

SARAH ANN NEGUS

MODERN

DAY

SHAMAN®

*Find a deeper connection  
with life.*

Sharing channelled shamanic journeys, poems,  
affirmations and meditations to activate your higher self  
and your success mindset

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Cover design by Nataša Ivančević

Paperback ISBN: 978-1-7356711-3-0

Published by:

Serapis Bey Publishing

Literary Agent and Editor, Wendy Yorke

WRITE. EDIT. PUBLISH

[www.wendyyorke.com](http://www.wendyyorke.com)

The names of the characters in this book have been changed for identity protection purposes and any resemblance to people, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

All uncredited quotations are the author's own.

All the shamanic journeys, poems, affirmations and meditations provided are channelled through the author.

This is not the truth.

It is my truth.

Take what touches your heart and leave the rest.

This book is dedicated to you.  
May you find your way.



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## About the Author



Sarah Ann Negus is a modern-day shaman. She grew up in South London and has spent her life finding out who she really is. Her journey of discovery, in this her first book, takes you from lost to found in the most alternative of ways. Sarah's experience was not easy, but she believes that coming home to your true self does not have to be a fight or a struggle.

As a child she learned that not everyone saw what she did, and she hid her gifts. Coming back to them as an adult, she slowly remembered her purpose and promised to share them.

Sarah runs a successful mentoring and public speaking business working with entrepreneurs and executives who understand their energy is a powerful driving force for growth, both personally and professionally. She facilitates an altered state of consciousness for her clients which allows them to observe themselves and the world differently as a result. They take actions from a new belief system, which empowers them to achieve what they previously believed was impossible. Her clients typically say; "This has been life-changing".

Never be afraid of the dark.  
Without it there is no light.

## **Praise for This Book from Other People**

“Sarah Negus is the true definition of a master healer in this antidote for the crisis of modern life. Her memoir reads like a shamanic Elizabeth Gilbert. It is deeply moving, inspiring and leaves you with the practical tools to live your own authentic self. Insights on how to activate your potential come with tears, laughter and profound love, much like the experience of being in the room with the Shaman herself.”

**Agnes Kowalski, Wealth Therapist and Forbes Contributor**

“I have had goose bumps all over me from the moment I started to read this book. Sarah takes you on a deeply personal transformative journey. She invites you to use shamanic energy to heal your life and activate the level of potential within, which you never knew you had. Her writing takes us deep. I would say deeper than any other book I have read before. And it is worth it. Each chapter brings a new level of awareness and healing. Sarah’s voice is relatable and very powerful. I enjoyed reading about her own journey of massive transformation and her loving guidance for using the power of energy to transform anything we want. Accompanying meditations are worth their weight in gold itself. This book is a must-read for all spiritually-based people who sense there is more ... a lot more.”

**Lenka Lutonska, The Extraordinary Growth Coach,  
Business Strategist and Mindset Maven**

This book takes you into Sarah's journey of self-discovery so you can find your own. It is the path less travelled which is in itself fascinating. The reading of it allowed me to move past everything I knew and find something even more potent for my life in the most alternative of ways. This is a must-read for anyone looking for something more in their lives without knowing what that is.

**John Paul Beeby, Celebrity Fitness and Wellness Coach**

## How to Use this Book for Maximum Benefit



When I first sat down to write this book, I allowed myself to be taken by the words. They flowed easily and the main body of the work found its way onto paper in 6 short weeks, helped by my writing coach Karen Roy, but it was not finished. Although it felt complete to me, the parts of my story that were relevant did not stand alone effectively. I had to dig deep to discover – with the help of my author coach and literary agent, Wendy Yorke – the teaching within my written words. I am eternally grateful for the help of both Karen and Wendy in bringing it all to fruition.

If you are reading this, it is likely you have aspects of yourself that continue to bring challenge to your life. My recommendation for you is ... when you identify them ... love them. Love really is the answer to everything. I use the word love here, not in the romantic sense based on condition, but love that builds and creates. Use this book to help you recognise these aspects within yourself more deeply so you can acknowledge and accept them. Then – this is the important bit – integrate them into your life as part of you. Aspects of yourself that are ready to be seen and transformed into something more beautiful.

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In this book, I share real events from my life, unembellished. I start each chapter with My Story and its relevance for our modern world because my intention is to provide you with true stories that will resonate with you and evoke a remembering to bring a new recognition of yourself. In each chapter, I also give you a practical exercise to help you integrate what you learn about yourself. You will also find a client story illustrating the practical learnings other people have experienced. In several chapters, I provide channelled material as it was given to me, unedited and in places I supplement my story with my own channelled poetry. Finally, I provide you with a summary of the applications you can make in your life to give you a step-by-step path to follow on your own journey to activate your higher self and your success mindset.

As you dive into the content of the book, you will find a chakra cleansing meditation and eight unique shamanic journeys, which I have channelled. They hold an energetic charge to help you connect to their power and see more of yourself than you have seen before. You can repeat them as many times as you like because each time, you will find new information, which will help you explore your best self. I encourage you to read these pages with a journal alongside to record your thoughts, any memories that come to the surface, and to ground your journeying experience. I have my early journals and I continue to find new insights in them every time I read them.

This book's main message is one of: self-recognition; self-awareness; self-knowledge; self-compassion; and self-

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love. By knowing your 'self', by coming into yourself, and by acknowledging yourself as more than merely a physical being, you can find a deep connection to the planet, to your families, communities, and all the peoples of other countries. In fact, all the sentient beings who live here on planet Earth and to the whole consciousness of our Universe because we are all one.

My intention is that you find your place of safety, support, and love within and you contribute to the oneness that is longing for more love.

*“When we are no longer able to change a situation,  
we are challenged to change ourselves.”*  
Viktor Frankl, author *Man’s Search for Meaning*

## Prologue: Realisation



August 27<sup>th</sup>

How did I get here?

Who the fuck am I?

Is it okay to swear?

Who the fuck am I?

I guess it is okay to swear.

I feel better when I do.

It somehow gives emphasis to the fucking mess I'm in ...  
there I did it again.

Everything hurts. My back, my neck, my arms, my right  
leg, hell, even my eyes hurt.

And my brain.

My brain cannot function.

It is having a meltdown.

I can literally feel it dissolving into mush under the immense  
pressure I feel looking at my reflection.

I am 30.

In fact, today is my birthday.

A happy day, right?

One to celebrate life.

One to bask in the spotlight of specialness.

A day to be spoiled.

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A day to mark a significant milestone.

I have made it to 30 years of age!

I live in a beautiful home.

Have a gorgeous baby son, a husband who adores me, friends, family, material wealth.

Then why the fuck do I feel in so much pain? ... oops, there I go, swearing again!

Blaming the car crash on my migraines and depression gives me some sort of excuse, but somehow deep in my bones, the bones that ache so much, I know it is not the reason.

I examine my face in the mirror. Close up. Smokey green eyes with long dark lashes framing them. Eyes that should be sparkly and alive but instead they are flat and stare accusingly at me. Midnight dark hair falling in tumbles to my shoulders. My grandmother's mouth. Full and red, ready to speak truth and wonder and smile, set sternly in a line. Regally high cheekbones, petite ears and a sweetheart chin. I knew I was beautiful, but inside I hid something else. Inside there was a deeply black crawling mess of ugliness that churned away. It constantly talked to me. Reminding me every day, every minute, every spare moment. I was fake, I was a fraud, I was stupid. I got what I deserved, nobody liked me let alone loved me. I was ugly, I was ridiculous, I was shameful, I was nothing.

I was not worthy of anything at all.

It was that inner me that looked out from my smoky green eyes, facing me squarely in the mirror, and spoke to me, boldly. *"I absolutely loathe you! I control you! What are you going to do about that?"* I do not have an answer. I shy away from looking

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at myself and turn to look around at the home I am standing in, unresolved, undecided, unloved. Instead, I sigh deeply.

*Is this it? I thought to myself. Is it my lot to continue living in this struggle to free myself from all this pain? Is life really this hard, this bad?* More questions I did not have the answer to. But, on that day there was a decision made. I looked up, talking to the ceiling, the heavens, a place far away in the Universe, talking to something I thought was bigger than me.

“Show me the way back to me.”

This is that story.



Chapter 1  
**Time to Remember**



*“Human beings are not born once and for all on the day their mothers give birth to them, but ... life obliges them over and over again to give birth to themselves.”*

**Gabriel García Márquez**

There are no coincidences. Everything is a nudge, a push, a jolt, a bump, or a crash to steer you on your path whatever that is, wherever it takes you.

**My story: become the student**

I am very stubborn. Sometimes, I do not listen even now. While in my early adulthood, I was completely deaf to the whispers of my higher-self – my spiritual essence – which seemed to be talking to me in a language alien and unintelligible. Then came Eve.

It was mid-summer. A hot, sunny July day. The kind you only find in south east England. Green and bright and humid.

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The sunlight shining through the leaves of the trees dappling the grass. Birds singing at the top of their voices in the garden and bees buzzing in the lavender outside my kitchen. The phone rang, one of those plugged in, landline phones. My girlfriend was on the other end.

“Sarah, gorgeous, I’m going to see a spiritual healer. She’s bloody expensive, so I wondered if you want to share the hour’s session?”

“Of course, I would, Wow, of course I would.”

“Great darling. I will pick you up in 10!” was her dramatic reply, with which she slammed down the phone.

This was in the days when my son was in kindergarten. I only had a few hours in the day without him. I did not need to pick him up until 3.30pm; I had time to go with her.

Excited, I clambered into her 4x4 and off we drove, echoes of Thelma and Louise on adventure came to mind. I was curious and had questions swirling around unanswered in my head. *What will she say? What will she know? What will I find out?*

We drove for an hour, singing out loud to the songs on the radio, enjoying the drive and the beautiful day. Taking a few wrong turns, but eventually arriving at a huge house, set deep in the countryside. A tarmac driveway with a few potholes led us to the car park and main entrance. A gothic-looking porchway opened onto a reception hall. It was understated in its décor; wooden flooring, an unlit fireplace and sunny yellow curtains dressed the hallway together with two comfy looking

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blue sofas. It felt imposing and cold despite the warm sunny day outside and I shivered a little as I entered.

Eve greeted us. She was a larger-than-life character with dark hair and even darker sparkling eyes; in her late 50s, full of certainty and confidence. She looked me up and down.

“Take a seat young lady, I’ll deal with you later.” Then, she bustled off with my friend in tow.

Apprehension started to overwhelm me, and my thoughts ran wild in my head.

*“See, you are nothing. You are not important. Even Eve wants you to wait. Wants you to go last and she does not even know you. You will never be first at anything. You have to wait because you are not worth a thing.”*

The loud voice within me was playing up as I sat waiting my turn. It was noisy and persistent and liked to remind me often that I was not good enough to be noticed, that most of my choices were wrong and that I was silly or stupid or both. It was not clear to me where that voice had originated, it was simply there, filling me with doubt at every turn.

*“I will forget it. I’ll go and wait in the car. I do not like this place, it’s cold. She is really scary. I do not like her. I’ll pay her for my session, but I will not go in.”*

I stood up, ready to make a quick exit, right out of the door, out of the waiting room and back into the sunshine and the safety of the car. To go back to my predictable, flat, inauthentic life where my loud inner voice was in charge.

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Change is sometimes more frightening than remaining in the comfort of the pain you know and manage on a day-to-day basis. This pain is habit forming, as is the managing of it. I was looking right down the barrel of the gun that would bring immense change. Somehow, I knew I was on the cusp of something big and my fear was palpable.

*“Do not fucking do it,”* screamed the voice in my head.. As I got up to leave, as if by magic and exactly on cue – remember there are no coincidences and everything happens for a reason – Eve bustled out of her room, waved goodbye to my girlfriend, looked me up and down once more and said, “Right young lady. I will deal with you now. Come along.”

Gulp. *“Do not call me young lady,”* I thought. *You are going to deal with me. How rude!* But instead of running away, I followed her to her office, my heart beating in my chest so hard I felt it banging against my ribs. My pulse was racing, perspiration breaking out on my forehead. *Could I be having a panic attack? What is this?* My chest was tight, I could not breathe.

*“Fucking hell Sarah, what are you doing?”* That voice inside me again.

My resistance was huge, but I also felt inexorably drawn to this lady. There was something about her I could not explain. I had never met her before. Until today, I had never even heard of her, yet somehow, somehow, I knew I was in the right place. Exactly the place where I would discover new information and find truth.

She scanned me, nodding. Then suddenly, her voice changed and she dropped into what I now know was a trance

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and she channelled her message for me.

“You are very unhappy.

The child in you is lost.

She cries often and you ignore her.

Your body has become a cage, an armour to hide your heart, which is so wounded it may close completely.

Your life force is weak and walks behind you for it does not feel this place is safe.

You are gifted.

You are hidden.

You are light, but so dark.

You are young, but old beyond your years.

There is knowledge for you to learn well, but it is your wisdom that will change your world.

The world.

Time is the healer here.

Experience your initiation and find your way.

First, embrace your wounded child, find your vision of your life, for only when you are whole can you teach.

I see you.

I honour you.

Shaman *Aho*.”

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When she had finished, I realised that tears were streaming down my face. Tears of sadness.

Tears of relief. Tears of vulnerability. Tears of love and tears of recognition all mixed together.

This strange lady, this stranger –Eve – who later became my teacher, my facilitator, my memory provoker, had in the space of a few minutes told me more about myself than I had ever dared to admit. She had accessed my energy and channelled such strange truths back to me in a manner that was unworldly.

I continued to cry for two more days. I could not stop. Deep sobs wrenched from my body, held down for so long, breaking free at last. I felt deep depression, cracked open and raw. The people around me did not know what to do and I knew they could not help me. Only she could, Eve. With her sparkling eyes and promise of bone deep honesty. So, I went back to that weird cold house deep in the countryside. I went back to the lady who knew so much about me with so little to see of me and asked her to help me. She did and now I am here sharing my journey with you.

Meeting Eve was the first time I had come into contact with a real-life shaman, or as I had labelled her a ‘crazy lady’. I had a confused idea that a shaman was the medicine man or woman only in the ancient Native American culture. I had another notion that a shaman was dangerous and messed about with evil spirits. Going back and asking for her help, even if she did look ‘normal’, was a leap of faith. This was one of the times in my life when I jumped off the cliff of habit and conditioning. I ignored what I thought I should do, leapt into the unknown,

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full of trepidation and fear only to find that instead of falling to my end, I was actually flying; soaring high into the sky with a new wider perspective of who I was and what I could become.

As it turned out, Eve was neither Native American, nor evil or dangerous. I say that carefully, because she did have a temper and you never quite knew when she was going to share it with you; she is human after all. Despite this, Eve possessed the energy of motherhood. The non-judgemental, unconditional love kind of motherhood and it oozed from every part of her being. She was a straight talker. If she saw something within you, she called it out. She could smell fake and sly a mile off and did not suffer fools, ever.

Eve was magic and I loved her. She saw what you were afraid of and she helped you to uncover it, so you faced it – all the while encouraging you to decide that tomorrow was always a new day and every new day offered the opportunity for you to be more you than you were now. There was no *status quo* with Eve. Only truth, laughter – she had a wicked sense of humour – ancient knowledge and wisdom. I knew she had taken the path less travelled and I was certain this was now my journey too.

### **Shamanism and its place in our modern world**

I soon discovered that shamans existed in all ancient cultures far and wide around the world. In fact, my surname the word ‘Negus’ means shaman or king in the language of Ancient Egypt and continues to be used today in Ethiopia. The shamans of Ancient Egypt were their leaders. The Pharaoh held

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the spiritual, physical, and emotional health of their people and were initiated into the wisdom of the traditions passed down through generations. (A good description for the role of the shaman in every culture.)

Shamans were found all across Asia and the world. The word shaman was first translated into English in the 17<sup>th</sup> century when it was brought back by a Dutch traveller and statesman, and ambassador to the English court, Nicolaes Witsen, the first explorer to Siberia, the Far East and Central Asia. The word shaman was included in his 1672 book, *Noord en Oost Tataryen/North and South Tatory*. The word, as we know it, is said to have originated from the Tungus tribe of Northeast Asia. In English it means spiritual healer, one who sees in the dark or one who knows; a 'doctor of the soul'.

The shaman traditionally was a visionary, prophet, healer, psychotherapist, ceremonialist and often an herbal doctor. He or she cared for the health of their community by looking after the spiritual and physical health of its inhabitants.

For me, the word shaman means many things.

- Open
- Curious
- Searcher
- Adventurer
- Pioneer
- Seer

But the word that resonates most for me is 'bridge'.

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Shamans are bridges between the spiritual and the physical. They are able to travel through many realms to see into what appears to be darkness to find the light. I am forever grateful to the shamans I have worked with who saw the light in me and helped me to shine it more and more brightly.

Shamans see themselves in other people. They can expand their consciousness past what is proven and known and can telepathically communicate across vast distances, to people, animals and even to our planet Earth.

Shamans:

- translate spiritual wisdom;
- gather spiritual energies;
- are conduits of divine love;
- bring shades of grey in between the black and white of situations; and
- uncover different perspectives, different beliefs, and different physical experiences for their clients and the world.

This understanding of the label shaman has come to me only after many years of experience. When I first began exploring this ancient art, I was curious and accepted what I was shown on a surface level. I did not question my insight when I was journeying. The experience was real to me. More real than my physical existence and it was much more fun.

I wanted to find out how to translate that 'fun' into my real life. I began to decipher the energy of shaman. I wanted to

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explain to other people my passion for energy and my calling to share this philosophy.

I remember when I first set my stall out on the Internet, having decided that hiding away in Surrey in the United Kingdom was ‘playing small’. I began to join international groups online where I tentatively shared my spiritual gifts. Over the period of about six weeks, I facilitated 150 free hour-long sessions. Each session with a stranger. Each one on a conference call without the client physically present. Each one powerful.

I had been sceptical as to the shifts I could evoke in distance work with only my intention, my ability to travel in energy and my spiritual insight to guide me. The first day, I held 10 sessions and at the end of them, I was buzzing. Buzzing with energy, convinced I was on to something big. I knew without doubt that I was connecting with the spiritual energy of my client. Interpreting symbolism they saw in their mind’s eye. Bringing them to a place where they changed their deep beliefs about themselves. What was more, I understood that when I travelled with my clients, I was accessing more of myself. Inspiring my clients – unconsciously – to go the extra mile, to stretch a little further, to risk more of themselves. They broke down and shared secrets. They uncovered old unhelpful thoughts locked within them and witnessed the beauty of their soul in ways they never had before.

At that time, I was calling myself a spiritual mentor. It was not until a number of my clients began to describe me as ‘their shaman’ that I took on the description. This is traditional. I

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had not been given the honour by an indigenous tribe, but by my own community, those people who knew me and had experienced my energy and my work. They understood what I was. My Western tribe of clients named me shaman. I added 'Modern Day' because that felt aligned to working with modern people, facilitating change by accessing parts of their energy that they could not. A shaman is the bridge.

### ***Channelled Poem: I Am the Bridge***

*"I am the bridge.*

*The way between now and what could be.*

*The arch of possibility.*

*The link between realities.*

*The place between conscious and unconscious.*

*The rainbow that connects to your pot of gold.*

*If you are curious.*

*If you feel you are more than you seem.*

*If you say yes to yourself.*

*If you are brave enough to be good enough.*

*I am the bridge.*

*The pathfinder.*

*The way seeker.*

*The door between all you have been and all  
you can be.*

*I am the bridge*

*Come journey with me."*

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Shamanism is a philosophy, a way of being, a way of living, a search for knowledge of self and of the Universe through, and by experience.

Shamans can be found in Inuit, Amazon, Norse, Native American Indian, Mauri, Ancient Greek and Roman, Ancient Egyptian, African, Asian and Aboriginal cultures.

The Aboriginal name for their shaman is 'clever fella'. A fella who sees what other people do not, who knows how to translate the energy of the divine and connects it to the world.

A 'clever fella' does not look at a person to see what they have acquired in life. They do not look to see how their personality translates to what they buy, their clothes, car, home or career. A shaman looks into a person's eyes, the mirror of their soul, to see how deep their awareness of themselves goes. They look for distortions of energy and for emotional blocks that hide the person's light. They understand how to sidestep the cultural conditioning that is part of our world's physical reality. They look straight into the web of energy that connects us all and brings hope, acceptance and answers to problems so solutions can be found. They bring an invitation to become what and who you really are.

During the last 22 years, I have played with the idea of shaman. I am non-traditional, which means I did not become initiated in an indigenous culture before the age of 30. I do not have roots or physical ancestry that leads back to an indigenous elder, but I know I am shaman, The Modern Day Shaman®.

The way of a modern-day shaman is to bring reason for the chaos of Western life. In coining this description of shaman,

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I come with the knowing that spiritual information is to be shared. It is for all of us, so we can find a better way, if we choose.

A modern-day shaman does not walk into the wilderness to find themselves as the ancient and indigenous people did and continue to do. They do not need to, for the life we live here in the West casts us into a jungle of its own.

I understand that jungle first-hand. It is the jungle that swallows you and highlights that you do not matter; that you have no value; that you must work your fingers to the bone to succeed; and that success is measured by how much money you have. That jungle is bogus. It is materialistic and it kills the spirit.

During my childhood, teenage years, and early adulthood, I knew I was different, strange even. I thought this difference was a bad thing. I thought I needed to change, to fit in, to be normal, in order to be accepted. I thought I had to bury all the things I knew to be liked. I thought I had to please everyone around me and put my own needs, wants, and beliefs to one side so I could make other people happy.

I learned early on to hide what I saw beyond our reality. I learned the 'knowing' I had was not tolerated in a little girl. It was not acceptable. I learned to hide my light.

The deep belief I held within me was heavy to carry; . I was wrong, phony, an imposter, not good enough for love, not good enough for success, not good enough for anything. Only other people could be what they wanted because they were liked and loved. They joined in among society easily. I did

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not and I decided I was delinquent.

That, coupled with all manner of difficult experiences in my life, further embedded this belief.

The thing is, stealth or hidden shamans, shamans who are not yet on their path, not yet aligned to their truth, experience life through a distorted lens, with disrupted energy and an inability to settle or find peace.

There are certain signs to watch for, signs that mean you are ready to explore shamanic energy for yourself.

- You have always felt different with a knowing that you do not belong in the everyday and yearn to find other people who resonate with you.
- You can often feel lonely among a crowd of people. You enjoy your own company most.
- You can experience sensory overload and need time alone.
- You have been told you are too sensitive. This sensitivity is, however, your gift when harnessed effectively.
- You may sleep a lot finding that when you are well rested life is easier.
- Addiction to external forces can be a problem. You try to numb yourself with food, alcohol, or drugs as a way to get through the day to day.
- You enter into unhealthy relationships to prove to yourself that you are worthy, to prove you can be accepted. This can happen again and again on

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repeat.

- You are often ungrounded. This is because shamans are able to expand their consciousness beyond what we have been taught about space and time in our reality. Finding a way to cope with this disconnection leads back to numbing yourself.
- Being in nature brings you back to yourself. It feels like home. Shamans are the link between the planet and the rest of humanity. Shamans anchor spiritual light and understand the Earth is our mother.
- You may have experienced many life lessons and find you are good in a crisis. These are our Western world's shamanic initiations. They have taught you compassion and empathy for another person's plight.
- You know you can be more than you are. You feel a calling for purpose and want to make a difference in the world.
- You give to other people who need advice but find it difficult to set simple boundaries, meaning you over give and feel burned out often with resentment building within you.
- Dreaming is vivid and you receive information for yourself and other people.
- You know things without having been taught them. This is the slow remembering of spiritual truth that happens as you awaken to your path.

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- You have ‘magic hands’ and find your touch soothes other people tremendously.
- People tell you their problems, off-loading their troubles, unconsciously knowing you will have solutions for them.
- You often think of things happening and they manifest.
- You may suffer with physical problems. This is called Shamanic Sickness. Hidden shamans are prone to many auto-immune disorders such as chronic fatigue, ulcerative colitis, fibromyalgia, Lyme disease, chronic pain, depression and sudden traumas such as car crashes. Ahem... this was me, until I accepted my path.

When I began working with Eve, I did not know I was shaman. I had not embraced the idea. I was busy ignoring most of my spiritual self. I did not see myself as someone who would eventually leave their comfortable lifestyle to reinvent herself.

I thought Eve would help me heal myself. I had no notion that I did not need healing; after all I was a mess, actually a hot mess, but healing was not what I needed. None of us do. We need to be able to see our own truth and embrace our path and enjoy our journey. So often we are searching for a destination, a nirvana, that already exists within us. That beautiful heavenly place is in our own heart. It vibrates from our soul and is a part of our being.

The first new practice Eve taught me was shamanic journeying, drumming, and trance. I did not know why she

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was teaching this to me. I believed it was for me to feel happier, to be more content and to live my life as a better wife, daughter, mother, sister, and friend. How wrong I was! She was teaching me – with an intention – to pass on tradition, to invite me to remember who I really was and why I had lived my life so far.

One of the most powerful of my early journeys is forever etched on my memory. Shamanic journeying is a very real experience. You actually go ‘there’. Your experiences stay in your memory in the same way as a great day out does.

On this day, I found myself in our shamanic journeying weekly group, with my eyes closed, my palms turned upwards in my lap, back up straight and my feet firmly planted on the floor. Within my mind’s eye, I clearly saw myself stepping on many ascending columns of light, going higher and higher and further into the spiritual dimensions than I had ever been before. I was getting cold and the chill was distracting me a little. Gently and carefully, I felt someone place a blanket around my lap, the safety and warmth it gave me allowed me to continue.

I saw more columns of light all leading to a high ledge. A deep black ravine opened out in front of me defined by another ledge opposite me. I stood waiting. Wondering what the next verbal cue would be from Eve. This time there was none. I waited. Alert. Listening. My third eye opening wider and wider, until I saw him. A huge male energy dressed in blue with golden hair. His beauty took my breath away, as did the overwhelming feeling of love washing over every part of my form.

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“I am Michael” he said.

“You have to jump.”

I realised he meant jump across the ravine. Well, I was not going to do that was I? Eve had not told me to. I did not know Michael.

“Jump!”

He said again and then, “trust!”

Suddenly, I did. I could not stop myself. In my vision, I jumped as hard, as fast and as far as I could. I found I was on the opposite side of the ravine. All that I had needed to do was trust; set the intention; and it was done. Clearly, a lesson I needed to learn in my life.

Now that I had jumped, a knowing developed within me. I was in the presence of Archangel Michael, a powerful spiritual being whose name means, ‘He who is God.’ He leads the Archangels, the group of angelic beings who help humanity evolve towards love.

He took me by the hand and led me into the golden energy I saw all around. He showed me how far I had come along my path; invited me to honour all of my experiences so far. To not blame, or judge but to see the lessons learned. Then, he showed me the light that is connected to me and I was, and continue to be, humbled.

That journey was the first time I realised my abilities to hold energy, to travel through dimensions and to match energetic frequencies other people cannot. That journey was the first time I wanted to be able to do more, to help more, and it was the first time I knew I would be more.

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I began to understand that my difference was my gift. That my gift was important, precious and something to nurture and grow.

Like a small child in a candy shop, I began to try all the different flavours available to me in the energetic realms. From vibrations that caused nausea and muscle tightness, to energy that flowed and moved like rivers, and frequencies that played out like beautiful music.

I heard the angelic choir, which translated into layman's terms is a group of angelic beings singing love vibrations, which touch your heart and soul, and give you a feeling of completeness.

I felt the belly-wrenching pull of gravity and grounding, which can feel so heavy and overwhelming when coming back from an energetic journey into the reality of our physical life.

I time hopped. To explore past lives and future selves. Finding myself in ancient places that held resonance for me and then transporting me to hopes for my future.

I played in my mind's eye with mythical creatures. Pegasus, the winged horse and mermaids who swam with me in the ocean.

I discovered how animals could come into my awareness both in my physical world and in the spiritual world to bring messages through. Black Panther is the spirit animal I associate with my sense of personal power. She walks by my side energetically and helps me find my courage. Once, I remember noticing hundreds of geese all grouping together in a farmer's field. An invitation to be brave and stay loyal to myself.

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I got to know my personal spiritual guides. These are energetic vibrations that come close to us to help on our life's journey. It brought me great comfort to know I was never alone and supported in ways I did not understand or see.

I found emotional trauma, however seemingly insignificant or infinitely terrible, caused different distortions in the energy of a person, rather like a knot in a ball of string left untended and tangled. Unravelling such trauma, following it back to its beginning, recognising it, understanding it, and forgiving its existence weakened the power it held in life today. That, coupled with uncovering conditioned beliefs taken on from family, society, culture and experience, can unlock physical armouring. These are habitual postures adopted by the body as a protection from the drama of emotions. Once released, a new level of living can emerge and take shape. Not only in the physical body but in every aspect of a person's existence.

That is the language of a modern-day shaman. And, in shamanic tradition, I confirm my explanation with, *Aho*, which means 'to clear' and is used to affirm an intention or declaration.

### **Reflections**

Personal growth is a life-long expedition. It never stops. Even when you feel stuck, or feel you are treading water, going around in circles, or going backwards in your life, you will be growing and changing day-by-day, breath-by-breath. It is inevitable. We are here to overcome what we think we should be, in order to become our true selves. The first step is to realise

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there is more of you and for you, than you are aware of now.

Noticing that you are stuck, have relationship patterns repeating in your life, or you feel miserable despite everything around you looking amazing, is when realisations hit home.

A realisation that you need to evoke change within you is powerful. Often, you will have tried to change many other aspects of your external life. You may have learnt new skills, or left a job, moved home or country, only to find after the initial adrenaline rush, you soon fall back into flatline, the same habits and the same way of feeling not quite your true self.

This is an invitation to look within. The common denominator here is you. External situations, people, events, and challenges force you to look at yourself and grow. You are the only aspect you can change, the only aspect you have power over and deciding to change yourself is the biggest gift you can give yourself.

Changing yourself means becoming aware of hidden beliefs and recognising habitual thoughts which are running in the background of your life. They are difficult to notice and can be addictive, often creating a plethora of unhelpful self-talk that feels normal.

Our lives are governed by a high proportion of unconscious patterns. Our behaviour, moods, energy levels, and general happiness and productivity, are ruled by what is happening inside us. Most of the time, our thoughts are automatic, automatically negative, automatically self-critical, and automatically too busy. As this is something that has always been so, it remains so. We do not question these

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thoughts. They carry on regardless, bungling along repeating the same patterns of behaviour every day, while we remain unaware that we could find more time to be happier each day.

One practical way to raise and expand your self-awareness is through a daily practice of Free Writing. This means that every morning, before beginning your day, you write down whatever words want to come out of you, without worrying about the sentences, or spelling, or format of the writing. Relax and write whatever unconscious thought patterns are ready to be transmuted from within you onto your paper. This action allows unconscious self-talk to become real. It does not take long but is a powerful daily emptying of the mind.

Every morning before you climb out of bed, reach for your notepad and your pen and allow your unconscious thoughts to pour out of you onto the paper. Write three pages in all, every morning without thinking. Allow words to tumble onto the page.

The very action of writing whatever comes spilling forth releases space in your mind. These writings are not for re-reading or analysing. They are a tool with which to clear clutter from your psyche. You will probably notice a theme to the scribblings, this theme is something you can become aware of and work to understand and change. The main thing is to let the writings babble, let them rumble, let them rip. They will probably surprise you.

If nothing comes easily, begin writing; 'I don't know what to write' over and over again. I promise by the end of the first set of three pages, you will have surprised yourself and unlocked many thought patterns.

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If you have ever felt the benefit of de-cluttering a garage, or a kitchen cupboard, or a wardrobe, begin your day by de-cluttering your mind. Find space within that can be filled with more useful, positive, and in-the-moment feelings. See this outpour as an aspect of life that contributes to bringing a smile to your face, in contrast to the To Do List, which might have been the prominent thought.

Free Writing is a simple way to uncover what lies beneath your 'normal' and is the first step towards changing you.

### **David's story: from burn out to daily celebration**

David came to me feeling burnt out. He was a high-level corporate executive running a team of 25 staff. He loved his job and reported feeling alive and vibrant when he was 'on top of his game'. However, that exhilarating feeling had left him and he was exhausted. When I asked him to describe his inner narrative, he looked at me blankly. 'I don't have any' was his answer. Something I questioned and invited him to explore.

He was ready to feel better and having tried therapy, gym work-outs, a promotion, multiple girlfriends and exotic holidays, he realised he was the common denominator and was open to finding an alternative way to improve his life. I invited him to Free Write for two weeks and to report back on his findings. He was resistant at first and it took two days before any information flowed onto the paper of his three daily pages. However, when they did, it was a true revelation for him. Through his daily writing, he revealed how he was incredibly mean to himself, constantly comparing his successes with other people who he saw as 'better' than himself. He never

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allowed himself to rest, always pushing himself on, and always demanding more. He recognised he was never happy with his performance, his inner mantra being 'it's good, but not good enough'.

The start of his Free Writing activity was the tip of the iceberg. It gave David insight into his inner belief that he had to work hard, harder, and hardest. However, his true realisation came a month into this daily practice.

He suddenly recognised the energy of words he wrote on the pages of his free writing as that of his father. He was pushing himself to prove his worth to his father and to the small child that felt unseen, unheard and unloved unless he was top of the class, captain of the team and leader of the many. He understood that he was taught he could do anything he put his mind to, as long as he worked hard. The small child had taken on this truth and saw working hard as never stopping until you were exhausted, the young boy had watched his father work every day at a job he hated, the adolescent had yearned for his father's praise and to spend time with him only to be disappointed when his father chose to work (hard).

As a result, he decided to work hard on himself, to get to know what he really wanted to be in life. This was a big step for David. He had spent his life achieving in action and inner work is all about achieving peace of mind and spirit in being. He decided he had nothing to lose and had become so uncomfortable in his life that he was ready to make big changes.

These changes were life changing and far reaching. In the short term we spent time discovering David's core beliefs

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around what he had to offer. It became clear that he was living in the past, playing out habits of behaviour learned from his family. We had to find authentic David.

Our inner truth can be shocking. David's was. In the space of six months he changed everything in his business world. As we delved into his subconscious mind via shamanic journeying David connected to the spiritual sense of himself. He felt powerful in his own mind and body, he came to a knowing of success in being himself, his best self, not one designed by his parents or his culture or his corporate career.

David was very brave. Something his father had taught him to be. He courageously dismantled how he had been existing in life and began to experience shifts that allowed him to feel free.

Shamanic mentoring is a partnership; David and I built a relationship of trust, I showed him what he could not look at within himself. Together we unravelled the tangles of 'shoulds' that he lived by, and built new beliefs based on a vision of his future life, and his future self. I invited him to live with his future self in mind, offering him curiosity as his main driver. He loved that, took the bull by the horns and began to ask himself questions.

What do I want?

What do I need?

What can I see for myself?

What am I not?

What is unhelpful?

What are my strengths?

What are my weaknesses?

Who am I now?

Who do I want to be?

What legacy do I want to leave and to live?

These were big questions, and he embraced them by finding excitement in the journey, feeling the benefits in his health, relationships and everyday being. Over a period of two years he left corporate life and began his own business as a consultant. His work life balance improved as did his inner dialogue, allowing him to celebrate his wins in the now and to enjoy his work and the rewards it brought him.

### **Practical applications**

- Recognise your repeating life patterns.
- Acknowledge your own feelings within them.
- Listen to your inner dialogue and bring it out into the open.
- Accept it is you who has the power to change.
- Decide to look within.
- Free Write every morning.