

Homes of the Holy

Ada Coming Wind



HOMES OF THE HOLY

(WHAT TO DO?)

Ada Coming Wind
2016



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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

After having been ordered to write a book by my Spirit helpers, I wrote *Homes of the Holy* over a period of several years. It functions as a kind of diary and entry into all things “shamanic”.

All of this came straight from my heart without too much planning and, as such, some topics may seem incomplete. Therefore I ask that you consider this a document from a time spent living more with my relations to Earth, Beings, and the Spirit world and less with sitting in front of a computer inside my house.

Eventually I may get around to editing, updating and completing all of the book’s topics, but for now this is my written legacy to those caring about relations to the Earth and all of Life as I do.

Ada Coming Wind Corsi

October 2016, Denmark



PART 1



1. JANUARY 2000

Last night was long and noisy, today has been very quiet. After 7 minutes of still meditation, together with a group of art and artist Lovers and different freaks, the most beautiful panoramic view of fireworks appeared from all over the city, filling the horizon completely, and for what felt like a really long time.

I was blessing the performance of Lights inside myself, and “offering it” to Peace and Understanding between Beings on Earth (well realizing the “limits” of New Year celebration on one side, the abuse of money on the other, and not to mention the enormous quantity of lead released in the Air and to the ground!), when a very clear Voice that speaks to me sometimes, told me to “see” how many People were excited and happy right then, and not to forget to bless them in their happiness too.

The Voice told me also that the Spirits out there were smiling benevolently on us Human folly: it was nice to hear!

So... Hallo and welcome to You!

There are, after all, hundreds of good and less good books about shamanism and, in most of them, lots of exercises and meditations. A lot to learn, to study and to practice. A lot of discipline is needed. And now I bring you mine. Why?

Please allow another voice, my voice, to speak, and see where it brings you. I like to mention already now that “techniques” are only part of this (my) shamanic path.

The "Source" (and the “Truth”), are already inside of you, your inner Knowledge is there, your Shine is there (but maybe “dusty”?), to be rediscovered, to be “polished”.

I wish to give you a hand with that, and I hope I will succeed.

Who ordered the book?

To me, meeting shamanism, and how it all developed, is maybe the most beautiful thing that has happened in my Life: it “moved” me, and it still does.

This book was actually an “order” to me on a Full Moon night ceremony, in a beautiful Forest with Sacred fertility Stones: the title came as Spirit message too.

The Full Moon celebration had then already been going on for many years, outdoor all year, and we, my friend and I, were very proud of it.

So... On the Full Moon night ceremony, we always took some time each one on our own, to contact the place, “tune in” with the Energies, and to meditate with the Moon.

People used their time for contemplation, meditation, to ask for inspiration, advice and healing support in some areas of their or other’s Life, to collect their thoughts, or to “come down” from frantic every day’s business. Some time was also used to find the purpose they would dedicate their prayer to, in the common ceremony later on.

On my lonely walk, guided by intuition and random, to discover the place where I was "supposed" to stop, I had to cross a little stream of Water.

As I crossed, the Creek "froze" me by "talking" so clear and intense that I could not do other than to stop and listen... I was not used then to receive so clear messages often, so it felt very special.

I was told very seriously to write a book, just like that, simple and clear.

I felt very excited and very honored on one side, and I totally panicked on the other... Maybe you know the feeling: don't know enough, not good enough, what to say, how, and so forth....

It took quite a while “to feel and think”, I could not walk away. It felt like I “had to” answer, right there, right then.

Thoughts and emotions... I finally accepted the work to do, at least I had no time limitations... (Well, how could I refuse?).

The book's beginning was delayed and delayed, actually years, and then, after it had been written down for the first time, it “slept” again for a few years, as a result of major changes in my Life (partner, place to live, and all consequent Human and psychic challenges, care of my mother, death of friends, my mother and ex boyfriend): it got “forgotten”, and now is calling again.

But I did talk to the Spirits about it a few times, and already then I was forgiven for any delay.

Now again seems to be the right time to move on?

I feel I have changed, and I feel the book is valid, but maybe a little “oldfashioned”...(?) Still the task remains to be accomplished, and there are some good things in it.

My computer fear of that time is long forgotten, and Good Mac and I work fairly well together...

WHAT AND WHY

What these pages are and will become, maybe the Spirits know, but I do (did) not yet. What I know is that I will do my best to be simple and sincere, and to share with you some

of what I have experienced and what I feel I know (even I deep down know I know nothing, or everything?).

Earlier I kept most of my "secrets" for a few People, for two reasons: on one side not to interfere, influence and push on other People's ways and speed of development (out of respect, so to speak), and, on the other side, because, in my arrogance, I believed most People around me not to be "ready".

I did not want to feed "pearls to the pigs", or to open too much (I was very unsure then, and shy).

As Trust and Surrender have come much closer in my Life, many things in me are transformed: I have crossed many trustworthy teachers from different countries, who claim the same, and I myself have come to the conclusion that IT IS TIME NOW (and very important), to SHARE what we know with each other, and WORK TOGETHER FOR COMMON GOOD. I agree.

We have to work together to HEAL ourselves, our wounded Earth and all its Beings, each one of us in her/his own way, with her/his "drop" of action and prayer, in the great Ocean of Life.

Please be patient with my "Italian" English, my "expressive writing", the maybe "not totally logic" construction of these pages, the repetitions, and keep in mind that this is actually my first long book.

Be welcome to join the journey with me, and be blessed!

(Please accept my blessings as a little gift, thanks).



A BEGINNING

The dear old empty page, full of Space and possibilities,
infinity of unwritten words.

Like a quiet foggy day, no beginning and no ending.

And like when the Fog starts dissolving, images come:
skeletons of Trees, lines of Grasses, still, virgin.

Something, logic, tells that I got to start from somewhere:
probably it is from me.

ME AS LITTLE AND NATURE

I guess I have been a friend of Nature from the very beginning of my Life. Since I was very little, my mother and father used to bring me out to the beautiful surroundings of the city where I was born: Trieste, in northeast Italy, by the border with Yugoslavia, now Slovenia.

As a baby, my mother would carry me like the gypsies did, wrapped in a big piece of cloth, hanging from her shoulders, to great surprise and comments of all passers by.

I do not recall much of my childhood, but I certainly remember Hills and Mountains, and Sea views.

We would get out to walk or hike at any possible time, whenever my father was free from work, every Sunday, and on holidays: later mother and I took small trips further away to other Mountains, Lakes and cities, walking with other groups.

I am deeply grateful to them for having taught me to walk in Silence, to respect all the Animals and Plants we were crossing, to greet the other walkers, and to always collect our own and eventual other People's trash.

I was told not to pick Flowers or other Plants because "they were much prettier where they lived, and alive", and I "got the message" since then.

We did not have Pets in the house not "to keep them in jail", unless they had been hurt and laid by the side of the road, in which case we would bring them home, cure them, help them up, and release them at the same spot again.

On our trips we would hear and meet lots of Animals because of the silent walking, so we had lots of close encounters with them...

Already as a child, I was in Love with Nature.

TEEN TIMES

Many things changed later on, I became wild and rebellious as most teenagers. Still Nature was the friend: in that dark and troubled time, my favorite place to be became the long main pier close to the city hall and out into the Sea, around Sunset or in the Evening time.

Because of the central position of the place, I could be there until late, and, because of the length of the pier, I could get totally away from noise and People...

That became my refuge, my retreat, for years.

For hours, possibly from before the Sun went down, I would sit by the Water, studying the violet darkening Waves, trying to figure out their rhythm, their movements and shape changes.

I used to consider them like cells, like living Beings, and I still do.

Then came Twilight, and Magic grew... The dark Waters took much of my pain and my sad, lonely and depressed thoughts away.

Then... The “good hippy times” came: all together, friends and freaks, we escaped to our Nature, to the Altopiano, or to

the Sea, the only place where we really felt free (good Medicine!).

DEPRESSION

A deeper and longer lasting depression “took me” at one point when I was 17, and lasted for a whole year: it was a profound desperation, and a hunger for something that I could not recognize or get.

It was heavy, dark and painful.

All seemed without any value: my guardian Angel was still with me (I could feel it behind the left shoulder), but it was not enough, nothing was.

THE GAP

A psychedelic experience made me “choose” to stay here on Earth, even my innermost feeling was the “need to disappear, to end”.

My friends had given me half a LSD. The afternoon had been very powerful on both positive and the negative side, but I had “survived”.

I was walking on a paved road in the evening, Stars were coming out, when suddenly my Energy body “stretched” all the way to the Sky.

It felt like I was going to break... I got really scared!

Then, from “Above”, something or someone asked me if I wanted “to stay or to go”: I had to decide now.

I had to choose “my destiny”.

Thoughts flew through on full speed, and I remember the main ones: I was still a virgin, so I had not completely discovered the beauties of sex, and I wanted to travel much more...

I answered that I was still young, and I wanted to stay for more experiences.

The “gap” closed slowly, and my Energy body reconnected. That was it.

SEARCHING, SUICIDE, SHAMANISM

Time ran on.

I then crossed two books, Castaneda’s and the I Ching: Castaneda’s stories were wonderful, magic, but still a far far away dream...

I Ching (the old Chinese divination book), was wise, but I still was too young to understand it fully...

A frantic search started, that led me to travel, through all kinds of adventures on the "edge", hitchhiking through Europe, and I ended up in Denmark by the man I here refer to as "my friend", with whom I stayed for many years.

"Sex and drugs and rock and roll"... It was not like that but on the same direction.

But the feeling inside was still deep longing, despite of him, his Love, and all new experiences and Life.

The description of the "missing" could be like a large obscure and violently painful hole in the middle of the body sucking everything in, an unfulfilled hunger that could not be satisfied, and impossible to quiet down. (I guess some of you can recognize this feeling?).

Nothing seemed to satisfy me, and I searched and searched, again going into extremes: books, different disciplines, philosophies, sex, religions, and so on, anything that could make any sense anyhow.

I looked good, but I was dark inside, decadent and negative.

Life was very hard then, and my friend and I were poor.

It all culminated, after a couple of years, in an attempt to commit suicide as a natural way to cut desperation away, and to get off quickly. I was "saved", but extremely angry and bitter next morning at the friend who had saved me. Those pills had not been enough in number, what a hustle...

Oh, shit, I was still here!

Time went on by working, and several other skills and casual tricks for surviving were learned and practiced, and I did become a working addict and a learning freak: I worked, read and learned much, I was active all the time, but still the longing persisted.

Taking photographs gave me a break, and ate up most of my money, but it was worth it.

Working, learning, and experimenting went on for years.

Another book, now very well known, by M. Harner “The way of the Shaman”, gave me a sparkle of new hope: it told about a kind of “magic” I could “feel”, it seemed natural and obvious to me.

I casually picked it up by a good friend of mine (who later became my first teacher in shamanism), “devoured” it, and went back to ask where I could buy it: he answered with a smile.

I could keep it!

The book spoke to something inside me that I could sense and “recognize”, it maybe talked to my Soul. Jonathan Horwitz became my first teacher.

Since then, November '85, I have been “on and off” this path, still on the same direction, but with very different teachers

and masters of various disciplines and traditions (not necessarily called shamanic, but to me very giving, and part of “the puzzle”).

In the latest years I have stopped learning from the “outside”, and have dedicated myself to “clean up” inside and “be”, but I still feel on the same path.

I recognize more and more its vastness and its incredible depth, roots and relations to all kinds of things and situations, not just to the spiritual side of it.

Shamanism’s implications to me are enormous: personal, moral, social, environmental, creative, and much more than that.

So welcome to the Love story of my Life!



PART 2



MEETING SACRED SPACE AND TIME

Sometimes it luckily happens that we “bump” into a special situation, and we are coming from a whole other state of mind, or simply from our ordinary Life “busyness”.

I am sure you have experienced that: coming too late or unknowing into some kind of ceremony or celebration, where the atmosphere is intense. What to do?

THE MOON TEMPLE STORY

Years ago, I was visiting a Moon temple on the outskirts of Cuzco, in Peru: I was “prepared” in a way, but I had been wandering around for hours, waiting for the last visitors to leave, in order to have Peace there on my own: and then I had been surrounded by three very insistent children, who would not give me a break...

I felt bothered and a little nervous.

Sun was moving lower, and I had to catch the last bus back. In order to “escape” the kids, I finally decided to move to the temple’s entrance: to my great surprise, a man came out of

the Cave, told the boys a few things with the magic word "meditation", the kids understood and immediately left, and he went back inside.

I was finally "kind of" alone: I could sense that the man and I were there with the same purpose: I shyly asked into the dark entrance if I could come in. His answer was yes... I was welcome!

I moved in, and forgot all about my "usual way" of preparing myself, I got very excited...

The place was amazing: a narrow tunnel carved in high arched Rock... A path sliding down with polished Stone steps, dark and cool: at its bottom, a large polished (kind of) high table of Stone, with a carving in the shape of a feather.

A hole gave Light to the altar/table from the top.

There were three People, shadows in the penumbra.

I was astonished: I immediately felt completely peaceful.

The man gave me sign to stop by the rear wall, where the others, two other women, were standing. He cleaned us with Smoke and Sacred Water, rattled and sang sweetly for us for a few minutes.

Then, Silence and meditation: and...

It was over.

The short ceremony had been a great gift, and now I was "empty and full".

It had been wonderful to be there inside the Earth... And now... I had to hurry for the last bus.

Maybe my own greed "to experience alone" had brought me the boys, the disturbing element.

But, because the ceremonial leader was there and the time was right, still everything had been perfect, no loose ends.

So easy, so unexpected and precise things can be sometimes!

* * *

I wish you beautiful moments like these, but probably you got some already?

Look at your memories, recall the feelings, and, if you wish, put them as pearls on your necklace of good stories.

Take time, take a break: take a look at one of your moments.

They are so precious, Lovely to remember and really yours!

Sacred space and time can "happen" anytime!

Or... As mentioned before, we can use our shamanic steps whenever we plan to dedicate time for a special or ordinary prayer, meditation, or to be in Silence.

With time, the steps will become easy and totally natural for you to follow.



COLOPHON

Homes of the Holy (what to do?)

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