



Allow me to preface this article with a few thoughts: First, this was definitely outside the norm of things that I would do. I have stated on several occasions that, while I'm open-minded, hallucinogenic journeys weren't something I was particularly drawn to. After all, if you've read my writing, you know that I see and experience plenty on my own. That said, I've wanted to write about it for quite some time.

To that end, I was simply going to interview people and go from there. However, the opportunity presented itself via a friend of a friend with some other friendly people involved. I had the time and the means to travel before meeting up with my wife in Texas at Southfork. (Yes, that Southfork, and a whole other article awaits that story.) Another item that is paramount to this discussion is safety, liability, and discretion. Neither *Lowcountry Weekly* nor *Wholly Holistics* endorses illegal and unsafe drug practices. We won't advocate disobedience of the laws of the land. It's why I travelled to Denver where it's less frowned upon.

If you're going to do this after consulting a physician and your local laws, however, you want to do it with people who are safe, discreet and, most importantly, you feel comfortable with. I can't emphasize enough that this IS NOT party time. This IS work, and should be treated accordingly and with appropriate seriousness. Regardless of the method, it's a task to face parts of yourself you'd rather ignore. My journey facilitator was probably the single most serious person I've ever met, while embodying aptitude, compassion, gentleness, and gratitude for the journey she's on. She's lived all over the world, is experienced in a multitude of professions, and speaks five languages fluently. After meeting me, she's attempting her sixth language of Southernese. Before my journey, I always heard that a good hallucinogenic journey was worth about a decade of therapy. I'm not sure you can quantify it that way, but it is worth a ton in terms of realizations realized and the exodus of mind muck said realizations bring. There is no way to put price of money or time on peace of mind.

I started reaping the rewards of this trip approximately a week beforehand, as I cleaned up my diet and focused my intentions. This period of preparation is perhaps just as important as

the actual ceremony, akin to a football player donning his pads, helmet, and cleats before taking the field. Never have I eaten so clean nor consumed even just the tiniest glass of bourbon. The hours leading into the ceremony are filled with prayer, safety and courtesy rules, intention, and finally the ingesting of said plant medicine.

The first thing I heard when the plant medicine kicked in was, “You’ve always wanted to be awake for your dreams and now you’ll see why you forget them.” Sounds foreboding, but it was a mere statement of fact. I actually wasn’t intimidated because I was certain of my decision to be there. In fact, I was so certain of my decision, I wasn’t nervous. I’ve felt like this a few times in my life. For example, I wasn’t nervous when I asked my wife to marry me in 2004. This should also tell you the gravity I applied to doing such an out-of-character thing.

Now that we’ve established my earnest convictions for this undertaking, let’s talk about my intentions. Intentions are good to set in everyday life for a variety of things, but they are a requirement for doing work of this kind. My intentions were to be shown roadblocks I create for myself and to integrate this and past healings. The last part of the previous sentence was huge realization that had nothing to do with drugs. Human tendencies touch us all and I had the epiphany that I’ve been blessed with so many healings and realizations I hadn’t integrated them all. I just kept consuming more; wanting more without integrating them. Our society is set up this way. Don’t blame or fight it, just understand it. Love and integrate this understanding.

Did I reach my stated intention goals? Absolutely! I was blessed with more than I bargained for. How so? Well, other than cool s*** like walls morphing and the fact that Rory McIlroy had to blow the 2011 Masters so his career wouldn’t fade into golf history’s ethers like Anthony Kim, I learned a ton about why things are the way they are, down to minute details. I learned about why certain people look a certain way. I learned more about forgiveness and implemented a ton of it. I learned that we are all way more connected than we even the most connected of us realizes. I received a physical reset along with a rewiring of my thought processes. I let go of some while pulling others closer in. I worked with and faced my darkness in very direct ways I never dreamed of before. I saw how easy, and relatively unemotional it is to shrug off a persona upon death. This is not a comment on the gratitude level of the higher self, but of the way business is handled, for lack of a more refined way of communicating it. I learned that in the flow (which we never actually leave, but perceive to leave) we get what we need, not always what we want. I gained a newfound comfort in the skin I am in. I learned about twin flames for the purpose of learning why certain people and situations are the way they are.

During these realizations; some of them arduous, my dearly departed MIL (reference my article, *Death of a Master* in 2018) kept vigil in the corner while working her crossword puzzle.

“I’ve been here all along, hunny,” she reminded me during several sweat-soaked epiphanies. After I was sufficiently soothed, she would continue her puzzle. While I was vulnerable and cracked wide open, I was supported and protected. The facilitators (due to the number of us in attendance, she needed reinforcements), both experienced, highly-attuned healers in their own right, were at my side before I knew I needed them. They allowed themselves to not know how or why they did what they did. As a healer, this is a tight-rope act, but strangely where a healer must be. Never once did I feel like I was out on a limb about to be sawed off.

Worth mentioning was the realization that celebrities, in spirit, are no different than the rest of us. Time is only with us to make sure everything doesn’t happen at once. I experienced, first-hand the spirits of my ancestors and the trees that surrounded the structure of the ceremony. I learned why sleep is tempestuous during times like a new and full moon. I witnessed the practical application of Divine Timing.

I didn’t include a lot of personal detail because of its personal nature and the word count it would take to explain myself properly. Initially, my motivation was to write about this practice, but I wisely knew that couldn’t and wouldn’t be my main aim in undertaking the journey. I knew I was stuck in a rut and this provided a different, MUCH-NEEDED perspective. Just the viewpoint I needed on my 44.5 birthday (a significant # for me), but this viewpoint isn’t for everyone. It’s not for those looking to escape or avoiders of integration. It is for those who desire to focus, grow, and lighten up, in so many ways. Suffice it to say, I now understand why people do this and I’ll go see my friends in Denver again when I feel the timing.

Editor's Note: The opinions stated in Wholly Holistics are not necessarily those of Lowcountry Weekly.