

Weaving words of life

# WEAVING WORDS OF LIFE

By Xochi Bucuru



Weaving words of life

*A small  
compilation of  
thoughts put into  
words from sacred  
spaces with master  
plant connections*



*Xochi Bucuru*

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## *An Offering*

~ ~ ~

This small compilation of thoughts put into words, seeks to remind you of what we have reflected on at some point in our connection with master plants, in healing spaces, or in various moments where we have been deeply connected with the great, one principle.

These words are not meant to teach — they are meant to awaken.

To be a gentle thread that leads you back to what you already  
know in the depths of your being.

Read slowly. Breathe between the lines. Remember your  
experiences, where you have felt a connection with your heart.

Let what resonates root itself within you.

*Xochi Bucuru*

## *Intention*

Before we begin, I want to tell you that I've had a vision for some time now to write—to write about my life, about what I've learned from my own experiences, and to share it in different ways with those who might be interested.

This is the first eBook in a series I want to create, focusing on different topics. This first one is a general compilation of how I came to medicine, and from there I'll share some reflections on how we can establish a relationship and connection with the spirit of master plants. The series won't just focus on my story; I also envision creating educational materials where people can access natural treatments and other holistic ways to heal the body and further harmonize the path of our soul.

I've decided to do it this way because with today's resources, it's much easier to access digital content, and there's no need to wait for funding for a physical book. So, I sincerely thank you for your interest and support of this creative initiative, which inspires me to continue creating more content.

My intention is to open my heart and share my own story as another example of life. I feel this is the best way to connect and feel honest, and in the purest way I can reveal or manifest the sacred bond that the company of divine beings represents for me. They have assisted me in every moment of my life, especially during the most challenging times.

I truly appreciate you being here, that we connect through the power of words, and that we can feel and recognize each other.

To weave words is to weave thought and to weave life. Words spoken from the heart are the breath of life that takes shape and has the power to build and transform.

I wish many blessings for your life and for everything you must do in this existence. I sincerely hope you can remember the reason you chose to be in this human experience on this precious planet.

## *Following the proposed life plan*

*“The tree does not chase the wind. It deepens into the earth, and the wind comes to it”*

All beings have chosen to come here to fulfill a purpose that contributes to the divine plan.

¿Do you remember yours? Mine is related to reminding people of this essence that makes us feel valuable, unique, and privileged.

First, I want to thank you for supporting this initiative where I feel comfortable sharing my thoughts, my feelings, and a little bit about how I live my life. I want to start by telling you a little about myself so we can feel more connected.

I am 37 years old, born in Bogotá, the Colombian capital (ancestrally called Bakata in the Muisca language). I grew up in a loving home (for my mother) surrounded by the joy and care of a wonderful brother. Our father figure has been the greatest teacher in my life; I'll tell you why later, but I can only say that he was very difficult, verbally and physically abusive, a representation of a lack of love and awareness that, over time, has always revealed many things to our family.

My ancestral family, my grandparents, and the territory with which I identify are called Coyaima, a small town of Pijao indigenous people located in the department of Tolima in the south of my country. I can tell you that from a young age, my roots made a very strong pull on me, as the city made me feel out of place, far from the sense of belonging that I gradually discovered, allowing my native Pijao self to shine fully to this day.

I deeply believe that we came to this planet to study the meaning of "Love" in all its dimensions, a concept transgressed, distorted in many life experiences, often subjected to pain to be liberated and discovered.

That's how I learned to appreciate it from my childhood. I only had clarity about loving my mother, brother, and maternal relatives, and "not loving" to the point of resenting my brother's father, whom I grew up believing was my biological father.

As a result of Augusto's (my brother's father) behavior, the resentment and anger, I felt at seeing his constant mistreatment of our mother caused my body to unconsciously experience

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poisoning. I didn't know how to transform so much emotional negativity, nor did I have a mature or clear understanding of the consequences of hating someone.

My body began to get sick, just as my spiritual sensitivity was awakening (I've heard from many healers who have experienced profound pain during their awakening). I don't have many memories of childhood games or the joy of being a child, since at age 9, after many medical procedures, I was diagnosed with leukemia. I vividly remember the pediatric hospital becoming my primary home, and seeing other children with multiple illnesses seemed traumatic, yet it awakened sensitivities in me that I value greatly today.

From that time, I vividly recall, for example, the case of a boy who had jumped out of a fifth-floor window because he wanted to die, and he didn't. He had surgery on his skull; I still remember his disfigured head and how it looked after the surgical procedure he survived. I especially remember his mother and everything she told him, how together they found answers that would definitively change the course of their lives.

I won't go into detail about the medical procedures I underwent, because many of you are surely familiar with the treatments for different types of cancer. The truth is, I felt so far removed from the idea of physical life...

I then began to astral travel without really knowing what it was. I enjoyed not being there, walking hand in hand with Mother Death and meeting her when she came for other children. I imagined her in her daily work, and yes, from then on I recognize her as a mother, because that's how she presented herself to me, warmly showing me paths and experiences, always telling me that it wasn't my time yet, even though I begged her many times. What really inspired me to live a little longer was feeling my mom's chest, her hands caressing my hair, singing to me, sometimes through tears telling me that "the Virgin" would help us and that everything would be alright, and yes, also my brother who, although his eyes reflected so much sadness, always smiled big and imagined hundreds of things to make me laugh (he's still like that).

This process was long. I was in hospitals until I was 12, until one day the doctor told my mother that I had no more hope of survival because my heart wasn't functioning properly and the disease was very advanced. Through tears, I asked my mom to take me home, to die there. I was determined to die and to leave feeling that this life was very difficult, full of pain and suffering, and honestly, with some guilt for causing my mom and brother so much suffering with my case.

Until then, my image of my grandparents was of the native grandparents who lived in a large house in the middle of nature, surrounded by animals and with a life very different from the one I knew. Every time I was there before my diagnosis, I could feel an aura of calm and peace.

Upon receiving this final diagnosis, my mother signed the hospital discharge papers to attest

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that my life and death would be under her responsibility.

It was then that my grandmother spoke with great conviction, urging my mother not to lose faith and hope, to allow this to be a good time to turn to our medicines, our Indigenous medicines.

To be honest, I think my mother was also disconnected from her own roots at that time, yet her faith was very strong.

We traveled to Tolima on a bus that stopped in several towns, full of people and farm animals, chickens and geese. Amid the heat, my weakness, and my disconnection from life made the journey seem endless...

At that time, I didn't know how to appreciate all those ways of life that characterize my country.

I still remember the first healer I saw. He was an older, simple man who smelled of tobacco and aguardiente (cane liquor). A drastic change of doctor, I thought.

He simply asked me to close my eyes, sit down, and receive the cleansing. He blew tobacco and aguardiente on me several times, spitting around all the "dirt" I carried, or so he said. The truth is, at first it seemed strange to feel myself bathed in liquor and smoke, when that was something that confronted me about Augusto, who was addicted to alcohol and cigarettes, and therefore had much of his negative behavior. Over time, I've come to understand that everything has a positive and a negative side, a duality that gives us the possibility of choosing how we use things.

After a while, I felt very good, honestly. I felt cleaner, lighter, and closer to peace.

I remember these words as if it were yesterday: "The girl will die, but not as you imagine. Everything she has lived through until now must die: the hatred she feels for Augusto, the disconnection from the divine and from life itself, the disconnection from her roots... so that the true being within this body may be born, and in the future, she will carry our roots with joy and dignity."

Now I remember it clearly; honestly, at the time I didn't fully understand.

The healer then mentioned that I had to take "the medicine of the miracle," the sacred "Yagé," which would help me to carry out that process of dying and being reborn into my true self. There, a new chapter of my life began.

## *The miracle medicine*

*“The miracle happens every day when you wake up, wake up!  
It's a new day, a new opportunity in your soul's evolution.”*

Hearing that taking the miracle medicine would help you in the process of connecting with your roots, with life and death when you are 12 years old, seemed like an idea from the Grimm brothers' fairy tales, my mind began to imagine all the miraculous things that could happen in a single moment, like a fairy's magic wand that would touch my body and everything would be different, and of course, I thought, after so much suffering, it's only fair.

Today I live gratefully for every moment, joyfully breathing in the miracle that manifests in small and large things, giving us the opportunity to grow and evolve.

The moment arrived to take the medicine. My first impression was one of rejection of the physical aspect, the appearance of the scene, the bitter and strong taste of the remedy, and the constant nausea and vomiting I experienced throughout the night. I felt dizzy and weak from vomiting so much, given my physical state. Like many others, I thought I was sick. I listened to the chants and prayers (ikaros) of healing, and without understanding anything, my mind was preoccupied with the rejection and the expectation of an instant miracle.

Of course, the next day I didn't feel well. I was frustrated, I didn't understand anything, and everything revolved around: Where is the miracle?

I think the healers were very patient and loving with me. They explained that it was necessary to "release" everything I had in my physical body – the residue of many chemical medications and many emotional impacts that were weighing me down.

Also patiently, and without understanding, I surrendered to the second ceremony, where I continued vomiting, this time with less weakness but still with expectation and without understanding anything.

After the second ceremony, I didn't want to vomit anymore. The resistance to seeking a miracle in that way had me confused. Despite everything, I prepared for a third ceremony, with the mental arrogance of thinking that if I didn't find a miracle in that one, I would never take that medicine again.

## *The miracle made forgiveness*

The third ceremony began like the others, with vomiting and listening to the healer's prayers, this time with a greater familiarity to his native words, the sounds of the forest, and the bittersweet taste of the medicine.

That night, my vision opened consciously for the first time. I was vomiting when I saw something large and black coming out of my body. I was scared, but I also had this overwhelming feeling that I wanted it all to come out.

The healer approached me and lovingly asked if I was having visions. That's when he invited me to drink some more so that everything would come out until I saw it all turn white. And so, it happened. I set myself the goal of staying there until I saw everything become energetically white and pure. It wasn't easy, but there was an inner strength that compelled me to continue and trust.

After opening my vision, I remember the words of my grandfather (the healer): "My child, what doctors call leukemia, I call 'hatred.' Hatred is a poison that intoxicates the blood. Our nature is love, and when we feel anger, the body begins to sicken. You have been poisoned by anger toward your father. If you want to heal, all you have to do is forgive him, and you will be healed."

It sounded simple, but how could I do it? How could I find forgiveness in my heart with so much pain from the mistreatment of my mother?

It was then that I felt the spirit of the plant for the first time. It filled my body with a tingling sensation and a shower of colors that gave me, for the first time, the feeling of sensing God. Until then, my idea of God was that of a giant being who was too busy and too far away to attend to my needs.

Feeling God's presence was all that was organically happening; I didn't feel it conceptually, I didn't think about it, I just knew He was with me. I let my body fall onto the cool, damp grass of the jungle at night, and as I felt my body touch the earth, I heard for the first time the voice of Mother Nature: "Do not be afraid, I am with you. All illness will gradually transform into life and knowledge. Open your heart and let the love that is naturally within you and everything flow." Then I felt the presence of Mother Death; she was already familiar to me. I wasn't afraid. She enveloped me and gently gathered her energy from my body. She was no longer inside me. I could see how she took all her energy from my body and then embraced me as a temporary farewell. Since then, I can recognize that she is always there, that she is an ally and a great protector of life until her time comes to lead us to walk in a new cycle.

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After the embrace of Mother Death, I felt the welcome offered to me by Mother Earth, who lovingly renewed my physical body little by little and sang to me like her own child. As I was reborn, I understood that we are all her children and that she patiently awaits the moment when we can reconnect with her essence. Ultimately, one of the main reasons we are on this planet is precisely that: to recognize our relationship with the place where we live and grow each day.

When Mother Nature wove me back into her body, I felt a light flooding my heart, the light of God. I understood that everything I had been searching for was within me and that I never again wanted to miss the opportunity to be united with God and His divine love. Upon feeling God's presence, everything boiled down to a single word: Love. In that moment, I promised I would never again feel hatred, and that if I were given the chance to continue living, I wanted to learn to live in love, to love even when it hurt, and to understand how to transform wounds and suffering through love, the love of God. That was my experience, that night I remember as if it were yesterday, timeless, filled only with presence and peace.

The next day I awoke happy, overflowing with love and eager to express how beautiful God was and how He had painted my body with countless colors, like the rainbow that flowed in and out of my heart as my body vibrated and I enjoyed the sensation of thousands of ants crawling inside and outside of me. My grandfather listened to me patiently. It was then that he told me, "The door of hope for your healing is open. You only have to walk through it and find forgiveness. You promised to love and never hate again. Now you must build love for the man you know as your father, but to achieve that, you must sincerely forgive him."

He then instructed me to do a daily meditation, where I imagined Augusto standing in front of me (with my eyes closed) and, with my hands, energetically cleansed him of everything I didn't like. I had to dedicate at least 30 minutes to this daily practice. So I did. I found a comfortable stone to do my work on. The first day wasn't easy. Visualizing him and thinking about everything I didn't like was difficult: the alcohol, the bad language, the physical abuse, his absence, and especially the way he related to women made me uncomfortable. But even so, I continued doing it every day.

As I went through this process, I truly felt lighter. Something within me was changing; I had a greater desire to live, to learn new things, and to love more. Even when I imagined him, I could feel him lighter too.

Accompanied by my grandfather, with this daily practice, a special natural diet to raise the iron levels in my body and strengthen my immune system, and two to three weekly doses of ayahuasca, my life regained its meaning. Eight months later, I had a medical check-up, and my body showed no trace of any illness. A miracle! Eight months after crying during certain visualizations, after confronting all the impressions I carried in my childhood memories, I had managed to see Augusto without feeling anger. A spark of love and compassion had been born in my heart. I had managed to forgive him, and feeling the gift and the worthiness of forgiveness in my heart was the greatest miracle that gave me back the opportunity to live, and

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to live better, cultivating awareness.

### *Choosing the path of life*

The healing of my physical body also came with a great gift: my spiritual father. I don't know how to explain this because it might seem unusual, but it's true. In my experiences with medicine, my vision expanded, and in one of the ceremonies, I had the joy and blessing of meeting Grandfather Yage, an ancient spirit who looked like a great, wise, strong, disciplined, and loving grandfather—also very happy. His face was so wrinkled and so beautiful at the same time. He wore a lovely crown of blue macaw feathers, and he sang and danced while his vibration influenced other plants and beings of the jungle. I felt love at first sight, and perhaps because I was a child or because of the destiny my soul already carried, he opened his heart to me and blessed me, receiving me as his daughter and depositing within me his essence, which would accompany me throughout this life.

From that moment on, I know that our relationship will be permanent in many ways through this soul experience. Even just writing this, I feel fortunate to have this father, so seemingly intangible yet omnipresent and deeply loving. His companionship throughout time would determine many things for my present and my future. His wisdom planted in my heart the certainty of the path of service that I should build until the day I must return my body to nature.

When I finished my first healing process, I returned home full of energy and with a clear vision of what I wanted to study for my future: I wanted to be a healer.

My mother is a sweet woman, very humble and patient. She listened to me attentively, both surprised and happy, and gradually embraced the idea of supporting me to live in the jungle, which I said would be my university. Her name is María de Jesús, beautiful and unconditionally

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supportive. She was judged by many for supporting me at the age of 14 to live in the interior of the Putumayo department, a region near the Colombian Amazon. Even so, she did it; her gratitude for my life and my healing was greater than any prejudice. Every day I am grateful for her love and support, because I know how much she suffered being away from me during a time when physical means of communication were limited. We spoke once a month when I went to the port, and even then, she continued to believe in something she didn't understand with her reason but did understand with her faith and heart. Of course, Augusto continued his difficult behavior, however, he was gradually changing. It was a difficult decision; it hurt to be away from my mother and brother who were building their lives in the capital, but at the same time, even being so young, I knew I was doing the right thing.

And so it was that at the age of 14, having overcome leukemia, with a foundation of understanding forgiveness and the blessing of my mother, my brother, and my grandparents, I began living in the home of my healer, who would become my first teacher.

I can say that this choice is still present; every day I continue to choose this path of learning with nature, with the master plants, especially Grandfather Yage and Grandmother Ayahuasca, who have brought me here today, writing and sharing this tapestry of words, opening more doors to hope and healing.

I can say with certainty that we all have a life path marked out for us; it's just that the time and way of discovering it is different for each person. The path itself is modified and, as the years go by, it takes on the identity of our being, and in that way, it is unique and infinitely valuable.

This is the moment when I feel compelled to speak a little about the teachings of Native Americans, understanding that from the indigenous cosmogony, the continent of America is only one: The great "Amerindia", and that continental divisions have only separated us from equity between spiritual and material resources.

*"Walking the red path isn't about following a religion. It's about remembering you have a heart, and that heart knows the way home."*

*—Traditional teaching of the Turtle Island people*

*"Hablemos entonces del camino rojo, del camino del corazón", the red path, the path of the heart.*

The Indigenous ancestors of the Americas, from the northern plains, the southern rainforests, the jungle, the deserts, and the mountains, preserved for centuries a teaching not written in

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books, but alive in their bodies, in their ceremonies, in their way of walking the earth.

They called this path the red path: the path of the heart, of truth, of harmony with all beings. Red, like the blood that gives us life. Red, like the earth from which we come. Red, like the sacred fire that unites the human with the divine.

When I first heard about the path of the heart, it was from the voice of my first teacher, Grandfather Martin, a 120 year old man with whom I was fortunate enough to live for 6 years of my life, learning not only from his knowledge of ways to heal nature and people, but above all learning from the way he took care of his life, which allowed him to live a long life in peace and well-being.

There are many things to talk about Grandfather Martin, but I'll tell you the essentials. In the Putumayo region, most houses are made of wood, built high off the ground to protect them from the various animals that live there. His house was special; there was a "mysterious" room on the other side of the kitchen where Grandfather would sometimes spend up to three days without ever leaving. I'll tell you why later. Our weeks were spent gathering plants for remedies and food, planting seeds, hiking and exploring the jungle to learn from it, selecting seeds, tilling the land, collecting wood, and taking Yagé two or three times a week. Some weeks we didn't take Yagé, and those were the weeks of the "vomiting" rituals, when we took other plants to purge and cleanse our energy, especially when Grandfather received patients and performed healing rituals for them. For the first two years, I helped in any way I could, humbly and quietly learning to observe his work, listening to patients from a corner of the ceremonial hall, applying Copal and Pegote (tree resins for cleansing and protection), cleaning up the vomit that people vomited as "relief," and applying perfumes of sweet plants when they felt unwell during their healing process. The truth is, during that time, my world was reduced to the fullness of living in the rainforest, and the only things I missed from the outside were my mother and my brother.

For those first two years, I never knew what happened to Grandfather when he went into the mysterious room. During those days, he stayed with his daughter Helena, a 45-year-old woman, learning from her to weave and perform the traditional women's tasks in the community. As time passed, one day she asked me if I was curious about what was happening with Grandfather. I told her yes, with a mixture of fear and respect, since there was always a different energy when he was there. She invited me inside, and finally I saw the place! It was a small space where only a few rays of sunlight penetrated, yet it was warm. On the wooden walls hung jaguar fangs, protective plants, and Grandfather's macaw feather crown. But this wasn't the small crown he wore in ceremonies; it was a large crown that seemed to be reserved for something very special. Grandfather lay on a "junco," a bed woven from the fibers of the banana plant's bark, his vital signs faint, as if he were in a deep sleep. Beside him were the bottle of Yagé and the "totuma" from which he took the medicine.

I asked Helena, astonished, how it was possible that he had been there for a couple of days

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without eating or getting up. She shared that his ancestors' legacy was to be "Mohanos," the man who transforms into a jaguar.

This seemed so surprising, magical, and incredible to me. I had many questions, but with her characteristic seriousness, Helena invited me to leave the room, make offerings in the fire for the protection of my grandfather's body, and wait for him to tell me.

That night I couldn't sleep, just thinking about how a man could transform into a jaguar.

The next day, Grandfather seemed vibrant and happy. He invited me to plow the land to plant corn, and after that work, he invited me to sit down (the way we always sat to share was squatting) and began to tell me about the Mohano.

I'll return to the beginning of this story where I mentioned the red path, because that day he spoke to me about the path of the heart, explaining that his heart, since childhood, had guided him to protect and discover the jungle, and also that his heart was connected to the heart of the jaguar, his power animal and the great sage of Yagé in the Colombian jungle. He explained that his grandfather and his father were also Mohanos, that Grandfather Yagé taught them to enter such a deep state that their astral body left and incorporated the physical body of a jaguar with whom they had previously made an agreement to be united for life. By possessing the body of the jaguar, they could traverse vast stretches of the jungle and see through the jaguar's eyes to recognize the medicinal plants hidden within the forest. He also told me that the jaguar loved to eat Yagé and Chacruna vines and enter a deep state of connection with the "Manigüa," the magical jungle. It all sounded fantastic; I could imagine the jaguar he possessed and understand where much of his knowledge came from. However, he also shared a sad side to the story.

He shared with me that only his eldest son had inherited this knowledge, a wisdom few grandparents possessed and that would eventually disappear. "Why?" I asked. "Because this knowledge has been corrupted by evil. Some men harm others with whom they have conflicts when they are in the body of the animal, and this knowledge is not meant to harm anyone. There is also an increase in hunting in the jungle, and if a hunter kills a jaguar with our astral body inside, we too can die." "Everything changes with time," He replied. "

That's why we must cultivate the path of the heart, because whoever follows their heart will not fall into evil, because the heart is the house of wisdom, it is the house of God.

So, my child, follow the path of your heart and never lose your purity..." That day, He planted in me the first idea and decision to follow the path of my heart, and to be careful not to lose what is pure, which in a world like ours is something that must be greatly protected.

I also understood the value and role of master plants, how they have been guardians of the red path since ancient times. They show us what the heart already knows and guide us to recognize where the mind needs to reconnect with the heart to evolve in the consciousness of this planet.

Sitting with a master plant in a sacred space is, in a way, sitting with all the ancestors who have

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done the same. Frequencies from our ancestors are still present in the space of our cells; when we take medicine, we connect with those sources of wisdom, which will continue to exist if this planet has life. It is joining a conversation that has been taking place for thousands of years between human beings and the living intelligence of the Earth,

*We call it our root technology.*

The red path is not a one-time practice. It is a constant choice: choosing the heart over fear, truth over comfort, connection over isolation. The ancestors taught that each sunrise is an invitation to walk with integrity again; each day when you get up and open your eyes, even here, is the manifestation of the "Miracle," the opportunity to continue evolving and integrating with universal love. Today I feel so grateful for walking in accordance with my heart and for choosing each day to invite others to listen to their hearts again, to connect with the divine, united to the great one principle, where all of creation is an act of pure love.

Having received this teaching reminds me of the words of several wise people in different communities: "The gift brings with it a responsibility".

If you are already walking the path of your heart, each day you must honor the privilege of the opportunity to know and be part of the walkers of the red path.

Remember this: This isn't just about indigenous peoples. Wisdom is universal, and our hearts are connected to the heart of the universe. Returning to that place and choosing to live from there is the best opportunity we can give ourselves in this life.

That reminds me of an image that Grandpa Martin had painted on one of the walls of the ceremony hall. It depicted a man with long hair, slightly dark skin, and a crown of white feathers. They called him "Chief White Feather," also known as Master Jesus, whom Grandpa would ask for help in many of the miraculous healings he performed on his patients. This is just one example of the universal wisdom that knows no bounds and is interconnected on the planet in different forms of expression.

Those were the best six years of my school with Grandpa Yage, under the guidance of this wise, strong and sweet man, that great teacher who marked my life forever.

Concluding this fragment dedicated to Grandfather Martin, I will tell you what happened at the end, which was the beginning of what has brought me here today.

In my sixth year of life in Putumayo, my mother was determined to live with me there. I planned to marry someone from the community in the future and live forever in the embrace of the rainforest, but this vision changed during one of our conversations with Grandfather.

One day he invited me to sit and help him select a bundle of corn seeds for planting. We had been selecting them for hours; some were very good, others could be used, and others should

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return to the soil only as fertilizer. Grandfather began to explain the following to me just as I was feeling tired from the squatting position, I had been in during the seed selection process.

"Do you feel tired? The healer's work is to care for the seed throughout its life. Just as these seeds are, so are all people. Some seeds are ready to be planted; someone must plant them so they can begin to bear fruit on their own—"the healer." Other seeds are a little sick, but they can be planted, and then the earth helps them recover. Someone must treat them with love, so they heal and, little by little, improve their quality through their fruit—that someone is "the healer." And the seeds that cannot bear fruit, then they do serve a purpose; they are not waste. They are taken in a primary act of transformation so they can be fertilizer and nourishment for new fruits. This awareness of transforming and supporting the new is provided by "the healer."

It was then that he indicated to me that I was ready, ready to go out into the world and begin working with diverse seeds, because that knowledge was already there in the jungle, and all I needed was to go out and find new land to plant in and one day return with new harvest.

Grandfather, but I don't want to leave, this is my home, I replied. And it will always be your home, right there in your heart. Take this home you love so much to those who need it because that is your path, the path your heart is marking. Listen to it and you will find the answer.



## *Discovering the power of affirmation*

Life in the jungle continued to be my school, and my being felt developing with total dedication and trust in the wisdom of the plants and the people who generously shared their different knowledge with me. I had become part of the community, and little by little I built my network of knowledgeable friends from different surrounding tribes.

Here I'll tell you a little about my love life without going into too much detail, just to share why I've titled this chapter as I have.

Up until then, I had already had my first partner, a wonderful man who to this day remains a great friend, with whom I shared many first experiences and with whom I was from 15 to 17 years old. We were no longer together, but it had been wonderful to share adolescent love and a love for medicine, the jungle, and spirituality.

A few months later, I attended a regional music festival where there were performers from different tribes.

I vividly remember walking with a good musician friend when I saw a dark-skinned man with very long hair playing the kena (an Andean flute). As he played, I declared from the depths of my being: "I will have a child with that man"

My friend, surprised by my statement, asked me if I was truly aware of what I had just said and offered to introduce me to that man, as they knew each other. His name was Diego, from the Pastos ethnic group, from the Andes Mountains bordering Ecuador.

My relationship with Diego began a few months after we became friends. Without much thought, our relationship centered around receiving guidance from an elder in his community. For a year, he performed various rituals to prepare us and summon the soul of our child. The

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following year, I was pregnant with my son, Amaru, whom I saw in a Yage experience, even before I was pregnant. In that experience, I understood that the purpose of our union was solely to bring forth this being who would later naturally develop the knowledge of both cultures, and that we would not be together beyond the pregnancy. Honestly, it was very painful. I began to understand that visions weren't always related to learning healing techniques, that some were directly related to letting go, processing pain, and accepting certain life circumstances with courage and love. Seven months into the pregnancy, we stopped being together. Diego was present at the birth of our son, and from then on, he only saw him again when he was a year old. I still remember the words of the Taita (wise father of the community) who gave us the medicine that night during the Yage ceremony when we parted. He told me: "Don't cry, my child, a great family awaits you and your son." My visions said the same, but I found it hard to believe amidst the pain I felt.

At that moment, with the blessing of my grandfather Martin, I decided to travel to Bogotá. I longed for my mother's arms and company. My son was born in the capital, and my life was filled with joy and transformation with the experience of giving birth and beginning my journey as a mother.

Three months later, there was a call for scholarship applications for Indigenous youth. The opportunity was to study traditional medicine and become certified by the Colombian Ministry of Culture. I was invited to participate, and without expecting anything in return, I won. So, a few days later, I found myself studying hoping to finish and return to Grandpa Martin's house soon.

What happened was that during my studies, Grandpa died, and my life took a big turn, following the dictates of my heart.

## *Trust in the purpose of life*

To be honest, I can tell you that I won't dedicate all this space to talking about my personal life and my stories, I just feel like sharing something that for me has been the way I have found myself, and then, give you some advice that may be useful on your path.

The scholarship to study turned out to be the pass to find the place where I have built my home and my life project, of course subject to many changes and learnings, however, within a beautiful territory in the center of the country, Sasaima, where spring is eternal.

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During my formative years, I was always thinking about the day I would return to my grandfather Martin's house (I didn't yet know he had died). Back then, communication relied on phone booths, and calling someone in the jungle was even more complicated. I was studying in Bogotá at the facilities of the ONIC (National Indigenous Organization of Colombia) and the JTC (Working Youth of Colombia), where there were two programs I loved: Traditional Medicine and Ethnic Music. I joined the latter program to take some classes and meet my daughter's father.

The program ended without incident. I wasn't in a relationship, only friends with several people, including Yhon, my daughter's father, who would also be filled with love for my son when he met him. That's how I came to be invited "to say goodbye" and return home to Putumayo, to a Yage ceremony in Sasaima, a region of mountains and forests of great beauty. I remember feeling at home from the moment I stepped off the bus, the same feeling I'd had years before at my grandfather Martin's house. The ceremony was very close to what is now my home, an intense, profound, and beautiful ceremony, full of unexpected messages. During the night, the message from my father Yage's spirit was that the person with whom I was destined to build a family was standing before me. When I opened my eyes, I saw Yhon, and an immense love filled my entire being, along with embarrassment and confusion at such a sudden and new feeling under the influence of the medicine. The truth is that the message and the vision were interconnected. Yhon was feeling the same thing, and our friends around us could sense it too. That night was the first time they had met my baby, since during classes my mother helped me take care of him. Everyone showered him with love, and there was a family atmosphere, just as I had envisioned it a few months before. There was an older woman there who accompanied and guided us. She suggested I stay a few days before traveling to clear my heart. The feeling was so strong that I decided to stay, and what at first seemed like just a few days stretched into months and years, during which we not only built our home but also laid the foundations for a large community in the area—the Panche community.

Our first year together was a shared experience without sexual intimacy. Our wise men say that when a couple wants to get to know each other, they need a year of "amaño," a very Colombian word that refers to getting to know each other and adapting on all levels before opening the doors to sexuality. That's what we did, and our union was strong and blessed. We loved each other with everything we could share during the time we were together, and our love united our families and friends as a community.

My mother was very happy; she could visit me often, since Sasaima is only three hours from the capital. Three years into our relationship, our daughter Khana was born, and for 14 years, we supported each other through medicine, community work, and the opportunity to grow together as a family. The last three years, to be honest, were difficult. Our paths seemed to be diverging, and I had to make the painful decision to separate. It's been four years since we've been together as a couple, but we remain neighbors, and our bond for the sake of our children remains strong.

I remember always holding onto the hope of visiting Grandpa Martin again, but the distance

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and family commitments kept growing, making it impossible. Then, through Helena, Grandpa's daughter, who had my mother's contact information, I knew that Grandpa had passed away. With this news, the idea of returning home transformed into a way of honoring his entire being and his teachings every time I took medicine. The news arrived while I was pregnant with my daughter, a life that had already completed its cycle here, and another that was on its way to learn and grow in this school.

Grandfather's words about being in a place where I could contribute from what I learned alongside him resonated throughout my spirit. I understood then that I was already in the place that was right for me, and I could see clearly that right here, from where I am writing these words, is where I have everything to do, and where the home my heart was waiting for is, a home that in time would not only welcome my biological family, also my spiritual family from around the world.

The reason I'm telling you all this is because in every decision in my life, and in every great event, of joys and sorrows, communication with God through visions, prayer, and the state of connection with Yage, has been my guide and support.

All this to tell you that beyond any difficult decision, beyond all physical and emotional pain, the faith and trust that each decision brings with it a sure step for the evolution of my soul and for the progress of those I love has been of great value on my path. Separating from the father of my children, for example, while one of the most painful things I have ever experienced, has been one of the greatest decisions of love—for myself, for my family, and for him, who today is progressing in the place his soul was destined for.

With all this in mind, I want to tell you that even a separation should be approached consciously so that it is not a division that weakens, but a new order that unites from a healthier place.

*Separation is the dream. Belonging is the awakening.*

After separating from my ex-partner, my heart always continued to cultivate the longing to be on a couple's path, a feeling that was sometimes confusing at first, but that over time took shape and stability, something that I continue to choose in my present moment, building myself from the love of two, where the essence is how each one strengthens their self-love, and from there, their capacity to love others and everything that surrounds us.

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Let's talk then about the sense of belonging.

The 14 years I spent in the role of community leader alongside my partner, being a mother, an Indigenous governor in the community, and a role model as a homemaker for other women, was an enormous responsibility. Without realizing it, I had accepted not only a family role, but also being a female role model that I no longer fit into and was finding it difficult to break free from. Many things happened during that time: the fear of being judged if I became a single mother, and the ability to calmly share, with a peaceful smile, that separating was the best decision I had ever made. Not because I didn't believe in family—because my essence still builds home and family—but rather because I was still discovering myself, and my being was urging me to follow my heart even further. In short, I can tell you that the first time I even considered separating was when my ex-partner asked me to choose between my path of service through medicine and healing, or him. Honestly, I didn't have much to think about. Although I loved him, in my heart there was a much greater love for the service my soul had chosen before coming to Earth.

That's where my first question arose from my spiritual quest about belonging, not thinking about "where do I fit in?" but rather "where do I come from?".

Where I fit in up to that point was clear: within the expectation or idealization of family, something that, frankly, had also originated within myself, within the traditional structures of the indigenous community I was connected to. This, to be honest, is part of almost all communities: the non-acceptance of separation, or the radical change where a woman takes on the role of leader of her own path. There's much to say about that.

The truth is that, beyond thinking about where I could fit in, my soul knew that those who could understand me were the foundation for building new relationships.

So, what became important for me was thinking about "where I come from," and this led me to remember not only my birthplace in this existence, but also the moment I was reborn when I received my healing and discovered my path in this life, the clear yearning to be a healer. This took me even further back to my origin, to remember with absolute certainty that my choice to be on this earth was closely linked to healing. And if that had been the reason for coming, then I didn't want to lose it through the distraction of my emotions. How important it has been to remind myself, at every necessary moment, of the reason I chose to come to this planet. It can be easy to get lost amidst so many trials, until little by little, experience makes you clearer and stronger, more centered.

From the above, we can see that there are two types of belonging: horizontal (to people, communities, traditions) and vertical (to something eternal, to the sacred, to the mystery).

Understanding belonging from these two perspectives allows us to discover ourselves more fully through an expansive view. This is how I discovered, in my case, that I am Pijao, because that is

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how I recognize myself in the protection of the roots inherited and connected to my biological ancestors, to my physical lineage. I also recognize that I am a "Yagesera" or "Ayahuasquera" because it is the tradition I received in my adolescence to be a guardian of this knowledge. However, when I think about belonging to the eternal, the perspective broadens, and then, I allow myself to feel part of every community I have had the opportunity to visit, to discover that being a Yagesera is not just an indigenous tradition, it is a connection with the universe and with the multiple forms of life that inhabit it, and the most beautiful and sacred thing is to feel that I belong to all those multiple forms of expression. There I found wholeness.

One day I heard the divine referred to as "The Oneness," and from that moment, I understood that my sense of belonging is rooted in that great principle. From there, I allow myself to flow and trust in every transformation of my experiences, of course without forgetting horizontal belonging; on the contrary, I strengthen it.

All of this is not just ideas or concepts; for me, giving myself the opportunity to think and ask myself where I belong, and finding expansive answers, helped me take steps toward a life change with less pain, with more awareness, and with the wisdom to be a good example even in challenging times for my children.

I want to share with you the facets I had before arriving at this complete view of myself, and in each of these stages, the company of Grandfather Yage was unconditional, and when I refer to him, I am not only referring to a state under the effect of consuming the medicine, I am referring to his wonderful presence manifested in moments of prayer or meditation with my own DMT, I will tell you more about that later.

### *Stages to discover our sense of belonging:*

#### 1) The ritual and the practice

"Practice makes perfect," a phrase from classic proverbs, is one I really like. My grandmother used to repeat it to remind us that only through practice could we cultivate values.

I begin with this aspect because during my years of learning with Grandfather Martin, consistency in prayer and daily meditation was the foundation of all his teachings for building a solid spirituality. Today, I can say that I feel that thanks to that principle, difficult times become more bearable, and the difficulty is reduced to simply the possibility of a new opportunity.

Grandfather taught me that what we call ritual is not something laden with physical elements or eccentricities; it is rather a simple human act filled with honest intention and repetition. A gesture that seeks to manifest each day that this life matters, that we are here, and that this is real and infinitely valuable. The ritual then all it needs is attention, time, and the willingness to return, to make it a habit so that your life becomes a ceremony every day.

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Grandfather used to say that the problem isn't a lack of faith. It's the loss of rhythm, of the discipline that comes from taking time in our daily lives to connect with the divine forces that sustain us and nourish our inner being.

Our ancestors understood this clearly; they didn't measure time linearly. They knew how to live with time as a spiral, cosmic time, where each sunrise and sunset marked another cycle of spiritual evolution. Thus, in connection with different solar and lunar manifestations, they knew when it was time to gather, when to be silent, when to celebrate, when to grieve, when to open themselves to change, and when to connect with the source of healing.

That's what we're remembering: master plants are channels that help us reconnect with cosmic time, creating portals, moments when ordinary time becomes extraordinary. And it is in these portals that we can recognize our belonging to something greater than our own personal story.

Being connected to this cosmic source has increased my faith each day, my confidence that every event in my life has a greater purpose, and that every step is taken for an evolutionary reason.

This principle has allowed me to understand with greater calm and clarity the moments of crisis, which I understand are necessary to continue growing and learning, like that moment of separation and radical change in my family and community life.

### 2) The healing crisis

Something I understood from the moment I received my first healing, regarding leukemia, was the concept of the healing crisis, a "threshold" we pass through after each encounter with the absolute light to rebalance us and teach us how to navigate our emotions and our mental body more effectively. I've come to understand that this crisis is necessary, and that as we become more conscious of it, it passes more quickly and with much greater progress.

*About the night that teaches how to belong...*

Here I want to share some verses by *Juan De la Cruz* that I feel are precise for the idea I want to convey to you:

"On that blessed night, in secret, when no one saw me, nor did I see anything, with no other light or guide but that which burned in my heart."

The Dark Night of the Soul is not a poem about suffering. It is a poem about movement: the soul emerging from itself in the darkness, without guidance or light, and finding precisely in that emergence the place it sought to reach.

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What burns in the heart when everything external fades away: that is what *Juan* calls God.

I have often felt the passage through that dark night, and each time it arrives, I feel it becomes more blissful. Of course, at first, it wasn't like that, when I was crossing the threshold of death in my childhood; that night seemed eternal. Over time, I have learned to embrace the dark night and to understand that beyond that darkness, a light awaits, growing ever stronger, and that light is in my heart and in the new day that is yet to come.

The healing crisis is also known as inner exile, which, to tell the truth, is not the opposite of belonging. It is its deepest condition of possibility.

Belonging that has not been questioned is fragile: it depends on external circumstances remaining unchanged. (Our sense of belonging strengthens our roots, say our elders in the communities) thanks to that, our peoples have endured.

When we go through times of crisis or inner exile, our sense of belonging is questioned, and this makes us stronger. The challenges don't destroy us; they remind us of the essence to which we are connected, where we belong beyond the loss of the conditions to which we are accustomed.

It is a belonging to being itself, not to any of its forms. To the mystery that there is something rather than nothing, and that this something includes this life, this consciousness, this moment, and every moment is sacred.

I often try to share this with my patients, who frequently feel lost in the healing crisis process after a beautiful and visionary ceremony.

First, something important I want to tell you is that we shouldn't approach the master plants with high expectations or with the hope that higher beings will do the work for us. Remember that the miracle happens through our own transformation and our dedication to cultivating consciousness. The master plants are simply there with all their love to remind us of our own inner resources and the beauty of our essence and the greater essence to which we are all connected.

So, experiencing a healing crisis after a spiritual quest is part of discovering other facets within us that need to be illuminated.

How do we navigate a healing crisis without getting lost in it? Without devaluing the process we've already undertaken in our search for healing?

Remember that this isn't a manual of technical answers, but I can suggest some practices I've learned and apply during my own dark nights.

*The first step* is to calmly acknowledge what is happening and verbalize it, since the healing crisis becomes more manageable when recognized as such, rather than being diagnosed as

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depression, failure, or loss. This is not intended to question any psychiatric diagnosis; it's simply that when we label ourselves as depressive or failures, we often fail to grasp the immense damage we inflict on our evolutionary process. We create a massive block that prevents us from clearly seeing the call of something inviting us to grow.

Of course, this is not for debate. If someone has been diagnosed, I also understand and respect that there is a reality to it and that it should be addressed carefully and respectfully. In this case, we are talking about a spiritual perspective on processes that many of us experience as we are interconnected in our search for spiritual development.

Our wise ones say that when we feel ourselves entering a healing crisis, a threshold opens that allows us to move differently in evolution; it is not a problem to be solved, but an opportunity to grow.

*The second* is finding companionship in tradition. For example, in our Indigenous traditions, we consider our grandparents to be the wise ones of the community. Because of their life experience, the elderly are highly respected, valued, and cared for, because their words and example are a light on the path for future generations (unlike the Western system, which dictates that an elderly person ceases to be functional). From this connection with our elders, when we are in turbulent times, we approach them to listen, we seek words of wisdom, words of life, not to adopt their answers, but to recognize that others have been in darkness before. There is something profoundly comforting in discovering that the darkness we are traversing has a name, that it has been explored, understood, embraced. It is wonderful to hear that on the other side of pain, on different levels, the path to peace exists.

*The third* is resisting premature consolation. Generally, when we experience difficult times, the system has taught us to rush to find an immediate solution but remember that everything in life requires a "process," and we only move on to the next lesson when we have learned and integrated the process.

Trust that time has its own wisdom, even if it cannot be seen from within.

*And the fourth*, perhaps the most difficult: trust that the threshold is not the destination, but a channel for our learning and progress. We must always remember that there is something on the other side that cannot be described, put into words, but that the voices of tradition describe, each in its own way, as real. Like a possession that can no longer be taken away because it no longer depends on anything that can be taken away.

### 3) The medicine of belonging to Nature

I invite you to become aware, as you read, of your physical vehicle, your body.

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I share with you, or remind you of, the lyrics of a medicine song that says:

"Earth my body, water my blood, air my breath, fire my spirit."

This is to reaffirm what we are made of, without mentioning other elements, for now, just the basic elements.

Our grandparents taught us that Mother Nature is a beautiful weaver who, with time, also grows old. Now, along with the age of the planet, the wise ones say that she is no longer Mother Earth, but Grandmother Earth. This grandmother weaver, for hundreds of years, has been weaving our garments (bodies) so that the soul has the necessary vehicle of expression for all processes of learning and development. And this weaving of our body is made of her own body, of particles of nature, of earth. The elders say that on the day of our death, we will return this garment to our mother—our grandmother—to continue our journey. Have you ever wondered how you would like to return the fabric of your body to nature?

Now feel the earth on your body for a moment. Feel the weight of your body on the chair, on the ground, on whatever supports you. Become aware that you have spent your entire life being supported by something that allows you to experience everything you want to do, to express yourself, to feel, to be visible in this dimension, and all this vehicle asks of you is to be heard, understood, acknowledged, and cared for.

Now ask yourself: how is it possible that with all this support, so many of us live with the feeling of not belonging anywhere?

The answer, perhaps, is associated with the disconnection from the essential in the fast-paced and superficial nature of modern times. The system has taught us to feel dependent or to find "belonging" in the wrong places. Even amidst all this disconnection, I want to remind you of one of the most powerful medicines we have in this human experience, one that gives us roots, strength, and a much deeper meaning in life: the earth that has sustained us since birth.

Before belonging to a tribe, a faith, a nation, or a family, we belong to this planet. This belonging is the oldest, the one that helps us stay grounded and not get lost, and sadly, it is also the one we most easily forget.

The medicine of feeling connected to Mother Nature is an energetic matter. It's an awareness of what we are made of that empowers us daily.

At the beginning of my story, when I told you about my first visionary experience with Yagé, receiving my healing, one of the sensations that marked the awakening of my planetary consciousness was lying in the grass, feeling a tingling sensation throughout my body, hearing the voice of the earth calling me daughter. This was one of the most powerful things I could feel, and it powerfully helped me feel alive.

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This sensation has been a support throughout my life in many aspects, for example, in not feeling helpless or alone when I've had difficulties or needs, because I get up, feel my body, and remember the beauty of the mother who sustains me and sustains everything, and I trust in that perfection.

Right now, I'm not going to talk to you about natural medicines or plants. I just want to tell you that it's because of this fundamental connection with Mother Earth, the planet we inhabit, that the medicines and resources we use that come from her can have a more positive effect on us. Because when you have an awakened energetic connection with her, everything you consume and use is alive, especially within you, and that makes it more powerful.

Throughout my life, I've also had the opportunity to meet people who feel more connected to their planet or dimension of origin and therefore feel alienated from Earth. It's something I honestly understand; I also know that we all come from different places. However, there's a phrase I always like to share with my patients, a phrase I reflected on one day in my medical practice, and I love it: "With your heart in the universe and your feet on the ground." For me, this phrase represents much of who we are. I feel that in this life, our feet must be firmly planted here, that is, to be awake here and now, appreciating that we are on Earth, therefore we belong to this planet in this existence, and thus, our task is to comprehend, learn, and understand how things work here, adapting harmoniously, accepting this life cycle as a great learning opportunity.

I also understand that schooling on this planet is demanding, and of course, seeing everything that oppressive systems do here makes it much more complex. Even so, beyond this, at the heart of every planetary process lies a purpose. It's up to us to understand it, and parallel to each event, if we have the opportunity, to continue cultivating our light, our spirit, and our consciousness, because that's how we can contribute.

I remember years ago, when I lived with Grandfather Martin, I listened to conversations among wise men about everything that was coming to our Earth in different forms: new diseases, viruses, wars, manipulation of the system, oppression—something that has always been there, but with increasing intensity. And always, the message of hope was: If you truly want to help the planet, your light must grow, your love must expand, you must raise your frequency so that you help raise the Earth's frequency. And if you do this, inspire others to do it, because it is the hope we have and the hope that Mother Earth has for us. That is our belonging, and that is how we help.

During my learning journey, I've had the opportunity to be with various Indigenous peoples of the Americas, which has been a blessing. In my country alone, we have 115 Indigenous ethnic groups, and for 13 years I worked serving 63 Indigenous nations in Colombia, learning a great deal and feeling privileged amidst such cultural richness. (I haven't done this work for two years;

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I only support some community processes.)

During those years, I had the joy of meeting a great friend from the Nahua people of Mexico, who was a Sun Dancer and a temazcal (sweat lodge) practitioner. This man brought into my life a beautiful altar that accompanies and blesses my path of service: the sacred womb of the earth, the temazcal.

I bring this up in the reflection on belonging to the earth because, for the past 15 years, when leading the temazcal ceremony for patients, it has always been with the intention of inviting them to be reborn from the consciousness of Mother Nature, to feel part of her, and to "put their feet on the ground" with their hearts open to universal consciousness.

From the beginning, I learned to pray this phrase upon entering the womb and at the end of the ceremony: "For all our relationships," a phrase inspired by the way the Lakota people open their ceremonies:

Mitákuye Oyás'ı̄.

It is usually translated as "all my relatives" or "we are all related." But the translation doesn't quite capture what the phrase does; Indigenous languages are very profound, and a single word can hold such deep meaning. This phrase is not only the expression of a belief but rather an invitation to recognize a reality: that the circle of family doesn't end with human beings. This includes animals, trees, rivers, stones, stars... When that phrase is uttered in a ceremony, it affirms that we belong to all these sacred beings, and that they, in some way, belong to us.

This leads me to think that a sense of belonging isn't a sense of possession, but a sense of care. For example, if I say that this body is mine, this house is mine, or so on with any being or object I consider mine, it's because I truly give it the attention and love it needs, because I care for it, understanding that in reality, everything is dual, ephemeral and yet eternal, and that when we leave this earth we take nothing physical with us, but the love and care we have given will remain in eternity, because that is part of the values of the spirit, which are infinite.

Here's another healing song to conclude this thought:

*"We are all children of the earth, Mother, Grandmother Earth*

*Like a drop of water, flowing towards the sea*

*Always and forever, always, we are one with the universe*

*The ground you walk on blesses with your feet"*

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### 4) Belonging without needing to fit in

With this final reflection, I want to conclude this weaving of words about belonging, speaking about the importance of not feeling the need to fit in and forcing ourselves to be something we're not. Our nature is change, but even with constant change, our essence remains and is what characterizes each individual. Personality can change, it is modified according to life experiences and opportunities, but the essence of the person is what will always generate a true sense of belonging.

In my case, with the personal processes I've shared with you, I've been able to understand that what I truly value in each season of my life has been the ability to continue listening to my heart, despite feeling that I've made mistakes in my decisions, but always appreciating and considering the value of the learning in each one.

For example, my grandparents and my teachers were and have been completely traditional, dedicated to a way of life established in the community's life plan, a plan to which I feel connected, but which I also expand to contemplate what that life plan would be like from different cultural perspectives. I feel that we are in a time of universal weaving, and that the life plan is amplified to discover other ways of knowing and then return again to the origin; in my case, that has been my calling.

Looking at other life forms has greatly enriched my path. Integrating and respectfully exchanging knowledge expands our right to access universal wisdom, a wisdom that belongs to us all. This, of course, requires care, balance, and understanding.

I wonder if everything I'm sharing with you makes sense. When we talk about weaving words, we're talking about different stitches in the fabric, which is why different ideas converge around the same source.

You know I've dedicated this weaving to inviting you to look more deeply into the connection with master plants, and to understand how all these reflections arise from the process with medicine, and how feeling part of this awakening of consciousness is something quite vast and limitless, inviting us more and more each day to open our minds and hearts to another level.

In the process of carrying the Yage altar and offering this medicine to others, I feel that the most important thing for me is to honestly share who I am: a human being in constant development, learning, and evolving. I feel that many stereotypes have been created around spiritual paths that limit us from truly being who we are, and when we lose that identity "to fit in," in a way, we affect "the channel" that we are, and the process can then be altered in different ways.

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Here I want to be both honest and humble: the facilitator's integrity matters enormously. Presence, honesty, and the ability to refrain from projecting our own unresolved issues—all of this has a real effect on the space and the people. However, it's important to understand that each individual's experience with the medicine is unique, and that each being, in their unique identity, establishes an intimate and personal relationship with the plant, without the need for an intermediary. The facilitator, then, is only responsible for introducing the relationship in a pure and clean environment and for caring for and preserving the safe and harmonious space. Everything that happens in the intimate space of the relationship between each person and the different divine manifestations must be respected, not altered or penetrated. These are spaces that no one has the right to transgress. A true facilitator, therefore, understands that there is no position of superiority, but rather one of service and accompaniment, and that what is essential is that it be genuine.

## *Taking the threads of the formation process*



Before continuing with the training process with Yagé, I want to tell you where the idea for calling this first e-book "Weaving Words of Life" came from. Previously, I shared that my country is pluricultural and multiethnic, very rich in indigenous cultures and Afro-descendant communities. Of our 115 indigenous groups, at least 30 are "mambeadores" or "people of Ayu," people of coca and tobacco (used ceremonially and ritually), and almost all of them, in some way, are connected to these plants for medicinal purposes in the home and community.

For my grandparents, Pijao people from the south of the country, coca and tobacco were always symbolic offerings to the deities who protected natural resources. For example, my grandfather always taught us to offer tobacco to "Mohan," the guardian of the rivers, so that the waters would always be calm whenever we were around them and he would grant permission for fishing. My grandfather always said that if there was no tobacco to give to the lord of the

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waters, fishing couldn't be done. Likewise, coca was always used, in my family, by the women, as a plant that provides sweetness and mental harmony.

When I had the opportunity to live at my grandfather Martin's house, I met people from different surrounding communities who came to share mambe and ambil (sweet coca powder and tobacco paste), and from that moment on I began to create a ceremonial connection with these plants that have always accompanied me and that also nourish my family in the basic rituals of the home.

The "mambeadero," as we call the ritual of sharing coca and tobacco, is essentially a "circle of life-giving words" where each person present expresses their thoughts through words, ensuring that what is shared is constructive for both personal and collective well-being. This shared discourse, woven within a circle of people, is considered a tapestry of words. Therefore, everything I write here is a "tassel of life-giving words," because everything expressed here aims to contribute, in some way, to my personal growth and yours, and thus, to the common good.

To be honest, I haven't consumed many things in my life. I grew up surrounded by the traditions of Yagé and mambeadero, finding a sense of wholeness on my path through these sources of knowledge. In recent years, I've had the opportunity to explore other plants, and I'll tell you later how I've come to understand how to relate to them, giving them a sacred and respectful place on the altar of my medicines.

### *Let's talk first about the path of Yage – Ayahuasca*

During my last pregnancy with my first child, I was going through my first breakup at my mother's house. At that time, I was already involved with a network of young Indigenous people who were invited to serve in the "malokas," or houses of thought, accompanying the wise elders, caring for them, giving them food and drink, and basically "watching their backs." This role was very precious to us, because every time we had the opportunity to be behind an elder, it was like literally reading a living book. Thus, during the last stage of my pregnancy, I had the opportunity to attend a large Maloka that still exists in the Botanical Garden of Bogotá. At that time, it was the epicenter of gatherings for various Indigenous communities. I met several wise people, we danced, prepared traditional meals, and shared wisdom, especially listening to and learning from the Indigenous spiritual leaders.

At that time, I was still deeply connected to taking Yagé only with Grandfather Martin. However, between the distance and the lack of communication, I was left with a void, a void of not having a "Taita," a father figure in medicine.

I remember that when I lived with him, I met another, much younger elder named Isaias, a

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strong and highly respected Taita known for his healing practices. He became my second teacher, especially after Grandfather Martin passed away; I clung to the path with him.

For five years I walked the path of medicine with Isaias, Isaias Guacamayo. His school taught me a great deal. It was completely different from what I had learned before. This time, I had to learn to participate in large ceremonies, with 80 to 100 people, where one had to be a "trochero," as the taita (shaman) said, meaning to be brave and not lose one's center in order to handle so much energy. The truth is, those were five years of intense, wonderful, demanding, and sometimes frightening learning. I learned to explore other aspects of medicine and to navigate the dark depths to help people who were confused or trapped there. The fear I sometimes felt was related to this: discovering that in this school it was necessary to learn to travel to subworlds, where the visions are not necessarily beautiful; on the contrary, they are desolate and chaotic. And even from that place of darkness, one must always try to offer light and strength to help liberate. That teacher's motto for those of us who wanted to learn medicine was: "Either you endure it, or you break." I think with those words you can imagine the caliber of his school. The truth is, I love him very much and I'm very grateful, because precisely regarding belonging, in the last year of our working together, I didn't feel part of this way of practicing medicine, not because it was wrong, just that I didn't fit in. So one morning after the ceremony, I expressed my thoughts to the taita (shaman), I told him that, based on what I saw, perhaps we could do things with more love. Today I know that what he does has a lot of love, just manifested in a different way. His response was: This is who I am, and this is how I can serve. What you are looking for, you must build yourself; that is your inner calling. From then on, we stopped working together, although we remain friends.

### *The Taita love*

In the last ceremonies with Taita Isaias, I met "Taita Amor" (Father Love) because of the tenderness and grace with which he treated people. That day, I felt I had found the person aligned with my search. He is a great healer, knowledgeable about plants, and very skilled in the jungle. His spirit of power is the "Butterfly Jaguar," a feline with great agility and knowledge of Yagé (Ayahuasca).

I can say that the years I spent with him were also a great learning experience. For five years, I worked with patients in large ceremonies, between 30 and 60 people, sometimes in small ceremonies for ourselves, and various purges and cleansings to continue strengthening the connection with the plants. Just as with Isaias, I have much gratitude for everything I learned. I share what happened with him here as a reflection on the balance and duality that arise in many situations, which are sometimes difficult to overcome. The shaman possesses a wealth of knowledge, but also, due to the suffering caused by various events in his territory, he eventually fell into alcohol addiction, an addiction that ultimately strained our relationship on the path of

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the plants. I won't go into detail about it, nor is it my intention to judge; on the contrary, I simply want to reflect on what I feel is a path of coherence.

My reflection on this is that we must lead a balanced life, understanding that we are in the world and that we must find spaces for enjoyment and pleasure for the soul. The point is that if this pleasure is truly for the soul, it must be a conscious pleasure. When we lose ourselves in worldly vices like alcohol, then the soul is no longer nourished; on the contrary, it becomes trapped and begins to block what we can channel into light. Of course, I don't say this to be radical or dogmatic, but I do feel that if we are in a role that nourishes and inspires others in their spiritual evolution, the discipline we practice with ourselves regarding our inner cleansing and care must be honest.

We are still good friends with Taita Amor, just respecting the way each of us goes our own way.

Thus with each teacher I had 5 years of enriching experiences, there were 3 great teachers full of wonderful experiences and the foundation of a life path that nourishes my being every day.

*If the foundations are solid, then building strong pillars is also within our reach.*

The following seven years (up to today) constitute a path of dedication to the study of the Yage plant, a path that has brought blessings, discipline, challenges, and wonderful people along the way.

The foundation of this path, in my personal experience, has been built upon how I live each day of my life, from the basics: how I nourish myself, how I relate to my bodies (physical, mental, emotional, vital, astral, and spiritual), and how I relate to the people and spaces I inhabit or visit.

To this day, I understand that the path of service with Yage is a choice my soul has made for this life, and I embrace it with joy, gratitude, and dignity. I also understand that it is not the only path, nor is it a better or worse option than any other that seeks the awakening of consciousness. I feel it is one of the blessings we have on this planet, and it is a privilege to know it and to help others with it, whenever possible.

## *The essence of master plants*

I'm sharing part of my personal life with you because one of the ways I've learned to connect with my patients has been through examples from my own experiences. Now that I've told you a little about my journey to this point in my life, I want to talk to you about plants, with the voice of experience gained from these years of learning with them.

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I want to start by talking about the plant that, as I mentioned before, represents the word, the word of life, and that unfortunately, due to misuse and ignorance of what it represents, when people hear the word "Coca" they associate it with a drug, an addictive and harmful element, when its true essence is totally opposite, "Mother Coca" is pure sweetness and is the master of the art of speaking with wisdom.

### *Cosmology of Coca and Tobacco in Colombia*

In the coca-chewing cultures of our country, healing is done through history. Oral tradition is what helps our cultures continue to exist despite globalization; it is one of our most valuable treasures.

Our elders say that when you sit with the plants for the first time, you should learn a little about their oral tradition, and in this way, you can have a more intimate relationship with them.

They say:

Before the world existed, there was the word. Not the word as sound, nor as a written symbol, nor as an agreement between speakers. The word as a creative force.

Like the breath that organizes chaos or alters it, that has the power to manifest. The power that makes things what they are.

For us, coca and tobacco are the plants that hold that word; they are the vehicle, the physical body of a knowledge that the Creator placed in them at the beginning of time so that human beings can continue to participate in creation.

When we chew coca leaves and blow tobacco, we are connected to that original word, older than human memory itself.

For our people, plants have the same spiritual composition as our own: feminine and masculine energy, duality, with one energy being more predominant than the other, just like us.

Coca is feminine; it is a beautiful mother who represents the voice of the earth, the capacity to nourish and sustain. When we connect with Mother Coca, we activate in our memories the knowledge of medicinal plants, the origin stories, the songs that communicate with the kingdoms of nature.

Because of this important value, the moment we begin a journey with it, if we do so consciously, we are committing ourselves to carrying in our mouths words of truth, of healing, and of honor to Mother Nature.

All the transgression that exists from coca to cocaine is the disconnection from these memories

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and the activation of the opposite energy: lies, fear, lack of belonging, and disrespect for life.

Tobacco is masculine. Its spiritual essence is that of a grandfather, a messenger and connector, representing fire and the force that has the capacity to transform. Its name in different native languages means breath, sacred breath that unites with the wind, with the spirit that moves. Grandfather Tobacco can be used in many ways, and in our worldview, it is the friend of all master plants. It can be present in all ceremonies, when prayers are offered, purifying with its smoke to cleanse the space, the medicines, and ourselves or the patients.

When we use it as ambil (a thick, dark cream) that is sucked from the little or middle finger, it cleanses and opens receptivity, connecting our body and activating it to receive Mother Coca. Our elders teach us that using it with the little finger is when we want to connect with humility, and with the middle finger, with the energy of love. It can also be used with a small stick, and depending on the type of wood used, other forms of connection are attributed to it.

In this way, the elder opens the channel, clears the energy, and makes it possible for the word of the coca to arrive without interference. When we suck on it, our salivary glands are activated, allowing the coca powder or the sap of the coca leaves to mix and give us access to the state of the "thinker."

Together, coca and tobacco form what the elders call complete thought.

When they are together, coca and tobacco, are the masculine and feminine force in balance, they allow us to connect with the strength (tobacco) and with the wisdom kept in the memories of Mother Earth (coca); it is an act of balance and harmony between the two energies.

When we smoke tobacco, we don't really smoke; we blow and hold the smoke in our mouths, offering it to the world to send the message of our intention. My grandfather used to say that when the smoke reaches the lungs, it ceases to be sacred because it becomes a vice. Hence the tobacco industry's manipulation: by presenting a distorted image of tobacco, they disconnected people from the possibility of communicating with the energy of their breath, creating an illusion that not only affects the physical body over time but also disconnects us from it.

I know that many of you reading this have come here because you have a connection to or interest in the mysteries of master plants. I'm telling you all this because it's very important to remember the origin of this ancient wisdom and not fall into the trap of excessive consumption of these beings, which are meant for a "greater purpose." The purpose is truly high and sacred, and they shouldn't be used daily. They are part of a sacred moment that we must access with full awareness.

### *The House of Thought, also known as Maloka*

The house of thought, or house of healing, is directly connected to the universe. It may be a simple structure, but its mystery and energy lie in the intention with which it is built. The roof of the maloka represents the skirts of the mother, and when we enter it, we are entering the very

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womb of Mother Nature to receive her most intimate knowledge. That is the importance of having these sacred spaces.

If I tell you a little about my personal history, to help you understand the value of this physical space, we've always had a sacred space in my home. However, a few years ago, strong winds destroyed the structure, and we've been working on rebuilding it ever since. Since then, we've been practicing traditional Canarian rituals (mambe) in an alternative space that has been activated by the power of fire. Even so, we feel the absence of that physical space, but because it has been prayed over and sustained for so many years, the spiritual energy prevails in the atmosphere.

The sacred space, then, is not just a structure with a practical purpose; it's a house with a unique energy, its own identity, and great spiritual value for our people.

Fire represents the presence of God, of the divine, the power of light and purification in our ceremonies. It's part of the rituals and is our companion and refuge during difficult times in the healing process.

I can tell you that my family is mambeadora, and that many of our projects and life decisions have first been manifested in the company of coca and tobacco, trusting fully, as our grandparents taught us, that "the word dawns," that the word is creative and manifesting, absolutely powerful, and this applies not only to our coca leaf chewing sessions, it is a teaching for everyday life, with or without plants.

All these reflections I share with you from our tradition aim to invite you to think about your own daily life. In this case, for example, how do you use the power of your words? It's something I try to remind my children, friends, and of course, myself, especially considering that if we have received these teachings at some point in our lives, as our elders say, we are no longer innocent, and that makes us more responsible for our actions. In conclusion, as my grandfather used to say, being a mambeador isn't just about using coca and tobacco; it's about how we mash our thoughts and make them constructive words.

*"What is said well contributes to order, and what is said badly or with bad intentions produces illness, conflict, imbalance."*

*"Plants don't alter consciousness in the sense of distorting it: they refine it. They bring it to a frequency where one can perceive and act upon what is normally beyond ordinary reach."*

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### *Let's talk about the sacred vine of the jungle*

Here I want to introduce you to two beings I deeply love, ancient, wise, and beautiful elders: Grandfather Yage and Grandmother Ayahuasca. I want to tell you about them as individuals united by the same essence.

This is original information that some people are unaware of. Initially, we'll talk about Grandmother Ayahuasca, the one most widely known in the world.

The name Ayahuasca comes from Quechua: aya, spirit, and waska, vine or rope. The vine of the spirits, a plant that opens communication with what lies beyond ordinary life.

This name is known in Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil.

In Colombia, the Cofán, Siona, Ingano, Kamsá, and other peoples call the same vine Yagé, and we grew up discovering the masculine side of the plant, the grandfather.

The Desana and other Eastern Tukano groups of the Vaupés call it Caapi. In our tradition, we call the root of Yagé Caapi, but ultimately, as I mentioned before, we are all united by the same essence.

The ayahuasca vine, or Yage, alone is used as a cell regeneration medicine in the treatment of various illnesses.

The preparation of the medicine for the ceremony combines two plants that, separately, do not

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produce the effect they produce together: the ayahuasca vine, or Yage, and the leaves of chagropanga, chaliponga, or chakruna, a visionary mother plant.

The vine contains MAO inhibitors, enzymes that normally deactivate the DMT contained in the leaves in the digestive system. Without the vine, the leaves do not work. Without the leaves, the vine produces an altered state but without the characteristic visions; these visions produced by the chakruna or chagropanga mother plant are what allow access to other planes of consciousness.

In my experience, I know that the mixture must be balanced, because when there is an excess of the visionary plant, the experience goes beyond what our brain can digest or process and the complete presence of our being is lost, that is, there is no learning that allows a real change in this dimension of life.

Let me give you an example. If we attend a ceremony because our relationship with our father needs healing, and the medicine contains an excess of visionary plants, we'll spend the night on a journey through the universe. The experience might be wonderful, but in that case, the purpose of the search gets lost amidst so much grandeur. It's difficult for true change to occur there. Our being might feel part of the whole, but if it's not part of the simple act of forgiving or understanding a family relationship, how can it be part of the whole in perfect harmony? It's an act of responsibility and balance.

The above is fundamental. In today's consumerist world, we often seek "the trip" but lose sight of the essence, the value of connecting with the wisdom of life that nature possesses and transmits through plants. It's important to return to the essential, to the primal, to heal our basic dimensions before striving for universal ones. Everything, of course, is connected, but remember that everything has an origin.

### *Let's talk about cultural differences to understand*

Colombian yagé and Peruvian-Brazilian ayahuasca share the same base plant but have developed distinct cosmologies and ceremonial practices, due to the characteristics of the territory and the tribes that have preserved their knowledge through time.

In our Colombian tradition, the yagé elder is known as the king of the jungle. His service as a wise elder is to guide his grandchildren (us) to live better lives, and also to teach how to diagnose and heal patients. The taita (man) or maima (woman) is the name we give to the master or healer who takes the plant to see the patient's illness, identify its origin on the spiritual plane, and act upon that origin with chants, breaths, and complementary plants.

The ceremony does not always imply that all participants have intense visions: sometimes the taita or maima takes it while praying for all their patients, and their vision guides the work.

In Peruvian and Brazilian traditions, for example, the cosmology of ayahuasca is intimately linked

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to the kené (Shipibo word), the geometric patterns that appear in the visions; these visual representations are the language of the spirits of the plants, especially the mother of ayahuasca.

Here I want to share a bit of my personal journey. I've told you that since my adolescence I've known Grandfather Yage and formed a familial bond with him. For many years I only knew of his spiritual presence, and occasionally through other people I heard the name Ayahuasca, but I hadn't had the opportunity to experience it. It was then, eight years ago, that I received an invitation to participate in a women's ceremony in Mexico. The ceremony would be led by two Ecuadorian sisters. Upon arriving, I felt in my heart the joy of a new encounter; my being knew what was about to happen, that it would expand my circle of spiritual connections with nature. When I met the sisters, I felt an immediate connection. They asked me how much ayahuasca I had brought to share, and I told them, "No, I only brought Yagé." They looked at me enthusiastically and said they knew nothing about Yagé and that they had only brought Ayahuasca for the ceremony. I also explained that I had no knowledge of that medicine. We shared a profound conversation about our cosmogonies, about Grandmother and Grandfather, and, guided by the spiritual energy of the moment, we agreed to combine the medicines. The experience was wonderful, profound, intense, and revelatory. There were about 90 women; it was a very large ceremony, filled with feminine beauty and a powerful masculine presence that was new to many of them: the presence of Grandfather Yagé. It was that night, as I took the medicine and connected my receptors, that I saw a beautiful old woman. She appeared as a singing woman of the jungle, then as an incredible healer, and finally as a cosmic dancer who filled me with love at first sight. The sisters and other women shared a similar feeling with me regarding the manifestation of Grandfather Yagé; it was an introduction to new spiritual allies. That night, the message was clear to me: I had traveled to that place to meet Grandmother Ayahuasca, amidst a great feminine energy that clothed that memorable encounter in even greater beauty and color. The call from that night onward for our ceremonies was to invite both energies to work together, creating a balance between the masculine and the feminine, giving each spirit the opportunity to do its work according to each person's needs. The truth is, I feel very blessed since that night. Now I always remember to invite both of them; I can feel how each energy is unique and complementary at the same time. I believe it's not just about something spiritual; I also feel it's part of the union of our cultures on this side of the southern continent.

*An invitation to connect with the power animals of the jungle through the teachings of this master plant.*

Have you heard that the cultures of our native America are serpent cultures?

The serpent is the central figure in almost all of our cosmologies.

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In the Yagé tradition, the great mother Boa is the guardian of medicine. The cosmic anaconda is the primordial ancestor; the origin myth says that the first human beings arrived via the rivers inside a giant anaconda. That is why, in medicine visions, the serpent appears frequently, as guardian of the threshold, as teacher, as the very movement of vital energy.

This great creator mother serpent is the same as the Kundalini mother of Hindu culture, the Mesoamerican feathered serpent, the caduceus of Mercury that also represents pure, creative sexual energy.

The serpent as a symbol of that which is renewed by dying (shedding its skin), of that which knows because it has been in darkness, of that which connects earth with sky.

The jaguar is the second most important figure in our cultures, not only as a guardian and connector between worlds, but also, for some ancient sages, as a real capacity for transformation (as I told you about the Mohanos, the transformation that Grandfather Martin performed in the body of a jaguar).

The jaguar can move between day and night, between land and water, between the human world and the animal world. It knows the secrets of the territory because it inhabits its edges. In visions, the jaguar frequently appears as a guide or as a test: something that must be faced directly, without fleeing, so that it may reveal what it has.

Birds...

Feathered beings are very important in our culture. They represent the connection with celestial beings and the subtle power to cleanse and heal through their songs and flight. In our Colombian rainforest, for example, there is the macaw. This colorful bird represents the power of the rainbow, whose colors have the ability to paint our lives with color and bring back joy and harmony.

It is to these beings that we sing, we call upon them in spirit to assist us and to carry out the healing processes. It is to them and to higher beings (angels and deities) that the healing experience in a ceremony is attributed. We, as facilitators, are only the channel, the singer who calls upon them through frequencies and vibrations that they can understand and that we have learned through time, study, and dedication.

The prayer and healing chants known as "icaros" or "jagüís" are not musical accompaniment. They are technology. Our ancestral technology is the way we have learned to communicate with other life forms across different dimensions.

The prayer and healing chants are one of the main tools during the ceremony. They navigate the visionary space, call upon the auxiliary spirits, protect participants from what they should not encounter without guidance, and direct the healing to where it needs to go.

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### *How to sustain our medicine in everyday life*

We have spoken in the ceremonies of this teaching: "The true ceremony is life itself." When we share the space with the master plants, it is the ritual.

During the ritual, our being is contained and guided by higher forces that support us. It then becomes easier to understand, connect, and manifest the beauty of that connection. It is there that the true work with ourselves arises, the manifestation of a genuine commitment to the spiritual path.

The true work is that of the days between ceremonies. The way we eat, relate to others, manage conflict, hold our own pain without unloading it onto others, be in harmony in different settings, and engage in difficult conversations with the same quality of presence that we strive to maintain before the altar or the fire.

We often ask about the diet for attending a retreat or a ritual, but what we forget is that the idea is to maintain this diet over time, not in a radical or dogmatic way, but consciously, for our health on every level.

For me, food is fundamental in my home, from the very moment I cook, to my thoughts, how I feel while eating, and the sacred space I give to everything that enters my body. This applies to everything.

Here I want to share the words of an elder at one of the gatherings of wise men. He mentioned how our body, being a vehicle for the expression of the soul, has a perfect design. Each of its "holes," he said, is sacred and very important. He mentioned that everything that enters each of our "holes" nourishes and connects our soul and spirit, and likewise, everything that comes out of each of our "holes" nourishes and feeds the soul and spirit of the world.

I leave these words for your reflection, to think deeply about sexual relationships, about the way

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we breathe, speak, what we listen to, what we say, and of course, what we eat, because that is what we later release.

### *Final thoughts*



Earlier, I mentioned that I don't have much experience with other master plants. It's true, I've tried to connect with other spirits when my heart has genuinely felt the calling. So, I can tell you that 15 years ago, when my daughter was born, I received an invitation to plant her placenta after a Peyote ceremony. The invitation came from some dear friends from my teenage years, and given the special moment, I accepted. The ceremony was one of the most special and unique experiences of my life at that time. Meeting the spirit of "Hikuri," the little blue deer that fills the heart with love, being connected to the fire during the night, and praying as a family is something that has since become precious, something I try to celebrate once a year when "Uncle," the facilitator of the ceremony, comes from North America to Colombia.

Three years ago, I came to know the spirit of San Pedro "Wachuma" in a special way. I have had three ceremonies with him in the same place, at the altar of a family I also love in the south of my country, with whom I have shared my medicine for many years. Receiving this medicine from the hands of a man from the southern Andes and listening throughout the night to his entire tradition has greatly nourished my path with the master plants.

Alongside these beautiful teachers, 14 years ago, at a gathering of indigenous elders, I met Taita Clemente, a master of Yopo medicine, a close relative of Yagé (like cousins). Since then, whenever the presence of Grandfather Yopo is felt, I feel it is a spiritual place where I can go to rest and recharge to continue my work with Yagé and Ayahuasca.

I don't have much experience with master plants. I've received many invitations at different times, and as you know, social media is full of promotions for various rituals where plants abound. The truth is, I don't feel called to that way. I feel that plant spirits have a way of relating

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similar to our own, and if we are people who cultivate important and meaningful relationships throughout our lives, they also wish to build valuable relationships with us.

With this, I don't mean to say that there's a limit to what we can learn or explore. I'm simply sharing my own thoughts, which aren't the only way things should be done, but rather what has been my truth and what I've understood from the teachings of my elders. In a world like the one we live in today, everything can be easily bought, but the best thing is to give ourselves the opportunity to go to the source, to know and discover wisdom that has been kept for millennia, and that in that ancient form is where the true and pure great mystery resides.

### *What is my vision regarding these texts?*

First, I want to thank you for taking the time and space to read this, for giving me the opportunity to write for you and to share a little of myself through words. I want to tell you that I've always dreamed of writing about different things, but due to the logistical challenges of publishing books, it's something I've postponed. Today, with the digital technology we have and the possibility of creating easily accessible content, I want to share some of the different ideas I have.

I want to tell you that I've organized a series of different topics to distribute as ebooks with the aim of creating educational material around various aspects of life.

This is the first ebook, dedicated to sharing my personal experience of how I've generally built my path as a guardian of Yage medicine. I want to dedicate the next volume to midwifery, which is another facet of my life that I also love very much. Therefore, my vision and project is to create diverse digital content on topics of interest, written from my own experience and in the first person, as I appreciate intimate language that fosters closeness and bridges distances.

I want to tell you how much I appreciate your support for this project and initiative, and that you give me the opportunity to grow alongside you through the power of words.

Another of my projects is to offer one-on-one online sessions, as well as group workshops on the topics covered in the e-books. If this interests you, please don't hesitate to contact me.

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I wish you a shower of blessings on your path and throughout your soul's journey in this human transition. I embrace you with love.

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