



LOGIN

SIGN UP



TEAL SWAN SHOP

EVENTS

PREMIUM



OCTOBER 23, 2014

# The Kiss of The Frog

They say the frog starts calling you. It certainly did with me. Frogs have been appearing for me everywhere I go. And I listen to signs. The medicine began working on me the minute I committed to receiving it. All of us have a "devil". In my world, the devil is a



state of feeling. The feeling of being forsaken; the feeling of being trapped inside a prison of glass, where I can see out but no one can see in. It is as if the world is moving on without you. Everyone else is smiling. Everyone else seems to be doing fine. But inside this prison of glass, you are screaming. You are being eaten alive. But no one can hear you. You do not see a way

out. Desperation replaces the air that you breathe. What stops you from taking your life? The fear that you'll come back to do it all over again. You can't bear one more second. But you have no choice. This devil of mine is what I fear. I do not fear death. Death is a relief. I fear being in a place where I cannot find relief no matter what I do. That is the definition of torture. Since my childhood, this feeling has followed me like a shadow. It shows up unannounced. This very feeling, the torture chamber within, is the reason I decided to take such a drastic measure. With my relatively conservative views on spiritual medicines, one would not expect me to partake in Kambo. But partake in Kambo, I did.



Kambo is a traditional medicine used by many of the tribes in the northwestern part of the Amazon

rainforest. It is a waxy poison that is collected from the back and sides of the Giant Monkey Tree Frog. Before deciding to receive Kambo, I had reservations because of my views on humans using other animals for their own devices. The frogs can be found in trees where they gather to sing. They are generally harvested at dawn by the natives who also sing and imitate the frogs' song. The frogs are passive and do not usually react when picked up because they have no natural predators. In fact, it is said they never touch the ground. In the traditional way, the frogs are carefully tied by each leg with Palia strips (straw) into an X shape. Sometimes a shaman will massage the toes to encourage the secretion, which is then carefully scraped off and left to dry on small sticks. The frog is released unharmed and blessed and thanked for its contribution. The Palia leaves a tiny white line on each leg, which stops anyone from harvesting the frog again until it has faded which takes at least 3 months. Aside from the obvious agitation, the frog is never harmed. It is treated with utmost care and respect as the natives believe that to harm the frog will anger the animal spirits that they live so

closely with and depend on. Kambo collected in this way is considered 100% ethically harvested.

Kambo  
was  
found  
by a



shaman who could not find a way to cure his people. It was as if a plague had consumed them. The word they used for it was "panema". It meant something like suffering, negative energy, bad luck, or a dark cloud that had settled over the people. He took Ayahuasca and asked for an answer for how to heal his people. And he was shown a green frog in the jungle. He was shown how to collect a white secretion that is excreted by the frog. And he was shown how to apply the medicine to his people. Shortly after his vision, he did as he was shown. The medicine did indeed cure the incurable. And since then, it has become a revered shamanic tradition.

Kambo is like a re-set button. It ends a chapter of your life and begins a new one. It is like the opportunity to die without dying. I had never been so afraid of a spiritual rite of passage in my life. On the plane flight to California, I sank into doubt. I was afraid that this was an impulsive decision. I was afraid of being stuck in even more pain than I was already in emotionally. I was afraid it wouldn't work and the scientific skeptic in me (yes I actually have one of those) told me that I was merely poisoning myself and I would only

feel good afterwards because of the number of endorphins running through my body.

But when I thought of canceling the trip and returning home, it felt wrong. The only way that felt right was to go forward. It is as if something that could not be mentally understood was compelling me forward. In that kind of situation, you don't have any other option but to trust that compulsion because it is the only promise you have of potential relief.

For this Kambo journey, I selected Simon Scott as the facilitator, a tall Englishman with intimate eyes that have the deep, dark, reflective look of other worlds written across them. I flew to California to the headquarters of his Kambo Cleanse facility. I chose him because of his cornerstone energy. Like a foundation, he commands stability in the space around him, which is essential for medicine holders. He also holds great depths of



compassion, which is essential for this medicine. Compassion is what allows good shaman to hold energy for other people's healing processes. The keepers and givers of medicine must be given permission by the universe, by the medicine itself and also usually by elder shaman to give specific medicines. Most shamans have permission to give certain medicines and not other medicines. You do not choose the medicine that you are meant to give, instead it chooses you. Long story short, Kambo has chosen Simon. He has it written in his soul contract. And so, upon meeting Simon, it became even clearer to me that this is so. There I was in the dry hills of Southern California, three Kambo journeys ahead of me, one a day for three days.



## 1st Journey

We meet Simon. He informed us that fifteen minutes before we had arrived, a package of fresh new Kambo had arrived, yet another of a thousand synchronicities leading us to this event. Simon recognized right away that it was a sign. He informed us that in this batch of Kambo, there was a special stick that he was told was collected by tribal elders and that he was told to only reserve it for himself or to use on very special occasions. He said we would most likely be working with the medicine from that stick on the third and final journey. We walked out back and sat under the gentle, goliath oak tree. The tree was a facilitator. No mistake that Simon and the tree had come together. It's branches act like a net, cradling the energies and experiences that are occurring below it. It prevents people from leaving their body. It helps push them deeper inside themselves. We drink 1.5 liters of water.

2:30 pm

A small brown lizard comes to sit by me, about one foot away. I know he is there to assist. If lizard comes to your life, it is time to do an internal audit. There I was about to take Kambo, the heart medicine and I am confronted by an animal who calls you to discover what your heart is really telling you and to question whether you are being ruled by your head or your heart. The lizard promises that you have the power to regenerate what was lost. The Lizard is my totem for this rite of passage.

Simon divines that I need two points of Kambo, because I am so sensitive. He takes his knife and with water, he works the kambo into globules. But he takes his stick and burns five holes (called points) in my lower leg incase we need to go deeper. I'm lying on a peruvian rug. I suddenly hear my



heartbeat and nothing else. It consumes my world, this deep drumming rhythmic and so strong it pushes me to a fearful edge. I feel my throat swell... my eyes swell and get blood shot... I feel the rush of oppressing constricting heat (a warmth) through my whole chest, neck and face (especially in my cheeks). I am throbbing. I am sucked inside myself. I feel the twisting clamping feel of nausea. I sit up and lean over my bucket. I purge green bile, with the frequency of panic and grief in it. I am in pain. I am afraid of my decision to do this. I realize I can't back out and there's no real way of knowing when it will end. I know I have to surrender but I don't know how. I mentally ask the medicine to set me free. Break me free. I am immobilized, which was a trigger for me. I give in to the feeling of being immobilized and lay in that feeling, accepting it. My body is on fire with a white light that is blinding. Some time later, the medicine starts to wear off. I feel a rush of air in my being. I'm staring at the blanket of branches above. I'm hearing the music again. I still cannot move. I don't want to move. I cannot conceptualize of what just happened. The medicine pulls you into your heart. You cannot think anymore.

I drank some tea and began shaking. It became obvious to me that Kambo is like a "marriage" with the frog. I could feel all the white blood cells in my body. It was healing all other imbalances as it activated to de-activate the poison. I can literally feel my heart having been re-set. It feels stronger and much healthier, like a lions heart.

A wave of sadness crept over me, like a layer being peeled back. I sank into the sadness, let it be with me and that feeling soon opened up to the soft, pink feeling of the medicine hugging my bones. It felt supportive. Life was slow. I could not speak in words. My eloquence was gone. I had been told that I'd feel like a million bucks and full of energy and cleansed after the Kambo wears off. I did not. I do not... Kambo makes me feel raw, tender, open and very slow. And it keeps on working forever afterward.



As I sat in Simon's living room, eating some rice and

vegetables marinated in a ginger bath, the objective picture of Kambo came to me. Kambo re-sets your cellular memory. It causes a healing crisis and catharsis on all levels of a being. This Kambo, like a catalyst, triggers your body (and quickly) into knowing where the healing must be done. This is why every journey is different. It fires up the body's own healing energy. And the body's own energy goes to work repairing and putting back together what is amiss. When I see someone on Kambo, I see the bright green energy of the kambo itself wind it's way through the blood stream and lymph capillaries to hit the heart and then like a chain reaction with the first pump of the heart, I see it explode through the whole body. It is as if the DNA of the frog is mixing with your DNA. And then I see the body's own energy chase it with fury. Like a fiery white ghost chasing a fiery green ghost, the body's own immune system energy chases the energy of the Kambo until the body's energy has consumed and assimilated it. They appear like a bright, white human torch. It is loud, so loud that it drowns out everything in your world. It is the same sound to me as an intense fever. And then, the purging begins. The person expels anything that is not in alignment with total health, starting with the highest priority of health risk for the person specifically.

For some people on earth it is as if there is a dark cloud following them, nothing seems to go right for them, nothing really feels good to them. They try and try but life doesn't get better. These people are diagnosed with a great many things from depression to bi polar to chronic fatigue. Suffering is more like it. Some people chronically suffer. When Kambo lifts that cloud of suffering, it opens up that person to life.

On a purely physical level, Kambo contains dermorphine and deltorfine, which are analgesic and which strengthen the immune system. As the body produces antibodies to fight the poison anything in the body that is not conducive to health is targeted. The implications of this medicine are endless. As a medical intuitive, I see it being used for Cancer, Aids, Allergies, Depression, Parkinson's and PTSD to name a few. The frog that gives Kambo has no natural enemies. I am convinced that this is why receiving it's signature is so beneficial for victims of abuse. It is as if the frog gifts them

fearlessness and allowing. There is also a great detoxification caused by Kambo. I could go on forever about the health implications of Kambo. I do not think Kambo should ever be a recreational affair. And in truth, it is painful enough that Kambo would never be a recreational affair. But I think people should only receive Kambo when they feel called by it. When they are ready to pass through the eye of the needle and leave a part of themselves behind.

In middle of the night, the medicine kept working in waves. I was shivering from cold and from anxiety. A troop of coyotes went crazy screeching and yipping in the middle of the night. I tried to wake my husband to make me warm and comfort me but he was fast asleep



and thus I felt forsaken again. To be honest with you, the downside of my life has been that given my extrasensory sensitivities, I feel like I'm just not cut out for this life and this world and I can't have normal needs in life and in relationships, so I have often toyed with the idea of taking my own life. Earlier in my life, I attempted suicide more than once. I have always felt like I was born a thousand years too soon. It's a despairing feeling and an agonizing feeling like I am starving for something that I cannot have. I woke up with that hellish feeling that haunts my life, the despair and agony of emotional starvation; feeling like I am powerless to do anything about it. Feeling powerless to fill myself up. I was taken back to two childhood memories where I felt just like that. The idea that I have to nourish myself makes me feel more emotionally starved. I tried breathing, but at that point, I hated breathing. I got anxious when I had to be with my breath. Instead of calming me, the breath magnified what was about me. It exemplified the agony in my chest and stomach, the emotional starvation. I decided that this would be my intention for that day's Kambo journey, to purge the feeling of despair and agony... To end the emotional starvation or at least find out how

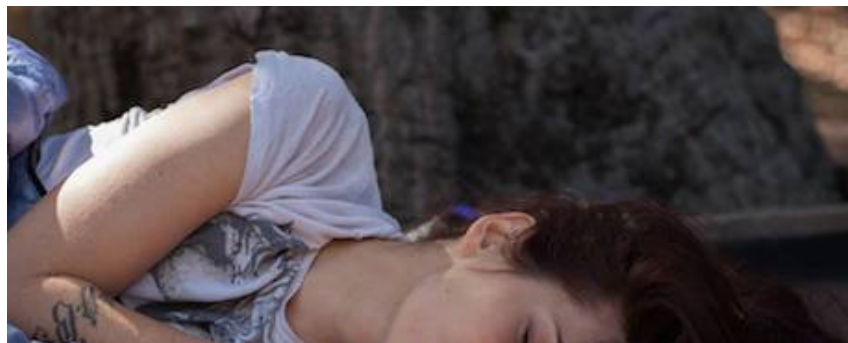


to end the emotional starvation.

## 2nd Journey

We are told that it is best to do the ceremony at the same time this day, but in separate places in order to work on our own beings instead of the relationship (which is a third being). It feels right. The little brown lizard that was with me the first day comes back again. I say hi and we stare at each other for a while. I feel safer with him there. Simon burns three holes in my leg. Three is the number he was given for me. I lay back. In a few moments I feel the heat, flooding like a rush up my neck. My heart speeds up, but it doesn't drown out everything else. It goes into my cheeks and ears and temples and straight into my head. I can feel it burning it's way through my skull, weaving through the neuro-pathways of my brain. I ask the medicine to take away the emotional starvation... End the emotional starvation. I try to remind myself to just let the medicine take me. I'm feeling fear as my airway swells. I'm afraid it will cut off my airway and I'll be unable to breathe. It feels like I've swallowed a baseball. I can't swallow. I start fearing tomorrow; worried I'll have an even worse reaction to it. I come back to the idea of surrendering. I feel the regret creep up on me. I wish I hadn't taken the medicine. I remind myself it is medicine and to let it work. I have a pounding headache. I close my eyes and marinate in the heat and the tightness and the feeling of it rushing around in my brain. I feel it in my lymph system, winding it's way down along the outer sides of my uterus. I feel like throwing up. The severe discomfort in my solar plexus compels me to sit halfway up and lean over my bucket. I am spitting. I heave many times, but nothing physically comes out, only the non-physical vibration of emotion. The feeling of "I can't" comes up. I lay back down in the fetal position.

Simon re-wets the points. I watch Simon and his partner near the hammock, smiling at each other and being intimate and I



start to writhe with the desperate feeling of lacking that feeling of closeness. I "need" my husband or someone to comfort me and be intimate with me, but they are nowhere to be found. The emotion of that starvation and envy and self-pity twisted my body this way and that. I felt the feeling lift, like a sheet of paper off of me. I felt sick again, leaned over my bucket, nothing but phlegm came up. Then I laid down face up with my hand against the tree and felt instantly comforted. I realized it was keeping me company. I asked for my guides to come help me. Stuart Wilde (my newest guide) came in a purple satin scarf draped over his shoulders with yellow writing on it in Tibetan. He knelt down and placed my head in his lap. I started crying. I felt like I gave up the search and instead was placing my soul in their hands instead of in the hands of someone else I was looking for. I don't know how long I lay like that, but suddenly the sunlight was touching my face and warming me in a gentle way that felt like it cooled off the medicine. A song came on in the background "I am bountiful, blissful and beautiful on my own". I smiled at the irony. I let the words reach my heart and penetrate me like a mantra. I look at the tree and suddenly feel weightless and have the strong urge to climb the tree. I feel like if I tried, I'd stick right to it and be able to reach the top in second.

I felt a layer of sadness peel up and lift. I took my hair out of the hair tie. I pulled the blanket over me. Some time later, I sat up with my back against the tree. I knew the medicine, which was still in my head, was healing my brain. I became aware of the damage and imbalance there. I felt the feeling of self-surety, that I am stronger than I feel. I went through the journey alone. I feel a flash of being proud of myself. My husband winks at me from his place on the floor. I am conscious of hearing him purge earlier on. Later he comes to sit by me and he tells me that he has had an intuition that he shouldn't drink coffee, but he ignored it. He drank coffee a little over a week ago, and even though he threw up yellow and clear liquid, it smelled intensely of burnt or roasting coffee. He told me that during every journey, he purges from his eyes. I reminded him that "most people call that crying, but we can call it purging if you like!" We both laughed.

My stomach is turning. I'm thinking it's obvious why I didn't throw up this

journey... I'm working on the feeling of deprivation and feeling empty, the opposite of being full of something needed to purge. I pee, it smells unhealthy like flesh rot. And I am nowhere near my period, but I am breakthrough bleeding.

We got in the car after an hour or so to go back to our little rustic, cabin like apartment. My husband looked disoriented, like someone had hit him with a truck. But he looked so much softer in his eyes and tender. I truly felt so much more secure in and of myself. I felt an insight settle in for myself: If you don't know the outcome, assume the best, not the worst or life will hurt perpetually. And I need to get very serious about looking for the positive/feel good things. I am only touching the pain lately. This is especially crucial for someone in my line of work. And this is not to be confused with avoidance. I have observed that water (shower or bath and drinking water) is a must after each ceremony, not just as a cleansing tool but also as an acceptance tool, like a symbolic acknowledgement of the turning of a page or the closing of a chapter.

We met Simon at a restaurant for dinner and had an epic conversation while being bathed in sparking dinner lights and white canopies. After receiving Kambo, all we wanted to do was cuddle in bed and sleep. And so, we did. That night though, I slept poorly. The people in the apartment above us were awake at three in the morning walking around in shoes. I was awake in bed, unsure of what my intention for the next day's Kambo session should be. I scanned my body felt that grief was what was holding me back, like a dark cloud over my reality. Grief about what I lost, grief about my family and how our relationships have gone and are going, grief about losing my childhood and self, grief about the loss of joy. The list goes on and on. My intention for the next day was to purify myself of grief. I was afraid, more afraid of the following Kambo journey than I was of the journeys leading up to it.

### 3rd Journey

The journey took place on the final day of the Mercury retrograde, the day

before the new moon. We arrived at the house, drank liters of water and went outside. Simon brought out the special stick of Kambo, the one that was collected specially by tribal elders. The fact that this stick arrived with the batch that arrived fifteen minutes before my arrival three days ago added to Simon's intuition that it was to be used by us on this, the final day of Kambo ceremony. I held the stick; I felt the familiar signature of tribal sorcery on the stick. I knew that this medicine was the reason that I had to be here at exactly this time and place. This was the medicine and the frog that was calling me so strongly last week that I could not ignore it and booked a flight on a whim.

Simon intuited that I needed three points of this much stronger medicine, and that they needed to be placed on my Dantian, just under my belly button; the heart of my chi. Receiving shamanic medicine directly in your energy center is a recipe for total system transformation. He burnt the marks into my skin and asked me if I was ready to receive. I nodded and he placed the dots of Kambo in each burn mark and told me to have a good journey with this medicine. I laid back and waited for the furious rush of heat.



Unlike the previous Kambo, which raced through the blood stream, this medicine slithered and penetrated itself upwards and then downwards. I intuitively knew that the collection process for this Kambo had made the frog less agitated. The energy was more that the frog had given it than that the people had taken it. As

it reached the heart, I could hear only my own heartbeat and my world went dark. I could not keep my eyes open. It spiraled me into myself. I focused on my breathing and asked the medicine to take me from grief or take grief from me. Then I told it to "do what needs to be done". I thanked it as it engulfed me. Which is a difficult thing to do. It isn't easy to thank something that feels like a veil of imminent death. What was to come was a journey full of visions.



I saw flashes of my past. Images of myself and each of my family members. But I could not cry. The tears would not come because before they rose up, they were burnt away by the fire of the Kambo. I felt the pain in my heart that I usually feel when I see them, which intensified. It intensified to the point that it was agonizing. I was not paralyzed on this medicine. Instead, the agony of it made me feel like twisting and turning away from it. I felt like someone had kicked my sternum in. I consciously surrendered to the medicine and mentally opened my heart chakra, so the medicine could specifically target that feeling. I felt the need to throw up. But instead of forcing myself up, I was pulled up as if by an external force. I found sitting up on Kambo to be extremely difficult and painful. Nonetheless, there I was sitting. Leaning over my bucket. My body heaved a deep dry heave and I started salivating and drooling profusely. I dry heaved again; the medicine used the force to rush straight up the side of my neck into my head again. For the second journey in a row, the medicine targeted my brain. I got an intense migraine level headache. I lay down with my eyes closed.



On the previous medicine, I had closed my eyes and seen millions of centimeter wide red spirals moving in an

outward direction from one another, spinning faster and faster. This time, when I closed my eyes again, I saw a kaleidoscope of deep purple triangles with yellow edges, moving only slightly. I opened my eyes and looked above me at the twisting branches of the giant oak tree overhead. And above me,

were three Shamans. I assume they were the ones who had collected the frog. I could see them so clearly. One of them had a face that was painted with red paint. They were all holding what looked like a large bladder bag. They told me without speaking "we're going to give you your breath back" and together they lifted the bladder bag and told me to breathe in. I opened up and they placed it through my mouth and with the next breath, they stepped back and my throat, which had swollen as a result of taking the medicine opened back up completely. Instead of breathing in water as I had suspected, I took a breath in and the sunlight raced in and through my whole body. It was as if for the first time in my life, the breath reached down into my being. Because of the fear and anxiety I experience, I am a shallow breather. I was worrying, wondering if this journey was going to cure my life long resistance to the breath. The one in the middle stopped me in the middle of my worry by waving his hand and they said without talking as if their voices telepathically resounded in my mind "remember who you are". They would not leave without me actually saying to them out loud "I promise to remember who I am" as if I had forgotten my power and was called to remember it and never forget it again. The middle shaman, the one with a painted face leaned forward with two wrinkly fingers and touched the center of my forehead and said "The medicine will be with you forever". When they left, withdrawing into the sky, they said goodbye to me but called me by the name Aether. I remember thinking "Ah that's who I am, I'm an embodiment of Aether the people have been asking for". As they left, a soft veil of heat cascaded from my crown chakra down across my face.

I could not move then. I felt incapacitated. My world was spinning and dizzy. My heart slowed and I felt a slight panic as I felt the medicine begin to move like a buzzing electric wave slowly through the center of my bone marrow. I thought to myself "Ah...that's where the grief is". I knew that this was what they meant when they said "the medicine will be with you forever" when it gets into your bones, it will never come out again. It will reside there forever to be activated at will or when needed. I saw this medicine as a gift that is intended not only for me, but that it would play a role in the healing of future people who come to see me.

I held my heart shaped amethyst rock in my left hand. I had intuitively brought it with me, so it could learn from the medicine. I was consumed by pain. There is no accurate way of describing the pain of receiving Kambo fully into your being. It is not just the pain of nausea. It causes a healing crisis on so many levels of your being that it is as if all parts of you are hurting at once and in different ways. The journey was so intense, that simply holding the space for us to journey on this particular medicine, made Simon walk to the side of the porch and nearly purge at that point.

As I lay there, I had the urge to cover my upper body with my coat. So I did. And then, I felt the white fire of the body's own defenses flare in my bone marrow and amplify the buzzing. My bones were vibrating with that starlight like white fire. I began to shake violently. I was wondering if I was having a seizure, but I did not lose consciousness. I just surrendered to the shaking. In the healing field, shaking is seen as a catharsis. It is trauma leaving the body and the nervous system resetting itself. I wondered at one point if I could handle shaking any longer. My whole body shook and shivered for so long, I could not believe it. I wondered if this journey, which felt endless would ever end. This Kambo journey was not fast and furious. Unlike the others where it felt like I could have been gone 2 hours and only 20 or 30 minutes had passed, this time it felt like I was gone for 16 hours and I had been gone, deep in the journey for two and a half hours. The medicine went to work on my frontal lobes. A sharp and intense headache in the very front of my head stayed with me the remainder of the night. I started to hiccup and sneeze. I could not move when the journey slowed to what most would see as an end. I put my hand on the oak tree. I thanked it for holding the space for the journey.



When I felt more stable, I went inside the house and found Andrea McGinnis, a transformational massage intuitive resident there. I hired her for a massage. She set up the table outside. As she was setting up, a group of people arrived to do a Kambo cleanse. We greeted each other and I received

a massage while they were in the midst of purging. The massage was the best massage I have ever received. I could feel her moving the medicine through my lymph system and deeper into me. She moved her whole body against me as if dancing with me, even though I was still. I was in heaven. She said she could feel the medicine by even touching me and was being affected by it. The massage made my body go into another mini healing crisis. I got up to pee 6 times during the massage.

In the middle of the massage, one of the men who had taken Kambo energetically went into flames. People's bodies are comprised of different elements and people tend to be predominant in one element. Some people are extremely predominant in one element. For example, I am extremely predominant in the element of air. It is why I am so extremely sensitive. This man was so predominant in fire that he needed to drink twice what everyone else did, to balance the fire of Kambo. Not only is he predominantly fire, he suppresses his insecurities with anger and so the medicine, was like fire and fire. He lit up like a human torch. He began yelling for help and struggling to breathe while purging. Simon came to his aid and I did as well. I think it was part of the reason that I was not called to leave right after the journey. I astral planed from the massage table, entered his body, corralled the fire, forced it out his mouth and nose and assisted his diaphragm to pull down. This, in conjunction with Simon's experienced assistance calmed the peak of the experience and the man laid down to complete his journey.

My husband was blown away when I relayed the story of my journey to him because the same three shamans had come to him during his journey. They had been peering at him from a very close distance as if looking into his soul. If you had shown me an image of his energy field two weeks ago and not told me that he had received Kambo, I would have thought that he either had a near death experience or an enlightenment. There are no more walls or stagnancies in his energy field. The density is gone from it. The color has changed from blood red to a beaming, bright red. There is no restriction and it does not fold back in on itself. It radiates outward. And it feels softer, more nurturing and encouraging in its power instead of brutal and oppositional in its power.



It felt sad to hug Simon goodbye. There is a nostalgia that pulls at you when you have taken a transformational turn hand in hand with someone. We discussed the probability of gathering small groups of Teal Tribers who wish to receive Kambo (and receive it in the best set and setting possible) to be facilitated by Simon. I am looking forward to this idea coming to fruition should individuals be called to receive.

After we returned to our little apartment, we took our ritual post Kambo baths and then made our way down the canyon to Café Gratitude in Santa Monica. I regretted making the trip to



the city. The busy, aggressive movements and noises of the city have no place in the Kambo process. The Kambo journey needs a nurturing container like atmosphere for reflection and integration. Café Gratitude was jarring and disorienting, but it is one of my favorite restaurants in America. Ironically on this trip, I ordered "Warm Hearted" off of the menu. A grilled hempseed, pesto polenta in a Puttanesca sauce with baby spinach, cashew ricotta, Brazil nut parmesan and fresh basil. It was so heavenly in it's flavor that I went into a state of silence while eating it. The caressing embrace of the warmth of the dish, mixed with the unpredictable flaring intensities of the accent flavors, welcomed me back to living again. In a state of extreme tenderness, we drove back up the canyon and went to sleep early.

From the second we landed in California, I encountered trigger after trigger. My childhood came back to life. The apartment we rented turned out to be entirely covered in wood panel. The woman who rented us the apartment was a carbon copy of my mother. There was a storage room in back of the apartment with a dirt floor and no light, like the ones I was kept in as a child. The first day I arrived at Simon's, a glass shattered (which usually puts me

into a seizure). The restaurant we went to on the second night served oxtail soup, which is what my abuser fed me the first night I spent at his house. There were coyotes screaming during the night, just like they used to do in the wilderness behind my house when I was young. The Kambo caused a paralysis, much like the Ketamine I was forcibly injected with as a child. There were too many triggers to mention each individually. It was obvious to me that the dark cloud of my childhood pain was the thing that I could not free myself from. I decided to embrace it. I knew that they had come up for a reason. But unlike usual, the triggers did not consume me. I did not seizure or black out. I did not have a panic attack. I noticed them, they were uncomfortable, but I allowed them to be there and to be offered up to the medicine. The night of that final journey, I slept through the night in a state of ease. No dreams, only a cradle of nurturing darkness before me.



This morning we woke up and made our way slowly to the ocean. For fifteen minutes we stood at the edge of the wave break, letting it rush to and away from shore against our ankles. I watched the pelicans fold their wings and dive into the sparkling water. I saw a pod of dolphins greet a person on a paddle board far out in the depths beyond the shore. It felt like a quiet baptism. The competitive bustle of the drive and the re-entry into society

made the Kambo flare up in my system again. I was overcome with heat and I decided that it is best to leave at least one day after the last Kambo journey to soak it in and acclimatize to the new state of being. We flew home. I have ever felt such a state of peace since arriving back home.

Looking back on your life, you can see the things you would have done over and the things that were the best decisions you could have made. Coming on this journey was one of the best decisions I have ever made. Kambo, the Panacea of the Heart has given me back something that I lost. Life is never the same before and after Kambo, nor should it be. I feel different. I feel drastically altered. The heart can take you where the mind cannot follow. The outcome will reveal itself in the time to come.

After this journey, I am left with a sentence that I now give to you. It is an excerpt from the book, The Little Prince. "And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye." I love you and goodnight.

m

(The Vibration of Kambo)

---

[Report Blogpost](#)



**GO TO BLOGPOSTS**  
Teal's Blog



---

USER FEEDBACK

~ ~

**Amy Mejia**Posted May 17 · [Report](#)

"I have always felt like I was born a thousand years too soon"

**ElinoreG**Posted October 30 · [Report](#)

Thank you for sharing. I have been interested in doing a kambo cleanse for some time and now I have found a facilitator. Now I just need a little bit more courage and convincing signs that it is the right thing for me.

## Create an account or sign in to comment

You need to be a member in order to leave a comment

### Create an account

Sign up for a new account in our community. It's easy!

[Register a new account](#)

### Sign in

Already have an account? Sign in here.

[Sign In Now](#)



Sign in with Facebook



Sign in with Google



## LINKS

[Submit Question \(to Ask Teal  
Video Series\)](#)  
[Become A Completion Process  
Practitioner](#)  
[Volunteer](#)

## PRESS

[Media Coverage](#)  
[Images](#)  
[Press Kit](#)

## FAQ

[Store FAQ](#)  
[Premium FAQ](#)

## MAKE CONTACT

[Contact Us](#)  
[Completion Process Practitioners](#)



Language ▼

[Privacy Policy](#) • [Terms & Conditions](#) • [Contact Info](#)

© 2017 Teal Swan

Powered by Invision Community