmos.

Tayta Huanca speaks to her: *'Welcome Aneia, messenger of Black Sister Hatun Yachaiok on Earth, connected to the Black Sun. Today you are here to help activate Earth's Galaxy, along with the other messengers of the Black Sisters who are now at power places in other parts of the world in the inner earth'.*

⁵ *Wachuma* or *Huachuma* is an ancient sacred medicine plant. The Spanish gave the cactus the name *San Pedro*, Saint Peter, the gate opener, just as *Wachuma* opens the gate to the world of your heart.



Tayta Huanca

In a flash, Aneia sees her Sisters appear before her mind's eye. She smiles and receives back their radiant faces. The first time she saw the other guardians of the Black Sisters was on a Polynesian island, where they were connected to each other and each to their Black Sister.

The seven Black Sisters found their way back to Earth after centuries of exile. They are keepers of essential messages for the New Earth and New Humanity.

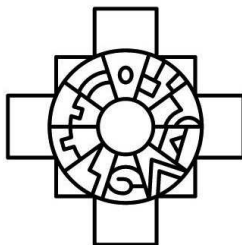
Chavin's Obelisk is a Totem. This Totem, which is of a very high frequency, acts like an electricity pole. The waves sway out through and onto the earth, thus connecting different places of power. A wave of energy passes through her body.

She sees how from Chavin waves of light flow to other Totems. In Western terms, energy would move linearly from one place to another. But that's not

⁶ Image by Tayta Huanca: www.latinamericanstudies.org/chavin/lazon-1.jpg

how these waves work. This transmission is so powerful that everything happens simultaneously, the waves swell out. She observes how the masculine view, 'I can only be doing one thing at a time', is outdated and serves merely to maintain control. Recognizing the versatility of ourselves allows different aspects of who we are to be active at the same time. This happens automatically; we don't have to have control over it. Thus, Aneia observes that during this activation of the Inner Galaxy, she is simultaneously in the café, on top of the platform of Media Luna, in Chavin and connected to her soul sisters and the Black Sisters who are active in other places in the world.

When Earth was created as a reflection of the universe, she too received a Milky Way. As above, so below. After all, inside the Earth, everything also had to be constantly moving and flowing, as in the universe. Sacred sites, pyramids and temples are anchored underground and anchored in a network connected to the subterranean Galaxy. They are meant to better flow and channel cosmic energy into the earth. Thus, Chavin is connected to the *Chakana* in the galaxy. The *Chakana*, the Andean Cross, is a reflection of the Star-South Cross that is usually visible in clear skies all year in the Andes, but especially in May. On May 3, the Southern Cross assumes the astronomical (geometric) shape closest to a perfect cross. At the center of the cross, is the *Qosqo*, the navel that connects macrocosm and microcosm.



The earth is so ingenious, so sacred. She is the perfect reflection of the cosmos. But we have forgotten that. We started to become more dense in matter which caused the energy to stagnate. Originally, the intention was not to become so material or live somewhere permanently, rather to keep moving like nomads. Stars move, planets move, the sun, the moon, everything moves in the universe.



This intense activation allows the Milky Way within the Earth to slowly recover. She is seeking new paths. Roads that were blocked by the Church. It becomes clear to her once again how authority figures of the church through dark symbols and methods disrupted the network of the earth by placing underground blockages.

In a flash, Ancia sees how the roads are restored by fire and water. Volcanoes are active underground, and blue crystalline water flows from underground lakes and rivers so that energy can once again flow through the earth.

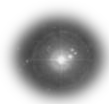
During the activation of the antenna in Chavin, a voice echoes, *'There are very few people on Earth capable of activating the obelisk.'* She sees a bright blue light. From there, seven or even thirteen rays go out into the world like a radar, activating solar gates.

Tayta Huanca speaks: *'From the guardians of all Black Sisters, your task and mission is to reactivate the Solar Gates on Earth'*. She receives an image of some thirteen solar gates scattered around the world, most of which are not even known, hidden in remote areas or in jungles, including underground. Then she sees the Temple of the Seven Rays of Light that houses the sun discs of the Inca Empire, hidden somewhere deep in the Andes Mountains.

Chavin's vibrational field passes through Aramu Muro to the Sun Gate of Tiwanaku in Bolivia.

Hatun Yachaoic is still with her, saying: *'The Sun is where people can shine. Where your Sun is in your astrochart is where you can shine like a diamond in the world, where your mission lies, that which you truly have to offer to the world. When the sun gates closed during colonization and the struggle for power, people forgot how to truly shine in who they are. As a result, they became stupid, jaded and slaves. There are many solar gates on Earth. They are slowly being reactivated so that people can once again shine in their full potential.'*

You are here to help activate the solar gates and vortexes on Earth. Of your light family, you are the one who is the keeper of the Sun, the reflection of the Sun. You have now received the activation to continue your path with your sisters on Earth. Breathe and trust, precious daughter.'



The images fade. Aneia is back in the café. Zoe, the waitress, places a cup of hot coffee in front of her and kindly says: *'On the house'*. The smell of the roasted, freshly ground beans, slowly brings her back to her body on earth. Gratefully, she takes a few sips.

Zoe comes up to her and hands her a key. *'This was left for me to give you from the woman who sat with you,'* she says. Aneia had totally forgotten that the woman had kept her company.

Grateful and not yet fully aware of what has just taken place, Aneia steps out into the sunlight. She takes a deep breath, looks up and smiles. It feels as if the sun is gently enveloping her in golden rays.



The inaccessible gate

I find myself with a friend in a museum where a particular room catches my attention. The room contains statues that resemble figures from other worlds: warriors in decked-out uniforms, ET-like creatures, statues from a prehistoric past or futuristic science fiction.

I feel a presence. Yet other than the friend wandering in other rooms and a woman in the same room as me, there is no one else in the museum.

At some point, I feel I need to move toward my friend, away from the room I am in. The other woman remains in the room.

In the corridor I meet him. I intuitively turn around as if sensing a danger. I see that in the hall from which I have just come and where the other woman is still, the statues spring into action. A bizarre shooting game with flickering lights unfolds before our eyes.

Without even thinking about the other woman, only one thought passes through us: 'We must make our way out of here if our lives are dear to us.'

We turn and flee.

We arrive at two staircases, one going down and the other up. We choose the downstairs because we assume that a door to the outside can be found there.

The stairs down lead to a fork in the road. We are faced with a choice: follow the same stairs or take the door on the right. On the stairs leading down, there is a large obstacle. Instead of pausing and feeling if this path is right, we choose to jump over the obstacle.

Once downstairs we run into a big gray wall; we are stuck. There is no door to the outside here at all.

Now what? With the fear that the creatures could chase us, we are not sure whether it is better to wait here or go back up the stairs and take the other door.



Restless and bathed in sweat, Aneia jerks awake. She looks at her clock; it's 3am. Witch time?

Over the course of the morning, Aneia realizes that the obstacle was a warning to pause & find quiet inside and feel if it was necessary to jump over the obstacle & deliberately continue down this path rather than take another door that might mean a new path or a way out.

She realizes that she has been having similar nightmares for a week. Thinking back to the hundreds of nightmares she had as a child, which she was slowly able to interpret, heal and transform in her life, she wonders: *'Am I not creating the pursuit of violent male figures in my subconscious mind myself? Don't these nocturnal restless images give a message to pause and say no? To say no to whom or what? What am I actually running from?'*

Tears of sadness and helplessness give way to the realization that she is not a victim in this but that she has something to sacrifice in order to move to the next phase of her life.

Her body has been tired for months and no matter what she tries, it just tells her to stop and listen to her. Her dream reveals a clear message that if she keeps walking the same path, there is an energetic obstacle that her subconscious is saying: *'It is not the path of your heart and soul. Stop, listen, take a break and dare to take the other door, even if you don't know where it leads.'* But she doesn't even know if this is the right door. Her thoughts run away with her: *'Perhaps fleeing from a so-called danger is not even the solution. And is there even a danger? Because why flee? My subconscious indicates danger, but is it? What if I had just stood there and watched the shooting? And ... was it actually a shooting?'*

'Do I still not trust my strength as a woman? A part of me assumes danger - from old patterns, memories of old nightmares as a child - instead of standing firm and trusting in who I am.'

'On top of that, I also leave a part of my feminine energy in the room with the beings. Which part is mine? Then which part is left with the so-called dangerous figures? And what happens to that part of me? As if I am tearing myself off or leaving a part of myself that does remain in the room. Which part of me still flees and which part trusts, no



matter what? As if the part that can't connect with the (old?) masculine energy doesn't trust something and the other feminine part, rises to the challenge.'

'In my dream, the male friend - mine or a male energy - jumps over the obstacle first and I follow him blindly.

What wants to repeat from the past? What am I not seeing? Or what don't I want to see? What wants to show itself? How can spirit show me a next step in my life - the other door, that is - or stay where I am and confront, if I keep repeating the same patterns? What wants to be seen from a deeper layer in my system?'

The female part of herself that stayed in space with the - in action - beings kept triggering her all day. For she saw one figure shoot some kind of laser beam at ... ? and immediately her subconscious makes a whole story out of it. In the end, she does not know what is the consequence of this shooting action. From where does she make up this story? No doubt from a childhood fear that is still in her cells.

Time to heal and transform this?

'Because what if the female part of me that stayed in the room had a magical time together with the futuristic warriors, instead of becoming part of a shootout?'

Over a cup of tea at a local café, Aneia reflects on her life and how she sometimes feels like she is wandering in circles. No matter what steps she takes, this feeling remains. Part of her says: *'Stay and deal with what life offers you, stop running away. Because to flee is to run into a wall. And what if the closed door is an inaccessible gate? Was there actually a lock on the door?'*

She takes a deep breath and lets go of all the questions and thoughts for a moment.

A few weeks later, Aneia participates in a systemic constellation in which she introduces the feeling of 'spinning in circles at a deeper layer of her being'. Aneia, meanwhile, understands that the source of this feeling lies in a birth trauma.

In a constellation you examine personal questions and patterns within a particular system with the support of a facilitator or coach. This makes dynamics visible and creates space for a new movement or change.

During a meditation in preparation for this arrangement, she gets through to her biological grandfather, her mother's father. Who passed away a long time ago. Aneia: *'I see my mother's father, my grandfather and godfather. I instinctively feel my energy tilting to the left. He seems to be on a swing or on some kind of boat going up and down and tilting to the left. He was clearly not in his masculine power. It feels like someone on the right is pushing the boat to the left. The boat needs to be straightened with a rope so that balance is restored. But how? I feel that because of this, my mother's feminine and masculine energy and mine are also not in balance. Someone can pull the rope so that the boat comes right, but as soon as they let go of the rope, the boat falls over to the left again. What is the key? Who is the faltering man who had many cancers in his life and eventually died of cancer?'*

At the beginning of the constellation, one woman represents Aneia, another woman her trauma and another woman her birth.

After some back and forth, nothing happens, everything seems to get stuck. Birth and trauma appear to be one and the same energy, bringing in another person who represents her mother. Another woman represents that which is not known or unknown. Male energy is also brought in. This one sits there a bit, observing everything and following everything without actively participating. The woman who represents her is just tired, dead tired, and lies down on the ground. She doesn't know it all and doesn't feel well. *'Recognizable'*, thinks Aneia.

The person representing trauma feels that she is not actually a trauma. She acts like *'you guys solve it, this has nothing to do with me'*.

Suzanna, the person leading the constellation, asks the person first representing male energy to feel what role he now has to take. In the end, he turns out to be a *'Dark Force'*, a kind of parasitic energy that feeds on Aneia or someone else.

Suzanna inserts Aneia as a baby through a *'pillow'*. *'Feel what you have to do'*, she tells the group. Her mother immediately sits down on her - that is, the pillow. She asks her mother to lie down on the floor and gives her the pillow to give birth to her daughter. Immediately the person symbolizing the trauma feels that the roles are reversing and that she must heal the mother. She sits down with her. Aneia scowls. *'Damn'*, she thinks, *'so typical for my mother.'*