

BECOMING AN ENERGY BEING

My journey as a case study

My journey as an energy being started on a Greek Island in 2010. I was 30, a successful interior designer based in London and Paris. A holiday in Mykonos with my partner would kick off a series of unexpected circumstances that would change my life.

For years, my partner and I had been entertaining a Parisian romance that had been fiery and dramatic from the start. Imagine CDs being catapulted through the air, belongings dramatically thrown from windows, and shouting matches which would regularly shake the solid foundations of our home's Haussmannian structure.

Despite that, neither of us was ready for what happened one night in Mykonos.

We had a fight; one that was the climax of a wave of tension that began in a nightclub a few nights before. I became infuriated by an off-the-cuff remark he made which alluded to him finding someone else more attractive than me.

It was silly, I know. I should have been able to let it go, but I couldn't. I had experienced rejection and pain for my physical appearance for as long as I could remember and was plagued

with insecurities. As a child of immigrant parents who was overweight and considered unattractive, I continuously felt rejected by the peers I wanted to be accepted by.

Hearing that comment, in the nightclub in Mykonos, led me to feel like an insecure prom queen catching her boyfriend stare at another girl's blouse. I felt enraged. My reaction, though petty and foolish, was entirely beyond my control. The shadows which had haunted me for the first thirty years of my life were screaming loudly and had deafened me to the voice of reason.

The years of rejection by the schoolmates I longed to be accepted by led to the creation of a "story" of constant rejection that felt violent and lasted decades. I became hyper-vigilant and trained myself to see threats everywhere, even when they didn't exist.

As these feelings remained unaddressed and unprocessed, they cultivated a savage underworld of insecurity that underscored everything. Moments in which a partner might find someone else more attractive would, therefore, trigger a deep fear of loss and a need for survival. Rational thinking couldn't survive in the swamp.

By the time I met Henri, my hyper-vigilance had peaked. Everything needed to be perfect, and so did I. As a successful interior designer, I spent my days designing millionaire homes, upmarket London hotels and fashion shops for the most picky fashion designers.

I planned my days around obsessive workouts and perfectly controlled meals. I yearned to be physically flawless and to become the "ideal gay man". The muscular, socially accepted

body I was creating became the metaphorical “protective shell” I needed to survive. All of it had led up to that chaotic yet pivotal moment.

So, we had a fight. It involved stomachs being kicked, jaws being punched, and furniture being dragged as our bodies were flung across the room.

It was partially caused by my inability to dismiss Henri’s insignificant comments, and partially by his inability to manage his work pressures and persistent drug and alcohol problem.

I remember the taste of cocaine as I kissed his lips. My blood boiled, and my temperature rose. He pushed back and challenged me.

I remember thumping my fist into the bed and screaming, “NON!” without knowing what I was saying no to.

I don’t remember who took the first hit. It doesn’t matter. Our bodies grappled violently for I-don’t-know-how-long. It felt like hours, years, decades.

The force of our savage exchange moved furniture across the room, thumping the walls and scratching the floors.

Like untamed jungle animals trapped in a small cave, we fought until we reached exhaustion, then collapsed on the two twin beds pulled apart in the storm.

I had never experienced physical violence in a relationship, so the event rattled me. We instantly parted ways, agreeing to meet on the beach a few days later when the dust would settle

to discuss the future of our relationship.

Our conversation was brief. I was unable to meet his desire for us to bury our heads in the sand and forget the events that had taken place. As no resolution could be reached, we decided to break up.

I stood up from the sun lounger and walked away. I walked about fifty meters when I was stopped dead in my tracks. An intense sensation in my legs turned into numbness, and they soon could no longer move.

My arms then joined them and soon, my entire body was paralysed. My heart thumped ferociously, expanding and overtaking me.

My vision blurred, and I noticed the outlines of my body softening, slowly dissolving.

My arms, legs, hips and feet began to melt into their surroundings. Like my body, the outlines of the environment also began to blur. The sand, the sea, the sky, the tiny white houses, and the burned trees scattered on the barren hills all started to melt into one large spiral that merged with my physical body.

It was unlike anything I had ever experienced. I was somehow becoming one with the world around me, and all I could do was let go.

Shades of purple, pink and orange appeared out of nowhere. It was surreal and otherworldly, as a good psychedelic trip would be. What I previously thought of as my body was now an amalgamation of waves and spirals, merging into a blurry,

multicoloured hologram.

I was no longer apart from everything else in existence.

I was at one with it all. The earth, the stars, the universe and the pulse of God. I found euphoria, ecstasy and bliss in this cosmic embrace.

At that moment, the usual concepts of time, place and identity disappeared. I felt I was suspended in the infinite now, between the events of the past and of those yet to come.

I couldn't tell you how long this lasted. I only remember suddenly feeling my body return to its usual solid form. My heart was pounding, my arms and legs trembling, and tears cascading down my cheeks. I felt like I had been freed from a full-body cast that had confined me for a long time.

Once again, the sea was to my left, the sky high above my head and the earth under my feet, where it had always been.

My eyes squinted, adjusting to the brightness of the sun. My lips, mouth and tongue stretched into a strange grimace as if I was trying to break a mask. My hands floated up to my cheeks as I rediscovered the physicality of my face. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I was human again, whatever that meant...

In that short moment, I released my relationship with Henri, my life in Paris and possibly even some of my attachment to a lifetime of unregulated torment.

When I returned home, everything changed. Until then, my spiritual life had been limited to attending a handful of meditation circles in central London and flipping through the pages of a Dalai Lama book. The idea of having a oneness experience was foreign to me. I turned to Tantra to attempt

to make sense of the event which had taken place. I enrolled in a one-year tantra training, where I discovered somatic therapy and the continuum movement practice.

I began to experience the cosmic anatomy, the Source of life expressing itself within my body through spontaneous movements, waves, undulations, ripples, and twitches.

My body would shake and writhe uncontrollably in ways that were new to me. These somatic experiences were deeply nourishing and informative, allowing me to experience parts of myself that were previously unexplored. I received insights that, for once, did not come from the mind but from the body. These felt purer and more truthful than the thoughts that usually ran my daily life.

Focusing on these spontaneous expressions of the body for long periods which led me to altered states of awareness, which even caused me to experience hallucinations at times. The images that appeared felt real and vivid and were initially disturbing. After a while, I realised they showed me what was lurking in the shadows. Some seemed related to current events, others to the past, and some felt completely distant, as if coming from previous incarnations.

I saw a prisoner huddled and locked in a dark solitary confinement cell in India.

I saw a Malaysian girl, perhaps ten or eleven years old, who appeared to have been sold into sex slavery.

These memories, which spanned decades and lifetimes, all felt like they were happening in this precise, infinite moment. The continuum of the now.

After a few years of being immersed in these somatic practices, another cornerstone experience occurred after visiting the famous temple of Wat Arun, a sacred site in Bangkok. I was visiting a museum gift shop when I began to experience uncontrollable spasms in my arms and legs. I rushed to my hotel to give the experience space.

On arrival, my body began to shake even more wildly and uncontrollably. I tore off my clothes and leapt into bed. My body began to shake violently, and reptilian movements emerged, running across my midline and spine.

Soon, chants emerged from my throat with a power so remarkable they even aggressively jolted my head left to right as if it were being pulled by an aggressor.

For hours, I let the chants move me, and I dropped in and out of various altered states of awareness, similar to those I assume one might experience on psychedelics. At some point, it all became so big and overpowering that I even feared this new state would become my new default. I worried I had become a crawling snake-like being, only sliding and writhing rather than standing and walking. For the rest of my life, I would be condemned to chant words unrecognisable to most humans rather than everyday speech.

I continued to move in and out of altered states before finally passing out. It must have been hours later when my phone rang and woke me up. I felt shaken and vulnerable as if a thick layer of my being had been ripped away, exposing the vulnerability of a newborn child.

It was hard for me to make sense of what happened that day,

so I reached out for help.

A friend later told me I had spoken the language of God. I understood that visiting the temple had exposed me to an energetic transmission that significantly impacted me.

The experience led me to leave my life as a London designer, move to Barcelona, and start a new, unknown path.

Only weeks after arriving in Barcelona, Honi told me at the end of the sunrise ceremony that I was a shaman. At the time, I didn't know what a shaman was. When I asked her what to do next, she answered, "Nothing. Just wait."

Less than 24 hours later, I received a phone call from a woman I didn't know, inviting me to Mongolia to design a building for the Ministry of Arts and Culture in Ulaanbaatar.

"We leave in 2 weeks. Are you in?"

I said yes without truly knowing what I was saying yes to.

After a quick online search, I discovered that Mongolia had been a hotspot for shamanism, which was previously its main religion until Buddhism overtook it in the 17th century.

On arrival at Ulanbaatar, we discovered that the building we were meant to re-design was being squatted by a family, and the project was paused indefinitely.

Having been gifted some free time, I began a hunt for a shaman that seemed to lead nowhere.

Eventually, while on my way to a Buddhist monastery, a

couple of large totem poles caught my eye. I followed my intuition and was led down a mysterious path to a shaman's yurt with big golden doors. Upon entering, I was struck by a collection of taxidermy animals, cups full of blood, and a cage full of rabbits probably waiting to be sacrificed.

I had a short exchange with a hostile shaman before leaving the yurt confused. Instead of bringing me closer to the shamanic initiation I was hoping for, I felt even more distanced and disconnected from it.

I continued my Mongolia trip, visiting a tribe of Yak herders on barren fields 22 hours away from the city. An online search yielded a 200-page academic guide on Mongolian shamanism, which included instructions on how to carry out a shamanic ceremony. I asked the family of yak herders if they would be open to me conducting a ceremony for them. They agreed.

They organised a fire, which was required for the ceremony; I gathered the stones and feathers I needed and spent the afternoon practising my drumming and chanting. Finally, the night came, and we gathered around the fire. The fire was roaring, the stones were in place, and I began chanting and drumming with feathers around my neck.

The chants evolved into spontaneous sounds similar to the ones I experienced in Thailand. I lost myself in a moment beyond time and place. It wasn't as intense as the dissolving I felt in Mykonos, but I knew I was reaching an altered state.

Eventually, I returned to the "here and now" and realised that the sound had stopped and the ceremony was ending. The family cheered, applauded and thanked me, and we got up

from the fire to go to bed.

The night was filled with a series of strange visions kept me awake. There were clear flashes of people I didn't know who seemed to be speaking to me. They would come, go and come back, and it made little sense.

Eventually, I found myself even seeing imagery with my eyes open. It seemed like a light show at first, but eventually, it began to look like a female figure moving through the yurt towards me.

I could feel her getting closer and closer. I froze with my eyes open and stared at her until she disappeared. I blinked my eyes a few times and realised she, whoever she was, was gone, and everything was back to normal.

When I awoke at sunrise, I decided to dialogue with the sky, the land, and the entire universe. I knew a big shift was coming, and I found myself speaking confidently to what seemed to be a greater power beyond me.

“Whatever it is, I am ready for it.”

A voice arose from within as if the land were speaking through my body. It told me I needed to go to Brazil for reasons still undetermined. When I asked for more details, I was told I should go in three months, in October 2015.

When I returned to the city, I realised I had received a message from a woman I didn't know called Marie, who had seen on social media that I was in Mongolia. Marie, also a shaman, mentioned she had been in Mongolia two years prior and felt called to contact me.

“Two years ago, while on a barren field in Mongolia, I found a set of stones that stood out. As I picked them up, I received clear instructions to take these stones on a mission to Brazil. I feel you need to be involved somehow. I am going in October.” My jaw dropped. I could hardly believe the synchronicity.

A few months later, Marie, Sylvain, and I met in Brazil for the series of missions I shared at the beginning of this book.

The journey was wild, filled with ecstatic moments that felt otherworldly. To this day, I still don't fully understand what we did or its purpose apart from the fact that it was about enabling a connection to another realm, perhaps the divine, Source, or the quantum.

Sylvain was the shaman who, on our final day together in Brazil, suggested I contact Kenneth Ray Stubbs after hearing, with clarity, that I was to be a sex shaman.

Life post-Brazil

When I returned to Barcelona, everything felt different. It became common for me to experience random waves of orgasmic pleasure overtaking me in day-to-day moments. I would get lost in the verse of a poem or staring into a cup of coffee. I would feel a passing bird's cry or a speeding motorcycle's roar as an electric wave of pleasure rippling through my body.

I settled on renting an inexpensive room in a friend's flat and lived only with a small collection of belongings on a single clothes rack and a narrow shelf. I was settling into a basic life

with minimal living costs that would allow me the space to continue to “just wait” and listen to my inner voice.

For the first two months, I barely left my room. The only thing that got me out was food and water; I didn't need anything more. I was thirty-five but felt complete, like I'd retired. I felt inspired by the stories of ancient civilisations that believed humans could bring healing and impact simply by the power of their presence. I knew all I had to do was “be.”

But this was contrary to Western culture, which taught me that if I were to impact the world, I must work hard, and the path would be challenging and effortful. “Nothing valuable comes easily,” I had learned.

These cultural beliefs felt far away from the flow of the universal system I was now being led by: A system that involves the spinning of the earth, the rising of the moon, the movement of the tornadoes and shooting stars.

Decades of thick patterns based on doing, planning, organising and strategising had met their medicine. I realised that simply being, listening and waiting was much more powerful than “doing” anything. In the same way that I was moved effortlessly from Barcelona to Ulanbataar or invited to trek up and down mountains in Brazil, I knew that if something needed to be done by me, it would be done.

It felt right to me that, like other beings in nature, like a flower, a fruit, or even the venom of a snake, we humans should also be able to yield impact effortlessly, simply with the power of our very presence. It also felt right that this ability would awaken as I explored the connection to Source, the universal force behind the creation of all life in nature.

Discovering shamanism

My time being mentored by Stubbs gave me a container to take this exploration further. After all, Stubbs was the first person I would see embodying this type of powerful presence. A mere 30-second video call to fix a time for the following day left me feeling something I could only describe as oneness.

It was also very fitting that Ray was known as the Sexual Shaman and had been pioneering tantra practices in the West since the 1970s. Since first hearing the words sex shaman in Brazil, I had researched and explored the various trainings that could support me on this journey. I had signed up for a sexological bodywork training that was later cancelled, an ISTA training I later decided to step out of. I had considered Body Electric and the various courses by Mantak Chia. All these trainings promised a clear result: they were facilitator trainings allowing us to learn how to share a specific practice with clients.

Instead of promising specific results, Stubbs offered a process that was quite abstract. There was no clear intention other than connecting to Source, which allowed us to develop and grow. I was introduced to a whole new facet of Tantra, which was more energetic and primordial and felt radical.

Ray's alternative, more energetic, views of Tantra had emerged following an accident that left him with quadriplegia. He decided to connect to energy because he couldn't continue facilitating the usual, more somatic tantra massage workshops.

With Ray, I explored a new, expanded definition of sex

beyond our views of penetration or mutual genital touch that often leads to ejaculation. Sex is a merging of energies, a joining of essences that allows healing and growth to take place.

I spent years being mentored by him, and most of the teaching happened via transmission, simply by sitting together and sharing energy.

We eventually co-created the Earth Energy project, which led me to connect with sacred sites around the world and catapulted this development into a different realm. I learned about energy, transmission and the connection between the realm of form and the formless.

The ceremonies had a profound impact on me. I would often find myself experiencing oneness in a way similar to my experience in Mykonos. At times, the experiences awoke sounds and movements that reminded me of my experience in Bangkok. Other times, I was forced to sit with the darkness of pain and shadows.

When faced with challenges, darkness and disruptions, I merged with them and noticed powerful resources awakening as a response. From such a continuous connection to Source, I began to experience my body as a force of nature, an ecosystem of its own.

The gift of catastrophes in nature

When catastrophes strike in nature, the earth knows how to naturally and effortlessly awaken the resources to regulate them. For example, a forest fire creates ashes that fertilise

the land's soil. Seeds are even released from the burning tree trunks, allowing a new species of trees to grow. A disastrous landslide or receding glaciers might, while catastrophic, also cause biodiversity to increase on the land. Indeed, in nature, catastrophes will often lead an ecosystem to become even more resilient than it would have been had they not taken place.

As I became attuned to this universal force, my being began to behave this way. Any challenge that arose for me was like a storm, and its damage allowed it to awaken new resources and become even more resilient.

The world around me changed during this time, and so did I. The possessive, insecure interior designer I had been pre-Mykonos became a self-assured and confident sexual shaman.

This impacted the ways I related to family members, lovers and friends. Walls came down, and creativity emerged in the form of ideas for new projects and the ability to devise solutions to challenges.

This powerful time also came with doubt and fear. Letting go of the protective structures that previously organised me led me into a mysterious and unknown realm. As strong as this medicine was, it also felt disorganised and chaotic, and I often had no idea what to do with it.

With time, I started feeling I was meant to share this process with others as a facilitator and guide, but I was still determining how.

I had trained in somatic movement therapy, but that wasn't

the most powerful part; it was a preparation and entry point. Neo-tantra didn't interest me, mainly because I didn't enjoy traditional tantric massage techniques. My primary training had been with Ray Stubbs, and he clearly didn't want any of his students to teach in the same way he did.

Training with him was meant to hold space for the emergence of our own work and gifts, whatever they were. These should be expressed and shared in a way that deeply resonates with us.

I knew full well I could only teach what I was already embodying. Since my time in Bangkok with Ray and travelling the world, I had gotten used to lying in an open space, connecting to Source and waiting to be informed by the movements and sounds that would arise through me.

The teachings came

With this in mind, I organised my first workshop in London on the 2016 autumn equinox. Thirty-five people showed up, and I had no clue what I would teach or offer. I simply labelled it an Equinox Shamanic Ceremony (words I would not use today).

We sat together, and I gave a short lecture on whatever insights had appeared for me that day. I spoke about fear and oneness and how they were related.

I opened a sharing space in which a few people spoke from the heart, sharing a challenge or inquiry that wanted to be spoken. I replied with whatever insights came up as a response. When we ran out of words, I turned down the lights, lit candles, and invited everyone to lie down and close their

eyes.

The participants were invited to do nothing—to lie down and wait. I intended to be energetically one with them and with all of existence.

But it wouldn't be long before movements and sounds emerged spontaneously and took over. I twisted, writhed, chanted, and dissolved into a realm beyond time and space until I landed into stillness, and the process was done.

Soon enough, I would notice twitches, pulses, waves, and other involuntary movements rippling across the bodies in the room. While it felt similar to what emerged in Bangkok or many places I visited, it was different. I was more lucid and could tell I was clearly holding space for the group. The process was not only mine but mostly theirs. I was transmitting. Rather than being an intimate love-making experience between me and Source, this was more of a cosmic “orgy” (energetic and clothed, of course) that involved others.

I later understood that the participants and I had become one during that practice. In that merged space, my body was perceiving their bodies' pains, challenges and disruptions, similar to how I had perceived my own over the previous years.

The spontaneous movements and sounds that arose for me were signs of the medicine that awoke within. Since we merged and mirrored each other, it awoke within them, too. This was transmission.

The responses were different for each person. Mine were possibly the strongest in the room; some were similar to mine,

and some people stayed perfectly still. There was no right or wrong; it was simply about showing up and being present. Part of me thought I was crazy for simply instructing people to lie down and wait while I merged with them. I also believed that those who attended, especially those who would come back repeatedly, were even crazier. Even as movements and sounds would arise spontaneously for the participants, and it was obvious something was going on, I still doubted the process, especially since I hosted my workshops alongside other facilitators who guided people through practices that felt much less far-fetched.

As I repeated the process and people kept showing up and telling me of the impact they experienced, I began to trust it.

I taught these workshops repeatedly for approximately three years, and they evolved with time. Some people would come for one session and never return, and some would return repeatedly. If people were drawn to it, it wasn't something they could understand, but their bodies felt they needed to be there. The more committed people were, the more impact they would experience.

Some people found themselves ready and able to be more creative and fearless and even shift careers. I saw some people overcome pain from abuse they had experienced decades before, be supported in releasing drug and alcohol addictions, and let go of antidepressants.

I decided to “organise” myself and call myself a shaman and a facilitator. Some of the main teachings happened when I demonstrated how my body responds in connection to Source.

I would lie on a mat in the centre of the room and invite people to watch me with their bodies rather than their eyes and minds. I connected to Source and whatever I perceived as happening in the group and let my body move. It would writhe, twist and unravel in ways that are uncommon to most people.

In those moments, I am not showing people how to move but how I am being moved. It is all about transmission. My energy body and my fluid system communicate with those of the participants in the room. Whether they realise it or not, they are receiving information in a primordial way, which their body can choose to use and express through movement, sounds or other somatic expressions too.

I often start my workshops or sessions by telling clients that if all they did was be present for whatever time we were together, whether one hour or one week, they would have done 90% of what they've come here to do.

Some people even tune out my voice. Participants in my online workshops have even admitted to turning off the volume at times; they perceive that hearing me speak can, at times, distract them and prevent them from feeling the full transmission.

So today, when I offer shamanic ceremonies as part of a larger full-week retreat or course, I sit in focused awareness and intention with the group and invite them to feel what is in their body.

Some people shake, move, writhe and make sounds. Some will even start retching, experiencing physiological responses they say are similar to those they experienced with ayahuasca.

Other people stay still and notice very little. Others will even be triggered by the responses of others that feel violent to them or that they often identify as similar to an exorcism or being possessed by an entity.

I can remember one significant experience at a retreat in Costa Rica. Halfway through the week, several participants reported feeling sick, complaining about low energy levels, fever, and even cough and flu symptoms.

That evening, I decided to hold a simple shamanic energy ceremony. All I did was sit and merge with the 16 people, including those who indicated feeling unwell. The room was filled with varying responses. Some wailed, some cried, some moved and made sounds, some stayed still, and one even left the room, saying it was all “too much.”

Interestingly, the next morning, everyone who had previously reported feeling sick felt perfectly fine, except for one person who had to leave because of serious pain in the pancreas, which indicated a more serious condition.

So what happened that night in that ceremony?

It may have been a coincidence, but the shift felt quite striking. I believe people experienced the awakening of internal resources that could support their healing. As the retreat was heavily focused on the sexual shadow, it was very likely that the illness symptoms they experienced were psycho-somatic. These symptoms of tiredness, fever, low energy, etc., may have arisen due to us making space for parts of our darker underworld to emerge and be seen.

I want to reiterate that the work of a shaman is not to try to play God or to be a healer. Our role is to transmit: to be present and bring intentionality, focus and power to any situation. To merge with it as one and share our resources with it. Energy merging is done without intention; we don't intend to heal anyone but rather share our resources, and if these can be used, they will.

The transmission of presence

In 2018, I started teaching a nine-month programme and was surprised to see that many students who showed up for the course shared that their intention was to get closer to developing what they called "Christ consciousness." As we discussed it more, it became clear that they were seeking to live life more closely to what they could see in Jesus Christ or Mary Magdalene, i.e., the ability to live in the world with more knowingness and bring impact by transmission and presence.

I was fascinated that so many people were voicing this desire even though I had not written about it on my website or any other promotional materials. Even writing this now, in this book, is conflicting. Our collective culture tends to shut down anything that gets close to appearing like a "God complex." I have also questioned whether this work can support the type of development these students sought.

But from a conceptual point of view, it made sense. If, after all, Jesus Christ was sent here to show us who we could be in the world, it must be possible for us to experience this

development.

Individual work with clients

Over the years of doing this work, this work has been varied. It has held space for exorcisms, helped people release addictions, the use of antidepressants, or tenacious emotional patterns, etc.

If a person comes to me with a physical complaint, such as recurring heart pain, by simply intending to be one with them energetically, they gain access to the same abilities I have access to for the time that we are together.

In most individual client sessions, we sit together, set intentions for our explorations, and wait. At times, questions emerge, and emotional processing is required. Other times, the mind is too busy, and somatic practices are necessary to drop into a deeper state. But the highest expression of this work lies in transmission.

My being can perceive their patterns, including whatever discomfort they might be experiencing, such as heart pain or an emotional block. My being can then recognise what resources are needed to merge with the pain, and these can awaken within me. As the two of us are connected, functioning as one energetic system, the resources needed by the client will awaken within them as they have within me. I'm not healing them directly but transmitting as I share abilities that can awaken within themselves, allowing them to heal.

Suppose we were to stay connected like this recurrently, the client would eventually develop these abilities permanently

and be able to support their transformation in the same way whenever they wished. Eventually, they would also gain the ability to support the transformation of others. This is why most people I work with today are facilitators or training to be facilitators.

What the hell just happened? (If anything).

From my experience of sitting in these potent spaces, I learnt that the impact of transmission can vary from feeling nothing and doubting the whole process to moments in which the body sensations feel intense and overwhelming. Our bodies can begin to sway, spiral, tremble, pulse and undulate.

But the highest expression of this work lies in transmission, the simple act of energy merging. The purest form of sacred intimacy between me and a client happens when we simply sit and wait. Clients often begin to move spontaneously. The energy merging usually results in twitches, pulses, waves and other random, involuntary body movements. Their breath changes, and they begin to make sounds that might even escalate into spontaneous expressions similar to those I experienced several times on my journey.

Sometimes, the experience can resemble an actual physiological orgasm. Clients will throw their heads back, their spines undulate, and arch and their eyes roll back. They might grip the mat underneath them, the blankets or even my clothes. Their pelvic area might begin to tilt, thrust and rock, and energy which feels more sexual will arise. Often, male clients will get an erection, and some of them will even ejaculate without any touch or sexual contact.

All this can happen from the waves of energy arising in their

bodies due to this intentional energy merging. The important part about sitting together in an open space is being aware that we're connected to something greater. The work doesn't rely on what happens in that moment but rather on all the preparation that came beforehand to allow this cosmic connection.

With time, my work became highly explicit and sexual. Clients with heavy sexual trauma showed up seeking resolution. I knew I could support them like I had supported others.

I realised that for many of these clients, enacting sexual acts would often awaken strong emotions and sensations relating to trauma, pain and shame. I became a sex shaman, a sacred prostitute.

Engaging in sexual acts with clients would open up a gateway to wounds and stories that needed to be held and loved. As these would awaken, we would sit and merge with them. Whatever suppression might have existed in their energy body could connect with the unsuppressed energies of the Source. These parts of themselves that felt dark, inadequate and wounded could find love.

At times I would tie clients up, role-play aggression, or even simulate rape, piss on them, or slap them. At times, they might

come with one of these intentions, but all they needed was to be held.

Case study: Jerome the sex-offender

One of my most meaningful client sessions happened with a man called Jerome in Paris. He was a sex offender who had just been released on parole and was under strict supervision. He had been convicted of sexual assault on a minor who was 11 years old at the time.

“I know what I did was wrong. I know what I need to do to fix it, and I need help. I know you are the person who will help me.” He wrote me.

When we met, I was surprised by him. He was in his early seventies, slim, with his hair parted to the side. He wore a pair of metal glasses and a plaid short-sleeved shirt, radiating softness and kindness in a way most people don't.

We sat on the bed, and he spoke more about his situation. He had been raised by a loving father. Then, at the age of 11, as he approached puberty, his father disconnected from him. The hugs stopped and were replaced by demands for him to toughen up and “be a man”.

He realised that by connecting with an 11-year-old boy, he was seeking to repair the disconnection that had happened to him at that age. Interestingly, when I told him I was 42 at the time of the session, he mentioned his father was the same age when he was 11, and the disconnection occurred.

Although I don't approve of it and in no way support anyone engaging in any sexual interaction that would be illegal or

immoral, part of my job is to find a neutral space of love, compassion and understanding for it. Especially when one approaches it the way that Jerome did.

Jerome had mentioned in his email that he knew what he needed, and I asked him what that was. He needed to be held like his father had held him before the disconnection. That was all.

I lay in bed holding this 72-year-old man, and I was his father. As we lay together, we were transported to a time 61 years prior when the disconnection occurred. Together, we held that space with love and safety.

He sighed, melted into me and started to cry. We lay there for the rest of the session, him sobbing and me simply holding him.

The 11-year-old self simply needed love. Although we cuddled and words were spoken, it was clear that something more significant had occurred.

Through our energy merging, his 11-year-old wounded and hurt little boy had access to new resources that could hopefully support him as he faced adversity.

Even as my work became sexual and explicit, and clients often expect intense sexual experiences, the most powerful part of the work lies not in the touch or interaction but in what happens in the unseen.

We sit together, merge and transmit. This was the most powerful and truthful version of this work.

I learned love

I wrote earlier that my being began to behave like its own ecosystem, in which catastrophes often enabled new resources to awaken. The most important resource that arose for me was love.

There were many moments on this journey when I experienced fear, anxiety and even terror. I was leaving behind cultural systems that I believed had kept me safe. I was invited to trust the unseen, a force that couldn't be touched, measured or proven.

I had to let go of lovers, friends, and traditional jobs that felt safe. Fear manifested as waves of uncomfortable and overwhelming sensations. My first impulse was to fight or escape them, but I knew I had to merge with them.

As I became one with them and let the process run its course, new sensations arose and flooded my being as a response. These were expressions of the force of love.

Beyond simply saying the words "I love you" or "I love me", beyond wanting the best for someone or wanting them in my life, I learned that love was an embodied medicine.

I learned that love is a force of nature that exists within me. "True love" can not be understood by the mind but rather felt in the body. It's an elemental, energetic and somatic force that can't be described in words because words would limit it.

I learned that love is an expression of the creation of life that exists in the body and emerges from Source. Like creation in nature comes from chaos, love, for me, had arisen as a medicine for fear and darkness.

Experiencing challenges in my body taught me about love, mainly that love is oneness.

Love is oneness

If fear leads us to protect ourselves and separate and divide ourselves from others, the medicine to this division is oneness. As love is the medicine for fear, love would also be oneness. Love is a life force, the very fabric of the universe.

When connected to Source, my being vibrates, i.e., functions more primordially than usual. This primordial state (which relates to the cosmic anatomy) is beyond the typical limitations that bind me to the limited self that might be organised by fear and trying to protect itself.

The longer I spend in that state, the less I am entrained in patterns of limitations and fears and the more I am entrained in patterns of Source and love. This state is primordial, pre-verbal, pre-trauma, and pre-conditioning. Spending extended time in this primordial “pre-space” connecting to Source allowed a radical shift.

Although love is a response to fear, it is not its opposite, nor is it the opposite of hate. As oneness, love is non-dual; love is neutral. Understanding love as neutral made it easier for me, as an energy being, a sex shaman, and a sacred prostitute, to love every part of myself but also help others bring love to every aspect of themselves.

When I sit with a client who is a convicted paedophile, a rapist, a sex offender, etc., I can offer that part of them love, not by saying “I love you” nor by saying it’s right or wrong. I offer that part of them love by merging with it, offering it oneness and neutrality.

Merging with something, i.e. being in oneness with it, is the best way to show it love. In oneness, I release all defense from it. I intend to vibrate like it, acknowledging it as a part of me, too. As I merge with it, I offer it the highest resources available within me to become available to it, too.

In chapter 6, we saw that neutrality exists in our sensations, which are the first order of perception.

As an embodied medicine, love also exists in sensations, such as the flood of subtle tingles and pulsations that arose within me as I sat with fear and terror.

So when I sit and merge with someone, I perceive whatever is happening within them as sensations in my body. For instance, my body can perceive sensations relating to a heart problem, an emotional issue, an addiction, or other concerning behaviours like, for example, paedophilia. I can merge with those sensations and meet them with the embodied medicine of love. The two can meet, and healing can take place.

While it might sound crazy to say that I would want to merge with the energy or frequencies behind something like sexual abuse, paedophilia, etc., this is part of the journey to oneness. Oneness is not exclusive; it must include everything.

When I merge with these energies, I recognise that, at their root, they are merely neutral frequencies that are also part of the great oneness of everything.

Any distortion, such as paedophilia, abuse etc., is simply the result of a protective mechanism resulting from experiencing circumstances one was incapable to hold at the time.

My job, as a sex shaman, sacred prostitute, and energy being, is to offer these distortions resources. Whether these heal or return to balance is not up to me. I have no control over that, nor do I want any. My job is to share and offer resources and love which become available to the other.