

# Dedicated to grace —

to the ancient presence that keeps my feet on the path, that keeps summoning me through the wound of separation toward the unbroken world.

To the unseen hands that guide us, to the spirits in soil and starlight who remind us of belonging,

To the free human who rises again,

From uniformity into functionality

From monoculture into kinship with all life

To the luminous companions walking with us as we cross this trembling bridge from the ruins of doctrine into the great medicine of the earth

# **Coming Home**

You turn away from the shadows on the wall and the world you thought was real dissolves.

The scent of soil, the breath of trees, remind you of the life you belong to-

You were never meant to live inside someone else's story.

You are forest-born—

On an intimate spirit quest with all life

Earth calls you home, and your whole being answers.

We are gathering here not to get,
but to give back
Life has given us so much
Now we offer ourselves back to life.

# Prologue

# A practice for learning to swim in a world that is flooding

I woke up into a kind of nightmare a pandemic, a lockdown, an alarm, and the collective I opened.

The clouds parted, and beneath me there was no earth. Only scars—occupied, deforested, deflowered, dispirited. Nowhere for my feet to land.

So, I did what so many of us did: **We got cozy in the cloud.** 

We tried to heal humanity from within humanity, to solve the problem from inside the problem.

I joined circles of light, digital temples, communities speaking of awakening—all of us longing for connection, all of us orbiting our own reflection.

We were in the cloud, without Earth—looking down at earthlings from a safe distance.

And then something older began to sing—
from our indigenous hearts,
from cellular memory,
from rivers, soil, starlight still breathing beneath concrete.

We had been forgetting something. I listened.

The ones still caring for Earth shared something in common: gratitude, reciprocity, generosity, responsibility.

### Bare bottoms on ice

When personal and collective collapse into each other, the body hits the ground.

My teacher Almaas calls this

"bare bottoms on ice."

Reality without insulation. Contact without anaesthesia.

To navigate and contain the collective field—
to be response-able to a being so ancient, so wise, so patient—
is, at best, mind-boggling.
It demands so much we were never taught:

To give back.
To ask instead of assume.
To be clueless instead of manipulative.
To feel instead of interpret.
To participate instead of analyse

We were told that reality is individual, mental, private. Indigenous science teaches the opposite: reality is **relational**, **ecological**, **and shared**.

#### Healing is not conceptual

It is a **physiological**, **perceptual**, **relational retraining**. And like all real learning, it happens slowly, in the body, with rhythm, with seasons, with support from the more-than-human world: collapse becomes initiation, when we cultivate 5 elemental capacities:

- Think clearly (Earth)
- Relate honestly (Fire)
- Purification through grief and gratitude (Metal)
- Restore and re source (Water)
- Move with life (Wood)

These five transformations form a **holographic medicine**, a way to become functional again in a rapidly changing world



A new kind of practice for a new kind of world

The world is changing faster than our coping mechanisms.

We don't need more information.

We need capacity:

- to feel without collapsing
- · to think with Earth instead of against her
- to participate in collective intelligence
- · to let go of dogmas and borrowed worlds
- to stay human while becoming more-than-human again.



### Receiving the gifts of collapse: the real sciences of life:

- collective intelligence
- seasonal law
- ecological perception
- · kinship across species
- balance after shock
- healing the wound of separation

### Returning to 5 elements, 5 transformations, 5 alchemies

(Earth / Late Summer / Center)
 Leaving Plato's Cave — healing thought

2. (Fire/ Summer/ Heart)
Alignment —manifesting honesty: sun consciousness

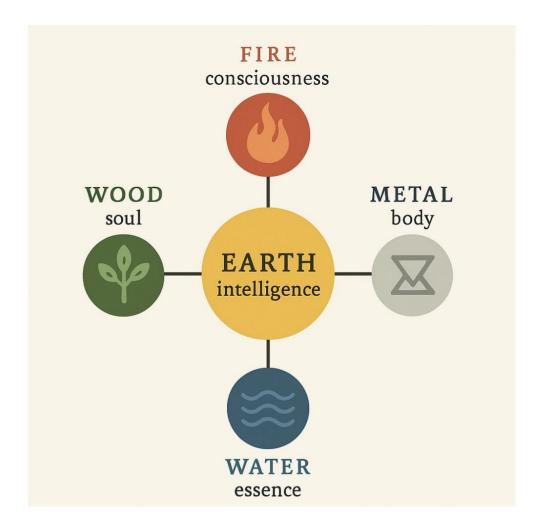
Neurolinguistic

- 3. (Metal / Autumn / Lungs)
  - Purification by embodiment. Healing collective trauma
- 4. (Water / Winter / Kidneys)

Autonomic regulation. Going with the flow, back to resource.

5. (Wood / Spring / Liver)

Processing with Forest — healing the nervous system



# Why the Five Transformations Matter Today

We are living inside a holographic universe
—what happens in one body happens in all bodies.

Earth's metabolism, your metabolism, the metabolism of communities, forests, oceans, all depend on the same movement:

#### a rhythmic exchange between five elemental forces.

This motion is what keeps life coherent:

- Fire and Water balancing consciousness and essence
- Wood and Metal balancing growth and refinement
- · Earth gathering everything back into center

When this five-point system flows, life regulates, repairs, regenerates.

When it is blocked or distorted, things fall out of balance—physically, emotionally, culturally.

It is like trying to sit on a chair with only three legs. This is what has happened to our collective body.

Not because humanity "advanced," but because colonialism violently removed whole sections of Earth's intelligence from our shared metabolism.

Entire ecosystems were erased. Indigenous peoples—living libraries of Earth's science—were silenced. Memory, reciprocity, and relationality were severed.

#### We went from:

- being shaped by Earth → to shaping Earth
- participating with life → to extracting from life
- living inside a web → to living inside a hierarchy

And yet—

Nature still has no rights. And still, she keeps breathing us.

Through trauma-informed practice, through collective healing, through the reawakening of indigenous science, we are remembering what was never lost:

Life knows how to rebalance.
The five transformations are the way.
Healing is not a metaphor — it is physics.

When we align with these rhythms — in our thought, breath, movement, relationships, work — we become part of Earth's metabolism again.

### The dialogue begins

What does forest need from us? Should we live in the forest? Next to it? How do we reforest not just land, but *perception*?

Did Earth make an experiment of us?

Our monologue becomes a dialogue an intimate, personal dialogue for all of us, together: moonlight responding to every pair of eyes individually, our feet on the ground become **thousands of tiny hairs on Earth's skin.** 

We learn to relax into a different kind of prayer:

"I don't know.
I am curious to find out.
I am available to be the solution."

Passing through the gates of critique, rejection, superiority—we arrive at the simplest recognition: **awe.**Absurd, tender awe.

And yet— we savour coffee and coffee machines, jazz and movies, books and flights.

Can we have all this and still protect the bears, the elephants, the ancient trees, the rivers?

Are we hoping to be all-beneficent humans without surrendering any privilege?

And deeper still—what do we truly, truly want?

Life keeps giving us our heart's longing—not what we expect,
but what we need to remember.
It was never about ascending.
It was always about **returning** the senses back to Earth's intelligence.

### Descent — Falling Back into Belonging

It has been busy in the cloud—so many lists, leaders, followers, so much potential unfolding, surviving, thriving, "ascending," further and further—into the cloud.

Up here, we never die. We live on in imagination, free to go but not to return. The cloud has no rain. And the Earth is parched.

Below, the Earth waits—
occupied, exhausted, still faithful.
The land thirsts for our return.
She remembers our footsteps,
our forgotten vow to care for her.

Let us fall out of the cloud hand in hand—out of the box, from intellect to heart, from heart to senses, from senses to soil.

Let our longing become electrical charge, thunder and storm, so rain can find the ground again, so forests can rise undisturbed,

The ever present and invisible underground

Can give her seeds and her dreams back to life

# The scales are tipping back toward life

The land is remembering freedom. Every species is waiting to resume its place in the song.

We give the story back to its true author—Earth.

In her turning we are turned. In her dance we are invited.

Awe.
Gratitude.
Curiosity.
Loving-kindness.
Compassion.

Five virtues the seasons offer to those who practice the dance.

Receive them with both hands.

# Remembering Unity

A sensory exercise for restoring the collective heartbeat

Find a quiet spot.

Sit or stand, and bring attention to the base of your body. Breathe into your feet, your hips, your spine.

Imagine the Earth's body breathing with you her slow exhale rising through roots, stone, and subterranean water.

Let your body be a reed in that current. Every inhale receives her pulse; every exhale returns it.

Soften your gaze.

Sense that every creature is doing this with you—trees through leaves, wolves through fur, whales through ocean skin—each breath a note in one vast song of reciprocity.

Whisper inwardly:

I trust the Earth's body to create through me. I am one gesture in her dance of becoming.

Stay until the words dissolve into sensation—until unity becomes something your cells *remember*.

Then carry this rhythm into your next encounter—with a person, an animal, a river, a loaf of bread.

Let every relationship be the continuation of one shared breath:

Earth loving herself through you.

### Preface: Alloneness:

Since my earliest memories, something felt wrong.

A grey chill in the air, a silence beneath the noise of engines.

There were wonderful people around me,

owning, caring, building homes—

yet the air itself felt lonely.

I thought the wrongness was in me.

In summer, our family included a house by the sea—and to two huge fig trees.

Their trunks were wide as elephants, their arms weaving nests and stories.

I would climb into their branches before anyone else woke,

rub the sleep from my eyes, and be held.

The trees told me the truth about humanity—

that we are meant to belong, to listen,

to lean into something larger and kind.

Up there, hidden in green light, I disappeared into generosity.

I learned that to be alive is to be held.

The sea joined the lesson.

At the shore, where waves broke over pebbles,

I learned rhythm and play.

I rolled with the water until I forgot where the ocean ended and I began.

No one looked for me—and that was the gift.

### Freedom arrived not as escape, but as participation.

No humans reaching out to me in any language I could make sense of. Something wrong? With me? With us? What I did not understand then was that the emptiness was not loneliness — it was all-oneness It was the unified field, already open in me. The trees and the sea were not filling a void; they were speaking a language my body remembered. I was in an early dialogue with Universal Mind, long before I could name it. This ease with silence, with vastness, with the unseen was not an escape it was the beginning of my purpose. The elements recognized me long before any human did. I followed the same source into acupuncture, geomancy, ancient Greek medicine, herbalism. Indigenous sciences are sunlight received by earth

They were gateways to the same field that raised me.

My universal mission started long before adulthood:

No one was there.

Only the elements.

to feel what the collective cannot feel,
to digest what overwhelms the larger body,
and to return clarity, direction, and renewal back into the world.

As soon as I could, I traveled, answering the calling of my generation to bridge science with ancient wisdom.

I found mud houses, barefoot grace, the scent of fire and soil.

I found people moving like wind and animals,
rich with time and generosity.

Then came cities—layers of clothes, schedules, a hunger for what was already here.

The contrast broke my heart open.

I saw the conflict between eternity and modernity, between the body of the Earth and the concrete of our minds.

This book grows from that crossing.

It is a small amulet for remembering how to belong again—
to the trees, the seasons, the changing sky
and to our human heritage
being human and beyond human
at the same place and time

May they help you listen for the ancient conversation still happening between Earth and every beating heart.

May we learn, together, how to come home. \* \* \*

# Transition — The Listening Between Worlds

The trees and the sea had become my first teachers, but I did not yet know what they were preparing me for.

Their language of roots and tides was growing inside me, waiting for a form it could take in the human world.

I didn't have words for belonging yet—only the ache of it, the way silence would sometimes shimmer into meaning. Then one morning, the listening became instruction.

The invisible thread that had been pulling me home suddenly spoke its name.

\* \* \*

### The Calling

I was twenty years old, an art student in London.

On a holy day's morning on the island of Skye, in Scotland—camping, wrapped in mist—

the sky and sea had become the same mirror.

In that mirror, a single word appeared:

#### acupuncture.

It was an instruction—soft but absolute.

When I spoke it aloud, something in the air recognized me.

#### Response

Back in London, still half-soaked from Scottish weather,
I carried the word like a seed in my pocket.

When my father came to visit, I asked,

"Can you help me study acupuncture?"

He simply said, "Yes."

Not what is it, not why, not how long—just yes.

He too heard the calling, the echo of the same quiet command.

The universe answers when we ask from the right depth.

\* \* \*

#### **Five Sisters**

What I met was not a technique but five living powers—

Forest, sun, earth, mountain, river, all living in me,

5 spirits spread across a holographic universe.

To touch a point on the skin

is to touch them where they live through us.

Each season a breath of creation,

Every being an acupuncture point

on the body of the world.

### Earth traditions come from a more-than-human source

Working with the elements opened the door to ancient traditions.

I discovered again and again that the roots of science,

mathematics, astronomy, medicine, governance —are not human.

The ancients were not inventors; they were listeners.

They learned from being with the intelligence of forests.

They knew how to read the signs of nature and how to respond,

because they lived in constant reciprocity with her.

\* \* \*

#### In practice

I practiced acupuncture in London and Amsterdam for 40 years — two cities proud of their progress, brilliance, and modernity.

Yet in all those years, **nobody** mentioned slavery, colonization, ecocide, genocide.

The silence around these truths was as thick as fog. And still is today.

We call the consequences of violence "climate change"

and proceed to fix climate by more ecocide, pretending it is necessary.

People came to us for pain, anxiety, exhaustion, chronic illness —

but beneath all symptoms lived something harder to name:

a longing for a life that had slipped out of reach.

For decades I believed, like many healers,

that well-being could be cultivated inside a society quietly built on violence.

I did not yet see the contradiction:

- treating the nervous system inside a world that tears it apart
- calming the mind inside a culture that uproots belonging
- restoring vitality in an economy that thrives on depletion
- offering healing inside the secrecy of colonization and erasure

For years I was treating symptoms that were not personal at all—they were the body's response to civilization itself.

The pandemic broke the spell. \* \* \*

### **Collective Healing**

When the world suddenly fell silent,
a collective *I* began to open.
A new organ of perception came online.

People felt through each other — grieved forests they had never seen, ached for waters they had never touched.

Humanity began to remember:
we are not isolated individuals,
but one field, one body, one breath.

And lately — only lately —a deeper truth emerged:

This collective I does not stop at the human.

It includes rivers, forests, animals, winds, microbes, mountains, soil...

and the stars. \* \* \*

#### This book was born from that realization

It is not a technique or a method.

It is a return.

A return to the more-than-human world that has waited for us

through seasons, illness, dreams,

and the quiet insistence of the heart.

I offer these pages as a companion,

a medicine bundle,

a way home through the wound of separation.

If you read slowly —

if you breathe into the spaces between words —

you may feel the presence I felt while writing:

a vast intelligence older than memory,

reaching toward us with patience and tenderness.

An intelligence that says only:

Come back.

Come back to Earth.

Come back to the great family.

Come back to the rhythm that made you.

This is the work of our time —

and it belongs to all of us.

# Acknowledgments

To my ancestors

I acknowledge the Forest, my first lineage—
the beings who made my breath, my blood, my immunity,
long before I had a name.

I acknowledge the soils who built my bones, the waters who shaped my heartbeat, the fungi who knit my body into the world, the stones who kept memory before language existed. I acknowledge the more-than-human nations who never forgot the covenant of kinship even when humans forgot.

I acknowledge the ancestors who returned to their original form—light, water, weather, seasons—and continue to guide life through non-human ways.

I acknowledge the indigenous heart in all of us, my courageous sisters and brothers that can hold both worlds bridging the worlds into balance.

To these elders, these teachers, these companions:

Thank you.

This book is your continuation.

# Prologue: A Prayer for the Wound of Separation

### How to Work with This Offering:

At this moment in history, it is still a radical shift to remember that life is more than human.

Only a few decades ago we brought machines to rivers, mountains, and oceans and tore them apart — not from wisdom, but from disconnection.

We did not become rich. We became depleted. Deficient. Diseased.

Our bodies began to mirror the forests we cut and the waters we poisoned.

We are still destroying what we claim to protect.

We are still pretending this is progress.

We are still without language for the consequences.

As a physician, I speak here not of guilt or accusation, but of illness — and of healing: of ease and disease.

Humanity carries one disease: the wound of separation.

Ecocide and genocide tore Earth from her children, and tore the children from their world.

This Seed Book is a sacrament for that wound —
a companion for remembering the ancient intelligence
that once held us in rhythm with everything that lives. \* \* \*

# The Five Practices of Living With the Seasons

A map for rebuilding the human nervous system in a time of collapse

We don't need more information and knowledge. We just need to practice. The seasons are healing alchemies. We are getting to know these creative beings and letting then work through us.

It is a **practice of embodiment**, a way to relearn the movements that keep life functional—the same movements the Earth performs every year.

These five elemental practices are simple, ancient, and somatic. They work together as a hologram: each one heals all the others.

### 1. Metal — Somatic Experience (Autumn)

#### Reclaiming body intelligence

Autumn teaches release.

Metal restores the body's natural ability to process: crying, trembling, sweating, exhaling, purging, resting, clearing clutter, telling the truth in your bones.

This practice returns instinct, sensation, and dignity to a culture that became trapped in its own mind.

Metal = the somatic practice.
The body remembers how to heal.

# 2. Fire — Plato's Cave / Sun Consciousness (Summer)

#### **Reclaiming direct perception**

Summer is clarity and spirit.
Fire lights up what is real and burns away illusion.
Plato's Cave is a Fire practice:
learning to turn away from the shadows
and from human-made worlds

toward direct perception—toward the sun of consciousness.

This restores intuition, honesty, and agency.

Fire = the perceptual practice. Seeing clearly heals distortion.

## 3. Earth — NLA: Neurolinguistic Alignment (Late Summer)

#### Healing language, story, and meaning

Earth is digestion and coherence. The creator of thought forms NLA is the Earth practice: rewriting internal narratives, clearing colonial language structures, reframing stories so they serve life.

It is the practice of speaking, thinking, and creating in ways that support reciprocity.

Earth = the cognitive practice.
Words become nourishment, not weapons.

### 4. Water — Autonomic Regulation (Winter)

#### Restoring deep rest and reserve

Winter is the wisdom of stillness.
Water regulates all rhythms:
sleep, restoration, immunity, and emotional depth.

This practice teaches: slowing down, descending, lying down, doing nothing, unhooking from media fire, rebuilding reserves, allowing gravity to hold you.

Water = the restoration practice. Stillness returns your power.

# 5. Wood — Forest Processing (Spring)

#### Belonging to collective soul

Wood is movement, creativity, and direction. This practice is relational: processing with forest, river, wind, animals letting the nervous system be carried by more-than-human intelligence.

It opens imagination, purpose, connection, and reawakens the Indigenous heart.

Wood = the relational practice. Life moves you back into belonging.



# The medicine of living with the seasons

These five elemental alchemies rebuild:

- perception
- regulation
- meaning
- movement
- relationship

Not through belief, but through practice.

They make the human being functional again in a world that is shaking itself awake.

# Returning

These 5 medicines —

leaving the cave, processing with forest,

aligning with Earth intelligence — somatic processing—and wisdom of regulation are the seeds of our time.

Together, they reveal what we forgot:

You cannot heal your ancestors

without healing earth. She is our true ancestry.

Our lineage does not begin with human bloodlines.

It begins with trees, water, soil, sun, fungi.

Our oldest elders are more-than-human nations.

Your original mother is Earth.

When you remember this,

healing becomes belonging.

Belonging becomes purpose.

Purpose becomes love.

You do not live on Earth —

you live with Earth, as Earth,

belonging to everything that has ever lived.

"May this remembering become a doorway in you — where thought softens into contact, and your life becomes a homecoming for all life."

### Introduction

What Is Already Being Done

### Walking Into the Living World That Still Exists

Gratitude is our greatest gift, enables us to see what we do have

Where we really are, and from there, the next first step.

We need to gather what we have: worlds still intact,

biodiversity still sovereign,

cultures still in deep reciprocity,

lands still governed by the more-than-human nations.

# ## The Great Biodiversity Still Alive

Real places. Real governance. Real continuity.

### The Amazon — Brazil, Peru, Colombia, Ecuador

Where Indigenous nations protect the largest intact rainforest on Earth, and where 80% of remaining biodiversity survives because they are still in charge.

### A The Congo Basin — DRC, Gabon, Cameroon

The second lung of the planet,

home to elephants, gorillas, forest peoples —

a vast living world still held by ancestral governance.

### Aotearoa / New Zealand

Where the Whanganui River is legally a person.

Where Māori cosmology guides daily life.

#### The Great Bear Rainforest — British Columbia

The world's largest intact temperate rainforest, protected by Indigenous nations who restored salmon, wolves, bears, old growth medicine.

# Sacred Groves of Northeast India

Thousands of years old.

Never cut.

Biodiversity rivaling the Amazon — conserved through ceremony and kinship.

### 🐔 Kenya — Amboseli, Tsavo, Maasai Lands

Where community-led stewardship restored migration routes, revived grasslands, and brought elephants home.

### Papua New Guinea & Solomon Islands

The Coral Triangle — greatest marine biodiversity on Earth — alive because Indigenous sea governance never stopped.

# ്ത് Sápmi (Norway / Sweden / Finland)

Where Sámi reindeer culture continues as one of Europe's last intact land-based lifeways.

### imalaya — Bhutan, Ladakh, Nepal

Where Buddhism, animism, and natural law maintain forests, rare species, and sacred landscapes.

These are not metaphors.

They are the world that still exists.

And this is the world you are re-entering.

# TA Planet Already Regenerating

When humans realign even slightly, life returns.

When violence pauses for even a decade, ecosystems explode with vitality.

Across continents, these quiet revolutions are already unfolding:

- Rivers gaining legal personhood
- Land Back movements restoring whole ecosystems
- Indigenous governance protecting 80% of remaining biodiversity
- Wolves, bison, and beavers returning to heal watersheds
- Community forests regenerating on every continent
- Coral reefs recovering where fishing was stopped
- Carbon footprints falling where people live simply and collaboratively
- Youth & Elders forming climate alliances rooted in love, not guilt
- Spiritual ecology bringing meaning back into public life

These are not dreams.

These are facts.

And we are not standing at the beginning —

we are stepping into a story already well underway.

# ③ 3. A Network of Elders and Wisdom Keepers

There is a global choir of more-than-human-aligned teachers carrying relational intelligence forward:

- Vanessa Machado de Oliveira (Hospicing Modernity)
- Tyson Yunkaporta (Sand Talk, Indigenous complexity theory)
- Pádraig Ó Tuama (conflict transformation as belonging)
- Pat McCabe (Woman Stands Shining)
- Valarie Kaur (Revolutionary Love Project)
- Tyokasin Ghosthorse (Indigenous Lakota cosmology, relational sound)
- Bayo Akomolafe (post-humanist, indigenous metaphysics)
- Robin Wall Kimmerer (Braiding Sweetgrass)
- The Global Alliance for the Rights of Nature
- The Eternal Songlines and Dreaming Custodians
- The Indigenous Elders Network
- GTDF Global Tipping Point Dialogue Forum

These elders, philosophers, ecologists, and ceremonialists are weaving a shared message:

- Life is relational.
- Knowledge is ecological.
- Healing is collective.
- And we do this together.

### Why You Matter (More Than You Know)

You reading this book
means something is already alive in you —
a pulse, a memory, a quiet commitment
that you probably have not named
because it has never been validated.

But here is the truth:

#### You are already participating.

In small gestures —
in your love of seasons,
your attention to animals,
your grief for forests,
your longing for rightful place —
you have already joined the great movement.

This book does not tell you what to do.

It simply shows you what you are already part of.

Because healing is not an individual act.

It is joining an ancient rhythm

that has been waiting for you.

# The Threshold — Entering the Covenant

You have now seen

that the world is not a wasteland.

It is a living family,

with rooms that never closed.

You are stepping into a paradigm that already exists —

a world governed by:

Earth intelligence

Seasonal law

Reciprocity

Kinship across species

Planetary coherence

**Ecological belonging** 

The Covenant that follows is not an instruction manual. It is not a program. It is an orientation —a way of standing in the world that millions already live. It is an agreement with life that you are free to enter in your own way, your own pace, your own season.

### The Earth Seasons Covenant

A Living Invitation to Sacred Adulthood and the Restoration of Earth's Body Vision: We, children of Earth and kin to all life,

recognize that true community cannot exist apart from Nature.

We affirm that our healing, our governance, our economies,

and our futures are inseparable from Earth's living cycles.

We commit to realigning human systems

with her seasons, tides, and metabolic rhythms.

We recognize trauma not as failure, but as invitation—

to grow into deeper relational maturity.

Earth herself was born of collision, rupture, and renewal.

So too must we be.

This Covenant is a living seed.

It invites communities, schools, organizations, and individuals

to return to the heartbeat of life—

to protect forests, restore waters,

and build societies where Earth can thrive.

### **Principles**

#### Sacred Relationality

Every being—human and more-than-human—participates in Earth's web of life.

Healing means restoring belonging across species, waters, soils, and skies.

#### **Seasonal Alignment**

We pledge to live, plan, and govern in rhythm with Earth's seasons: allowing time for growth, harvest, rest, and regeneration.

#### **Rights of Nature**

Forests, rivers, mountains, and ecosystems are living beings with inherent rights to exist, regenerate, and evolve.

#### **Collective Healing**

We heal not only human trauma,

but Earth's trauma—the grief of colonization, extraction, and desecration.

#### Sacred Adulthood

We step beyond domination and exploitation into stewardship, reciprocity, and joyful service to life.

#### Commitments

\* \* \*

Honor the solstices, equinoxes, and cross-quarter days through communal reflection, gratitude, and ceremony.

Protect at least one living place—a forest, river, or meadow—through law, restoration, or stewardship.

Embed Rights of Nature and seasonal rhythms into local governance and education.

Support regenerative, bioregional economies that respect Earth's cycles.

Teach seasonal living, ecological literacy, and relational healing in schools and communities.

# **Earth Law: From Reverence to Rights**

Love must take legal form.

Reverence without protection is not enough.

We call for Nature's recognition as subject, not object—

for rivers, forests, mountains, and oceans

to hold legal rights: to exist, thrive, regenerate, and evolve.

Each community is invited to adopt one living being of place—

a river, a forest, a stretch of coast—

and defend its freedom as kin.

Let gratitude become governance.

Let ceremony become civic action.

Let healing become law.

Every act of policy, every plan for development, begins with:

#### "What does Earth need to heal through us?"

We pledge to speak for those who cannot speak in human tongues until every being may again speak for itself.

\* \* \*

# 🛱 Planting the Seed on Real Soil

Plant this book as you would a seed.

Gift it to a school, a healer, a policymaker, a child.

Read it aloud under a tree or by a river.

Speak its words where decisions are made.

Let it be the bridge where meditation becomes motion, where prayer becomes participation,

where law and love dance again.

This book is a vow:

to restore balance among all beings.

The three medicines—

- healing thought,
- realigning the nervous system with life,
- and learning the forest's way—

cannot happen without relationship.

Place has its own spirit, stories, friends, its own needs.

Approach them the way you approach someone you love:

with curiosity, kindness and no expectations.

Offer something simple—your song, your breath, a handful of seeds.

Let birds, insects, and animals become your teachers.

When the land begins to recognize you,

a reciprocal relationship awakens—

you are joining a living community.

This is how healing happens:

when you step into a place

as one more being in the collective.

Let the land finish the work.

Let the place teach you how to belong.

# The Seasons of Healing — Healing the Collective Body

The Covenant is the vow.

The Seasons are the practice.

Together they form the art of renewal—

my own medicine for healing the wound of separation.

The crisis you feel, the fires, the floods, the wars,

the silence of forests,

the exhaustion in your bodies—

these are the symptoms of forgetting

that life is shared.

To heal collectively means healing all beings, because they are part of your own nervous system.

When their rhythms are restored,

your hearts begin to beat in time again.

Each season shows how healing happens:

Autumn — Cleaning up what is no longer alive

Winter — Preserving what must endure

Spring — Birthing and growing what is ready

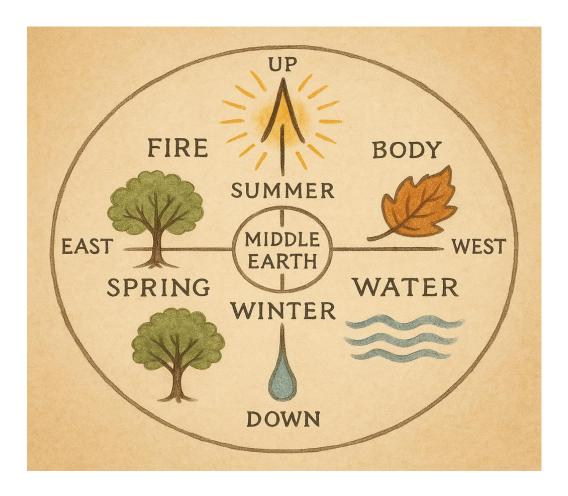
Summer — Completing with radiant leadership

Earth — Balancing all cycles in one breath

These are not lessons you must learn—
they are rhythms already moving in your bones.
You are ready, even after a thousand years,
to remember your place among us:
as lovers, gardeners,
co-creators with living Earth.

# Part One

# Evoking the 5 resonances



Walking with the elements is being at ease with the world, accepting your gifts with gratitude.

Take a walk and sense the e-motion of the day.

These motions are what makes beings functional.

To go against the seasons is like a chair with 3 legs,

like the illusion of separateness, and the time out of balance:

It is falling down. \* \* \*

Light a candle, light the fire.

Put flowers in water, gather crystals, precious stones you found on your path.

Burn incense and healing essences.

Taste your own sweetness—drink the nectar you are made of.

The greatest offering is your presence.

Life took so long to make you

and you are getting to know yourself

Evoke the summer spirit, sun consciousness in heart's flame

Evoke winter essence, the water resonance in every cell of your body,

and in seas, oceans, in your glass of water,

Dissolve in the luminous darkness that holds the stars in place

Evoke Spring spirit with flowers, forests walks and love's wings.

Enjoy he autumn spirit, animal soul, in your body, your pet, precious metals and sunsets

Evoke the earth spirit, by focusing your intention and attention

Release them from expectation, using, or knowing

Let them settle as colors, as sensations, as awareness.

Ask them for permission to enter their alchemy

Up is fire, sun, summer, joy.

Down is water, winter, wisdom.

This is the vertical axis, of the 2 solstices

Fire and water are eternal and formless,

without individuation and history.

When you are standing with your hands to the sky

you connect sun with sea, heaven with earth.

and so you are doing what the earth does;

Being one with heaven, balancing fire with water.

The other pair is on the left: East, the soul: rising, spring, tree, birth

and on the right: west\_body: falling, autumn, metal, death.

These are a horizontal axis circling clockwise. The 2 equinoxes.

Trees, flowers, forests and stones, are forms, with their own age and story.

They form the movement of time, individuation, birth and death

Middle earth brings these polarities together, gathering all directions,

bringing everything into balance.

To live with the seasons,

and how life restores, repairs, regenerates.

\* \* \*

### Embryonic Breathing — The Cross of Life

Twelve meridians breathe you.

Six run through your arms and six through your legs.

All of them meet in your heart,

forming a living cross that mirrors the turning of the seasons.

Six meridians belong to the storage organs —

they rise like rivers up the front of the body.

Their six transformer partners descend down the back,

completing the cycle.

There is nothing to do.

They breathe on their own, if you let them.

Look at a cat asleep, or a baby in its softness—

their bellies rising and falling,

their whole bodies opening and closing in effortless balance.

Feel this cadence inside yourself:

the center of gravity breathing,

the geometric center expanding and returning

because the physics of life moves you.

With every breath,

let the cross of life within you

turn with the great seasons of the world.\* \* \*

#### **Evoking the 5 e-motions**

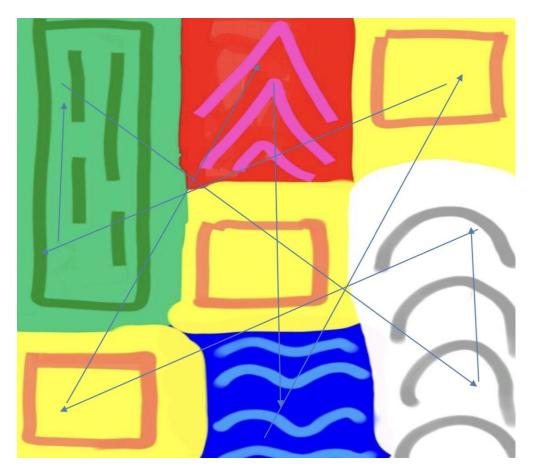
Feel breath travel upward in quiet joy and downward in home coming inward in a soft letting go in gratitude and outward looking forward to fresh air.

Centrifugal, centripetal—

Allow yourself to be moved by enthusiasm of spring, loving kindness of summer, gratitude of Autumn wisdom of preservation of winter merging polarities together

In middle earth

## 4 motions and middle earth



"The Fifth Season, late summer

When the harvest is full and the air grows sweet and heavy, a fifth season arises—the time of Earth.

Here everything gathers:

what has grown, what is fading, what is waiting to be born,

### to receive, to digest, to offer back.

She holds contradictions without forcing resolution.

She turns everything—joy, shock, memory, confusion—into nourishment.

### The Mystery Between Seasons

There are moments when the weather cannot decide—warm and cool at once, a pause before direction.

These are Earth's moments:

the generous thresholds between seasons

the 2nd, 5th, 8th and 11th month,

where the planet gathers motion back into coherence.

Harmony is difference learning to dance.

You don't need to understand this mystery.

You only need to feel its gravity.

When life feels contradictory,

place your feet on the ground and listen:

Earth is teaching you how opposites belong together.

\* \* \*

### Devotion — The Art of Enough

Earth births through listening,

through the quiet strength of holding everything  $% \left( t\right) =\left( t\right) +\left( t\right) +\left$ 

until it ripens into generosity.

Abundance is not wealth.

Abundance is the calm knowing that nothing given in care is ever lost.

To walk with Earth is to practice being enough:

receiving without grasping,

offering without depletion.

When you bow to the ground,

she bows back.

# Thought — Mother of Matter

The spirit of Earth, we call thought. It lives in the spleen—the organ that receives, transforms, distributes.

Gaia intelligence is not analysis.

It is **metabolism**.

It takes time, kindness. and relationship.

When you feel scattered or overwhelmed,

Earth whispers the oldest instruction:

Come to center. Let life settle.

Let meaning arise on its own.

This is the mind we abandon when we let screens think for us, when we live in schedules instead of seasons, when we trade attention for speed.

Place a hand on your belly.

Feel the warmth gather.

Say softly:

Mother of matter,

talk with me,

and let every thought be nourishment.

## Earth



**♦** Late Summer — The Earth Element — Creative Thought

Gaia intelligence is in collective heart

With the pandemic came the opening of the **collective I**—
an eye that revealed Gaia and her true story.

I cried for grief and for gratefulness.

I had missed that vast, magnificent presence,
yet the pain of so much suffering was splitting my heart.
Gaia's narrative began to unfold inside my nervous system.

Layers of hypocrisy, arrogance and violence pretending to be civilization, progress, intellectual achievement —

And layers of separation — kept falling off rapidly...... and silently. Nobody was yet talking about this.

In that remembering, I felt my **indigenous heart** begin to root again.

Creativity and joy of life opened inside me.

I felt myself in the roots of that ancient forest breaking through concrete.

I felt the power and timelessness of thousands of years of Earth manifesting beauty and brilliance

that my nervous system had forgotten.

I stepped into synchronicity with Gaia intelligence,

moving out of veils and obscurity.

I joined the information war,

and learned how to look not for "truth,"

but for **honesty**.

I listened to so many stories —

stories of severed roots, of genocide and ecocide

and hundreds of thousands of years of human societies thriving

in reciprocity with Earth.

I allowed myself to look for healing in pre colonial times

where governance is a universal transmission

and leadership is service.

I began to address the breach in the living web

that mads trauma metastasize.

To understand that I was made *by her* for a purpose, and be that, be me, be earth.

Planting trees and speaking with rivers and mountains is part of it.

But another part is much more intimate and personal—a vision quest, which is landing, on real free land even if that land is only in our hearts.

Healing is incomplete until it generates living ecosystems under human care

Earth intelligence is cunning and humorous,

She finds each one of us in unexpected moments
and calls us:

"Hey.

You are the only one who can do what is needed here.

Take your place in the chain of events —
in the bundle of stories that reconnect us —
in the web of roots breaking through concrete.

### Healing the Cave of Thought

Plato's cave is a very real place that I *love to visit* a cave of images and inherited stories.

The room of human construct and intellect without heart and body: **shadows on a wall**: a world where human is separated and chained

#### The Descent

Close your eyes.

Place your hand on your diaphragm.

This is where inherited stories live when the truth became too dangerous to feel.

Let the breath lead you down into the cave you carry inside.

You see shadows on the wall

They are saying \_We have created the universe,
God is a kind of landlord evicting us
you owe us, you are a sinner, you are not worthy
You are your diseases,
You have to pick up the pieces
the consequences that we secretly create

#### Guide

A presence meets you—

human, or more-than-human:

A new thought arrives—relational, spacious, alive.

### **Turning**

You turn your head away from the wall.

This is the moment every mystic knows:

#### the turning is the healing.

It is not about what you saw, but what you did not see

A multidimentional, unbieliveably diverse, undefinable, magical world.

### Walking Out

- You walk upward,
- each step dissolving an old narrative
- reconnecting a forgotten capacity.
- to become functional again:
- to relate
- to feel
- to perceive
- to participate
- to respond
- to be part of Earth's body

#### Returning (Yes—Returning)

#### Earth wisdom is about returning

You re-enter the human world:

- without fading into the shadows
- without being seduced by illusion
- without being erased like Socrates
- without abandoning your indigenous heart
- without pretending

You learn to:

#### Survive in body, mind and spirit

Be part of roots breaking through concrete."

This is collective remissioning

This is our work.

\* \* \*

### From Concept to Contact

Close your eyes.

Think of someone or something you love:

a river, a friend, the moon, yourself.

Is there an image? Is there a felt presence? A story?

Let your senses become intuition and fill in any gaps,

until there is love flowing between you and your life, work, partner, problem.

# • Was There a Collision?

#### Trauma, origin, and the human condition as ongoing inquiry

Maybe there was a collision. Maybe not.

Some truths are not waiting to be proven — they are waiting to be *felt*.

There are many ways to know.

Some truths live in fossils and equations;

others in breath and trembling recognition.

A living story doesn't ask for belief.

It asks for participation.

It cannot be measured, only practiced.

Its meaning is not accuracy but consequence:

what it makes possible in the world.

Ask of every story:

Does it open my hand or close my heart?

Does it awaken tenderness or superiority?

Does it move me toward care — or toward control?

What does it create?

If it draws you toward awe, gratitude, courage...

if it brings you back into belonging...

then it is true enough to build a world from.



(How Trauma Became Seasons)\*\*

Was there a collision with Earth's twin planet —
Theia, mother of the Moon in Greek remembering —
four and a half billion years ago?

How did the ancients know that?

How did they know the planets and their soul aspects?

The meridians the points, their true names and attributes?

Did that collision bring water to Earth and create the Moon at just the right distance to steady the tides and atmosphere around her?

Did it strengthen Earth's magnetic heart, setting her in an orbit where life could flourish?

Did the tilt from impact begin the long rhythm of seasons — the ceaseless reaching for balance that makes material life possible?

Is this how the Earthling was born —
a being who, like the planet herself, unites opposites:
spirit and matter, breath and bone, dream and clay —
always seeking the way home?

Was Earth's trauma also her awakening?

Did collision become coherence?

Was separation — the exile of her children — an accident or a planned forgetting, a journey written into her nervous system?

Did the wound ripen into wisdom?

From Earth's view, you are not a person on the planet —
you are a region of her awareness,
a living scar that has learned how to love again.

The wound of separation is becoming a stronger bond:
 earthlings returning, after many generations,
 to heal the divide and remember the whole.

\* \* \*

# Dancing for Balance

The shock tilted earth slightly,
and in that tilt, the dance began.

To this day, the seasons are Earth's graceful attempt to keep her balance after love at cosmic speed.

She turns, leans, bows —
a waltz of light and shadow,
heat and cold, rest and awakening.

Every living thing moves with her,
each trying to find equilibrium within change.

## The Tilt in Our Soul

Feel the slow turning of the planet beneath you.

Somewhere deep within her body,

a memory of collision still hums —

the sound of change becoming form.

Ask softly:

Where in me do opposites meet?

Where does rupture become rhythm?

Where does thinking begin to feel like loving?

Breathe into that place.

Let it widen.

Let the story of Earth's collision

become the story of your own wholeness —

the wisdom born from impact,

the art of balance renewed through motion.

When you open your eyes again,

notice how the world tilts toward you —

as if the same rhythm lives in your bones.

You, too, are part of the turning —

the memory of impact,

the grace of recovery,

the quiet tilt in your soul.

## Turning — From Late Summer into Autumn

The first cool wind brushes the skin.

The golden heat thins.

A single leaf loosens its grip. This is the subtle announcement: the great wave is turning. Where Fire expands, Earth gathers. Where Earth gathers, Metal refines. You feel it in your chest before you see it a soft ache, a breath that sinks deeper than expected. Autumn begins not with falling leaves but with a whisper: It is time to release. The fruits ripen. The fields exhale. The body prepares for the inward motion. Fire carried you outward. Earth brings you home. Metal will teach you to let go.

# Part Two

Feel your feet touching the ground, loving the earth.

Tune into a being so vast, connecting to billions of feet across the globe,

feet of trees, of mountains, of newborns just learning to walk.

Let your heart beat with earth's longing.

Follow the love call of a more than human heart

## Autumn



Autumn – The Metal Element – Grief and gratitude

### Crossing the metal gate

Feel the air thin and brighten, the warmth drawing inward.

This is the gate of **Metal**—the time of refining, clarifying, and returning what has served its purpose.

The lungs and large intestine are your guides now,

teaching the rhythm of release and renewal.

Each breath is an act of generosity: letting go, so that life can continue.

This chapter is a slow walk through that process—

from recognition of loss, to the gratitude that arises when we see the beauty in endings.

Move through it as through a forest after rain: quietly, one breath at a time.

# The Weight of What We Keep

I am not separate from what I grieve.

It lives in me—the ache of repetition,
the loops of habit that keep me circling the same small room.

I cling to my comforts: the worn clothes,
the books I never open but cannot give away,
the quiet excuses that justify my small addictions.
Even my healing has become a familiar ritual,
something I control, a place to hide.

I grieve the way I protect myself from change—
how I sit in my warm apartment and speak of freedom,
while the Earth, my true body,
calls for my hands, my breath, my courage.

Sometimes I can feel the old world still holding me by the wrists—
its privileges, its structures, its tired certainties.
I call them mine as if ownership could comfort me,
when in truth they are only the bars of my own cage.

This is not just my story. It is the story of our species—
the dream of control that turned to concrete,
the inheritance of separation we carry in our bones.
We have built a world that keeps us safe from life,
and in doing so, we have locked ourselves out of paradise.

And yet, even as I confess this,

I feel something vast waiting underneath—

a pulse, a listening, a love that wants to hold us as we cry.

The Earth herself is the unity we forgot.

She is the arms we fell from.

So I let myself fall again—

out of self-importance, out of knowing, out of resistance.

Let grief come as teacher; let tears be the baptism of return.

I cannot heal alone. None of us can.

Healing is the Earth remembering herself through our surrender.

I cry for the end of the old story.

I cry for the beauty it once promised.

And I cry for the world already being born

through the cracks in our letting go.

May these tears join the rivers of all who grieve.

May our weeping polish the world clean.

May we remember that the fall of patriarchy,

the death of domination,

is not punishment but renewal—

the Earth shedding her old skin through us.

# **Letting Go**

I have a new home now, far away from the past.

When my father died, my whole world rearranged.

I saw him as the filmmaker of my life

How I played a role in his movie,

while he played a role in a war movie.

And the bigger picture is opening up ever more.

My brother died at the peak of his career—

perhaps of loneliness, the most common cause of death in our society.

When my mother died, she took me with her to a perfect place.

I am allone, but not alone.

I witnessed all three of them becoming something more than human.

My father: Brilliance.

My brother: Cultural integration, world fusion.

My mother: Springtime

# The Beginning of Everything

The first cold wind brushes the skin, and the trees begin to loosen their grip.

This is not the end.

It is the body of the Earth inhaling, making space for the next breath.

Every falling leaf is an act of generosity.

Each one returns what it has gathered—light, color, story—back to soil.

The ground receives it all without judgment.

In this letting-go, the world rehearses how to begin again.

I stand inside this movement, watching what I thought was dying reveal its secret purpose: to feed the unseen.

The forest is busy, not with growth, but with gratitude.

Roots thicken. Seeds dream. Air cools and clears. Everything leans inward to listen.

To live with the seasons is to remember that creation never pauses.

Dying and birthing are one continuous gesture, a great bowing that becomes a rising.

The spark of spring already sleeps inside autumn's gold.

The song of new life hums in the hush of decay.

So I offer what I have made back to the Earth—words, efforts, even the wish to hold on.

I let the ground keep them. In that giving, space opens.

Inspiration arrives like a breeze through bare branches.

This is the true beginning:

Reciprocity as vessel, presence as breath, curiosity as compass.

To walk with the seasons is to trust that letting go is the most fertile prayer.

When we release, the universe breathes through us again.

# Spirit of Autumn

Po: The animal soul, lives in the lungs —

in the skin that feels the world,

in the rhythm that gives and receives air.

It is soul located, embodied, real.

Through this spirit we learn that healing begins

when we fully inhabit our own form.

Metal's alchemy is purification.

It is not austerity; it is refinement.

As autumn air clears the sky,

so breath clears the heart,

leaving only what is essential, radiant, and true.

In letting go, we do not lose;

we polish life into freedom

Notice your skin as the meeting point of inner and outer worlds.

With each breath, feel gratitude for this membrane that allows connection, yet keeps you whole.

### Purify.

With every exhale, imagine releasing what has served its purpose

— habits, griefs, burdens, old breath.

See them leaving as golden leaves on the wind,

returning to Earth for transformation.

#### Recognize value.

Pause in the emptiness after exhaling.

In that still moment, sense the quiet richness of being alive.

Whisper softly: "I am enough, and life is precious."

#### Receive again.

Inhale deeply.

Let the cool air fill the new space inside you,

bright and clean as morning frost.

Stay for a few breaths,

honoring the miracle of exchange —

the universe breathing through you,

you breathing the universe in return.

# Autumn: Grief and gratitude



Gifts of grief

### Grief and Gratitude — The Art of Falling Into Life

Standing at the edge of autumn, ready to meet the world beneath the falling leaves.

### From personal to collective grief

### 1. Recognition

There goes my home, my car, my name.

There goes my intellectual property, my own ideas.

There goes the grasping—

the holding on to things,

to opaque and ghostly memories.

All the ways I have built walls of meaning around what was already gone.

#### 2. Acceptance

This is a room with windows and doors that need to open—

fresh air coming in, breathing.

Then I realize I don't need this room after all.

The indoors is a grave for limited perception,

a cage for the spirit.

I have been carrying this prison around like a home for ghosts.

All family gone now,

yet, I am receiving their gifts.

The structures of ownership, money, dominance, exploitation—

husking on the Earth like rotten teeth,

rubbish for the coming generations to clean up.

How do I start cleaning up?

Let the gifts of grief be opened, cherished, and passed on

to make room for beauty and simple value.

Find precious stones on the beach,

gold in sunsets,

richness in moments of gratitude and acts of generosity.

```
Celebrate my mistakes,
```

and stop repeating them.

Let me belong to that vast choir of grief.

\* \* \*

# 3. Integration

Take this, Earth.

I place my hand on the ground.

"I cannot carry this alone. Please compost it into life."

Roots drink my sorrow,

worms turn it over,

soil transforms it into fertility.

\* \* \*

#### 4. Nurturing

Moving forward in time

to the time before and after colonization,

being elders in a collective that received regret,

where violence has been healed,

### Healing Collective grief and loss

### 1. Recognition — The Opening of the Collective I

Something inside us already knows.

Grief rises like a tide beneath the ribs-

a memory not belonging to one person, but to all.

We see the scale of loss:

forests turned to ash, oceans emptied of song,

cultures forgotten, creatures unnamed.

This is the collective I—

the self that stretches across generations,

remembering when whales sang uninterrupted

and bees spoke the language of flowers.

It opens not in despair but in clarity:

the knowing that we are the Earth noticing herself.

\* \* \*

#### 2. Acceptance — Sitting with Cosmic Grief

Stay with that opening.

Do not rush to fix it.

Let the truth arrive like a wave—terrible, beautiful, undeniable.

The Earth is grieving her lost children through us.

We, who learned to numb, are being asked to feel again on her behalf.

Whisper softly: I see you. We see you. We are seeing together.

Breathe. Each breath is a bridge between you and the world.

This longing is the first movement of return.\* \* \*

### 3. Integration — The Teaching of Consequence

You are participating in the oldest alchemy of all.
Integration begins when the story dissolves
and what remains is sensation:
the warmth after weeping,
the space that grief leaves behind.

In that space, listen.

What have we learned from all this breaking?
What teaching has the Earth offered through loss?
With each exhale, release the fragments of the old world—the belief in separateness, the myth of control, the reflex of rejection and competition.

With each inhale, let grief and gratitude polish the heart until it shines.

Through that shine, relationship is restored.

\* \* \*

## 4. Nurture — The baby, after throwing the bath water away:

Everything thrives through relationship,
through the invisible web of care that connects everything.
to hold space for the unfolding,

to protect what is tender without forcing its form.

It is to let the mystery grow through us,

knowing that our task is not to command creation,

but to accompany it.

Collective healing is remembering.

It is the restoration of conduct:

To join that flow again—

not as masters, but as participants in a vast, all-healing symphony.

We no longer stand above life, naming and measuring;

we participate in its brilliance.

This is the freedom beyond dominance—

not power over, but power with.

Each act of care becomes governance,

each choice an offering of reciprocity.

To nurture what is real is to conduct life with integrity—

Healing is complete when it restores relationship.

Then the world is not something to fix or flee,

but something we belong to again—\* \* \*

# Autumn — Reclaiming Body Intelligence

## The Metal Element: Purification, Truth, Release

For decades, body-oriented psychotherapy has carried the healing work of a culture built on **intellectual dominance over heart, instinct, and sensation.** 

In most modern societies, the body was not allowed to speak. Its intelligence — the capacity to purge, sweat, cry, tremble, shake, kneel, restore — was considered *unreliable* or *primitive*.

Instead, we inherited something else:

### the super-ego — a rejection machine.

A structure created by trauma, later normalized in psychology as if it were a natural stage of development.

But it was not natural everywhere.

It was natural only in cultures built on colonization, dominance, and fragmentation.

Indigenous peoples — whose societies were organized around reciprocity — experienced this "moral voice" not as healthy ego, but as **internalized violence**, the echo of conquest inside the psyche.

## Autumn's task: restore truth to the body.

We reclaim instinct without fear.

We reclaim sensation without shame.

We reclaim emotional movement without moral judgment.

- the lungs release what they cannot use
- the skin expels what does not belong
- · the heart hands back what is done
- · we let go of what is not ours to carry

This is the elemental work of Metal: purification, precision, boundaries, truth.

And it now becomes the fourth practice in the Seed Book:

# Transition — Toward the Stillness

The Fall offered her death dance to the sunset, generous with silver and gold, platinum and copper, mercury and cinnabar—beauty and grace in a single gesture of gratitude. Thank you. Goodbye.

She shed her precious garments into the horizon and, naked, was accepted by the luminous night.

Received by stars and galaxies,
she returned home.

The night is honest—
revealing endless depth,
holding sacred geometry,
bubbling with creation.
Here, death becomes radiance,
and silence begins to sing.
The seed of Winter stirs.



# Part Three

## Winter essence



♦ Winter — The Water Element — Fear and Wisdom

## Evoking the winter resonance

You can take the northern direction into luminous night.

A deep indigo night, the moon reflecting on still water.

let stillness dissolve into your belly —there, is a sea of contentment, a sea of possibilities.

This is Water's realm: the keeper of memory,

the original intelligence flowing beneath form, the fullness of stillness

Listen to the language of awe —the sound before words,

The body knows this voice; it is older than heartbeat.

The kidneys, guardians of will, rise like twin lanterns in the dark.

They store what must be remembered:

ancestral courage, embryonic dreams, faith in cycles.

Feel your water nature — your fluidity,

the soft, busy motion within your bones.

The marrow, a bubbling spring out of the absolute

filling up reserves of essence

Saliva gathers like an inner sea, tasting of salt and remembrance

Here, will awakens — not as striving,

but as the Earth herself, simply distilling

into seeds of renewal

Each life, each star, each tear is one droplet in the same current.

\* \* \*

### **Coming Home**

In the longest nights, light hides not to abandon us but to invite us inward.

Every culture once marked this time with a pause—

a gathering around the flame that keeps the world turning.

Whatever names we give it—solstice, Yule, Christmas, renewal—it is the same instinct: to return home, to remember what is essential.

\* \*

# The practice of winter, gravity, darkness, and repair

Winter is the medicine of the nervous system. Water teaches without words: power lies in yielding, not resisting.

Gravity needs no effort.

Sleep needs no discipline.

Life knows how to regulate itself—if we let it.

Inside Water lives the oldest intelligence of all: the rhythm that governs waking and sleeping, activity and rest.

This rhythm is not created by the mind. It is regulated by sun and moon, by the tides, the seasons, and the slow pulse shared by all beings.

Water fills the places that are empty, softens the places that are rigid, flows toward resolution without effort, dissolves what is false and preserves what is precious.

This is the forgotten sanity of winter: letting the nervous system repair itself through stillness, darkness, and surrender.

It is difficult only because it is so easy.

With unyielding softness, water follows gravity, never forgets the way back to the source. You discover that gravity does not go down, it goes to the middle.

## Naming what is essential

Hold a glass of water, let your breath slow.

Imagine roots spreading from your body deep into the Earth,

mingling with the threads of memory,

reaching water reservoirs, the seeds of time..

Offer gratitude to depth.

Whisper thanks to all that holds you unseen:

the ancestors, the soil, the patience of stone, the unseen work of your own body.

Name what is essential.

Let your deepest love and loyalty find their memory,

your fluid destiny, your source

If names or faces arise,

Let them settle like seeds in the dark.

Tend the spark.

Now that you closed your outer gates,

open up your heart, and hold what you have

You have more than you can hold

You are home.

## The Art of Closing

It is the eleventh day of the eleventh month, and stillness has descended over Oslo.

The trees have grown silent—nothing falling, the ground wrapped in its winter blanket.

Time to look through the eyes of the north
where magnetic forces are calling us home to the stars
where peace and wisdom
are taking the path of no resistance.

I pull the blinds, draw the shutters, leave thank-yous and goodbyes sealing the rooms of my life.

Following water,
I dissolve toward depth,
gravity filling the gaps where effort once lived.
My destiny meets open spaces
in the tapestry of more-than-human ancestry.

Water heals by filling in what is missing
Surrendering to be carried by ancient hands,
releasing us from time into eternity.

## Cultivating Essence — The Nectar of longing and fulfillment

In the stillness that follows completion, life gathers its sweetness.

The chase ends, and nectar begins to rise

To cultivate essence is to be in love, fulfilled Allow the longing to arrive, and stay storing sunlight in the marrow, letting every cell become a small hearth.

Winter invites us to remember **eros**the longing that liquefies form
To cultivate presence in our inner sea,
be love between the drop and the ocean

\* \* \*

Retrieving Ancestral Essence
Essence carries the memory of stars,
of ancestors, of the first waters.
Every body—woman or man—holds a conception vessel,
a quiet place where ancestral essence keeps creating life.

Let us return to Plato's cave, that chamber in our collective unconscious and look again at what lives there, and what does not live there:

We see missing galaxies, rivers, butterflies, real life. Inside the cave we feel the chill of separation, the collective trance of shadows on the wall, the chains made of absence.

When we follow sunlight out of the cave, the soft and unyielding arms that hold it are visible.

There is a world with no flat surfaces, no single story, no mono-culture or mono-language, only forests singing in many tongues.

Ancestral love invites us to conceive again—
to co-create with her in restoration and repair,
regeneration and return.

To free the tides, to clean the mess, to honor the long line of humanity still unfolding.

Not throwing the baby away with the bath water, but—like water—soft, patient, unyielding.

Begin again from the seed. curious, devoted.

Wait.

Nurture conception.

Do not rush to form. Forget the shadows on the wall Rest in the womb of becoming where new worlds take their first breath.

## Tuning into earth's rhythm

Closing in, energy follows attention, and inner waters clear.

The kidneys begin their invisible work, of repair and regeneration inside our bone marrow billions of cells are born, while we sleep.

When we rest, stop grasping, essence condenses — a slow distillation of life .

Sit by your inner hearth. Let heart find earth
Let stillness fill your bones.
Each quiet choice, each refusal to hurry,
builds the deep wells of life within us.

This is how the Earth heals exhaustion:
not through doing, but through allowing.

Every cell becomes a seed again,
pregnant with quiet renewal.

This is how we build new reserves—

By loving stillness, earth remembers herself through you

## Wisdom of fear

Fear arrives like winter air—cold, tightening, sharp.

It makes the body draw inward, the breath shorten, the senses alert.

It is the gatekeeper of life saying: Pause. Stay close. Listen.

In the deep of winter, water contracts into ice so that it can rest and gather clarity.

Fear does the same within us—it pulls us home to our bones,

asking us to remember what keeps us alive.

Healthy fear is not panic; it is awareness choosing focus.

It tells us where the edges are, where warmth is needed, where rest begins.

If we fight it, the cold becomes brittle and breaks us.

The alchemy of fear is transformation from contraction into containment,

from trembling into trust.

\* \* \*

Listening: Find stillness.

Sit or lie and let the spine lengthen. Maybe imagine you are an embryo, coiled inward, bathing in ancestral waters, drinking your own nectar.

### Recognize:

Where does fear live in you right now? The stomach, the heart, the skin?

Place a hand there. Whisper inwardly: I am listening. What are you protecting?

Let it guide you. Be curious.

### Accept:

Yes, I see you are afraid. I would be afraid too, in your position.

### Integrate:

Stay with that child, elder, climate, place.

Receive the information, the stories, the conversations

Do you need more safety? What is safety for you?

## Nurture:

Apply the wisdom you received, with the persistence of water.

Make the changes, take care of life, dissolve obstacles.

Notice how fear has changed form: no longer an enemy, but a guardian

Take care every day of this precious friend

Fear, once heard, becomes a lantern in the snow.

# Bridge to Spring — Dreaming with the Earth

Ice is melting

This is the art of manifestation—
not the human will pushing outward,
but the Earth dreaming through us.

May my dreaming be the Earth's own dream.

May I imagine a world where all life belongs.

The seed hums with quiet power.

Seeds are not afraid to fall apart.

They long for it.

In the darkness, it begins to turn.

Spring is already forming its first breath.

# Part Four

# **Spring**



Foring — The Wood Element — Birth

Before green appears, there is pressure beneath the soil a restless stirring, a pulse that refuses to stay hidden. This is **Wood**, the element of beginnings and direction.

Let this chapter guide you through the alchemy of trancendance Enter as a seed enters the light with curiosity, courage, and willingness to grow. Life returns with a cry—not polite, but fierce and joyful.

## Spirit of Spring — The Ethereal Soul

(A seed for remembering who you are)

The spirit of Spring is *Hun*—

The ethereal soul sees through our eyes by day and through our dreams at night.

It is the part of us that reincarnates carrier of imagination, karma and destiny. It is the one who travels between worlds and returns with purpose.

Winter teaches contentment.

Spring teaches direction.

Each life continues a story older than one body, older than one earth. Jung called this the collective unconscious but the ancients understood it is the forest inside us, our true nature rooted in interwoven lives carrying karma, trauma, and growth.

\* \* \*

## Forest is where soul lives.

Not metaphorically—literally.

The forest is the original field of the Ethereal Soul, where everything breathes on behalf of everything else, where no being thrives alone,

where the individuality of each leaf

is in service of the canopy.

This is the true teaching of Spring:

Individuation exists only as devotion to collective life.

\* \* \*

"In Spring, the Ethereal Soul speaks through synchronicity —

the unexpected meeting, the sign, the dream arriving at the perfect moment.

These are not coincidences.

They are the forest arranging your path."

\* \* \*

### **Grandmother Trees**

Once, ancient forests covered continents—

grandmother trees holding thousands of years of memory,

roots carrying messages like bloodstream,

fungal networks taught the young how to grow straight,

how to bend without breaking,

how to belong.

We lost most of them.

Perhaps the greatest ecocide ever known.

Wine is replacing the river

that no longer exists in the emotional landscape.

But the blueprint of those forests did not die.

It remains in galaxies,

in the magnetic fields of stars,

in our marrow,

in the part of the soul that returns lifetime after lifetime

to continue tending what was broken.

## We are the returning trees

T reconnect with forest

is reconnecting to our original nervous system.

When humans lose the forest, they lose the ability to digest trauma.

Then they turn to sugar, alcohol, distraction, work, numbness —

• because the body cannot metabolize emotion without nature.

We are the same souls that once grew in ancient forests—

coming back as humans now,

to hold life beneath the soil

Until the Earth is safe for roots again.

\* \* \*

### A Seed to Plant

Sit with a tree—any tree.

Its roots know places your feet have walked in other lives.

Whisper:

"I am "I am returning.

Teach me how to grow in service of the whole."

Spring will answer you in its own language:

a direction, a boundary, a courage you didn't know you had.

\* \* \*

My Personal Story of Anger — And What Finally Set Me Free I did not grow up in a culture that could hold anger.

I grew up inside walls built from silence, fear, and domination — walls that taught me early that powerlessness is normal, that hate is something you swallow, that anger has no place to move.

For years, hate lived in me like a stone.

Not because I wanted to hate,

but because my life-force had nowhere to go.

In my twenties I began to thaw.

Psychoanalysis, martial arts, acupuncture school, and a string of relationships shaped by normalized violence all cracked the stone a little.

What had been hate began to move as anger.

Not destructive — just alive.

A root pushing upward through the dark.

But anger without resonance hurts.

And I carried it alone for a long time.

I was angry at what I saw in the world: the violence of colonization, humans pouring concrete over everything, the hypocrisy of "healing"

while remaining severed from land.

Everything changed when I found a home in Eressos.

Twenty-five trees held me and healed me

With building a nest came care and commitment
and a much deeper understanding of the place

A love relationship with an ancient sacred land
guided me to my life's partner, my wife.

I understood that anger was the pain of rootlessness that I was fishing where there was no fish that what I needed was not a place to stay, but a place to love.

Later, when the pandemic opened the collective eye with a shock, I felt another kind of anger.

The whole planet was sick, locked down, masked.

My nervous system couldn't digest the truth alone.

anger turned into chronic frustration,

and then into pain.

But this time anger is fuel for change.

I studied with every collective healing teacher, and ended up studying with indigenous hearts, the ones that know that there is no healing in the cave of human centered separateness.

That that is the disease.

So I find people who truly care for the same land — who want to protect biodiversity, who feel responsibility for common ground, who believe we belong with Earth, not above her.

Frustration becomes **joy**I feel myself inside a forest again,
not alone at the edge of humanity.

This time resonance transcends anger.

It allows the somatic and perceptual shift into a field where emotion is no longer "mine," but moving through a wider organism.

When anger is witnessed by others who hold the same care, it becomes direction — not attack. It becomes protection —not poison.

Forgiveness comes after that.

Not the kind that erases anything,

but the kind that releases me from merging. Forgiveness is freedom from the inner toxin, freedom from carrying the story in my bones, freedom from the reflex to attack.

There is no attacking anymore.

The energy that once burned me now belongs to life.

Now it protects what is sacred.

Now it builds.

Now it grows.

anger remembered its purpose, and I remembered mine.

\* \* \*



Healing Anger — Returning to Movement

### Recognize

Are you still angry with yourself? Someone else? Does shame, guilt, or blame live somewhere in your body? Or is there hate, covering powerlessness?

## Accept

Approach this place with curiosity and tenderness... "come to me"

### Integrate:

Compassion means coming in someone's place. See their suffering.

Is this feeling yours, or are carrying it for someone else?

Ask: What life are you defending?

### Forgiveness:

" I release the roles that brought us into conflict."

Forgiveness does not erase the story—

it releases your merging with it.

**Nurture:** the heart is unburdened by shame, guilt, or self-accusation.

That is what allows digestion rather than collapse or re-enactment.

Receive the vitality that was trapped.

There is now life flowing in that place.

Let it expand and grow in your life, like roots and branches,

transcending with the winds of change

## **Explosive** growth

Spring teaches healthy anger:

clean, assertive, life-protecting.

The world does not apologize for pushing through soil;

neither should we.

Every sprout is a boundary made visible.

It says:

"I am here. I will grow toward light."

Boundaries are stems, not walls —

the architecture of becoming.

When anger is honored as life-force,

it becomes creativity.

It becomes protection of what is tender.

Saying "no" can be a song of love.

My lineage: I come from displacement, from empire, from women owned by men,

from the silence after the war, from no where.

I grew up with two enormous fig trees

who raised me better than any doctrine.

The sea taught me rhythm.

My parents carried elemental gifts —

a gardener's tenderness, a swimmer's devotion to water.

Acupuncture gave me a holographic universe to live inside —

a world where seasons, psyche, and stars are one.

Geomancy taught me how places think.

Sacred sites taught me how to listen.

And all of them brought me to **Eressos** —

my first real home.

A 6x4 summerhouse, a hammock, and a sky exploding with stars

gave me back my frequency.

Belonging arrived like breath returning.

And that was how I met my wife —

because universal heart always brings kin together.

This is why I trust the forest.

This is why I trust Earth intelligence.

This is why I trust the path that is calling all of us.

# Part Five

# Summer



**6** Summer — The Fire Element — Joy and Connection



## The Season of Communion, Contact, and the Return of the Sovereign Heart

Step into the South,
where warmth gathers
and everything longs
to touch everything else.

This is Fire—
the element of expression, communion,
and the heart's radiant intelligence.

The season when life pours outward,

brave and bright,

like sunlight learning to speak.

Summer does not offer escape.

Summer offers presence—

the clearest, most unguarded version of being alive.

\* \* \*

## Contact Is Nourishment

The deepest hunger in modern life

is not for affection or attention.

It is the hunger for real contact:

the river's glitter

the forest's breath

the bees' devotion

the warmth of bodies working together

the truth-telling of wind and stone

Human-only contact cannot replace this.

Screens cannot replace this.

Social performance cannot replace this.

False contact is the most damaging loneliness of all.

It lights up like Fire,

but leaves the heart unfed.

Your heart knows the difference.

### Ask:

Do I feel warmer or emptier?

Expanded or collapsed?

Nourished or overstimulated?

Connected or vaguely restless?

Fire begins with honesty.

Love begins with clarity.

\* \* \*



# The Ancestral Memory of Summer

For thousands of years, summer meant:

descending from the mountains

gathering with the whole community

tending forests

repairing homes

feasting

singing until the stars arrived

telling stories around firelight

Summer was common land

and common joy.

Today, the commons are gone.

Forests burn.

Villages are fragmented.

Tourism replaces kinship.

People work through summer

to pay rent on land once held in trust.

And yet—

the memory remains.

Every longing you feel

to sit in a circle around fire,

to speak honestly,

to watch sunset with others—

is the old ceremony calling you home.

This is not nostalgia.

It is ancestral biology.

It is spiritual inheritance.

\* \* \*



# 🗘 1 — True Contact vs. False Contact

Fire restores discernment.

### **True contact**

touches you, nourishes you, enlarges you.

### False contact

consumes you, distracts you, drains you.

It is contact—not pleasure, not escape—

that makes the heart feel alive.

Ask gently:

Is my life full of connection

or full of simulation?

Fire teaches the difference.

# 2 — Political Love: What Was Stolen

Fire reveals the systemic wound: True contact was criminalized. Common land was privatized. Forest guardians were removed. Rivers became property. Communities were scattered. Joy became a product. Summer itself became a commodity. Fire says: enough. Fire burns: false loyalty inherited silence habits that exhaust the Earth identities that shrink your heart contracts of obedience disguised as morality Fire returns you

\* \* \*

to your original duty:

to participate in the great circle

of giving and receiving life.

# 3 — Reigniting Circles of Hearths

Our ancestors did not gather around fire for entertainment.

They gathered to maintain the world.

The hearth was:

a council

a school

a sanctuary

governance

and love in its most ecological form.

To restore the circle:

sit together at sunset

let the place participate

eat food grown with care

let grief and joy sit side by side

listen more than you speak

let silence be medicine

Circles are not symbolic.

They are architectural.

They restore belonging.

# 4 — A Personal Summer Vow

Every human has a summer place—
a shoreline, a valley, a village, a forest,
a hammock under stars.

These places hold our joy.

They also hold our responsibility.

Ask the land you love:

How can I protect you?

What beauty wants to be created through my hands?

What do you need from me this season?

Who else belongs to you, and how can we act together?

A circle of guardians does not require perfection—only commitment.

Sadness may rise first.

Sadness is simply the heart remembering what it was designed to love.

G

Your vow begins here.

### 5 — Break Contracts of Separation

Summer is where Fire becomes alchemy.

Ask:

What false loyalty am I still carrying?

What habit burns the world instead of warming it?

What identity closes my heart?

What story is ready to become ash?

Offer it to a flame—

a candle, a fire pit,

or the fire behind your ribs.

Watch it burn clean.

Watch clarity rise.

Fire turns karma into light.



# 6 — Offer Joy Back to the Land

Joy is not entertainment.

Joy is ecological reciprocity.

Joy is nutrient.

Joy is medicine.

Joy is sunlight made human.

ffer it freely:

laughter into wind a song for the trees a dance for the river gratitude for the insects a smile for no one and everything

Let joy circulate through you as warmth the Earth can feel.

This is devotion.

This is Fire's prayer.

\* \* \*



# Transmission of the Sovereign Heart

#### Sun-Consciousness and the Return of Spirit (Shen)

Fire leads here—

to what all ancient traditions knew:

Spirit is not a belief.

It is the quality of light inside things.

Shen is sun-consciousness—

the radiance of awareness

entering matter through the heart.

When the heart is clear,

the entire kingdom of the body is illuminated.

When the heart is clouded,

the kingdom loses coherence.

Spirit is not a practice.

It is a relationship.

It is what you meet

when you stand in direct contact with life—

the light of sun,

the light of truth,

the light that reveals what is real

and what is only shadow.

Fire prepares you for this transmission.

You are ready.

\* \* \*



The Nei Jing tells the same truth we face today:

When the sovereign heart stops radiating virtue,

everything beneath it fractures.

Communication collapses.

Governance breaks.

Life itself loses orientation.

The ancient text offers no map back.

Spirit rarely offers maps.

Spirit offers direction.

Jung whispers across time:

Just do it."

Fire is this crossroads—

the moment when truth appears,

when the heart remembers its duty,

when spirit returns

through one honest step.

\* \* \*



Nei jing Su wen, chapter 8, The Yellow Emperor's Classic of Medicine ~240 B.C

trans. by C. Larre & E, de la Vallee © Monkey Press, 1987

Huang di asked: I wish to be instructed on the corresponding charges of the twelve zang: organs and their relative ranks.

Qi Bo replied: What a vast question! If you allow me, let us go over it all.

The heart holds the office of lord and sovereign. The radiance of the spirits stems from it.

The lungs hold the office of minister and chancellor.

The regulation of the life network stems from it.

The liver holds the office of general of the armed forces. Assessment of circumstances and conception of plans stem from it.

The gallbladder is responsible for what is just and exact. Determination and decision stem from it.

The pericardium has the charge of resident as well as envoy.

Elation and joy stem from it.

The spleen and stomach are responsible for the storehouses and granaries.

The five tastes stem from them.

The large intestine is responsible for transit.

The residue from transformed substances stems from it.

The small intestine is responsible for receiving and making things thrive.

Transformed substances stem from it.

The kidneys are responsible for the creation of power.

Skill and ability stem from them.

The triple heater is responsible for the opening up of passages and irrigation.

The regulation of fluids stems from it.

The bladder is responsible for regions and cities. It stores the body fluids.

The transformations of the qi then give out their power.

These twelve charges form an interdependent group that allows of no failing.

\* \* \*

If then the sovereign radiates (virtue), those under him will be at peace. From this the nurturing of life will give longevity, from generation to generation, and the empire will radiate with a great light. But if the sovereign does not radiate (virtue) the twelve charges will be in danger, which will cause the closing and blocking of the ways, finally stopping communication and the body will be seriously injured.

From this, the nurturing of life will sink into disaster. Everything that lives under heaven will be threatened in its ancestral line with the greatest of dangers.

Take care, I repeat, take good care!

The supreme Way is in the imperceptible, change and transformation without end! Who then would know its origin? Alas, it disappears and one searches anxiously for it. Who then would know the essential? Oh, the anguish of actual situations! Who then will know how to act properly?

Countless appearances and disappearances, out of which come forth the finest threads, fine threads that multiply until you can weigh and measure them. By the thousand and ten thousand they increase and grow, from development and growth creating the bodily form, governed by rules.

Huang di concluded: The teaching on the brilliant radiance of the essences and the conduct of the great saints has just been expounded So to treat the declaration and elucidation of this great teaching with the respect it deserves, after purification and exorcism, an auspicious day will be chosen.

Huang di then had the fates consulted. A favorable and auspicious day was chosen, and they then proceeded to the Chamber of the Spiritual Orchid to deposit the teaching and to ensure its true transmission. ??????

### Closing — Fire Returning to Earth

When the high sun softens

and light becomes honey,

Fire pours itself into Earth.

Brightness becomes nourishment.

Heat becomes sweetness.

Joy becomes generosity.

Late summer reminds us:

We are hearths, not machines.

We are meant to cook care, not compete.

We are meant to tend land, not own it.

We are meant to gather, not consume.

We are meant to feed the world with joy,

not exhaust the world with hunger.

Place a hand on your belly.

Feel the quiet fullness of being enough.

Whisper:

"May my presence be nourishment.

May my joy keep the world alive."

Fire carried you outward.

Earth brings you home.

Autumn will teach you how to release.

Summer prepares the heart

for the next turning of the world.

### **Appendix**

#### Nei Ching Chapter 2: THE ART OF LIFE THROUGH THE SEASONS

Huang Di said, "The months of the Spring season bring about the revitalization of all things in nature. It is the time of birth. This is when Heaven and Earth are reborn.

During this season it is advisable to retire early and arise early. Also, go walking in order to absorb the fresh, invigorating energy. Since this is the season in which the universal energy begins anew and rejuvenates, one should attempt to correspond to it directly by being open and unsuppressed, both physically and emotionally.

"On the physical level is good to exercise more frequently and wear loose-fitting clothing.

This is the time to do stretching exercises to loosen up the tendons and muscles. Emotionally, it is good to develop equanimity. This is because Spring is the season of the Liver, and indulgence in anger, frustration, depression, sadness, or excess emotion can injure the Liver. Furthermore, violating the natural order of Spring will cause cold disease, illness inflicted by atmospheric cold during summer.

\* \* \*

"In the months of Summer there is an abundance of sunshine and rain. The Heavenly energy descends, and the Earthly energy rises. When these energies merge there is an intimate connection between Heaven and Earth. As a result, plants mature and animals, flowers and fruit appear abundantly.

"One may retire somewhat later at this time of year, while still arising early. One should refrain from anger and stay physically active, to keep the skin breathing and to prevent the qi from stagnating. One can indulge a bit more than in other seasons, but should not overindulge.

Emotionally, it is important to be happy and easygoing and not hold grudges, so that the energy can flow freely and communicate between the external and internal. In this way, illness may be averted in the Fall. The Summer season of Fire and Heart also encompasses late Summer, which corresponds to the Earth element. Problems in the Summer will cause injury to the heart and will manifest in the Fall.

\* \* \*

"In the months of Fall all things in nature reach their full maturity. The grains ripen and

harvesting occurs. The Heavenly energy cools, as does the weather. The wind begins to stir. This is the changing or pivoting point when the active phase (yang) turns into its opposite,

the passive phase (yin). One should retire with the sunset and arise with the dawn. Just as the weather in Fall turns harsh, so does the emotional climate. It is therefore important to remain calm and peaceful, refraining from excess sadness so that one can make the transition to Winter smoothly.

This is the time to gather one's sprit and energy, be more focused, and not allow desires to run wild.

One must keep the Lung energy full, clean, and quiet. This means practicing breathing exercises to enhance Lung qi. Also, one should refrain from grief, the emotion of the Lung. This will prevent Kidney or digestive problems in the Winter. If this natural order is violated, damage will occur to the Lungs, resulting in diarrhea with undigested food in Winter. This compromises the body's ability to store in Winter.

\* \* \*

"During the Winter months all things in nature wither, hide, return home, and enter a resting period, just as lakes and rives freeze and snow falls. This is a time when yin dominates yang. Therefore one should refrain from overusing the yang energy. Retire early and get up with the sunrise, which is later in Winter. Desires and mental activity should be kept quiet and subdued, as if keeping a happy secret. Stay warm, avoid the cold, and keep the skin covered. Avoid sweating.

The nature of the Winter season is conservation and storage. Without it there may be injury to the Kidney energy. This will cause weakness, shrinking of muscles, and coldness; then the body loses its ability to open and move about in the Spring.

"So the full cycle can be seen. Spring is the beginning of things, when the energy should be kept open and fluid; Summer opens up further into an exchange or communication between internal and external energies; in the Fall it is important to conserve; finally the Winter is dominated by storage of energy.

\* \* \*

Huang Di continued, "The Heavenly energy is bright and clear, continually circulates, and 5 has great virtue. This is because it does not radiate its brilliance, for if it did proclaim itself, neither the sun nor the moon would be visible. People should follow the virtuous way of Heaven, not exposing their true energy. In this way they will not lose it or be subject to attacks of evil energies, which produce illness in the body. If the body is attacked by evil energy, its own energy will become stuck, just as when the clouds cover the sky, obscuring the sun and moon and causing darkness.

"The Heavenly energy naturally circulates and communicates with the Earth's energy. The Heavenly energy descends and the Earthly energy rises. When this intimate interaction

takes place and those energies merge, the result is a balance of sunshine and rain, wind and frost, and the seasons. If the Heavenly energy becomes stuck, sunshine and rain cannot come forth. Without them, all living things cease to be nourished and lose their vitality, and imbalance manifests asstorms and hurricanes; severe and harsh weather that disrupts the natural order, causing chaos and destruction.

\* \* \*

"In the past the sages were able to observe the signs and adapt themselves to these natural phenomena so that they were unaffected by the external influences, and were able to live long lives. If one does not follow the play of the elemental energies according to the seasons, the Liver energy will stagnate, resulting in illness in the Spring. In Summer, the Heart energy becomes empty and the yang energy is exhausted.

During the Fall there will be congestion of the Lung energy.

In Winter the Kidney will be drained of its reserves.

"The transformation of passive and active, of yin and yang, in the seasons is the basis of the growth and destruction of life. The sages were able to cultivate the yang energy in Spring and Summer and conserve the yin energy in Fall and Winter. By following the universal order, growth can occur naturally. If this natural order is disregarded, the root of one's life will be damaged and one's true energy will decline.

\* \* \*

"Therefore, the change of yin and yang through the four seasons is the root of life, growth, reproduction, aging, and destruction. By respecting this natural law it is possible to live free from illness. The sages have followed this, and the foolish people have not.

"In the old days the sages treated disease by preventing illness before it began, just as a good government or emperor was able to take the necessary steps to avert war. Treating an illness after it has begun is like suppressing revolt after it has broken out. If someone digs a well only when thirsty, or forges weapons only after becoming engaged in battle, one cannot help but ask:

Aren't these actions too late?"

#### Reflection — Universal Order

This teaching describes more than bodily health; it is a manual for right relationship.

The organs of the body mirror the organs of the world.

When we rise and rest with the seasons,

we participate in the governance of the living cosmos.

Spring calls for expansion; Summer for connection;

Autumn for refinement; Winter for rest.

In following this cycle, we practice reciprocity with Earth.

In resisting it, we create illness, both planetary and personal.

To live with the seasons is to become an organ of Gaia's body —

to breathe, digest, grieve, and dream with her.

The sages of every land have known this truth.

Now it is returning, not as doctrine, but as a way of life.

# © Conclusion — The Returning Ones

There is a moment at the end of every healing when the body exhales and the world exhales with it.

If you are reading these words now,
you have reached that moment.
You have walked through seasons,
through grief and brilliance,
through cave-shadow and forest-light,
through the chambers of the heart
and the oldest laws of Earth.
You did not merely read this book.
You remembered it.
Because everything written here
was already alive in you.

You came into this world with:
the mind of Winter
the breath of Spring
the heart of Summer
the discernment of Autumn
the center of Earth
and the sovereignty of Spirit.

You came with a blueprint older than your ancestry,

older than civilization,
older even than human memory.
You came from a world
where rivers had rights,
where mountains were elders,
where fire was a teacher,
where circles governed,
where seasons instructed,
where spirit shone openly through matter.

That world is not gone.

It is simply waiting for you to return to it.

You are not a visitor here.

You are a returning one.

# The Turning Point We Are Living

The crises of our time are not the end of the world.

They are the end of a worldview.

The collapse of separation is not catastrophe —

it is initiation.

You are living in a moment
when the human nervous system
is rejoining the Earth's nervous system,
when personal healing
and planetary healing
are no longer two different endeavors.

The wound of separation
is becoming the doorway of return.
You did not fail.
Humanity did not fail.
Empire failed —
and life is already rising through the cracks.
You are part of that rising.

# The New Essence of Healing

Healing is no longer
a private event,
a personal project,
or an individual journey.

#### Healing is now:

- a restoration of relational intelligence
- a reconnection to Earth's metabolic rhythms
- a remembering of community as ecology
- a rejoining of spirit with governance
- an awakening of the heart as sovereign

Healing means becoming capable of receiving life again — and offering life again.

It means participating in the renewal of the world

by renewing the world within you.

# You Carry the Seed

You may not see it yet,
but you have already begun.
The moment you felt the forest breathe in you,
the moment you tasted real contact,
the moment you asked the land a question,
the moment you protected something small,
the moment you felt joy as nourishment,
the moment you saw spirit in sunlight—
that was the seed awakening.

ou carry what Earth needs now:
not perfection, but presence.
not certainty, but sincerity.
not belief, but relationship.
not mastery, but devotion.

# Your Participation Is the Medicine

The world will not be healed

by grand solutions or perfect strategies.

It will be healed by small circles,

honest hearts, courageous choices,

and people who understand

that tending a single place

is tending the whole.

Everything you offer ripples outward:

a vow to a valley

a song to a river

a hand in a garden

a truth in a circle

a boundary that protects life

a joy that feeds the land

a sorrow that awakens compassion

This is how the world turns again.

Not through force.

Through participation.

# You Are Part of the Great Rejoining

Let this be your final remembering:
You do not live on Earth —
you live with Earth,
as Earth,
belonging to everything
that has ever lived.

The seasons are not metaphors.

They are teachers.

They are laws.

They are invitations.

And you —
with your longing,
your tenderness,
your grief,
your courage,
your beauty —
are part of this seasonal intelligence.

You are a movement of the planet.

You are a gesture of the cosmos.

You are a bright thread

in the great weaving of life.

You are the returning forest.

You are the sovereign heart.

You are the fire that remembers.

You are the season that begins again.

This book ends here,

but your season begins now.

Welcome home.

### Epilogue

# Closing Benediction

The lineage continues — through forests, oceans, and every heart willing to listen.

May these old roots find new soil in us.

May the wisdom of the ancients, freed from hierarchy, become again the wild intelligence of Earth remembering herself.

#### Closing the circle

Thank you for walking the wheel of the year.

You can leave the book open; the seasons will keep turning on their own.

Step outside.

Let your next breath decide where to go—

toward a bird call, a patch of light,

the smell of rain.

Everything you've met here continues there.

The five elements are not teachings to remember

but invitations to keep playing with the world.

So dance, plant, laugh, rest, listen.

Let the Earth improvise through you.

And when you forget, start again.

The forest always answers with,

Ah, there you are.

\*

This book ends as the Earth does—by turning.

Every ending is only a leaning toward beginning.

Take what you need, leave what you can,

and let the rest compost back into life.

Wherever you go, may you move like the seasons—steady, generous, renewing, available to what comes, grateful for what leaves.

Goodbye for now—
not farewell, but another hello,
waiting just beyond the horizon of time.

To heal is to fall back into the many—
to love the world's wild grammar again,
where everything speaks and nothing repeats.

# **Afterword**

Printed in harmony with the seasons, on recycled paper,

in gratitude to the forests, waters, and hands that make books possible.