

Module 17/18

Abundance

The mystery school of the Orgasm Field.

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A ritual of darkness and rebirth - Berlin

A thick layer of anxiety surrounded us as we settled into the darkness.

For the past 14 months, the 33 of us had been brothers on a deep journey of inner exploration, in a rich container of spiritual growth in which we learned about tantra, somatic practice, and various other aspects of human existence.

We shared from the heart, laughed, danced, sang together, and had learned various techniques for touching each other's cocks, and hearts.

We had, until now, spent up to 3-4 hours in somatic "mystery" practices that would allow us to peak behind the iron curtain into the cosmic field.

Yet, the process which had been presented to us today had destabilised even the most centered men in the group.

We would go into a deep dive, spending 3 full days and nights in complete darkness, in a non-verbal space, immersed in our usual elements of breath, sound, movement, and touch.

We were invited to go deeper into our beings than ever before, engaging in the live-resurrection practices of the mystery schools which came before us.



We had been gathered together for a deep process that could change our lives.

Like the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Maya, who, centuries ago, would lock themselves up in temple chambers, ingest magic potions and sit in a process to dissolve the illusions of the material world.

We had gathered to die and rebirth like snakes eating their tails.

I knew this darkness would be a teacher for me, yet I had no idea what lessons I would learn.

Those of us who were seeking a deeply spiritual experience would be well served.

I was one of them.

I was entering into this gruelling experience as a broken man, carrying the weight of a 500,000\$ debt from a business that was failing, and had no one to blame for it but myself.

Right before entering the deep dive, I was facing one of the most challenging moments of my career. The company had a little over 100\$ left in the bank, and the salaries of the 11 employees were due to be paid while I would be in this process.

The thought of it paralysed me.

I was overtaken by anxiety as I considered the consequences for the hardworking men and women who would not be receiving the salaries they had been promised, many were also supporting family members, mothers, fathers, children, some of them sick and disabled.

This was one of the lowest moments of my life.

It was unanimous: I had failed

I knew chaos would await me as I emerged.

I hoped this potent space would give me the power to navigate it. I surrendered.

The debt had accumulated as a result of unfortunate circumstances. Our once stable and highly-successful interior design studio had undertaken an ambitious expansion, from a small studio to a full 6-floor building which included a gallery and a café in Central London's famous Soho.

After enthusiastically expanding our team from 3 to 11, unfortunate circumstances led us to lose 85% of our most stable business, from clients we mistakenly assumed depended on us more than they did.

The deeper we dropped into debt the more we invested to create visibility.

I sold everything I owned to invest every last penny in this titanic business, and it still wasn't enough.

My rational thinking mind thought it was terribly idiotic to enter a dark room with no access to communication while the tsunami of 11 unpaid pay-checks met the shores of my incompetence.

A deeper knowing, however, assured me there was nowhere else I should be.

Despite having received thorough explanations on the impending process, we settled into the darkness unsure what to expect.

The windows were blacked-out each of us had a mat, some bedding, and anything else we would need for the next 3 days, which for me included a large jar of Nutella and a spoon.



Lying down onto my mat, under my satin sheets was like slowly entering the uncertain waters of a dark lake at night; unsure of the sludge, mud, or wildlife which could be found at the bottom.

But I was ready to trust fully.

At first, the complete darkness felt thick and overwhelming.

As if the veils of a thousand disgruntled widows had been dropped over my eyes.

I couldn't remember if I had ever actually been in complete darkness before, without even the slightest light coming from the edge of a window, or underneath a door frame.

With time, my eyes got used to the darkness, and I could begin to decipher certain shapes in various shades of very dark charcoal and grey.

I noticed that as my external landscape was plunged into darkness, the volume of my internal one was turned up.

My thinking mind and its maddening dialog went into overdrive.

It was loud and heavy and excruciating, speaking all the things I had heard before, but louder.

It spoke of fear, failure, disappointment, and the ever-increasing list of problems with no solution in sight.

Hums and hisses echoed across the room, reminding me I was not alone.

There were 33 of us, diving into the sludge guided by these sequences of sound, breath and slow movement.

Like a young restless boy in a monastery, I became aware of the ceremony which was about to take place.



I reconnected to the sounds which promised to carry us deep into the depths of our beings, in a way many of us had never experienced before. They immediately felt like medicine, soothing my thinking mind, their vibrations gently caressing the inner layers of my being.

Eventually, the critical voices became clearer and sharper, as if they were coming from a different room in the house, or an old radio.

Sensations which had become familiar to me in the past months emerged within me, commanding centre stage. These gave birth to micro-movements: undulations and powerful pulsations which arose in my legs, arms and in the front of my spine.

They were spontaneous, uncontrollable and uncomfortable.

I realised I was beginning to hallucinate when a candle eight meters away from me began to look like a small campfire roaring between the dunes of a desert far away at the distance.

The sounds of the men around me sounded like howls of wild creatures.

Images of the past arose: from this life and previous ones, perhaps even from those yet to come.

I had been a Bedouin, left to die in the desert after being knocked off his horse and beaten.

I had been a small Jewish girl, brutally torn away from her parents in 1940's Germany.

I heard painful cries, sirens, and sounds of horses stomping on cobblestone.

I could even hear voices uttering Portuguese, reminding me I had been a slave, left to die from the wounds of a tragic accident while quarrying a crystal mine in Brazil.

My body felt possessed by spirits I didn't recognise.

I twisted and writhed, spiralled and convulsed.



The Nutella jar I had been nursing quickly emptied.

I began to feel lonelier and more lost than I had ever been.

I was comforted by the shadows of the men who walked by the dim candle light on the way out, reminding me I was in a studio in Berlin, and I was safe.



After a while, everything went flat; as if the whole world had been erased. My thoughts disappeared, as well as the visions. I didn't seek anything for the moment. I found comfort resting in the seemingly infinite peace of that moment, knowing it would likely be disturbed shortly. I have no idea how long this moment lasted, it may have been seconds or hours, or perhaps even a full day.

I began to hear a man's breath, and the rustling of his body on his bedding get clearer as if his body was approaching me.

It was Oliver.

A gorgeous blond German man, with tanned skin and piercing blue eyes I couldn't see at this moment. We had previously experienced deep sexual connections and had purposely chosen to keep our mats close to each other for this experience.

Soon, I could feel the tips of his fingers begin to gently skim and caress the surface of my left arm.



I could feel his touch more intensely than I had before.

I dove back into the sounds and breaths, dropping my awareness on places where our skin met.

Even the light touch of his fingers sent giant and powerful rippling waves across my entire body, intensified by the sounds and the breaths I was still pronouncing.

My body began to shudder, convulse and writhe uncontrollably.

In its involuntary movements, I felt my body be pulled magnetically towards him, keen to let more of my body become available for his gentle touch.

I was naked, and could feel he was too.

I could feel his erect cock rubbing on the side of my leg and instantly got hard as well.

Our sounds met and we merged as one.

The sound dissolved the limits of our physical bodies and we began to merge into a new organism that was neither him nor me. We kissed passionately. Yet this kiss felt electric, passionate, fiery, unlike any other we had shared before.

Together we became a supernatural creature, like a Hindu deity with many arms and legs.

It didn't matter which parts of our bodies were connecting. I was him and he was me.

Our beings sounded, breathed, moved as one.

We vibrated, shuttered, trembled, writhed.

We had sex, as we had many times before. But it was completely different.

In this connection I was one with him, with myself and with all of the universe.



It was like the sex of Gods from Egyptian mythology, with an erotic potency I had never experienced.

My legs opened and I could feel his large hard cock rubbing the inside of my thigh, lubricating, generously oozing precum at the tip.

It drew a wavy line as it moved slowly up towards my anus, and my genitals, slowly, as slowly as the earth turned, it seemed.

It circled my genitals, my scrotum, my balls and slowly found my anus.

Like the head of a snake, hesitating sliding around the entrance of a cave until beginning to enter slowly, slowly.

My head jolted back in untenable pleasure, my hands seeking something to grip.
The sheets, his hair, his neck.

I felt us drop into a deeper connection to oneness, with each other, with ourselves, with the earth,
and with the entire universe.

Our bodies had become sensitive to the subtle vibration of the tips of our fingers lightly stroking,
tickling, and dancing on the surface of our skin.



We whispered sighs and groans which echoed into the darkness of the studio which had now
become the chamber of a sacred temple.

They dissolved into the pool of sounds of the other 31 men who surrounded us.
We may have been the only ones sharing an act we would normally refer to as “sex”, yet I knew they
were all part of our energetic orgy.

His hand reached my heart, which paused in the moment as if it no longer needed to beat.
My arms and legs released, I licked my lips as my eyes dropped back in my head, my pelvis
spiralling.

I returned to the sounds of our practice, my cock harder than ever, my body covered in sweat and
precum.

For a long while, I could not tell if our bodies were intertwined or not.
It didn't matter.

The critical voices returned even louder than before.
Perhaps they felt safe here, now.



They spoke of my failures, my idiocy, my inability to function as a normal and successful human. They spoke of perpetuity, of the point of no return, of complete doom. They were loud and nagging and awoke uncomfortable sensations of tension and pain in my body.

I was surprised and terrified by the sudden appearance of images of demons, burning in flames around me. I could not breathe. I wanted to escape but I couldn't.

I began to sweat, tremble, and convulse.
I felt completely overtaken by the images before me and found myself bowing my head to surrender more deeply.



“You win,” I said.

“Destroy me,
pulverise me, annihilate me,
kill me.

Show me the worst you can do.”

I was surprised by the strength of my speech and the confidence in the words that had emerged.
The vivid imagery intensified a bit more.
My fingers and toes curled, clinging to the sheets below me.

I released my gripped. I knew I could let go.
I knew the play that was before me would end somehow.

I was the sky.
And I knew this was merely a passing storm.

The fear I had been experiencing began to dissolve into void.
I experienced complete absence and death.

The demons disappeared, their job was done.
My arms and legs opened to the side and I surrendered to the space which held me.

I surrendered to the darkness, and the desert campfire that still roared in the distance.
I was exhausted by the erotic exorcism which had occurred.



Images of the past re-appeared and had somehow evolved.
The chains which clung to the wrists of the prisoner I had been were releasing.
The tyrannical ruler I had been was being pardoned by the mass of rioters who had once chanted to have my head.

I felt freedom; like a company of parrots escaping from the open window of the palace of a capricious queen.

The taunting voices of my childhood reappeared as well, slowly changing tone, losing their power, dissolving into the void. It appeared they came to say goodbye.

I had stared into my shadow, and, for the first time, could see its eyes.
Exhausted, despaired, and bewildered.

Everything stopped.
I had no idea what day and time it was and it didn't matter.
Somewhere, somehow, the clocks must have still been ticking and the calendar pages still turning.

I had experienced the power of void, absence, of death and I knew I could face anything.
I had gone from being a mere man, to being the force that created all men.
The stories and patterns had dissolved into this greater field where death was birth, scarcity was abundance and the unconscious was conscious.
Where destructive, menacing forces of chaos was a fertile ground for rebirth.

Groans, sighs, hisses, and hums echoed around me forming a healing orgiastic orchestra which operated as one frequency wave.

The lessons I had learned in this space could not have been learned anywhere else, nor in any other way.



Deep erotic abundance

As I emerged from the dark room, I knew I had to face the disaster that was potentially looming. 11 employees and their dependants would have gone unpaid. From experience, I knew that some might even be unable to keep their mobile phone active, pay their rent or even get home from work on the train.

I took a deep breath and checked my phone for emails and missed calls. To my shock and disbelief, I was surprised to find nothing out-of-order; just the usual stream of emails I would have accumulated on any normal day: updates on projects, questions from clients. No crisis at all.

Having emerged from such a deep, altered state only a short while ago, my brain was still foggy and I began to think that maybe I had confused the dates.

Had I gotten it wrong?
Could it be that the salaries were actually being paid on a future day?
Could I have miscalculated the situation entirely?

I released a deep sigh, slightly relieved the crisis had not yet emerged, yet conscious it was still looming and would unfold in the coming days. I realised, however, that I was now much better resourced to handle the situation, although still unsure how I would do it in practical terms. I had a strange feeling, deep in my core, that I was supported and everything would be ok.

With no crisis or urgent emails to attend to, I decided to head out for a walk with my dive partner Oliver. We were curious to experience the world after this intense process of renewal, and had planned to have a coffee in a nearby patisserie followed by a walk to the bank machine.

In light of my difficult financial situation, the workshop organisers had been flexible with their payment terms, and Oliver had generously offered to lend me the money so I could pay the outstanding sum.

On arrival at the cash machine, Oliver tried his card, which for some reason didn't work. Probably because of a simple technological glitch. I wasn't worried.

After a few attempts, he decided to surrender and turned to me, slightly embarrassed and apologetic for not being able to help.

Interestingly, in that moment, an inner voice came up, inviting me to try my own card. Considering the dire situation of my business, and the lack of funds to pay the salaries, I knew this was a long shot, but tried it anyways.

I reached for my wallet, pulled out my card, inserted it into the machine, punched the code... I remember my jaw dropping the moment I saw the transaction had been accepted, and the money emerged from the machine, as if witnessing an apparition at the cathedral of Lourdes. Some way, somehow, money had manifested in my account.

I pulled away from the group in order to quickly investigate the situation more deeply. It appeared an incredibly intelligent and miraculous force had come into play. An unexpected, mysterious transfer of funds had reached our account, and all salaries had been paid, including mine. After making a few phone calls I found out that a client we were meant to work with in the coming months had paid us by mistake while intending to pay another supplier. As we would be working with them soon, they accepted to let us keep it as an advance.

It would be easy to pin this situation down being simply a lucky coincidence. Perhaps it was. Being aware of the sheer scope of the financial disaster our business was experiencing, I knew that was unlikely. Something greater had happened.

I had received, in that moment, validation of the impact of the process I had undergone in the dark. My time confronting flaming demons had not gone to waste; a miracle had manifested.

I would be lying if I said that my financial situation had completely transformed as soon as I exited this workshop. It didn't. The months following the rebirth process were the most gruelling ever. Bailiff visits became a daily occurrence, alongside a series of redundancies, employees getting ill from stress and uncertainty, culminating at a point when the UK government sent us a letter saying we were required to wind up, the party was over.

Yet I realised I was navigating this roller-coaster with a whole new set of skills. Not unlike many people who report having experiences from Ayahuasca journeys, I felt I had developed a neurological experience of being part of something greater. I had touched the intrinsic and unshakeable truth that I was one with the intelligence of this great universe; that it was conspiring only and fully in the favour of my highest good.

I remember receiving that letter from the government advising we would be shut down, followed by my accountant, moments later, informing me they would formulate an appeal in the next 14 days and await a final decision.

I remembered having more resources and capabilities to sit calmly and equanimously with the situation.

I spent the following 14 days in meditation, reflecting on my life, my worth, my experience of this greater world I had now become intimate with. I had vivid visualisations of who I would be when the plug would finally be pulled. I had developed such ease at sitting with void, death and despair that the task was made easy. This experience of death which was looming would simply be another step of discovering new parts of myself.

After 14 days, another miracle, not unlike the one which happened in Berlin, occurred. The appeal had been successful and our business could continue to function.

I was even more astonished when the next day, just as I was reflecting on how I would be able to turn the business around and repay this significant debt, a man walked into our office, unsolicited. He offered us to join in a business opportunity which would allow us to not only turn around the entire business, but for me to retire from my role and live independently from the investment.

I realised in that moment that I had somehow unlocked a deep resourcefulness allowing me to unravel issues around money and survival which had been following me my whole life; which I knew were partially inherited from ancestors and past incarnations.

Beyond the simple manifestation of these continuous miracles, it was even more significant, and valuable for me to be able to experience all of these contrasting emotions ; the abundance, scarcity, the success and despair, with deep sense of solidity and anchoring into a solid foundation. I was connected to the universal order, rather than stuck in a constant fight for survival as I had previously been.

With heaps of free time on my hands, having retired from my role as the head of the studio, I now had time to travel, explore, meditate. I was curious to gain a deeper understanding of what happened in that mysterious space.

What happened in the dark, in the silence, behind the thick and dark widows' veils which were slowly lifted from my eyes?

What happened when the masks fell from my face and crumbled to the floor under my feet? What happened behind the menacing cries of the flaming demons which invaded my darkest hour?

I realised, through my exploration, I had visited a place where scarcity and abundance were one. Where fear was only the shadow of love. Where the poison of the snake was also its most powerful and transformative elixir, leading to its death that would invite in a necessary rebirth.

In this place death and birth merged into one.

I asked to be shown how I can be
more Love?

I was told to remember the
abundance I am.

Your erotic abundance

As we reach the end of our programme, we find ourselves fully immersed in the fifth / final stage of the mystery school process: integration.

After awakening the power within, acknowledging its unique flavour, and spending time embodying and receiving it, we will eventually effortlessly integrate it into our lives. We effortlessly and purposefully share our gifts with others for their benefit.

In this stage, abundance becomes an important topic.

We begin to ask ourselves, how will my gift be supported in this world?

How do we reach a place of sustained abundance while living a more purposeful life?

Especially when we have learned, as part of our societal constructs, that earning money comes with pain and discomfort.

That achieving financial success requires us to compromise ourselves, to fit in, to ignore our deepest truth.

We also very often learn that successful people are deceitful, dark and can only get to the top by harming others.

Money is such an important aspect, one which is so often disregarded in spirituality.

This is why I chose to share the story in the above pages.

The shift was drastic for me.

I went from running a business with a \$500,000 debt, working long 14-hour days which drove me into the ground, to being liberated, being financially supported so I could explore and discover the truth of who I was.

Friends were dumbfounded and would ask me to share the story over and over again.

I ended up writing blog posts, making videos and even traveling to teach prosperity workshops, even in the French Riviera.

The teachings in the dark were extremely powerful.

I had entered this program with the intention to find love and this other shift had occurred instead.

I had dropped deep into my body, and spent hours and days hanging out below the layers of patterns and illusions. I learned to ride the waves of the erotic medicine that awakened within me.

As well as my body becoming a tool for transformation and oneness, someone else's body became one for me as well.

Engaging with a partner who was also doing this work on himself allowed me to engage, through our connection with a new level of oneness.

In that space of oneness, everything becomes possible.

The partner was also a mirror of myself , of my truth, showing me what was meant to awaken within me.

The sexual energy which electrified our bodies was also a tool for this oneness and the multi-dimensionality which would be my saviour.

I also sat with the demons of my underworld and was forced to access the place where I am greater than all of it. I sat with void, with absence, trusting that more would always arise, because these are the laws of nature and of the universe.

I am not left out or exempt of these.

That potent void is the orgasm field that we are.

It is the silence beneath the sound, the movement within the stillness, the death which gives way for birth.

It is the place between the inhale and the exhale, between death and birth.

In the coming pages I share a summary of learnings from this process and how they relate to abundance:

1. How it relates to the death of patterns
2. It is an expression of the evolution of our shadow
3. It relates to my value and to what I contribute to the world
4. It is the movement that emerges from the void
5. It is the miracle of the source of life

1- The death of patterns

In many ways, money and abundance are very much linked to our erotic world. Both relate to shame, to pleasure and to our ability, or inability to receive.

Our cultural narrative continues to teach us that giving is better than receiving. That if we take or receive, we are being selfish and egoistic.

Our work requires to meet these ideas with inquiry and curiosity. To bring them into our process and dive below them.

A big part of our work in the dive is to drop below our existing patterns and find our truth. Some of these, as mentioned in the example above, relate to cultural views which we are taught at a young age and which are perpetuated.

Accepting these without inquiry results in them running the show. This also includes patterns which are specific to each of us, which we may have inherited from our family, parents and ancestors.

In my case, I knew that my family carried a long lineage of stories and narratives not dissimilar to mine.

My great grandparents, grandparents, and later my parents all experienced tremendous wealth followed by great loss which lead to trauma.

I was raised in this “money-traumatised” environment where fear was everywhere and we continuously strived for more stability and security.

As a result, they never took a loan, nor a mortgage.

They had credit cards just to maintain a credit record but never used them.

I realised in my deep dive that I had inherited the patterns of my ancestors, and that these fears had shaped me in many ways.

As a result, I found myself bored by the idea of stability and security.

I sought adventure, the adrenaline and excitement of the highs and lows of a rollercoaster ride.

This led me to perpetuate the cycles of my ancestors. In the search for adventure and the avoidance of boredom, I found myself creating situations of great wealth and great loss.

In the darkness, and in the explorations that followed, I identified this pattern and its ancestral nature. I was able to bow to it, thank it for its gifts and give it space to integrate into love.

As we know from previous modules, it can be a useful practice to sit with a difficult situation, even one relating to money and scarcity and ask ourselves what we are getting out of it, how is our being getting off on it?

Dissolving patterns is a big part of this work, as we know from previous modules, including the modules on the deep dive. We use breath, sounds, and slow movements to drop below our patterning.

In the dive, my being had the opportunity to drop very much below it to the place from which everything emerges: both the pattern of scarcity and of abundance emerge from the same point of origin.

The dissolving of patterns requires us to spend more time in this place of depth and less time in the local realms limited by our patterns.

2- Abundance relates to our shadow, the place where the conscious meets the unconscious

The deeper I dove in my process, the more I could see how much of these patterns live in my unconscious, in my underworld and my shadow. The flaming demons in the story are a testament to the depth I was able to reach in this exploration.

In that space, I was able to allow it to meet me fully with its ugliest face.

We know that every journey into the shadow must begin with grounding into safety.

When we feel safe, we can allow more of the darkness to meet us. In my case, meeting its full intensity was an invitation to surrender to it, allowing me to truly release and surrender in that moment.

The place where the illusions appear is the place where the conscious meets the unconscious, where the shadow meets the light.

We know from the use of plant medicine that the production of DMT which can happen naturally in the brain supports this.

A short case study:

A client of mine was speaking about an issue he was experiencing with his business.

He was running a small coaching practice with a partner, and was concerned that some shadow issues relating to money were compromising their expansion.

If the business grew, they would be required to pay more tax and he had a strong resistance to that. He was therefore keeping the business small.

He was exploring ways to register the company in a different way to pay less tax.

Interestingly, he didn't seem to realise that if he paid more tax that meant that he had made more money, which would benefit him.

He understood that business tax was always calculated on profit, but somehow didn't realise that meant he was receiving any money in the process.

I remember taking a paper and pen to map it out for him, and he was dumbfounded.

This pointed to the fact that he was spending the profits without truly acknowledging he was receiving them and spending them without holding anything.

This is extremely common. It happens often that we seem to be wired more to notice what we lose than what receive.

He was spending his money on trainings, travel and other things which supported his lifestyle and didn't realise that the tax he paid was proportionate to the investment he was making in himself. As we sat with this more and processed it together, we saw there was an underlying lack of trust in the power of his work and that the investments he made in himself would bear fruit.

The fact that he didn't quite register that paying more tax meant he had made more money points to a part of his shadow, a hidden pattern in his underworld that was distorting his experience of reality.

Clients who meet for sessions around money will often speak of not being able to pay tax because there just isn't enough. In this case, it becomes necessary to call forth more money.

We do that in many ways:

First by acknowledging there is an infinite of abundance, of clients, opportunities and possibilities to make money in this world.

Next by acknowledging the power of our gifts and the value they hold, for us and for others.

Then, by believing in the miracle of life and knowing that we are held.

3- Abundance is an expression of my connection to oneness

In the realms of popular spirituality, we often see money as a purely material, "root chakra" element. It is often linked to attachments and it is seen as something we would benefit by letting go and not giving importance to.

What I learned in the dark is that money is not only material; it is much more.

Money is a material expression of an energetic process.

It is an expression of oneness, of the abundant support that exists naturally in the world around us.

The force that is behind money is the same that is behind nature, that makes the sun rise everyday, that allows the waves to continue to crash again and again along the shore.

It is the same force that we see in forests, in which trees and bushes grow naturally and effortlessly, not requiring any investment.

We see the earth, the rain, the sun, working together to create and generate everything we need: mushrooms, berries, flowers all grow effortlessly for our benefit, to nourish us.

I have learned to see money as just another abundant expression of this flow of life.

Since that experience in Berlin, whenever I have struggled financially, it has always been an invitation to look inwards and ask myself if/how I could connect more deeply with this eternal force.

One of the principal teachings of this course is that we are not separate or excluded from this force. Our job is to continue to remember our alignment to it.

This is why our somatic practices rely on reconnecting us to the movements and ripples that naturally exist already within us. Our breath, our heart, our autonomic system and all the micro-movements that exist just by being in the world.

We breathe with the movement of the micro cracks that naturally expand in our cranium, we lean into the tilting of the coccyx into the earth which naturally occurs every time we breathe. We allow our yawns to overtake us.

These are all elements of the movement of the flow of life.

From an energetic perspective, connecting to the pure energy field of oneness, as we do simply by intending and sitting in transmission, is our ultimate connection to the great oneness that is behind the creation of everything. The longer we stay in connection to that space, the more we shine light on the areas that are out of connection.

We can fall back in alignment and transform.

4- Abundance arises from void , from complete death.

In the dark, I also learned the power of connecting to the void in awakening deeper abundance. The void appeared to me when I surrender fully to the voices and demons and they dissolved.

For a time there was nothing.

The void is also what we experience when we lie in open space in our practices, between the elements of sound and breath, and wait to simply notice what arises.

The more I lie in open space, the more I rewire myself to learn about the movement of life which will always emerge from complete void.

As humans, we have learned to fear this loss and death because we are uncertain of what comes next.

Our ancestors, the mystery school guides, knew that for something new to arise and be birthed a death needed to happen. Everything always emerged from void.

There is a tremendous power in simply creating an open space and waiting to see what arises from it. We witness this in Steve Job's iconic Stanford address in which he speaks of being fired from Apple as a difficult experience that granted him the freedom to be whatever he wanted to be. As a result, he created Pixar.

5- Abundance arises when I see the value of what I am bringing to the world

We have seen the practice of awakening, embodying, and integrating our gifts in the world as one of the main teachings of the mystery schools, especially in stages 3-5.

This gift, this essence, is our inner snake, the deeper part of our truth.

Connecting to our essence is one of the ways we connect to the source of life, to the force behind the creation of everything.

My essence is what I effortlessly bring to the world, it shows me what I am here for, what others get just by being around me.

Connecting deeply to the value of what I bring the world, and connecting to its impact reminds me how badly the world needs it.

This realisation becomes a medicine for the patterns, stories, narratives, and beliefs that limit my living experience.

When I recognise that what I bring is needed, I see how the world begins to conspire for me rather than against me. Everything is enabled for me to bring this gift to the world. This includes enabling the flow of money so I can be supported in my work.

When I am in my essence, any loss is an invitation for something new to arise.

Any apparent failure is an indication my energy and attention are needed in another place.

The complete collapse of everything is an invitation to look inwards and connect to what is meant to emerge next.

When I feel the medicine of my inner snake, of my essence, and the transformative power it holds for myself, I find it easier to ground into the truth that it is needed by others as well.

When I believe in the power of my medicine, in seeing how it has deeply impacted me, it becomes easier to trust its impact on others and the value that it has for our collective.

Building this value becomes the foundation for establishing a sustainable connection to the flow of abundance.

The ability to see value in ourself is mirrored by the ability to see value in others.

Very often our resistance to pay someone for something, or finding something too expensive can simply be an expression of the fact that we are not wanting to properly acknowledge its value. This can become an invitation to explore the part of ourself that doesn't acknowledge our own value.

In those moments, I have learned to ask myself: "What is the impact of this on my life? Am I truly valuing it?"

And to ask myself the same about my own gifts.

The acknowledgement of this mirroring is another expression of oneness.

Similarly to the example above of the client who was trying to avoid tax, many people who come to me with these issues will generally believe things are too expensive and that they simply don't make enough.

As we dig deeper, we usually find they aren't truly seeing the value of what they are receiving, and in parallel do not see the value of their essence.

What is missing is to bow to and honour that which is costing us money and then to look inwards at how we can acknowledge our value so we can make more money and feel more connected to abundance.

Abundance is love.

Case study:

Camilo is a life-coach and facilitator who has been doing his work for 25 years.

In a session, he spoke about a difficult situation in which he found himself faced with a long time client asking him to help resolve a specific issue in a certain way.

Camilo was certain that this wasn't achievable and told the client he couldn't do it.

She replied to him that another coach had told her it was possible and if he didn't agree she would leave him and work with him instead.

Camilo found himself extremely conflicted by this.

He wanted to remain true to himself but could not stand the idea of losing one of his longest standing clients.

When we explored this together, Camilo was leaning towards simply lying to her and agreeing this could be done to keep her on his side.

This is the perfect example of the elements we explored above.

I asked Camilo to speak to me about the benefit he brings to his clients, and specifically to this client. I asked him to truly dive into the sensorial place of the impact of his work on people, and how powerful it is. This allowed him to believe in the power of his essence. From that place, he could anchor himself more deeply in his power, and develop a deep knowingness of the miracle that is within him, and the miracle that would be expressed outside of himself as a result.

He could obviously lie and save the relationship for the moment. But that would be feeding into a lack of trust in his connection to the flow of life.

That connection would allow him to experience this loss, knowing that the movement of life would allow new opportunities to appear for him. He would not be abandoned by the flow.

By the time we had processed this together for a while, he realised he had the power to anchor himself in his essence and trust what would come of it.

That the loss of this client could deepen his connection to a greater force within him which would serve him much more in the future.

He realised that compromising himself in this way was part of a greater commodification we all experience: driven by the idea that to survive, and to be deserving of money or love we should be something other than we are; we should scramble and struggle to make things work.

One of my greater learnings on this topic came when I found myself struggling to attract participants to workshops. I was spending most of my time creating social media posts and other ways of promoting them, and stressing out about how many people would come.

I knew this way of working was incompatible with my views and I lied back in meditation to ask for guidance. I connected to the power of my essence. From that place of deep connection, I felt a dialog emerge between the universe and I.

The words which emerged were the following:

“I recognise what my gift is, I know the impact of it in the world and I see that it is needed. If you want people to benefit from it, send them to me. I will not struggle, I will not scramble to push for people to come to me.”

That day I remember feeling I had made a deal with the universe and reached a new level of understanding of my relationship with abundance.

Sex magic

In a lot of ways, this type of work refers to a type Sex Magic.

In traditional neo-tantra, Sex Magic is referred to as a practice of harnessing the energy of sexuality towards manifestation.

The practices I have experienced normally involved using self-pleasuring techniques during which we paused. We would hold the sexual energy which arose and in that moment of holding potency, we would visualise a specific goal, often a financial one.

In principle, the sexual energy would be channeled towards the manifestation of that goal.

What we have seen in this module could be considered a shamanic version of Sex Magic.

Rather than holding the energy of sexuality and holding a vision of our goal, we use sexual energy as a force to allow us to connect to our truth, to oneness.

From that new place, having achieved radical transformation, everything aligns for us, including money.

Rather than having a specific goal, we trust that what is guided by the movement of life in that moment is what we truly need.

The principle of power and the aspect of control - By Cass phelps.

In the next pages I would like to introduce a concept which comes from one of my teachers Cass Phelps.

He speaks of the 7 principles of oneness and the 7 aspects of illusion that keep us from the realisation of the fact that we are one.

The foundational principle we are speaking of in this module relates to Power and the aspect of illusion that separates us from our oneness is Control.

I have included the pages of his book in which he speaks of these two.

You can find the whole book here and I definitely recommend it if you feel drawn to it.

https://www.amazon.com/One-Cass-Phelps/dp/0991435702/ref=sr_1_2?

[crid=1VANLXFOXT9RL&keywords=One+Cass+phelps&qid=1640195701&srefix=one+cass+phelps%2Caps%2C65&sr=8-2](https://www.amazon.com/One-Cass-Phelps/dp/0991435702/ref=sr_1_2?crid=1VANLXFOXT9RL&keywords=One+Cass+phelps&qid=1640195701&srefix=one+cass+phelps%2Caps%2C65&sr=8-2)

POWER

There is no opposite and there is no other. There is one source of Life. You are this Life. You are the power of Creation.

It is not something you do or prove, gain or lose. Within you, it sits untouched by illusion. The idea of the other is the illusion.

Rest within our love and you will find a place inside you that has never left yourself and never had a problem or needed a solution.

You are the source of creation. Rest in the non-doing allowing and watch your love unfold in true fruition.

I am the Power within you...

Rest.

Control

Control is illusion.

You do not use it. You allow the source of creation. It is within you.

Your life is your dream. You are the dreamer. You decide what you dream by where you place your focus. The Power of Creation fuels your life-dream as you focus on your light of inspiration.

Control is illusion. You don't need to control, when you have Creation. Our love is this power, for which there is no guarding, and no protecting or defending. Only choose what you want in your heart and dream it through your beaming. As the Source of Life within you, I do the doing, as you allow our love in your being.

Rest in the allowing of our love and you will find the Power beyond control.