

Sitting in a Place of Connection and Truth

A True Story of a Conciousness Shifting
Moment

~Remembered and Shared with Honor By Cyndy "Snake Dancer" Paige

I was privileged to sit at a powwow with a 12-year old young man who had an extraordinary, life-changing moment. This young man, who I will call Chris, was watching my friend, who I will call Fred, sitting on the ground doing a drumming meditation. Yes, you can sit in a crowd while looking into the distance of the treetops, and fall into a consciousness shifting moment while playing, and essentially praying, with your drum.

Chris felt so drawn to Fred, and more importantly, to the energy of the moment that Fred was creating with his drum, that he summoned the courage to simply sit down and listen. He could hear and feel the energy that Fred, the resonance of the drum, and Fred's loving and prayerful heart were creating. A space of consciousness that had a pull so palpable that Chris could do nothing but sit down and absorb and connect with it.

No words were spoken. Chris too, looked over the treetops, closed his eyes and listened to the drum. He had a vision. The kind of vision that folks, even now, spend days on the mountain during a traditional vision quest, praying for. In his vision, Chris saw a group of people who seemed familiar, but whom he did not know, sitting around a fire laughing, some were dancing, and most were generally enjoying themselves. Chris felt completely at home, accepted and a part of this group of people. He felt happy.

Suddenly, Chris heard screaming and the people began to look around to find the source of this noise. The people got up and began to move away from the harsh sounds. The space of harmony and connection was disrupted, and Chris felt sad.

When the drumming ended, Chris shared his experience with Fred. Fred shared with Chris his perception that, perhaps, Chris had remembered a connection, maybe a blood connection, with his Native American ancestors. Fred then sent Chris to talk to me.

This beautiful young man sat on the ground next to my chair in my vending space, and told me about his experience. He told me what he saw, and how he felt in the middle of each scene of his vision. I looked deeply into his eyes and felt the truth of his experience. I did not pretend to know what his vision meant, but I did know deep in my bones that he felt happy when the people around the fire were connected, and joyful. I knew that Chris felt sad when the people began to scatter

away from the screaming – the dissonant noise that had broken the harmony of the moment of laughing and dancing.

As Chris shared with wonder and many questions about the experience he had, I was guided to explain my humble understanding of how a person can step from the reality of a noisy powwow, in the middle of many people, into a moment of grace. I shared with him some of the many ways a person can find and experience that consciousness shifting moment.

Before I put down on paper the words that I said to Chris, I suppose I have to provide construct as to why I would share what I did. I have a background that involves many, many years of study, with a master drummer, medicine people, shamans, sound healers, a pioneering past life regression therapist and of course, my own personal experiences. I struggle with a label as to what to call myself. So, I usually wind up saying that I sit with folks who come. We share. I create a space that usually involves sound of some sort, the drum, powerful sound healing music, sound healing tools – such as crystal bowls, tuning forks, Tibetan brass bowls, bells, sometimes just my voice, and most importantly – prayer (my word, not necessarily yours). And, I am so privileged to hear the stories of folk's experiences – many that are powerful, palpable and life changing.

Where does this information come from? What does it mean to have a consciousness shifting moment that moves us to tears? A moment that brings up questions about our purpose, our reason for being on the planet at this time, and the path that our lives will take. One of my beautiful teachers said to me, many years ago, that Spirit (again, my word for Source) would laugh at us if we thought we could understand what a person's story or vision means, or where it comes from. So, I always preface my sharing with – I will give you my humble, human words, and you can form your own belief about their truth, based on how you feel in the middle of hearing them. In other words, you may feel the words as truth, or you may feel the words as not belonging to you, at this moment. I invite you to do the same, as you read these words. That is the truth that we must listen to. How does listening to these words, this sharing between souls – sisters and brothers, mothers and fathers, friends – make us feel?

Well, I can tell you that when I listened to Chris share his experience. I felt truth in my bones. He had a life-changing moment, that was mediated by sound and the energy of connection, harmony and love.

How do we humans, with busy lives and responsibilities, find that consciousness shifting moment? I explained to Chris a bit of what I learned from an extraordinary sound healer about brain wave technology – that we walk around and do our lives in the brainwave state of between 13-20 hertz. This is where we do our jobs, buy groceries, raise our children. But, when we listen to intentfully created sound, for a period of time, our brainwaves can shift into a range of between 4-7 hertz. This is a space of consciousness known as the shamanic state of consciousness, or in more scientific terms, the state of Theta. This is a place where our intuition and insight are dramatically more acute. A heightened place of consciousness. A place where our knowing is strong and clear.

I explained to Chris some of the ways we can step into that space. We can sit with a healer who knows something about creating a space of love. We can sit by ourselves and listen to music that was created with love, and an intention to have that love be felt by others. We can listen to someone drum for us, or we can drum for ourselves. We can pray to hear and feel what is important for us to hear and feel, at this moment in our lives. We can surrender and allow ourselves to feel, hear, and know in our bones what our truth is. We can feel love.

Love is what Chris felt when he sat down next to Fred. Love is what Chris and I both felt when he shared his experience with me. I listened to him with non-judgment and complete acceptance. Love poured between our eyes as we looked at each other, and listened. It was a moment of truth.

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