

[<<Back to JohnSeed.net](http://JohnSeed.net)

From John Seed

Just before the Oct MRI I had read a book called “The Power of Eight” which purported to show that a circle of 8 or more people holding a healing intention could actually effect that healing in a manner which was statistically more likely than chance.

Well, my hyper-active bullshit register was going off constantly, hard to finish the book, but there were enough gems that rang true and enough skin in the game to tip the balance so, having just met a new friend who facilitates healing groups using Acacia Courtii (3%DMT) and who had been instructed by the Courtii to heal environmentalists, I checked with my Cemiplimab trial oncologist whether there were likely to be any contra indications (nope) and organised a “Courtii assisted power of 8 circle”.

I invited 8 close friends. Beautiful psychedelic, Courtii is endangered, growing only on 3 small mountains 5 hours north of Sydney. The trip was magnificent, especially knowing that Courtii had instructed our facilitator to only cook up leaves and bark from fallen trees and then guided him to their location. Not too many fractals, hours of bottomless weeping devoid of any “reason”, As Gabor Mate points out, we ALL suffer from PTSD (one of the complaints which are increasingly being shown to be curable using psychedelics). I can trace mine back to “The” holocaust which swallowed nearly all my family (typical chosen people conceit failing to recognise that its holocaust after holocaust all the way down, The Congo, the burning times, we’re all serial victims and perpetrators faithfully passing the trauma unmetabolised from generation to generation (one day son, all this will be yours). Actually I can trace my PTSD back at least as far as having too much murderous chimp and not enough Bonobo back there.

Anyway, after the weeping I was suffused with a peace beyond understanding that lasted for hours after everyone else had adjourned for soup and conversation, another psychedelic high water mark (showing a hippy recalcitrance unbecoming of a geezer of 73).

And, after 8 months of the tumour remaining stable, not growing but not shrinking either, the October MRI showed the volume shrink to 30% and December to 15% of its former stable dimensions. Another interesting thing that happened was that I suddenly lost the desire to drink alcohol. I’ve just been a moderate social drinker with a beer or a wine with dinner maybe but I suddenly realised it wasn’t serving me and just stopped. I’d been anxious about my sleep issues, waking after a few hours, hard to get enough sleep and realising how important sufficient sound sleep is to health. Well, as soon as I stopped drinking, my easy sleep returned.

One take-away from the Courtii session was to organise an Ayahuasca session using vine growing from a piece we smuggled in long ago from Casimiro’s garden in Ecuador (Casimiro Mamallacta Mamallacta, now in his ‘90’s, the ancestral shaman of the sacred mountain Galeras which we helped save in the 90’s now a national park).

So ... I'd had a very painful Ayahuasca journey a month before and I was afraid or more of the same, trying to think of ways to avoid showing up but, since the whole thing was in my honour, no way around it. As it turned out, I must have used up my suffering quota for now or else the exquisite set and setting but anyhow, it was easy and glorious and deep and bathed in the full moon through the clouds at a hippy temple high up the south rim of the Wolumbin caldera overlooking one of the grandest vistas in the world. 6 men, 6 women facilitated by a beautiful local woman who'd spent years studying with shamans in Peru, the night was full of music and song, most of those present being talented musicians, punctuated by raucous spasms of purging into the buckets each of us had been provided with. This was the first of the plant medicine trips where there was no nausea and I didn't throw up. Before we started we formed a circle with me in the middle being touched by all the others and I made the intention to be free from the tumour entirely in the next MRI (the day after tomorrow) and, given how powerful the previous circle of 8 had proved to be, I could see no reason not to throw in a further intention.

Now that possibly I am no longer on death's door, the question is, what habits and conditionings must I shed and which new ones acquire to give myself the best chance of 2 or 3 more decades of robust physical and cognitive health?

I'm taking a sabbatical for the first half of this year to research this question and implement my findings. Very excited at some of the preliminary directions emerging. Among these are two protocols as outlined in Dale Bredesen's "The End of Alzheimer's" and William Walsh's "Nutrient Power- Heal Your Biochemistry and Heal your Brain". These have led me to my first meeting last week with Sydney Doctor Anne Chappel who has studied with both these guys and prescribed a couple of months elimination diet for starters. This would probably be beyond my previous ability to realise – I've always been terrible at sticking to a plan where short-term pain was needed to achieve lasting benefits. So I added the following intention as I was held by 11 friends: That I am healed of this weakness and in particular develop the habit of working out at the gym 3 times a week, doing Brain HQ exercises 3 times a week and stick to this elimination diet.