

The Return of the Healers

**Book one of the Series
The Story of a Thousand Lifetimes**

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What is beauty but the sound of Yeshana, the song of the soul?

Aowa-Joy

Introduction

You're about to read a story that I experienced as true. Once, before I began this life on Earth, I made an agreement to live during this time of unprecedented change—and to bear witness to it. I wasn't the only one; around forty souls made the same agreement. Not all of us would write about it—some would tell it in other ways.

This wasn't the only group I came to Earth with—I also arrived as part of *Shaumbra*¹, a collective of about 300,000 souls, which I later left again.

For a long time, I wasn't aware of this agreement to tell the story, until I received two signs in quick succession, and a third one a year later.

The first came from White Bull, who said loud and clear: *"Write your story, and you will understand yourself better—others might benefit from it too."*

The second was a tap on the shoulder from Tithua, an almost invisible being, who told me we were both storytellers. You'll read about the third sign later in this book.

Eventually, I learned that there was another being connected to my soul—one of the first to arrive on Earth millions of years ago, when the planet was still a barren rock, a dark and lifeless place.

This aspect of our soul once left her angelic family far from Earth to seek contact with other life forms, and arrived not long after Gaia came to infuse the Earth with her energy.

The reason for this mission was the slowing down of energy throughout the universe, which sparked fear that life would

eventually cease to exist. With no contact between civilizations, there was also no guidance on how to reverse this trend. As fear grew, wars broke out across the cosmos—conflicts now known as the Galactic Wars or the Star Wars.

As one of the leaders of her angelic family, this soul set out to investigate what was happening and how to fix it. She quickly discovered that the problem wasn't unique to her people—every civilization she encountered was experiencing the same stagnation. Together, they formed a plan, and creating life on Earth became part of that solution.

Now, in this time of rapid transformation and turbulence, Tithua came to me from the future. All I know is that she doesn't look very human—more like an elf. I didn't realize she came from the future right away; that dawned on me later.

It was Tithua and White Bull who helped me remember my soul's agreement to tell this story. In the end, it was the Ascended Master Kuthumi who gave me the final push: *"Get it out!"* he said. *"Many people will benefit from it. And this time, your life's work will not be destroyed."*

Once, during one of my final Atlantean lifetimes, I had to destroy my life's work. That pain and fear has stayed with my soul until now, because it's time to heal it. You'll read more about that too.

How past lifetimes began surfacing one by one will become clear to you as you read on.

Outwardly, I lead an ordinary life as a woman—but that couldn't be further from the truth. Why? Because this is my final lifetime on Earth. That makes it a rather unusual life, one in which the Master—the wisdom gained through all my lifetimes—took the reins and led me down paths I never thought possible.

Eventually, even the Master had to pass the baton—to my *I Am That I Am*, my Divinity². Don't worry if that sounds confusing—it will become clear as you read. Along the way, you may begin to understand your own life more clearly too.

I hope to inspire you, inform you, and occasionally spark a deep sense of recognition. Above all, I hope you come to see that you're not alone—and you're not crazy!

And I promise to keep the story as lighthearted, airy, and humorous as possible.

Ready? Then let's dive in.

Prelude

A very, very long time ago, there was a civilization we now call Atlantis. It spanned a vast region, stretching from between Cuba and Mexico all the way toward the Mediterranean Sea and up to Greenland and the North Pole. The climate was pleasantly warm, and Atlantis thrived for over 150,000 years.

Life in Atlantis centered around the collective. Work was everything. The individual was of little consequence—there was hardly even an *I*. A private life, as we now understand it, barely existed. There were no structured eight-hour workdays. People often ate and slept at their workplaces and went home only occasionally for rest. There was no space for sovereignty.

The early days were idyllic. But over time, a desire emerged to exert more control over the population. That's when things started to change.

One idea was to create more uniformity—physically and mentally. Why? Because the differences were vast. Some people were three meters tall, while others were barely fifty centimeters or less. The same went for mental abilities.

To standardize cognition, special headbands were developed. These contained highly charged crystals that could alter a person's consciousness and implant programs into their minds.

As a result, the connection to the soul and intuition weakened, while mental activity increased. The intention behind the conformity was good—but it gradually eroded harmony and threw Atlantis off balance.

Ultimately, a few very aware Atlanteans pulled the plug. The result was massive fires, tsunamis, and floods that caused Atlantis to sink.

Just before this collapse, a monumental decision was made: to seal Earth off from extraterrestrial interference. This was done to protect Atlantis' advanced technology from being confiscated and used in ways that would harm humanity and others.

That sealing-off created what is now known as *the Veil*. But as consciousness on Earth continues to rise, a breach appeared in that veil—on March 23, 2023. This breach brings New Light to Earth.

In the temples of Tièn—part of Atlantis and located near what is now known as the Bermuda Triangle—a group of Shaumbra gathered throughout history. These individuals began having visions of what the future would look like, both near and far, if society continued down the path of mind-control devices and genetic manipulation. They decided to counteract this with their awareness—by shining their Light, the so-called Christ Consciousness.

The Shaumbra kept an enormous fire burning for years, dreaming of ways to prevent future humanity from losing its essence—its soul—to technology. Their dream became so strong that it turned into a code. That code became embedded in the energy of their souls—and in the souls of other small groups as well.

Many of them agreed to be present during the time of Jeshua—wrongly called Jesus—the bearer of Christ Consciousness, and also to be here, now, during this era of rapidly expanding technology, artificial intelligence, social unrest, and climate disruption. The code guided them here.

After Atlantis fell, the Earth's surface became uninhabitable. Small groups of Atlanteans gathered in places like Wales and the

Himalayas. Others moved underground, where they lived for centuries until the crystals below the surface lost their power. When that happened, they returned to the Earth's surface.

Only Tamil Nandu, in the southwest of India, was spared — along with the people who lived there. Tamil Nandu has remained a sacred spiritual center to this day.

But now, let me take you to the year 2007 — a year in which I stepped out of a skin that had grown far too tight, left the well-worn paths behind, and began something entirely new.

Chapter 1

Lost my way to my feet

“Would you like me to top off your glass?” one of the facilitators asks.

I shake my head. “Not yet, please,” I manage to reply. My head grows light, and a wave of nausea follows. I close my eyes, and immediately white and blue orbs begin to appear. They come at me from all directions, out of the darkness. I start to lose my grip and feel fear rising. I look at the orbs, bubbles, and colors, and finally allow myself to be taken—this is no longer something I can stop.

For a moment, I glance at the calm presence of the facilitators and close my eyes again. The white and blue colors quickly turn into a full-blown rainbow. Surrounded by a kaleidoscope of all these colors, I float into a circus-like realm, where not only orbs and bubbles but also rollercoasters and ladders whirl around me. Among them, I see clown-like figures flying by. Somehow I know—they call themselves the Fools. They move effortlessly along with all the tumbling orbs, bubbles, circles, and ladders.

Suddenly, the Fools seem to notice me and come closer. Before I know it, I’m tumbling through the universe with them, deeper and deeper.

One of the Fools looks at me and lets me know—without words—that this is the life meant for me. That choosing it is of great importance.

A wave of joy rises up, and I let myself be swept away by these contagiously cheerful beings. High up in the circus—which

seems endless and floats somewhere in the universe—I suddenly realize I can't feel my legs or feet anymore.

I stop tumbling and look down. Far below, my legs dangle like they belong to a rag doll. I know they're mine, but I can't feel them. I look again, puzzled as to how to reach my feet. As I stare down, I try to figure it out—why can't I feel them, and what can I do to bring them back to me? There's a huge gap—or actually, nothing at all—between my head and my feet. I try to find the path from my head down to my feet. It's like a labyrinth in which I'm completely lost. This is absurd. Ridiculous! Here I am, floating somewhere in the universe, and I can't even find the way to my own feet!

I burst into uncontrollable laughter—and just as I'm howling, I hear a man's voice.

"Well then," says the voice, "how do you plan to find your feet?"

"Tell me," I respond without hesitation.

"You're in conflict with our energy—the masculine energy—both within yourself and in the outside world. Sometimes you express too much of it, sometimes too little. The same happens in your interactions with us, with men. That makes it difficult for us to really get to know you. If you truly commit to connection—both within yourself and with others—you will find wholeness. You use your sexual energy, your allure, to keep control over us. That draws attention away from what truly matters. That is not the way."

"How then?" I ask. I decide not to argue—it would be a waste of precious time. Besides, the conversation is not nearly as valuable as the information I'm hoping to receive. I sense that this man is only available for a short moment.

He continues: "You will need a man. A man with whom you can enter into a divine connection. A man who can truly reach

you, who is willing and brave enough to take in your energy. A man who knows what it means to be a man. That will lead you to wholeness. Then, the path to your feet will reveal itself naturally.”

He disappears. I catch just a glimpse of what he looks like—a beautiful, bronze-skinned man with long dark hair and a striking presence. He looks like an indigenous American man. He radiates so much authority, it feels as though he represents all men. I’m deeply moved and left in awe.

What he just told me— isn’t that exactly what I’ve longed for all this time? A true, deep love relationship? One where one plus one equals three, instead of two? But the way he shows it, I’m clearly not on the right path.

Before I can reflect further, I’m swept away again and invited to play. Tumbling through the universe, I no longer worry about my feet—or the man.

One of the Fools flies up to me and hands me a coat. It’s a magnificent coat, made of buffalo hide yet incredibly supple. The inside is velvety, even softer, and deep red. The Fool holds it open for me. I slip into it, and with coat and all, I continue flying.

Suddenly, the indigenous man is back. He doesn’t say a word but pushes someone in front of me—Bas, my ex-lover. I can’t believe my eyes. Not Bas. Please, not him. The sting of what happened between us— just two months ago—has only just started to fade.

“You’re mistaken, Mr. Indigenous,” I cry out. “Take that man away.”

The indigenous man has vanished.

Despite the pain flaring up again, a sense of shame washes over me too—because I completely lost it. The way I parted from Bas was anything but graceful. Maybe that’s what the man meant? That I need to make right what I’ve damaged—otherwise

I won't be worthy of a true, deep love relationship? Something like that?

I begin to feel uncomfortably sober and softly call one of the facilitators, asking them to pour me another glass of ayahuasca. I drink it quickly—if I start tasting it, I won't be able to finish the intensely bitter brew.

New visions soon appear. And with them—Bas again.

"Oh, for god's sake," I shout. "Can this nonsense please stop?" But instead of one Bas, there are suddenly ten Bases surrounding me. I look from one to the next—and then it hits me: my love for him was real. I should have honored that love. I was the one who betrayed it with a lie.

Is that love truly gone? Am I fooling myself? No, definitely not. I was so relieved after I screamed at him that I never wanted to see him again. No, I'm not fooling myself.

Yet the Bases keep circling around me as if they still have something to say. But I've had enough. I try to push them aside.

"Go away, all of you. I'm here for something entirely different. I'm here to reclaim my soul."

And with a jolt, I realize—that's exactly what I'm being shown. I've lost the path to my feet; my soul lives in wholeness, and that connection is broken. Ayahuasca is leading me straight to my own truth.

No matter what I do, one Bas remains. He stays with me like a shadow. After several failed attempts to get him off my mental screen, I give up.

Suddenly, I see myself—busy with work, caught up in trivial tasks, worrying about my children, even though all three are adults. I seem to want constant control over everything that happens and everything I do. From where I am now—who is this *I*, really?—I watch that other version of me, and I know... it

doesn't matter at all what that person does. The real me is the one who is watching.

"Stop," the real me calls out.

I see that she never feels what she does is good enough—just as she never feels she is good enough. Most of all, I see how exhausted and unwell that woman is. A flood of love and compassion pours in. I begin to sob—it hurts so deeply to see what's happening to me. That woman is sincere. Her doubts are unnecessary. She's not meant to do what she's doing. She's one of the Fools—she's meant to play. Doesn't she know that?

"Stop," I shout again from deep inside.

"Trust that it's possible. Stop. Rest. Heal. Go play. Go live. What you're doing now has nothing to do with living. Stop now—not later. Later never comes. It will always be later and never now. Come to me. Come."

Gently, I rock her back and forth. She doesn't notice—and keeps going.

What is that running along her back? I try to touch the wide, brown, coarse-grained stripe that stretches from her shoulder blade to the left hemisphere of her brain. But I can't.

How can something so visibly present not show up on a photo? Doctors should be able to see this—then that ridiculous belief would end, the one that says "if it can't be proven, it doesn't exist."

And insurance companies who deny their clients support because of that? They should try a glass of ayahuasca. Whiplash doesn't exist? Ladies and gentlemen of medicine and insurance—come take a look.

The image fades—and suddenly, caterpillar-like creatures begin marching through the cells of my body at high speed. They are golden-green and made up of tiny squares. Each square has a black dot in its center.

It looks like a perfectly trained army, marching in tight, seamless formation with astonishing speed through my body.

Suddenly it hits me—these are the parasites that cause Lyme disease. Well damn it, I knew it! That's why I'm so exhausted. It hasn't healed at all. Fascinated, I keep watching the rows upon rows of golden, square-bodied beings passing by. It's a strange relief to see what I've always felt.

Suddenly, I'm floating in a beautiful basin. I look around and see flowers drifting all around me—each one more beautiful than the last. I lie on my back and feel myself being held by a loving energy. Slowly, the images begin to fade. And then... I fall asleep.

On the way home, Bas is still with me—for the entire hour-and-a-half train ride. I can't bear the thought of everything repeating itself. By now, it's clear to me: I have no peace with the way I pushed Bas out of my life. I stare out the window, trying to direct my thoughts elsewhere—trying to silence the voice urging me to make it right. But I can't.

When I get home, I grab my laptop and write a message to Bas. An apology. "Let this lead to peace," I pray, and press send.

Chapter 2

A painful memory and rolled into The Story

The night creeps by slowly, like so many nights before. Through a gap in the curtains, I catch a glimpse of the crescent moon. A mosquito buzzes around my head—when it flies into my ear and then into my nose, I nearly explode.

I watch the clock: one o'clock, two o'clock, three. It's enough to make anyone lose hope. I roll over—again.

And suddenly I'm parking my car, ringing a doorbell, and moments later standing in the hallway of a tiny house. I sit on a chair in the hallway, waiting. Inside, I hear Bas's voice—and a woman's. Must be one of his daughters.

The door opens. Bas steps into the hallway, wearing an old, worn-out bathrobe. He looks like he just got out of bed.

Then I realize—the voice isn't one of his daughters. It's another woman.

Bas looks tired and gray. He seems older, thinner—and not at all happy to see me. I don't understand. Didn't he invite me?

With a jolt, I sit upright in bed. I let the images pass before me once more and wonder if I'm doing the right thing. Wouldn't it have been better to say nothing at all? Did I really understand what the indigenous man meant? I don't know anymore. Bas lives in a tiny house—surely that means he doesn't have much space inside himself. And definitely not for me. And why did he look so much older and thinner in my dream?

"My god, Joy, you fool." A flush creeps over my cheeks. "Listen to what you said during the soul journey: 'He follows me

like my own shadow!' He represents your shadow. And your shadow is your fear."

Still blushing, I think of my greatest fear: being abandoned. Having to go through life entirely alone. Never being desired by anyone ever again. Dying in loneliness—and not being found until weeks or even months later, in a state of advanced decay. I see public health workers hauling away my corpse, their faces contorted with disgust, masks over their mouths.

And that worn-out bathrobe, that older and thinner version of Bas—it's obvious, isn't it? The situation is worn-out. I nod to myself. That's what the indigenous man was trying to show me: Bas is a mirror of my fear. And that fear is standing in the way of a fulfilling relationship. Nothing more than that.

Now what? The message is sent—I can't undo it. All I can do is go along with what I've set in motion.

In the morning, I check my inbox with a pounding heart. No response from Bas. Damn it.

"Joy, let it go. You're leaking energy you could use much better elsewhere. Bas is not your man. Period."

But if I know that Bas isn't my man, then why do I care so much about his reply? Because I know the answer. I shared something incredibly beautiful with him. That's why I can't let go.

I think back to a Sunday morning, now half a year ago. I see us again—lying in complete union, while sunlight stroked our bodies in the most enchanting way. Now and then we drifted off to sleep, only to wake again. I looked at Bas, and love surged through me. I felt fulfilled, as if I had received everything I ever wished for in life. I had never experienced this before—not even with either of my two husbands. For the first time, I understood what it meant to feel fulfilled in love.

But at the very peak of my happiness, I saw something in Bas's eyes. I looked at him, questioning.

"Are you losing yourself in me?" he asked.

And just like that, it all came rushing back. The moment that followed plays like a film in my mind. I recoiled and slid to the edge of the bed. My heart raced, tears filled my eyes. I slipped out of bed, unable to speak. Sitting on the toilet, my thoughts raced in all directions. I wanted to leave—but I also couldn't believe there could be such a huge difference in how we experienced the moment.

"Joy, would you like an egg for breakfast?" I stay silent for a moment.

"Is something wrong?" Bas asks.

"No. What would possibly be wrong?" I say. I hear him walk away and turn on the shower. I stay under it for as long as it takes to feel ready to face him again.

"There you are at last," Bas says as I sit down at the table. He folds the newspaper and reaches for a roll.

"Shall we go for a walk after breakfast? The weather's beautiful."

"No," I say. "I'm going home."

"What's wrong?"

"What's wrong? Pain. That's what."

"Pain? From what?"

"From your insensitivity."

"What kind of nonsense is that?" Bas asks.

"Nonsense? Do you think it's nonsense when a woman, having just surrendered herself to you completely, gets startled by the line: 'Aren't you losing yourself in me?' A freezing-cold bucket of water after the most intimate moment we've ever had? Come on, Bas."

"Joy, you know where I stand in this relationship. I just came out of a twenty-five-year marriage. I don't want to be tied down again. You know that."

"That's not the issue. I know you don't want that. I'm not asking you to."

"I saw the way you looked at me," Bas says. "Then I know exactly what time it is."

"Bas, you're an idiot. You're playing with fire, and you don't even realize it. I'm leaving."

"That's a shame. But go ahead. Do what you want."

My vision goes black. I grab the first thing I can from the table and hurl it to the floor. The plate shatters into a hundred pieces.

"Bastard," I scream, and slam the door shut behind me.

My heart races again. I try to shake off the memory.

Days pass, but Bas doesn't reply to my message. After four days, the tension slowly fades.

I'm tidying up the living room. Now and then, flashes from my soul journey return to me. I remember reading that ayahuasca can continue working for weeks. Once everything's cleaned up and I'm about to start vacuuming, the indigenous man suddenly appears in front of me. I freeze. I stare at his striking figure.

He says nothing. He just looks at me. He doesn't need to speak—his whole being speaks. It feels as though everything he wants to tell me is being poured into me. Reality shifts instantly. I see the indigenous man pick up a massive book.

Before I know it, I'm wrapped up in it, rolled flat like the filling of a spring roll. I can't see a thing. After much struggling, I manage to stand. I'm afraid to move, terrified of bumping into something. I stand still until the book slowly becomes translucent.

The indigenous man is gone. Cautiously, I take a few steps.

With every move, the book moves with me. I try to read the text—but all I can see are faint, blurry lines. As I walk carefully through the room, book swirling around me, I realize it must contain a message. But what?

Then it starts to dawn on me. And at that very moment, the powerful figure reappears. The indigenous man looks at me intently—his eyes lock onto mine.

“Write your story,” he says. “You’ll understand yourself better—and who knows, maybe others will too.” And just like that, he’s gone again.

Then it hits me—what else he was trying to show me during the soul journey. Not only is my connection with men out of alignment, but the balance within myself—between the masculine and the feminine—is deeply off as well. I’m too focused on the external world. My masculine side isn’t connected to my inner world—my feminine side. I place too much value on other people’s opinions and expectations. The indigenous man meant that I’m living too much from my head—and in doing so, I neglect my feminine qualities. That disconnects me from my heart and silences my intuition.

And once again, Bas pushes himself into all of it. I don’t know what to think anymore. Is he the man, after all?

Then suddenly, Maria’s words come back to me—Maria, a psychic I occasionally visit to recharge my hope.

“You’ll soon meet a man who belongs on your path, but won’t stay long. He’s important, because he’ll teach you to choose for yourself. You’ll also bring him a message—but he won’t understand it while you’re together. Years later, when you’ve reached your destination, he’ll realize what you were trying to tell him. He’ll reach out to you again. He’ll feel regret. He’ll need to walk a while on his own. Don’t try to rescue him. He’ll make it.”

So Bas *is* part of my path. But not for long. Bas is not my man—that's what Maria told me back then.

"You already know your man. You've encountered him before. You'll meet again through your work, or through his."

I had forgotten. I don't need to worry about Bas. I offered my apology. Case closed.

But that nagging little voice inside me isn't satisfied. It wants a response from Bas.

When a reply finally arrives after five days, I feel deeply disappointed.

Joy,

I have no desire for contact.

I don't want to deal with your emotions.

My feeling tells me to keep a great distance from you.

I don't want any more drama in my life. I've just gone through a divorce.

If there's any future contact, you'll need to respect my lifestyle.

Bas

Nothing about the fact that I apologized. And what a strange final sentence. I read his message several times, and still don't understand it. I almost forget why I reached out to him in the first place. Suddenly, I've had enough. I close my laptop.

Chapter 3

Communicating vessels

At the very last moment, I step into the room where a workshop on “Work and Spirituality” is about to begin. Sweating down my back, I collapse into the only empty chair.

The two facilitators—a woman and a man—sit on the stage and nod at me kindly. As soon as I sit, the door closes.

“Duality also plays a role in work,” I hear one of the facilitators say a little later. “Work is a form that the soul—the spirit—needs to experience something of itself on Earth. Just as every energy needs a form, just as a man needs a woman, and day cannot be known without night.”

That’s a promising start. I’ve never looked at it that way. Maybe I’ll finally get an answer to the question of how to escape my stuck position.

“That’s why,” the facilitator continues, “so many people burn out because of their work. Their hearts and souls don’t recognize themselves in the form their job offers, and they respond with inner restlessness as a signal. When work aligns with the soul, it becomes love made visible—as Kahlil Gibran so beautifully puts it in his book *The Prophet*. For that to happen, balance is needed between the masculine and the feminine,” —yes, there it is again— “balancing reason and intuition, expertise and compassion.”

The second facilitator picks up. “I’d like to invite you to close your eyes and come with me on a guided meditation. Imagine you’re walking in an enchanted landscape. Maybe a forest with the most beautiful flowers, trees, and plants. You walk through

this forest, hearing birds singing, flies buzzing, and the sun warming your skin. Look around—what do you see? Can you feel the sun’s warmth? Hear the birds and the hum of insects? Now, become aware of the thoughts and wishes currently present in your life. Name them for yourself.”

The desires and information pour in. I know with absolute certainty: I need to stop working. No more new contracts. No more new clients. My body is screaming for rest. Just the thought of it makes me feel lighter.

In a flash, I again see the brown stripe running to my head—the one I saw during my soul journey—and also the book the indigenous man rolled me into, which I’ve since ignored.

The facilitator ends the meditation. “I’d like to propose a short break. In fifteen minutes, my colleague will continue with the channeling and make contact with Jeshua, whom most of you will know better as Jesus. You’ll be able to ask him questions through her.”

Excited by the idea, I get up to fetch coffee. Surrounded by all these people, I feel like an island. I can’t bring myself to start a conversation with anyone. I’m too tired.

“I think everyone’s back, so let’s continue. I’d like to ask you to give me a moment to connect with Jeshua.”

A deep silence falls. I watch the facilitator closely as she sits quietly with her eyes closed.

“Who would like to begin?”

Silence. No one responds. I wait a little longer and look around. No hands go up. I raise mine.

“Go ahead,” the facilitator says.

“How do I transition from my old work to new work? I need money, so I keep doing work that no longer has any soul in it. I also feel extremely tired—I’m still dealing with the aftermath of

a car accident a few years ago and with remnants of Lyme disease. The old work drains me so much that I have nothing left to invest in the new. I want to write, but writing usually doesn't bring in any money, at least not right away—and maybe not at all."

There's a brief pause as the facilitator tunes in. Soon, she begins to channel.

"The old and the new are like communicating vessels. When your energy flows into the old, it drains away from the new—making it impossible for the new to take root. First, feel deeply what it means to pour so much energy into what no longer serves you. That inner awareness creates the willingness to let go. You're afraid you won't have enough money. Know that there is enough for you. Bringing in the new is about bringing yourself in. Dare to let go. Only by leaping into the unknown can you open the door to new experiences. Only then can the creative truly find a place in your life. The time is now. Trust that the universe will support you once you truly let go. That's when the cosmos can step in to help. Clinging to the old is like damming up the flow. You have something to give the world. It comes from very deep within. That part is wavering because you're still asking yourself: *Am I really that big? Can I really do this?* But the process is already underway. Go with the current. Say a full yes to it—then things will come to you.

What's making you hesitate is something very old. You've taken on the sorrow of others—and it started to resonate within you. By nature, you're a shaman. A lightworker. You feel a lot—but you don't always discern what's yours and what isn't. You need to learn to make that distinction. Let what isn't yours flow through you—and let it go. If you don't, you carry pain that doesn't belong to you—and you lose your clarity and courage. It begins to feel like you're not allowed to be happy while others