



*Sharon Shane's  
Travel Journal*

*1998*

*Ecuador and  
The Amazon Jungle*

*October - November 1998*

*Ecuador*

## *October - November 1998 - Ecuador*

I typed the following directly from my handwritten journal I wrote during this trip.

October 24, 1998 - Saturday

Left Newark half-hour late due to flight delays yet arrived earlier than scheduled in Miami. I went to the departure gate to Quito to scout out the others in the group. I saw three people with backpack luggage sitting at a table, so I approached them and introduced myself. They said the rest of the group was by the ticket counter.

Just then I turned around and saw the leader or the trip approaching me from the middle of the airport. I said, "John Perkins, Sharon Shane" and he immediately gave me a big hug, as if we were ancient friends. I bought some bottled water, hit the restroom and joined the group. Introductions were made all around and the jokes already started. This is a fun group, and we are going to have a lot of laughs. The flight was delayed an hour to Quito. John told us at the airport that the active volcano is on "yellow alert," and if it should go to "red alert," they would evacuate the city. He was totally unafraid when he said "if it blows it will hit the city." Ohhh--kay!

Airborne:

During the flight the movie came on and the logo said "Jaguar Productions." I immediately thought of friends with jaguar spirit and was reminded I was heading towards the home of the jaguar--The Amazon Jungle. Also during the flight my guides told me there would be some heavy turbulence and even a big jolt to the plane but not to worry, as all would be well. A young Spanish speaking girl sitting next to me was very nervous. I was able to pat her hand in comfort.

We boarded the bus and John talked to us about the local liquor made from sugar cane "trago." The shamans use it for "camaying spirit." It is a word that does not have adequate translation. He poured a cupful and offered it to each of us and said "Salude." We then accepted and said "Salude" to the active volcano Cotopaxi and Pachamama. We spilled the last few drops after swigging on the floor of the bus in "Salude" to Pachamama. John then proceeded to camay all of us and others tried. Jokes and laughter about spitting went on for quite a while until my jaws hurt from laughing.

Our bus driver, Alberto, wound the way up to 9,000 feet into the Andes through the "Valley of the Volcanoes." John told us the hacienda was called La Cienega and was over 400 years old. He also said it was haunted with many spirits.

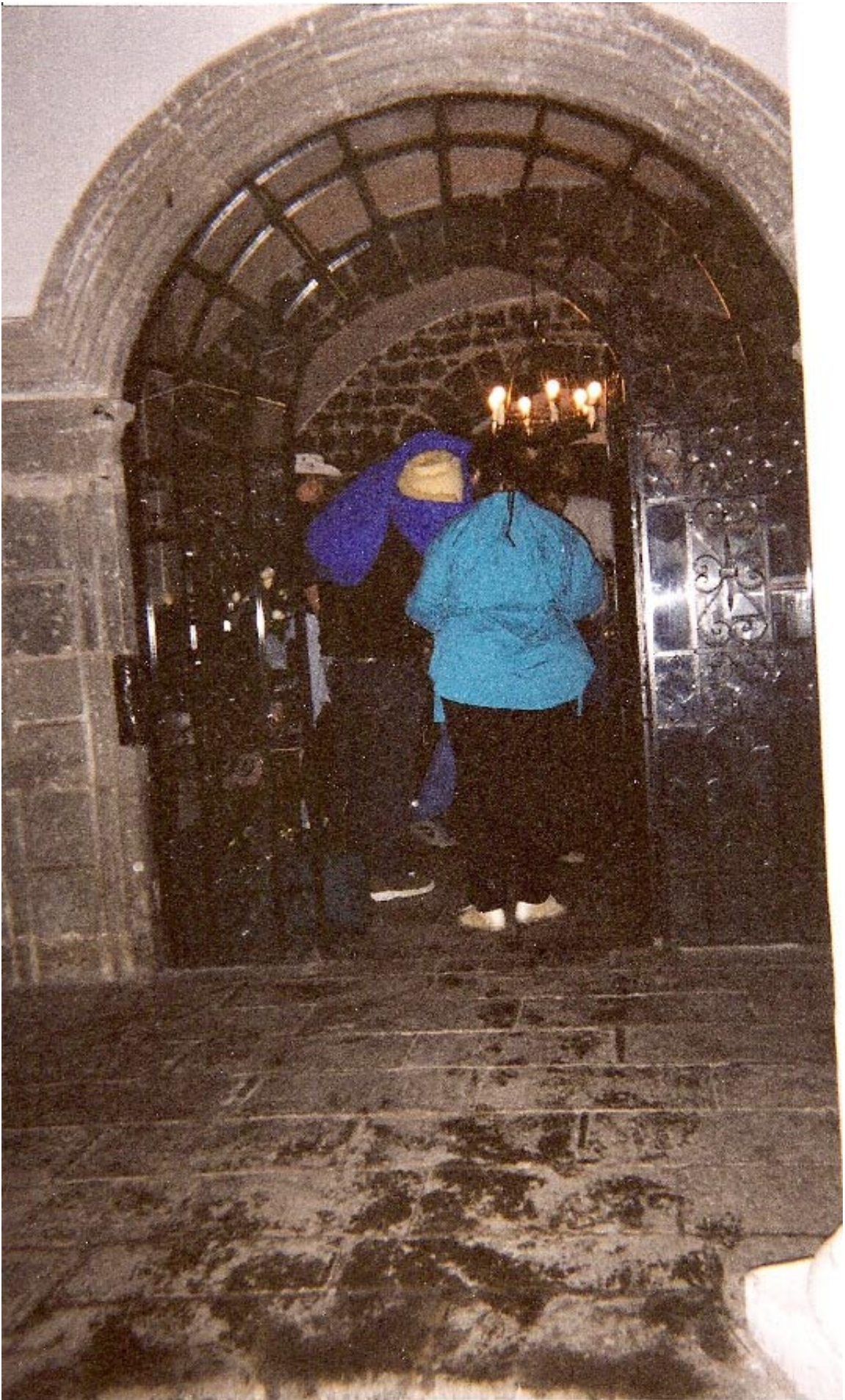


*October - November 1998 - Ecuador*  
*Entrance to La Cienega Hacienda*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador  
Entrance to La Cienega Hacienda*





October 24, 1998 - Saturday (*continued*)

I could not believe my eyes when we pulled into the gates. It was palatial with ancient, huge old trees and a garden. Sheer magic. John kept telling us how powerful a place this was, but until the bus pulled in I had not felt it. I got chills just sitting there and could barely walk around, as I went immediately into a spirit daze. I greeted one of the old trees and felt a lot of pain, as it had seen a lot of events.

My roommate, Vandy, and I checked out our room. It was so lovely with huge floor length windowed doors to look out over the trees. Vandy and I went outside again and she said she also felt pain from the one tree. I found a very magical tree that spiralled around. As I was communing with it, I got a vision of my "future" vision journey, but it took me by surprise, and I stepped back. Wow, powerful.

*October - November  
1998 - Ecuador*

*Window in  
our room.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador  
La Cienega Hacienda view from our room window.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador*

*Back of La Cienega Hacienda opening ceremony.  
(Watch out - don't step in horse shit!)*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador*

*Alberto Taxto's house - Me on the right looking blissful.*



October 25, 1998 - Sunday

After breakfast, John led us on a journey and we did a dream catcher circle. Floyd was my partner and he retrieved "a hawk" as my guide for this trip.

We then drove to the house of shaman, Alberto Taxto, and sat in a circle around on tree stumps and listened to John translate Alberto's teachings. His wife, a shaman herbal healer, cooked a delicious vegetarian meal. We talked some more around the circle, saluted the sunset and then gathered an offering for the fire ceremony. This was held in a large round room with a fire pit in the center. Alberto performed numerous healings on many, and then we dined on another delicious meal prepared by his wife. After much laughter we went to bed. Some time in the middle of the night, rain woke me by dripping on my face. I went back to sleep....



*October - November 1998 - Ecuador*

*Alberto Taxto's house - Above - Firepit  
Below - Bear rug and herbs*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador*

*Alberto Taxto's house - Above - Giving thanks to Alberto.  
Below - Alberto's children.*







*October - November 1998  
Ecuador*

*Alberto Taxto's house*

*Above - Llama scurries by  
Right - Parrot perched.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador*

*John Perkins, Shaman Alberto Taxto, Juan our Ecuadorian guide*

October 26, 1998 - Monday

...and arose to a wonderful breakfast. We gave honor to Alberto with gifts and paid for healings. I gave him a small, clear, round quartz crystal and thanked him for the clarity of his teachings.

We boarded the bus at 7:00 AM to drive to the air strip to catch the plane to the jungle. The countryside changed dramatically during this four-hour ride and our driver, Alberto, amazed us at how he shapeshifted this long triangle bus around cliffhangers.

The plane was delayed due to weather, so we ate lunch in a town on the outskirts of the jungle, Puyo. A mild rain fell, as we all anxiously awaited the arrival of the plane. The first half of the group took off, as we cheered them on. When the plane returned for us an hour and a half later, I took the seat right behind the pilot. The view of the Amazon jungle from this low flying plane was overwhelming to me. The deeper we got into the jungle, the more of the Shuar long-house huts we could see.



*October - November 1998 - Ecuador*

*View from the bus on the mountainous winding road to the town of Puyo.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Above - View from the plane - tea farms just before the jungle.  
Below - View of the jungle and water from the plane.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*  
*Above - View from the plane of the jungle foliage.*  
*Below - View from the plane of a Shuar long hut.*





October 26, 1998 - Monday (*continued*)

The plane landed on a grass air strip, and we were greeted by numerous Shuar who helped us with our bags. A short walk took us to the canoes and river. We floated downstream with the current and over a few small white water rapids. They landed us gently on the shore, where two little girls watched.

*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

*The plane on the grass airstrip and Shuar getting our bags.*

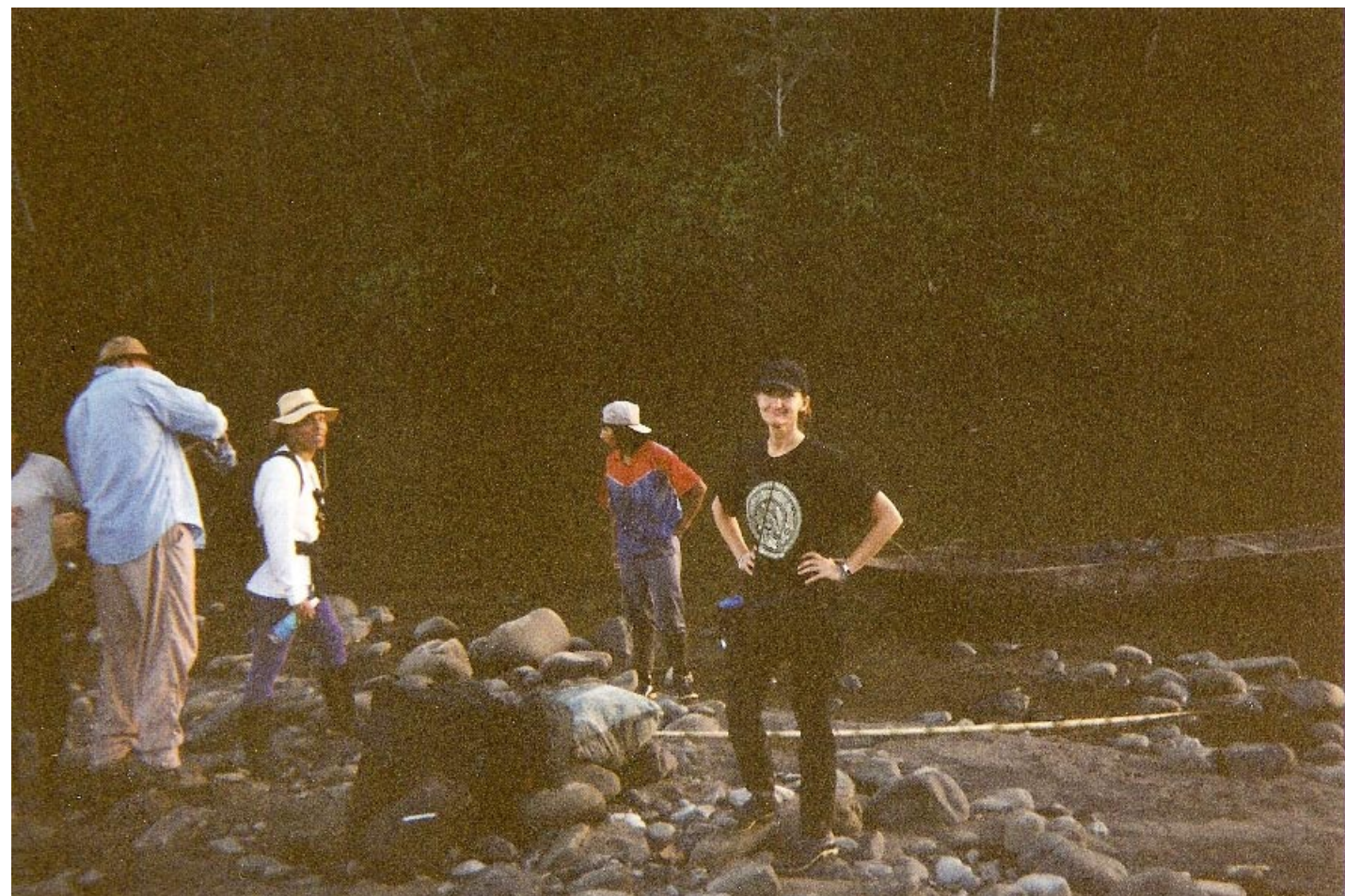






*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

*Above a river in the Amazon and below me waiting for the canoe ride.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

*Some of the group take off in the canoes.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

*View from my place perched in the canoe and  
our Shuar guide steering.*







*October - November 1998  
Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Jungle foliage.*

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October 26, 1998 - Monday (*continued*)

Walking through the jungle was breathtaking, and I was feeling so many emotions that I was unable to express any of them. This place literally leaves you in awe and speechless.







*October - November  
1998*

*Ecuador*

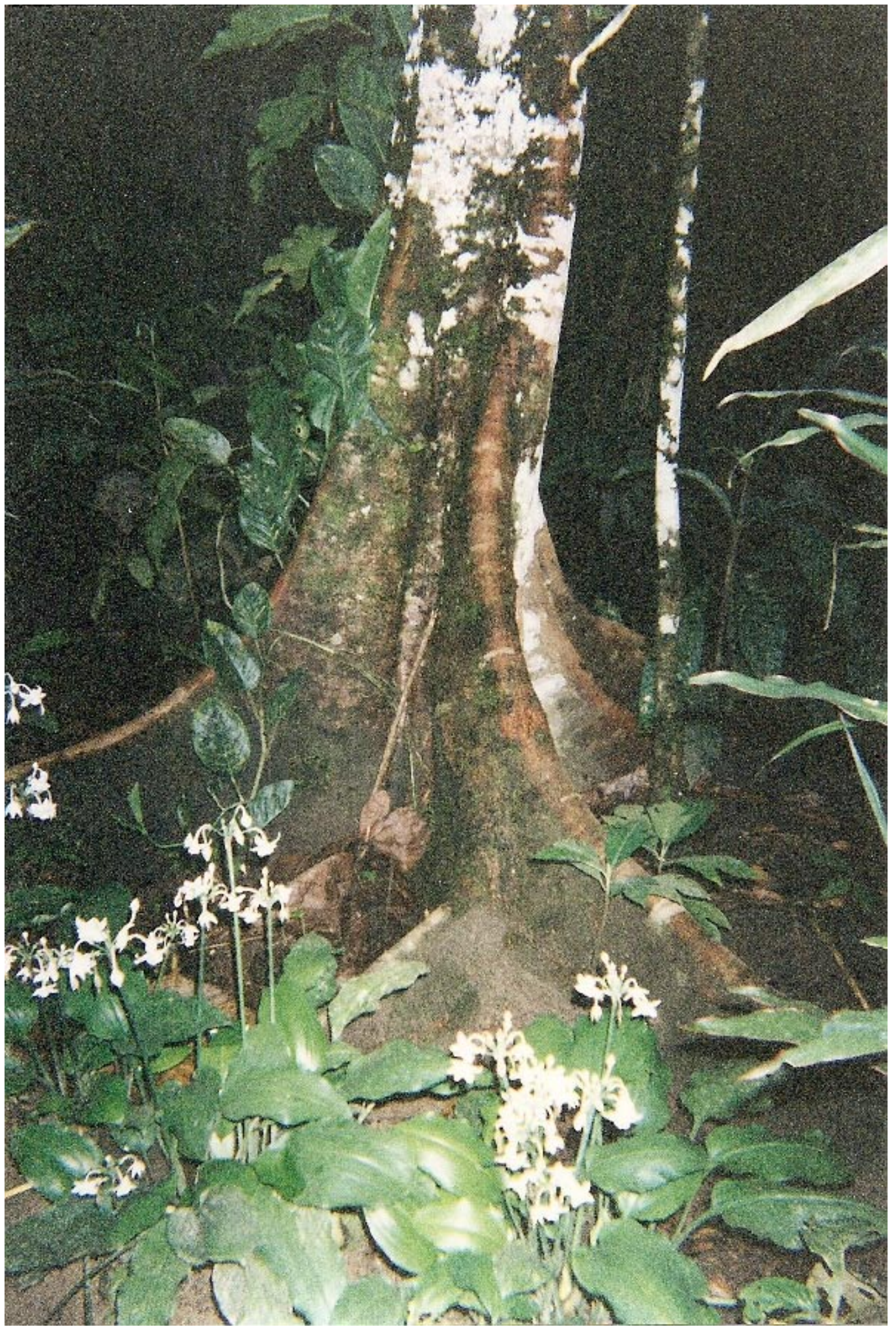
*The Amazon Jungle*

*Jungle foliage.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*





## *October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

October 26, 1998 - Monday (*continued*)

We arrived at our lodging owned by an Austrian man, Helmut, and his Shuar wife, Patricia. We immediately found our cabins and headed to the river to skinny dip. This was the most amazing feeling, and I howled in the water some tribal chant and yelled, "I'm home!" We were served a delicious dinner and drank our first taste of Wahisa (spelling?), a beverage made from a local plant. John and Juan briefed us on the choices for the following day--to hike and climb to the waterfalls or help in the preparation of the ayahuasca. After dinner more Wahisa mixed with Trago was consumed in the round hut area and Shuar musicians serenaded us while we all danced wildly and frantically yelling tribal howls. Joel and I chanted the mantra "We are home--we are home."

The Shuar demonstrated the male and female dance of sexuality wearing their handmade dance belts. Questions were asked of the Shuar, and it was a profound moment to see the translation of three languages from Shuar to Spanish to English to communicate with us.

The night sounds here are amazing, a pure symphony of sounds too numerous to be able to distinguish. The jungle has been calling me home to her, and now I finally sit in her warm, lush, soulful embrace comforted and sung to sleep by a lullabye of a million insects singing their night song. It was as if, as soon as we stepped off of the plane, we literally transported into the sheer magic of the "real world."

*Helmut toasting us at his "general store."*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*



*Above - Me resting in a hammock in the round hut.  
Below - The wild yet sort of pet deer.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
This deer was considered more of a pet. They tied a scarf around  
it's neck, so that they wouldn't hunt it for food.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Above - John Perkins and the pet monkey.  
Below - Me and the pet monkey.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Above - Pet parrots.*

*Below - The pet tapir in the round hut. They also tied a scarf around its neck, so that they wouldn't hunt it for food. I heard years later someone eventually did mistakenly kill this tapir for dinner.*





October 27, 1998 - Tuesday

We all ate breakfast except those that were fasting for the ayahuasca that evening then started off on our three-hour hike to the Thermal Falls. We crossed the suspension bridge and headed towards the Catholic Mission where we briefly met Father Raoul. We had four wonderful Shuar men guides who helped us over the sometimes treacherous terrain. Ernesto was the lead guide and he is the son of Kitian in John's book called *Shapeshifting*.

We crossed numerous rivers and rapids and scaled some tight cliff-like ledges of about four inches wide in parts. I slipped and fell a few times, but there was always a Shuar guide right there attentive to helping.

*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

*Me on the suspension bridge - "Indiana Shane"*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Three of our guides,  
Ernesto on the left above and below.*







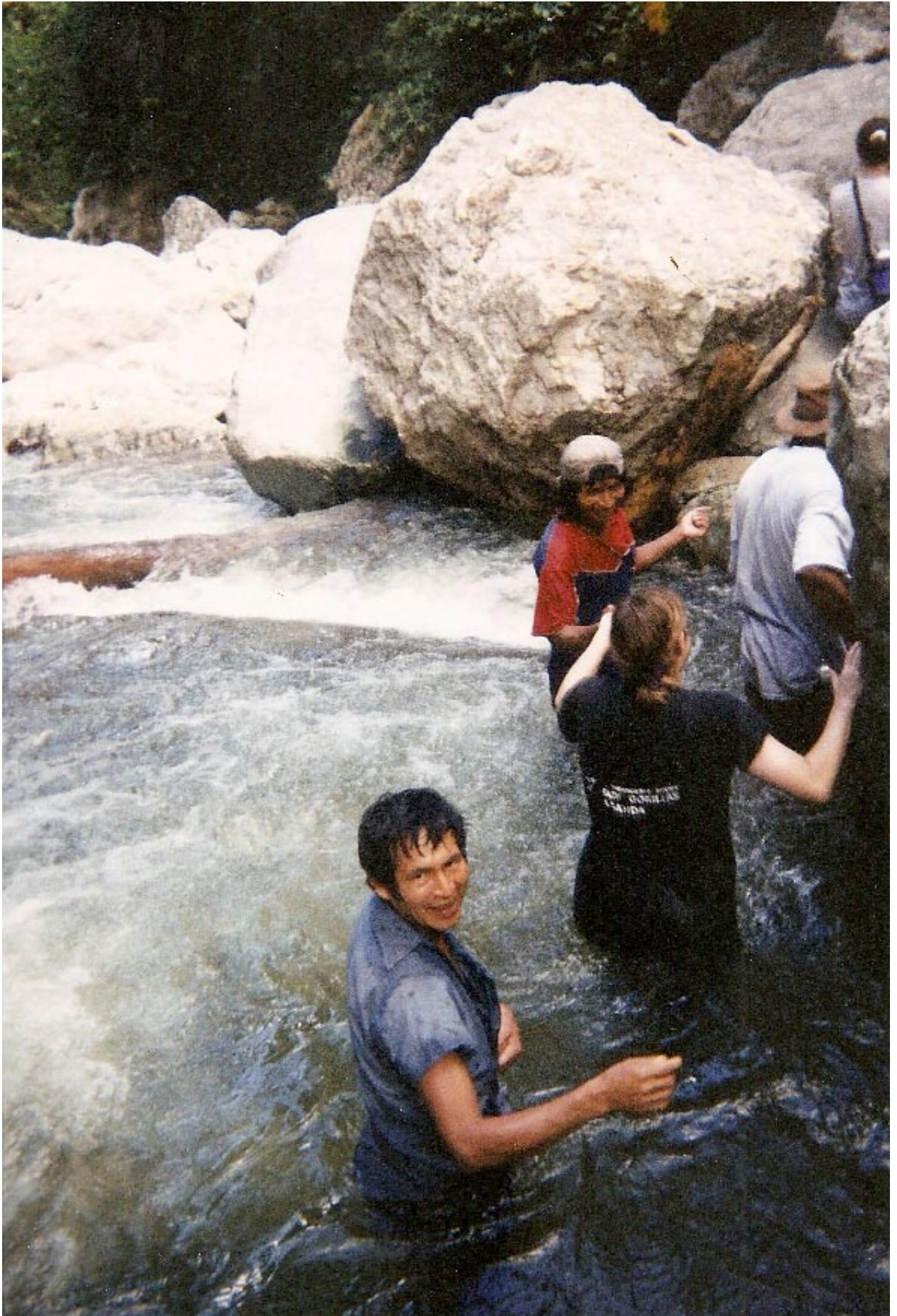
*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Above - Father Raoul in the yellow T-shirt.  
Below - Young child at the Catholic Mission School.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

*Our Shuar guides helping us cross one of the four white rapid rivers.*





October 27, 1998 - Tuesday (*continued*)

We entered the canyon and there were the two falls pouring into a rock covered pool. One fall was from the ice cold Andes, and the other was hot from the earth's core. Three of us women sat under the hot falls for quite some time. There was a lot of iron and other minerals and the iron left orange stains on rocks. A natural mineral jacuzzi shower-bath. The Shuar guides served everyone lunch, as we sat around basking in the sun. The trek back seemed easier, perhaps because of the long soak in the mineral water.

*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

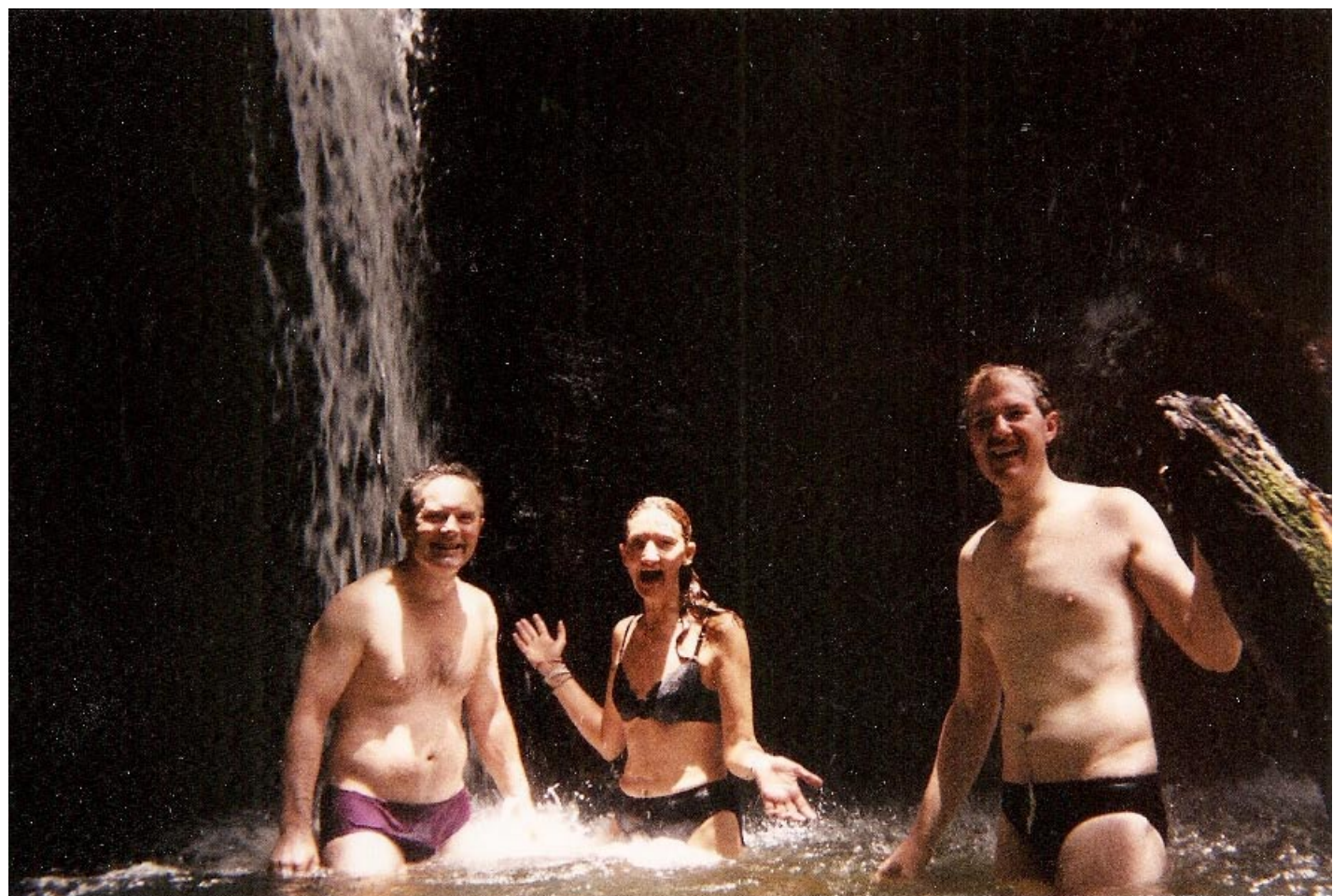
*We soaking in the hot Thermal Falls.*





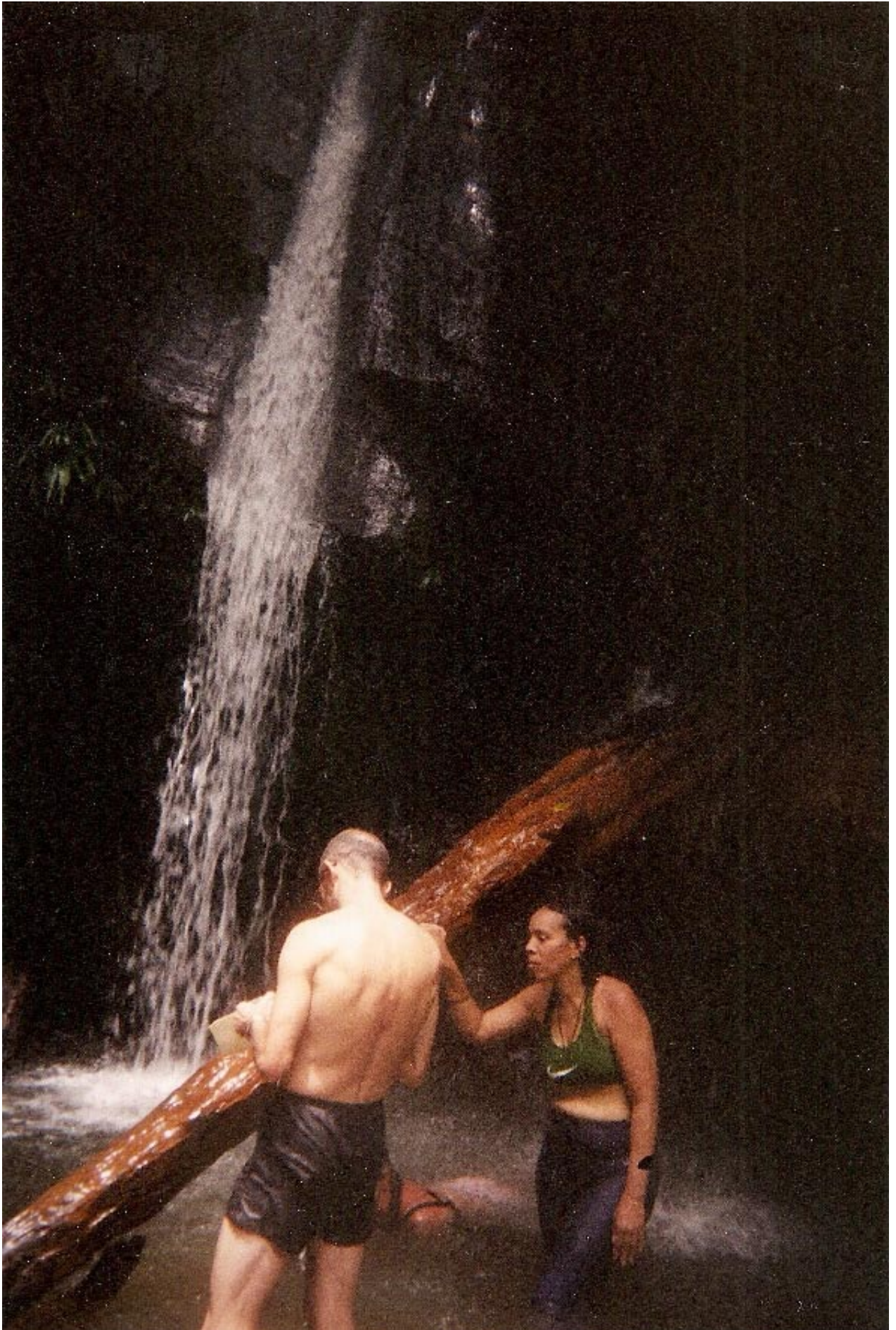


*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Above - Our Shuar guides at the Thermal Falls  
Below - Me frolicking in the falls with a few of our group.*



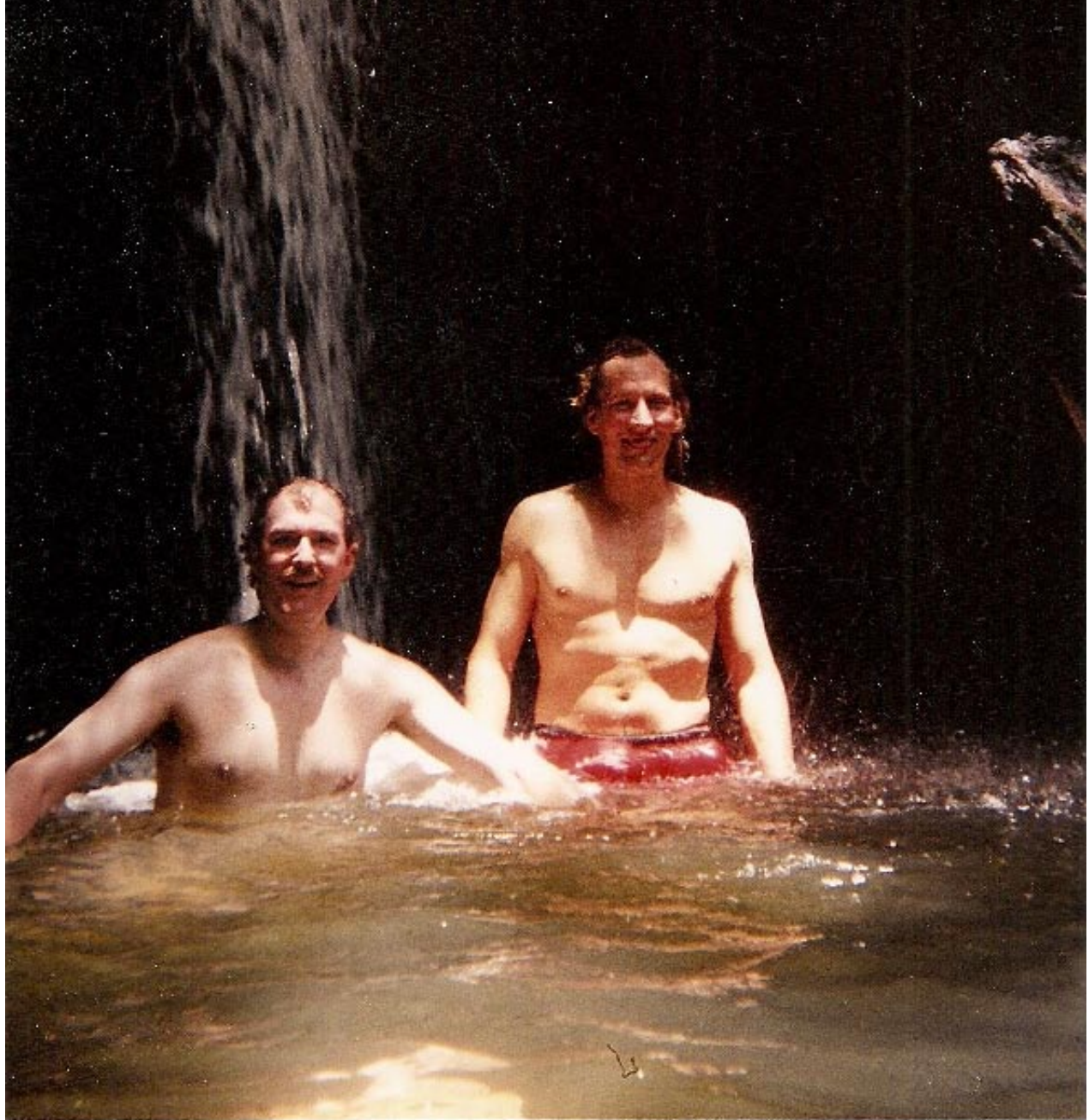
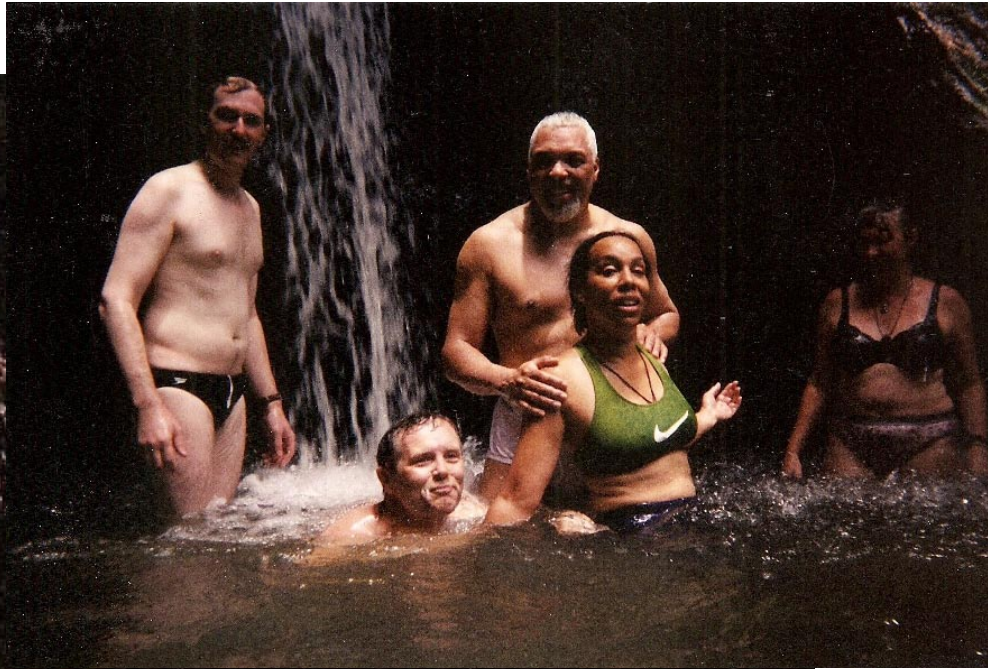


*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Juan gathering some iron rust on the yarn we used  
in the dream catcher ceremony.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
More of the group frolicking in the falls.*



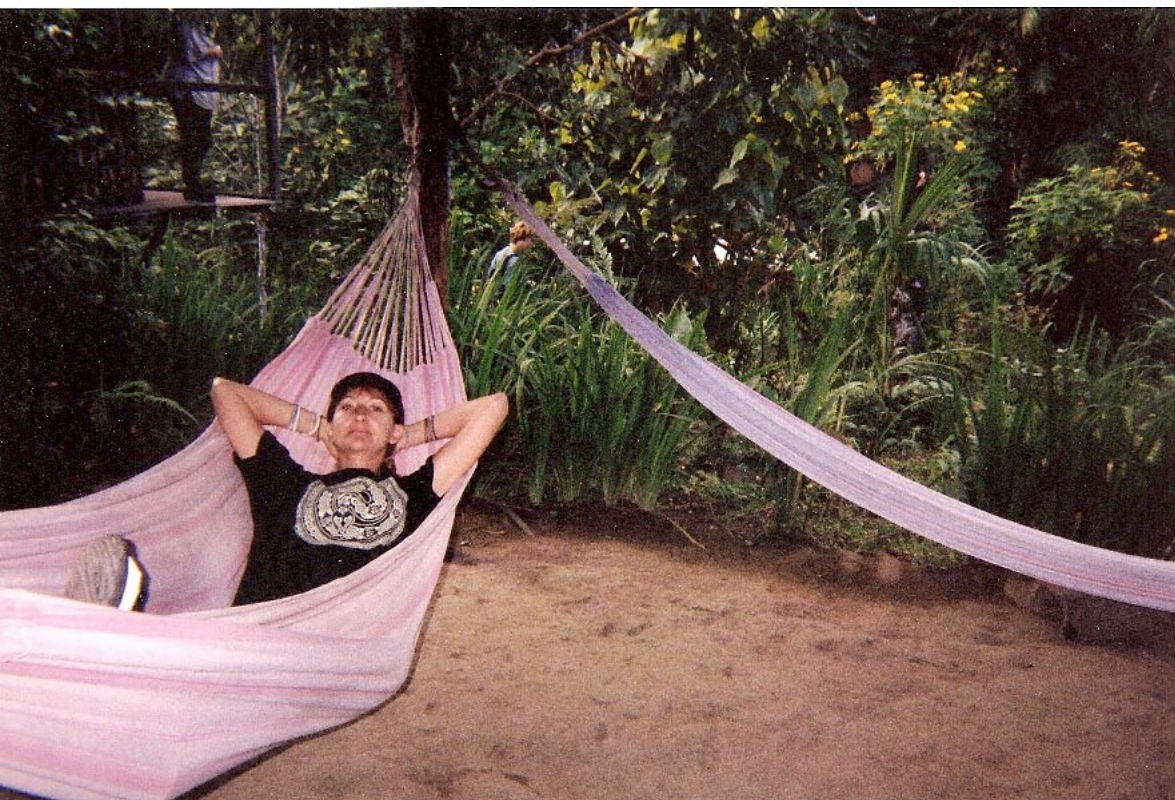


October 27, 1998 - Tuesday (*continued*)

We had dinner and conversed in the “round room hut” for the evening ayahuasca ceremony. The shaman’s name was Daniel, and he and his family walked eight hours to perform this ritual. I was the support person for my roommate, as no one was allowed to take it unless partnered to watch over them.

*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

*We in the hammock in the round hut and with two of the group.*





October 27, 1998 - Tuesday (*continued*)

Up until this point I was going to participate in the ceremony the next night but quickly changed my mind after I witnessed the effect it had on everyone. After each person approached the shaman, who had already taken his dosage, he offered them a cup of the mixture, which this night consisted of four different plants. About 20 to 30 minutes later they all started wrenching so badly it was unnerving. Then the diarrhea went on for most of the night. My job was to watch and see that my partner got to the bathroom okay, especially due to the dizziness and when the hallucinations started.

The whole ceremony was very sacred. The shaman was chanting and then did healings on many. I was "trance journeying" without taking the stuff. I actually found myself journeying into another guy's journey to give him support. There was a lot of love and support in our group from the first day Sunday until now and it keeps bonding stronger. I was seeing all sorts of images, which made no sense to me every time I closed my eyes until I fell asleep.

I questioned all night whether I should participate the following night, and I realized I did not need to put my body through that kind of torture to be able to journey. I overheard John Perkins and Juan at one point comment about how "potent" this stuff must be due to all the purging. It was a strange and powerful night.

*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*  
*The shaman, Daniel, and his wife on the left with one of our group.*





October 28, 1998 - Wednesday

After breakfast we purchased some handmade items from the Shuar. We then walked three hours to the river where the Shuar guides were waiting for us with canoes to cross to the other side. Just as we stepped out of the canoes we got drenched by an Amazon downpour. Another hike brought us to the long-hut thatched roof house of the family that was serving us our lunch. Their huts are divided into the male side and the female side. The male side is where the guests are entertained and all other activity. The female side is their sleeping quarters and kitchen. We did not get to view this side of their house, as it is private. Two families lived here, two sisters and their husbands and children. The main male sat with his back to the dividing wall of the hut, while we all sat on log benches around the perimeter. Chicha, which is made by the women from manioc root was served to us one at a time by the female. It takes a long process to make this brew, and since they don't have drinking water, this is their main liquid intake daily. It tasted a bit like apple cider, as I took a few gulps, when it was offered.

*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*  
*Our group drenched from the rain.*







*October - November 1998  
Ecuador  
The Amazon Jungle*

*Me in front of  
the Shuar long-hut.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

*Above - Shuar long-hut exterior.*

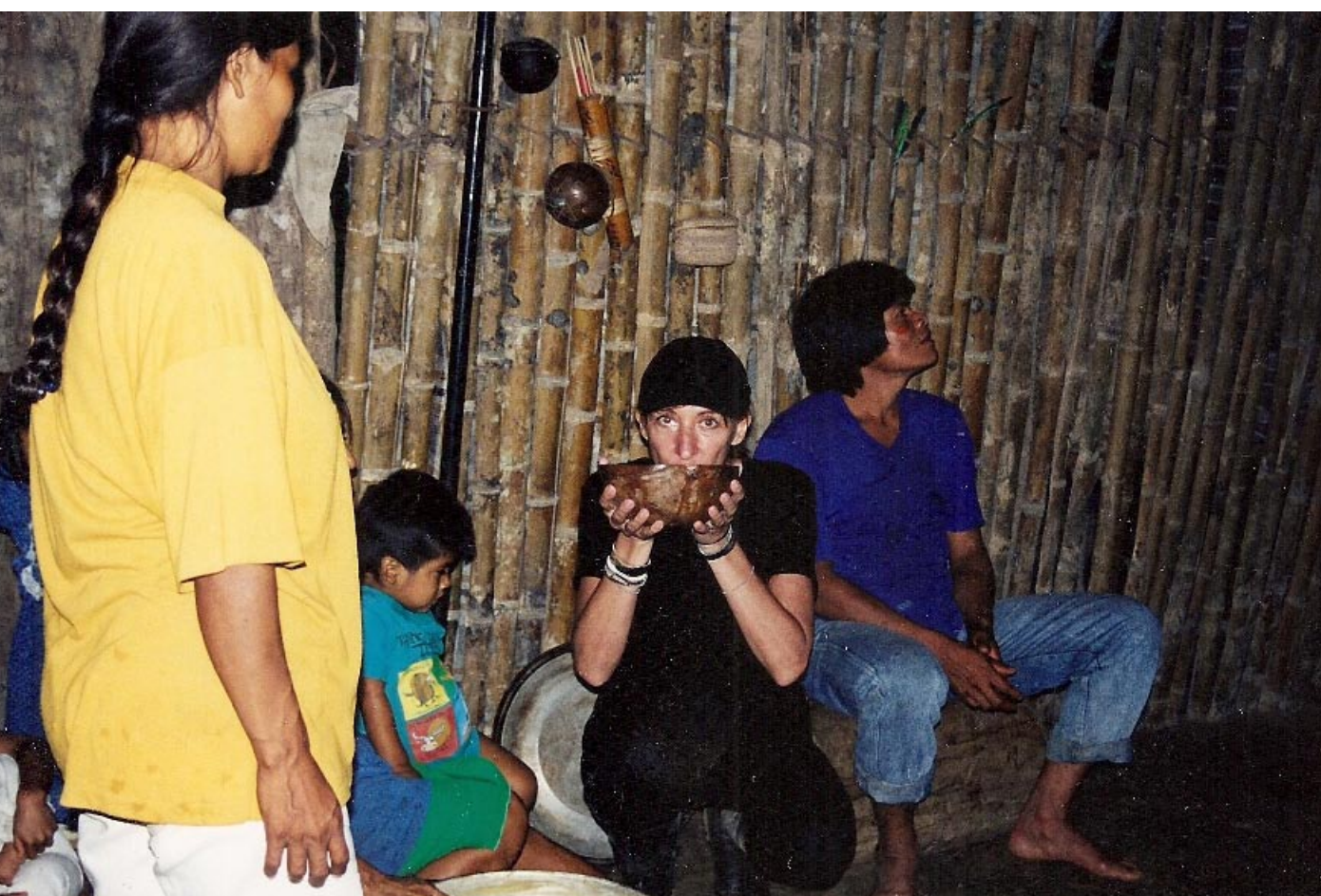
*Below - Long-hut interior - Me posing near the "chicha" cauldron.*



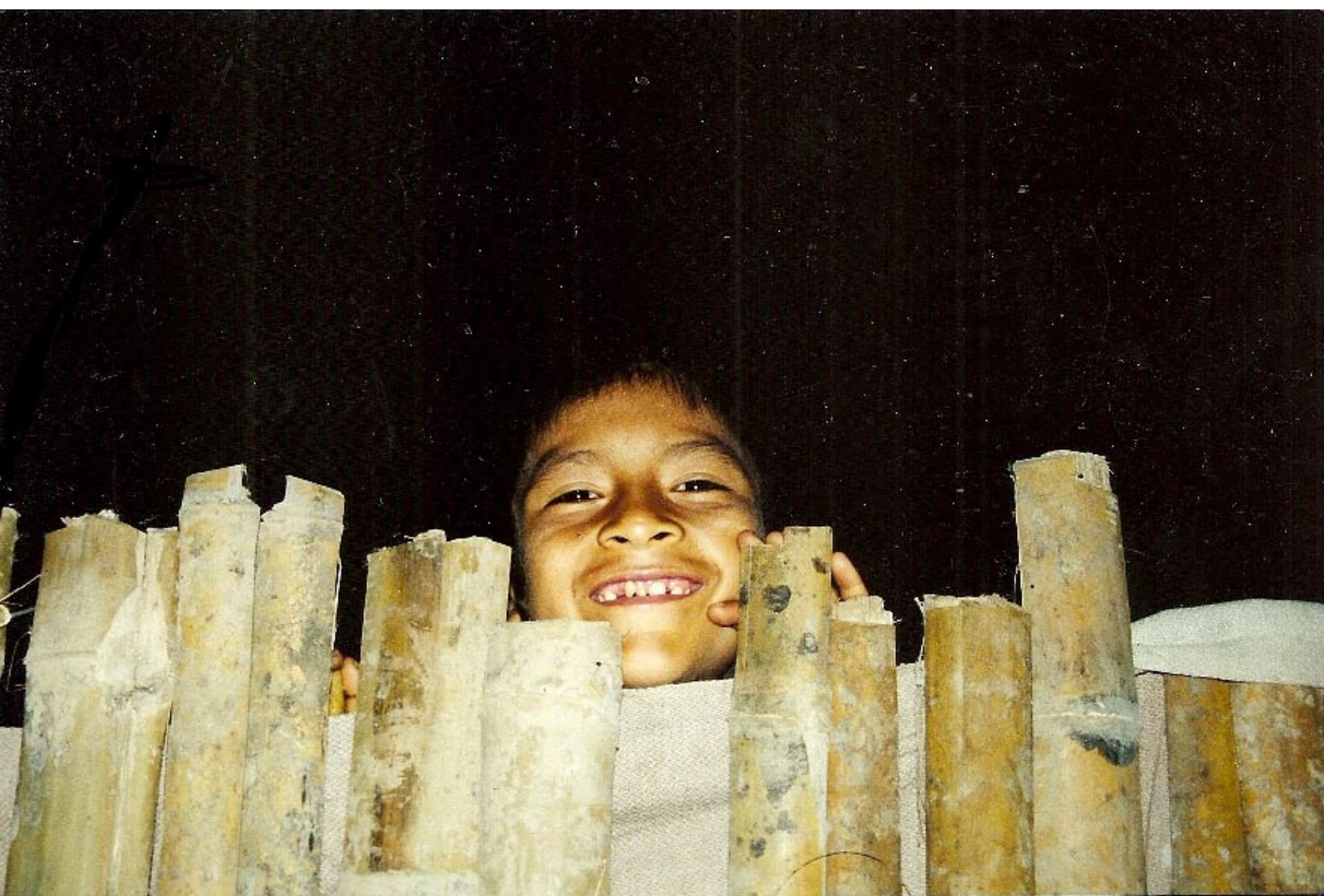


*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

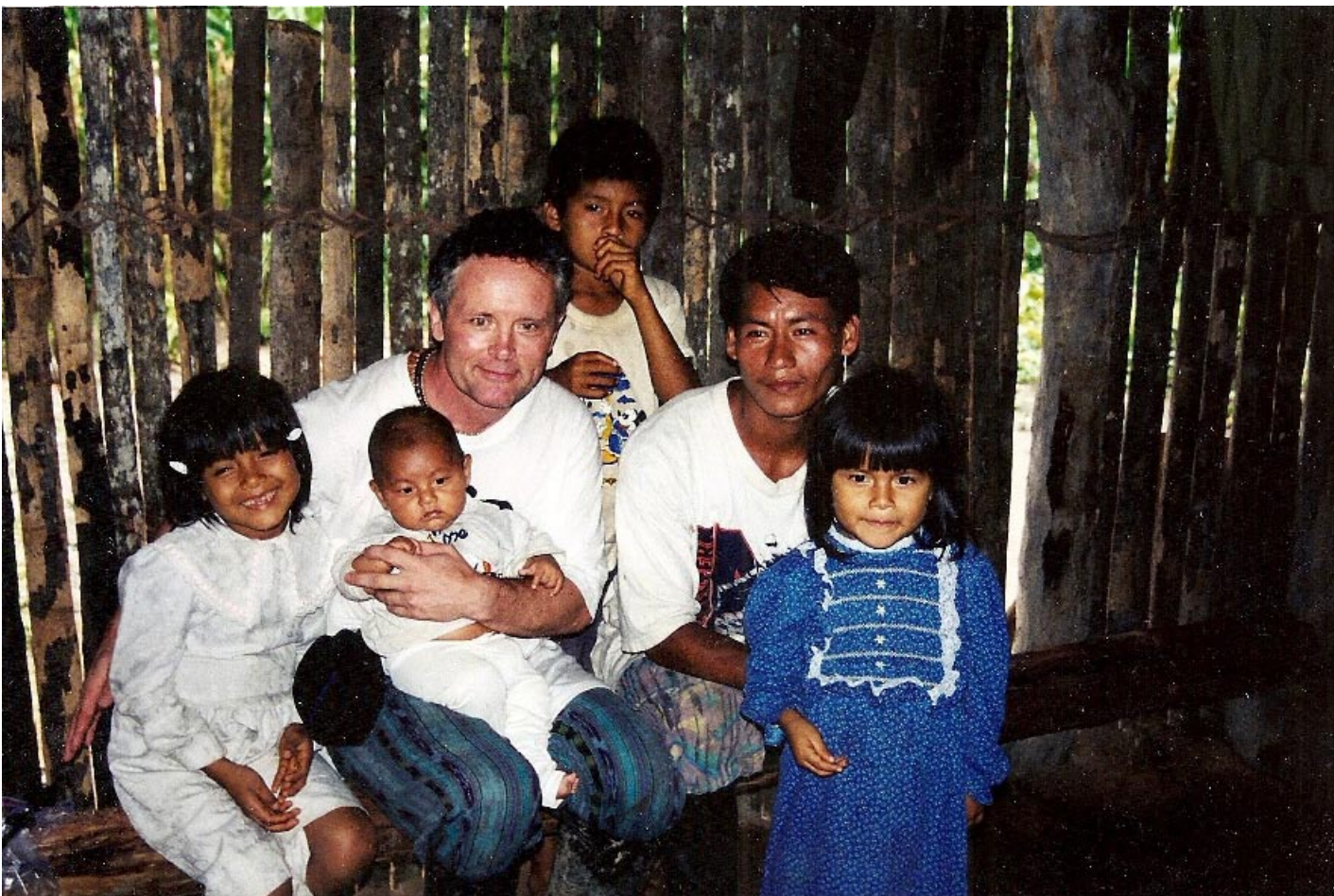
*Long-hut interior - Me and the "chicha" cauldron and drinking it.*







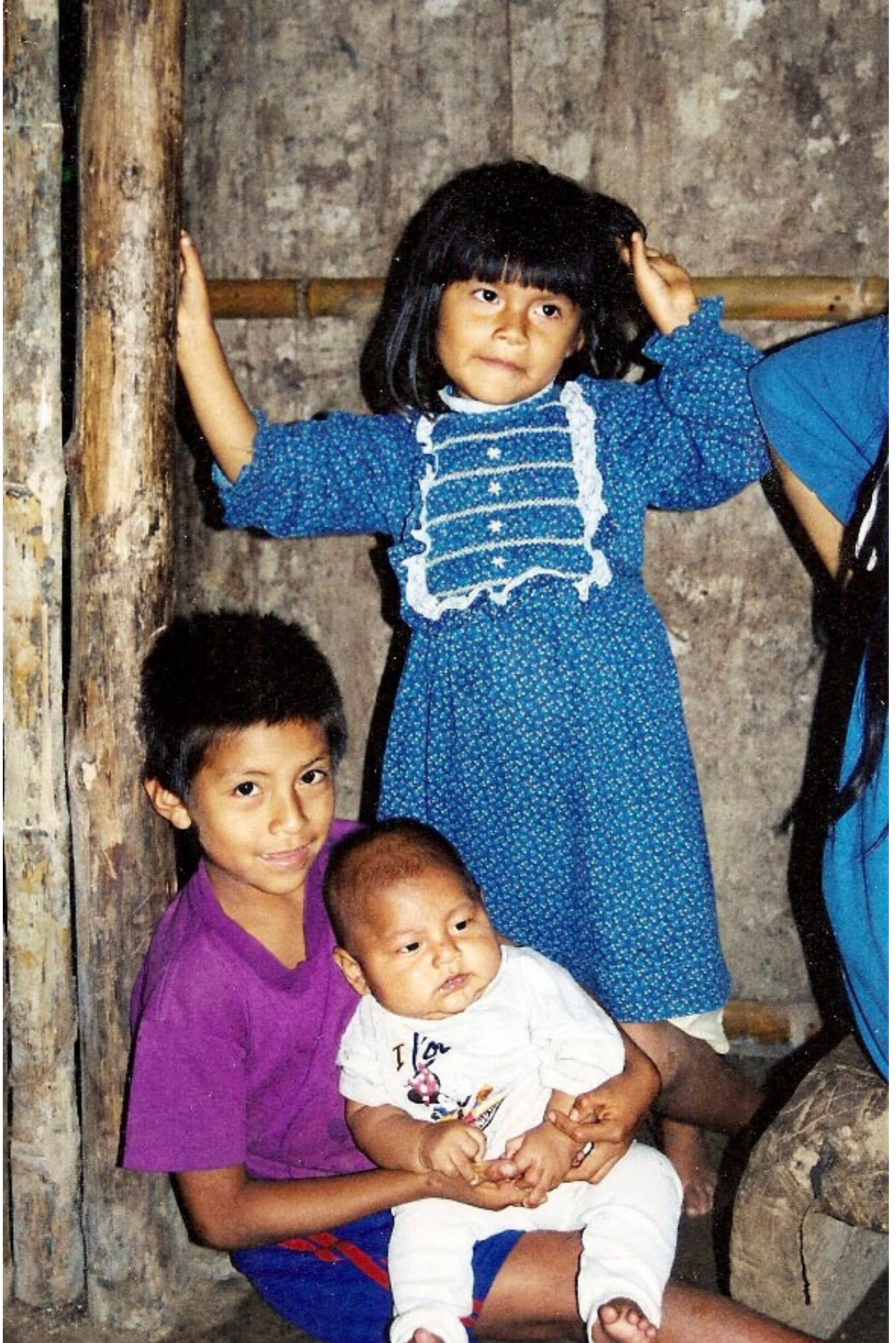
*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Long-hut interior - Above - Child peeking from female side.  
Below - One of our group posing with the Shuar family members.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

*Long-hut interior - Some of the Shuar family children.*





October 28, 1998 - Wednesday (*continued*)

The head male then took us outdoors, as the rain stopped and he painted our faces in traditional symbols with a red dye from a plant or fruit. We all took turns trying the blowdart, and I came close to the melon or squash, which was the target, but I hit the grass instead.

I bonded with two children, Juan and Rosa, when I gave them each a few of my bracelets. They hung on me and were so loving and giggly. The Catholic missionaries that invaded their territory have taught them about shame of their bodies, so they all wear Western clothes. They were also all given Spanish names by the mission. John explained that their Shuar names are very long. I was surprised to see that they all speak Spanish, as well as their native Shuar language.

*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

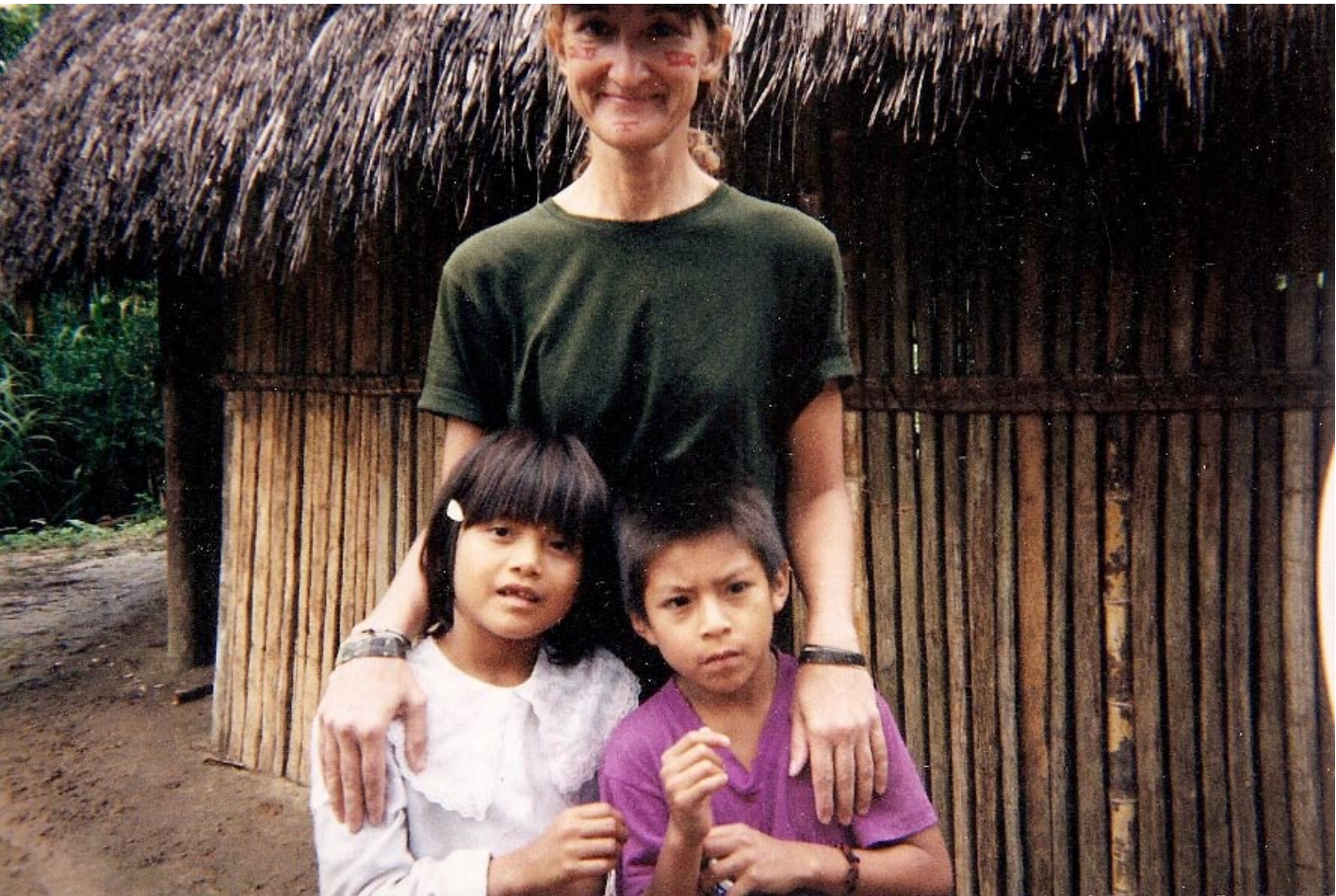
*Shuar man painting my face in traditional female style.*





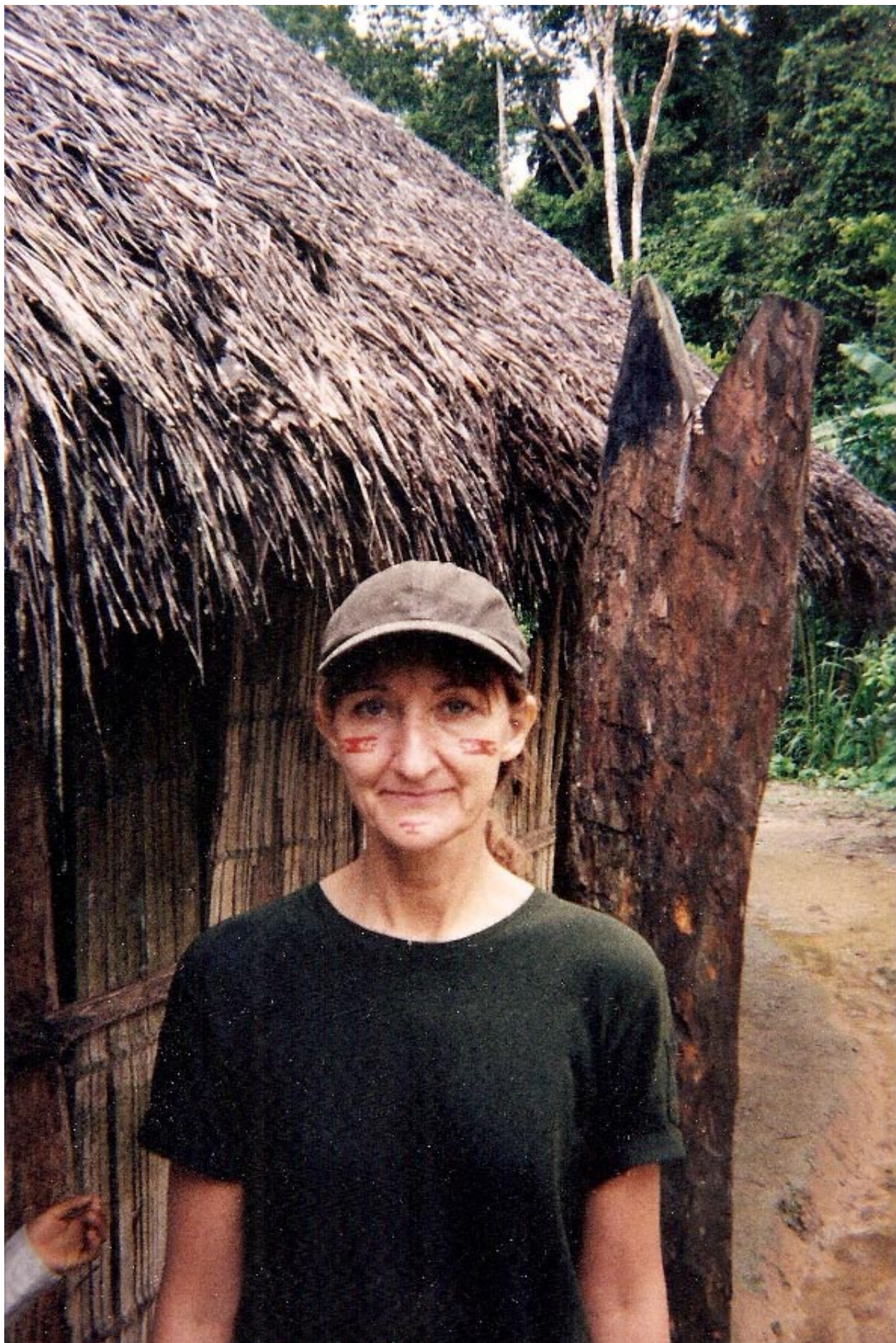


*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Above - My attempt at the blow dart.  
Below - Rosa and Juan.*



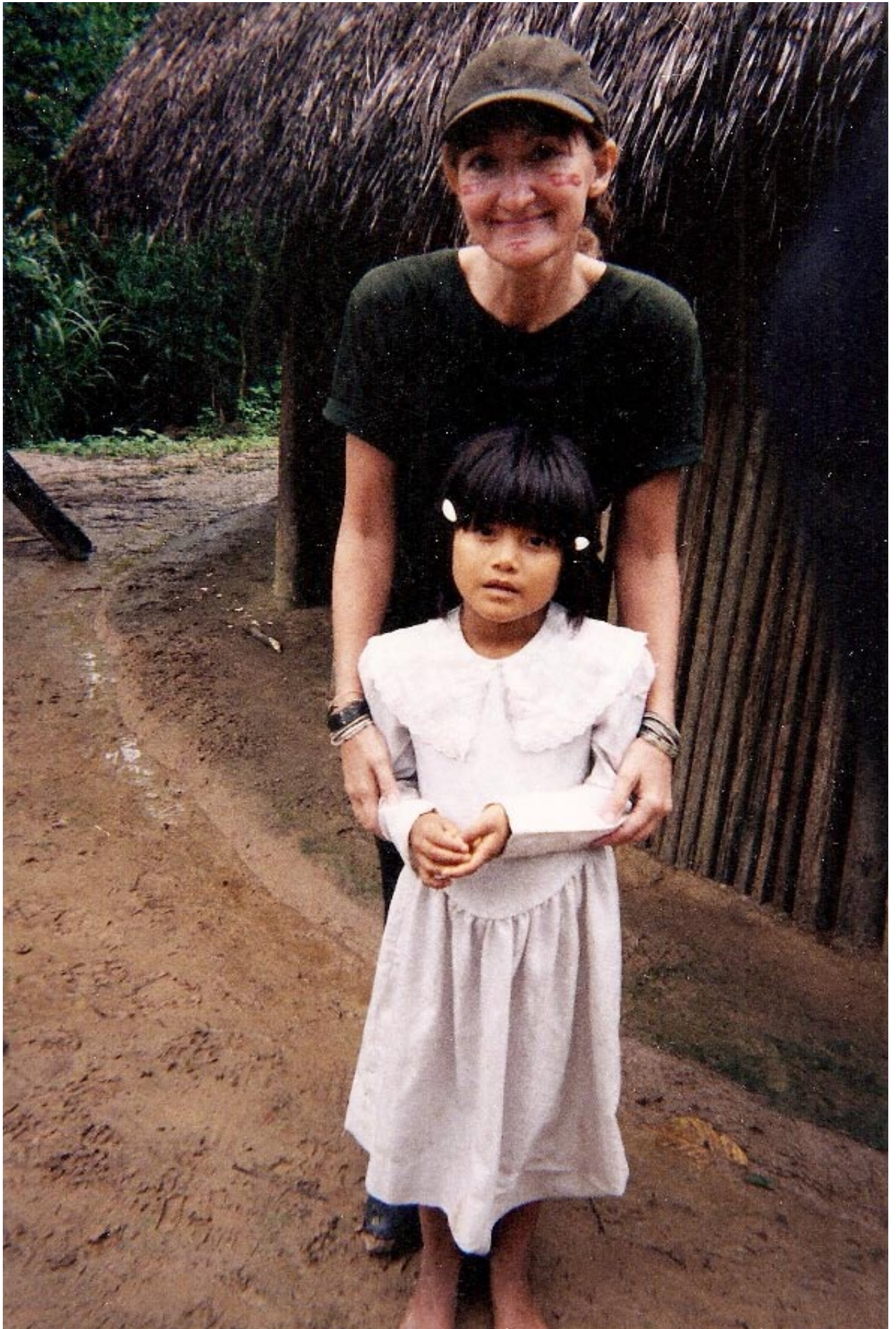


*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*  
*Me sporting my Shuar tribal face paint.*  
*I really didn't want to wash it off.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle  
Me and Rosa.*





## *October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

October 28, 1998 - Wednesday (*continued*)

On the trip back to our lodgings we canoed down river over a number of small rapids and the sights and sounds were spectacular. Got out of our drenched clothing and waited for dinner with the second ayahuasca ceremony.

Five more people ingested the ayahuasca and the physical effects were less dramatic with this group. The shaman was older in his 70's or 80's. I received a cleansing because he could find no blockages in my system. I was the last one, and as he left, he smiled and said something in Shuar unknown to me, probably a farewell of some sort. I was able to lend support to many and then climbed into my sleeping bag to journey. When the shaman was cleansing me, I got a vision of a tree that was animated. The roots were digging deeper and the branches were reaching higher. I received the words "growth and movement." I was going to work with that image, when John stuck his head in doing a bed check to make sure everyone on ayahuasca was doing well. He came in and sat on my bunk and we talked about the rainforest and changing the dream. I gave him much support for the work he is doing, and we hugged long. I saw a critter scurry into the room and told John it looked like a mouse. With our flashlights we were trying to guide it back out into the jungle. I pointed out its huge eyes, and John said it looked like some kind of marsupial. It scurried under the bed, and the two of us were poking with sticks and chasing this little guy, but we couldn't find him. So, we said goodnight with a big hug and kiss on the cheek. I closed my eyes and started to say goodbye to the jungle.

October 29, 1998 - Thursday

I woke up around 6:00 AM to the now familiar sounds of the birds singing to the sunrise and the new day. The birds sing differently here than at home. We ate granola and fruit at Helmut's dining room and big hugs were given. The plane was delayed due to the rain but the first group left around 10:30 AM for their 45-minute hike to the air strip. I was on the second phase, as those of us who had healings the night before had a chance to talk to and pay the shaman that morning. He had told me he just saw a dark cover over me and he cleansed it away to make it light.

We hiked through the jungle one last time on our way to the air strip. Many of the Shuar were waiting there, as they had earlier made trades with us for our rubber boots. It was after the goodbyes were all said and I got on the plane that I became so overwhelmed with a profound love for these beautiful people. As I saw them all standing there watching us leave, my heart was wrenched from my chest at the thought of leaving. I cried during the whole 45-minute flight back to the Shell airport, and had the profound realization



of my vision from the night before. I realized I had come full circle. I had returned to my roots, not just my personal roots but the roots of all humanity. I had just spent three days and nights in Eden. The Shuar live here every day, and they are so full of love and integrity for each other and Pachamama. This was what I knew I came here to reclaim, not just for me personally, but for all of humanity. And as I reclaim our roots, I must now spread my branches in my world and express this.

*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - The Amazon Jungle*

*This hut is the "airport" waiting room at the grass air strip.*



October 29, 1998 - Thursday (*continued*)

When we landed at the airstrip, we again boarded the magic party bus and ate some rolls and yogurt, as we headed into the high Andes, a 7-hour drive. As the bus swerved around more and more curves it was warm, and I got motion sickness. I asked Alberto, our driver, to stop, but I was not able to vomit then. We headed off again, and it wasn't long before I stuck my head out the window puking up lunch. I made jokes about joining "the vomit club" so I could bond with those that took ayahuasca, while John rubbed my back. I hung my head out the window the rest of the drive, as I was now sitting at the front of the bus. The drive was well worth it, as we arrived at our destination 10,000 feet into the high Andes. We thought we had climbed the Himalayas and entered Shangri-la for here in this remote area was a beautiful resort with numerous mineral hot tubs. We ate dinner and then all convened in the larger tub for a tribal skinny dipping long hot soak. The rooms were luxury compared to the jungle, and I slept peacefully.



*October - November 1998 - Ecuador  
The drive through the Andes Mountains*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador*

*The spa hotel at the top of the Andes.*



October 30, 1998 - Friday

I awoke for breakfast to shower, while others took one last skinny dip. John and Lynn checked on me to see how I felt. I told them I would catch up to them at breakfast a short walk up the road. I stepped outside my room and was astounded to see the surrounding beauty of the Andes. Breathing was difficult for me at this height, so I moved very slowly. After breakfast we boarded the bus for a 3-hour ride to the home of shaman Don Esteban Tomayo and his shaman son, Jorge.



*October - November 1998 - Ecuador*

*One of the natural spring hot tubs at the spa hotel high in the clouds.*





## *October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*

October 30, 1998 - Friday (*continued*)

We stopped in Otavalo for rolls and cheese and yogurt and all ate a picnic lunch outside the bus in a field down the dirt road from this shaman's house.





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
Views of the mountains and the entrance road to shaman Don  
Esteban Tomayo's house. Our driver, Alberto and a group member.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
Children at the entrance road to shaman  
Don Esteban Tomayo's house.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*

*Above - John Perkins speaking to the children in Spanish.  
Below - Girl with baby in a field on the road to the shaman's house.*





October 30, 1998 - Friday (*continued*)

We drove up the path and were all introduced to Don Esteban and entered his humble abode through the room under the house where they keep the cows. We all sat in an adjacent room where they did the healings. A diagnosis was done on everyone for twenty-five cents. This was done by rubbing a candle all over the body to pick up the energy. The candle was then lit and Don Esteban read the candle and the palms. He told most of the others they would live a long life, but he told me I would live a very long life. Everyone laughed afterwards, as I said earlier I had programmed my unconscious to live to at least 120. He told me I had a strong shaman spirit, but that it wasn't grounded and that he could help me through ritual ceremony healing. Most of us opted for this healing, so they took four of us at a time.

We stripped naked and stood there while the shamans, including John Perkins, camayed us with Trago, brushed us with an herbal plant and camayed us with fireballs. Tobacco smoke was blown into us and Don Esteban projected part of his spirit power into our third eye and the top of our head.

*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*

*Jorge Tomayo, Don Esteban Tomayo and  
John Perkins with our group.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*

*Above - Jorge Tomayo, Don Esteban Tomayo.  
Below - Don Esteban performing sacred ceremony for John Perkins.*





October 30, 1998 - Friday (*continued*)

During the ceremony I saw the hawk very clearly flapping its wing at me. I became the hawk and flew to one of the three sacred volcano mountains, Imbabura, Cotacachi and Mojanda. When I arrived at the mountain, I entered it and sat within its darkness. I felt grounded to the earth.

After the ceremony I felt extremely tranquil and grounded. We boarded the bus after a ceremony was done between John Perkins and Don Esteban in preparation for the shamans coming to the United States next September.

*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*  
*The Shaman's wife.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
The Shaman's delightful children with me and others in our group.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
The Shaman's delightful children with members of our group.*

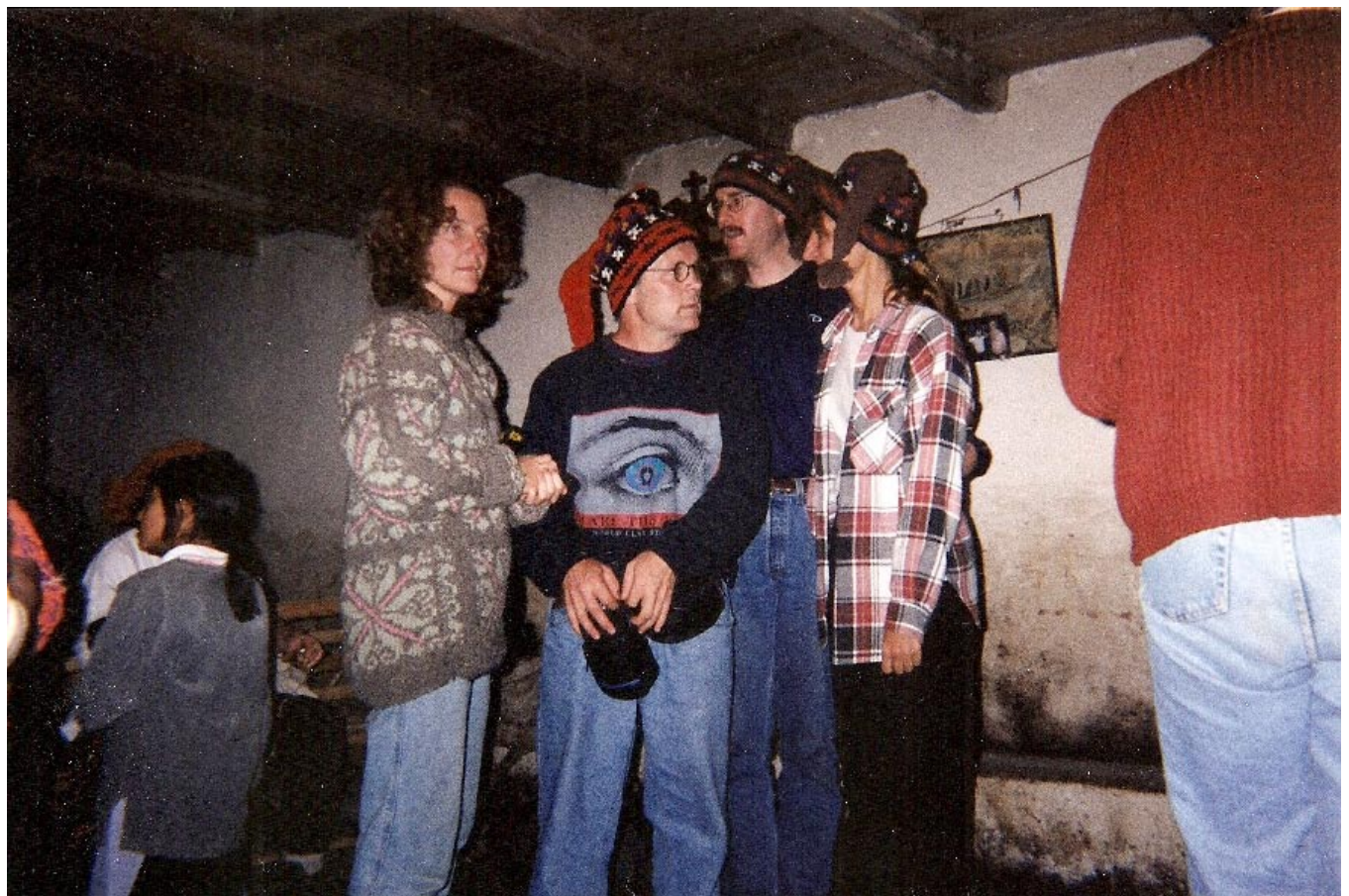






*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*

*The children knitted these jester hats that we bought from them.  
Above - Me and Joel doing our best court jester pose.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
Above - Me and members of our group.  
Below garden behind Hacienda Guachala*

October 30, 1998 - Friday (continued)

We headed to our last destination of Hacienda Guachala built in 1580, the oldest hacienda in Ecuador. A late dinner and climb into bed.





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
Me in the hallway at Hacienda Guachala*







*October - November 1998  
Ecuador - Otavalo*

*Me in ornate  
doorway of  
chapel behind  
Hacienda Guachala*

October 31, 1998 - Saturday

Awoke early to catch the bus to the Otavalo market. It was stunning to see the sights and hear the sounds of the busiest and biggest market in Ecuador. It is world famous. I left the bus with 36 American dollars worth of Sucres and bought a hat, a hair tie, a scarf, two bracelets, a necklace pendant, a drum, a hoof shaker, a totebag, a sweater and a small imitation shrunken head for Adam. A dollar goes a long way in Ecuador.



*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
Shopping at Otavalo Market*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
Old woman at Otavalo Market*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
Young girl at Otavalo Market*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*

*Me shopping and buying a hat at Otavalo Market*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
And we bought hair ties at Otavalo Market  
Beautiful little girl with baby bundling on back selling bracelets.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
More shopping at Otavalo Market*





## *October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*

October 31, 1998 - Saturday (*continued*)

After three hours of shopping we had a great lunch at an American owned hotel and then the bus took us to the home of the shaman woman, Maria Juana. Many people opted for healings, but I was out of money and didn't feel the need, as the other shamans had found no ailments with me. Maria Juana was by far the most impressive of all the shamans. She reads the candle the same way as Don Esteban, but she also uses a pendulum made from a carnation on string, which she later has the person wear like a necklace until it falls off. Here was where many intense healings were witnessed. She is a specialist in women's problems, and many of the women were diagnosed with precisely the symptoms they had told me about earlier on the trip. She is a tiny little woman but so powerful, and she even physically manipulates the internal organs on the patient. Her power animal is the white dove, and two from our group who had stepped outside at one point later came in to tell us they both saw a white dove fly over the house.

We left Maria Juana's to return to the hacienda for another late dinner and our closing ceremony. Earlier Susan had taken the dream catcher yarn we had used on our first day ceremony and cut it into pieces. Juan had soaked it in the iron oxide mineral water at the Thermal Falls. Susan had braided each orange piece with a plain white piece around a twig of the ayahuasca vine. She said the white piece represented us before our incredible 9-day journey and the iron oxide stained one represented how we were all colored from the experience. We each took turns in ritual taking our token along with clay pottery shards from the Inca period that Joel and Kim had collected for us from a sacred mount behind the hacienda, and we all made our closing statement. When it came my turn, I said for years I had been "dancing with the tribe" internally and now I had literally been able to dance in the jungles with this tribe. I thanked everyone because I could not have danced as a tribe alone. It took all of our participation to create this tribal experience. I said this with great difficulty through the tears and overwhelming emotion.

Both Juan and John Perkins told us we were a very special group and that most of the groups he leads here did not bond as quickly and closely and that there was a lot of artistic expression with our group. We had Susan, an artist, and Joel who works with clay earth to sculpt monuments, and me the mask maker, and Vandy and Clay the drum circle leaders, and a number of Reiki and energy healers among us. It was a tearful and difficult night of saying goodbye and stating our intent to take our experience back to our world to "change the dream."



*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*  
*The ayahuasca vines with the braided threads and circle of clay shards.*



November 1, 1998 - Sunday

Arose at 5:30 AM to catch the magic party bus for one last trip to the Quito airport. Alberto, the driver, gave me the biggest bear hug. He is truly a sweetie and we all fell in love with him. *(Me hugging Alberto, our driver, below)*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*

*Saying our goodbyes with many tears and hugs.*





*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo*

*Me with Kim - We both worked at Sony Music but didn't know each other until we met on this trip and later I volunteered for her non-profit organization to bring the shaman to the U.S. for workshops.*







*October - November 1998 - Ecuador - Otavalo  
Above me with Juan and below me with John Perkins.*





November 1, 1998 - Sunday (*continued*)

Our plane was delayed, so we ate breakfast on a voucher from American Airlines and jokes were flying around the table. Five of our tribe had stayed on to travel further in Ecuador and Peru.

The flight to Miami was a little choppy but smoothed out. As Godzilla was playing on the overhead TVs, I caught up writing in this journal. How interesting--this fearful movie about an overgrown lizard, while I sit here with the two lizard bracelets cuffing my wrists that I bought from the Shaur. They eat the lizard and then use the skin for jewelry to sell.

For me a bonding link to these beautiful people...so beautiful, words cannot describe.

#### RANDOM NOTES FROM THE BACK OF MY JOURNAL:

Sat - Hotel La Cienega - Volcano Cotopaxi

Sun - Salsedo - Alberto Taxto, Elva

Mon - Passed Banos to Shell - Amazon

Flew into Miazal (my salt) Shuar, compadre, Maryann Chumpi

Shaman Daniel Guachapa, Shaman Tunduama

Netema (ayahuasca)

Flew back to Shell

Drove to Papallacta (land of the potatoes)

Otavalo, Don Esteban, Jorge Tamayo

Hacienda Guachala

Maria Juana, Antonio Yamverla

Imbabura - father mountain

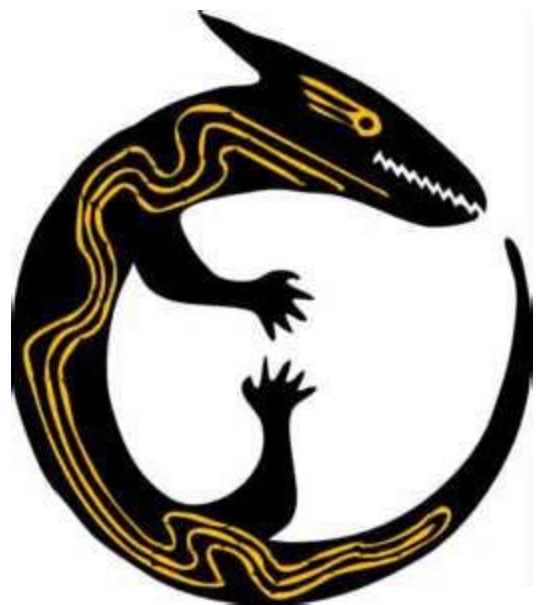
Cotocachi

Mojanda

Cayambi - highest snow covered mtn.

Tunguragua - mtn. near Banos Amazon.

Mixed with yage cat's claw - tea, guayusa



*The circle ends where the circle begins.*



