

Apa Shanko
Book 3



Iñawaingé
- one who sees

EDUARDO ZOTZ

Apa Shanko

Iñawaingé

- one who sees

by Eduardo Zotz

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Dedication

*For the almighty Creator,
the eternal source of wonders we call life.*

*To my teachers, Medicine Men of high degree, who with hearts
filled with love and compassion guide my feet, my thankfulness
is beyond words.*

Foreword

Being in the Amazon jungle may not be the first stepping stone to find one's true self, but one of the last stones needed. A return to Mother Earth, for grounding and healing may give one the peace and support that is required for this inner work. Nature speaks in many ways which this book series truly shows. You will feel necked and at times even raw and totally alone in all this...

No one can do your inner job for you, but guidance, a helping hand or a shoulder to cry at, can prove to be gems on your journey. We all do this our own way. The song "I did it my way" may show you there is no wrong way nor a right way, only your way.

Yagé



Riusú (God) sat in the middle of the jungle, very close to a large tree. With his hands he began to rub his hair, throwing it all forward over his face. Then he combed his hair. One of his hair fell to the ground.

It took root and grew up hugging the tree. A great vine grew in the jungle from the hair of Riusú, the creator of the cosmos, the manager of existence, the manager of culture. That hair is 'ikó, the yagé (*Banisteriopsis caapi*), the plant that makes it possible to see clearly the totality existing in the cosmos, the existent material and the immaterial of the existent.

Those who choose to drink 'ikó in their lives can come to exist as Iñawaingé "One who sees" and see clearly the material-immaterial of what exists and learn to act with the power of life.

Ikó



The plant that makes it possible to see clearly the totality of the cosmos, the existent material and the immaterial of the existent.

The complexity of Yagé, is hard to describe, there are so many kinds of Yagé, some having different Animal Spirits associate with, others having Spirits of the forest, from the Sky, Sun and even Stars.

Some Ancient Taitas also left their own Yagé, when they left this world, their Spirit still connected with us through the Yagé they gave to their people, normally called yagé of the Ancestors or even more specifically having the name of the taita associated to it, to have the opportunity to drink a Yagé like this is a matter of incredible luck, an opportunity that offers itself very seldom in the life of a Yagesero, specially being one a white person.

This kind of Yagé carries such an Energy and knowledge, that is kept well-guarded, it will never get into profane hands of someone outside the tribe, it's taken with such

a respect that one from outside won't even hear about it, much less see it where it is grown.

When it's shared in a ceremony, the ceremony becomes something very special, it's not a ceremony for purging, healings or more mundane dealings, it's a ceremony for pure visions and learning, the night stillness only broken by the Taitas singing, the chirping of the crickets, and an occasional owl's call.

Beautiful visions and silent lessons that penetrate our souls, time stays still, and the night lasts for a long time, seldom a need for a second cup, one cup will have our spirits riding for the entire night, sometimes also right into the morning.

I remember one morning leaving the ceremonial house, walking back to Taita's Alonso home, when we saw a Bald Eagle landing in a tree branch just 10 yards from us, opening fully its wings, and staring at us, sort of saluting. Only after some time I noticed the Eagle was a real one, absolutely amazing how friendly it was, beautiful, until then I was still fully into the effects of the Yagé we had drunk through the night, to meet the Eagle was what brought me back with my feet on to the Earth.

That night we had drunk Yagé of the Ancestors and the visions were of a world on top of this one, in another realm of Mother Earth.

Yagé is not only healings and purging, not at all.

Chonta

The magic darts referred in all literature about shamanism in the Amazon, chontas, tsentsac, virote, depending the language spoken, are present in most of the sorcery practiced in these jungles, anyone drinking Yagé for a long time have experienced it, and one of the qualities of a Good healer is the capacity to extract those from a patient's body.

My path started exactly because one...

My first ceremony in Columbia was with a Brujo or sorcerer, I didn't know he was one until I drank with him, he had been invited over by a friend where I was staying, and as soon as the ceremony started I noticed some things out of place, he was drinking from one container and giving us Yagé from a different one, and it was quite suspicious...

Then he began to sing and it was a funny mix between Christian words, some gibberish, and something that apparently was in an indigenous tongue, I felt it just a fake, no other word.

We had a tremendous purge, shitting like crazy, no visions, and just after that he was asking us for money...

We ended up having quite a bad feeling, because I didn't have the money he was demanding, so he left unhappy, at least.

One week later I was in the hotel lobby watching the world cup game between USA and Columbia, it was 1994, when I left to go to my room and get a new pack of cigarettes, I walked a few steps and was hit with a flash of light, next thing I was on the floor bleeding and almost fainting, I had a big cut over my eyebrow, and excruciating pain in my back, a friend of mine came to my rescue, got me into a taxi and we drove to the main hospital, where they sew my

wound and gave me some painkillers, from there he took me to the friend where I had that ceremony a week before.

When I got there, I was sort of crazy, I felt like someone was punching me in the stomach, strongly and continuously, I was feverish, my head all over the place, incoherent, my friend had a shot of morphine at home and gave it to me, then the world was gone, I came back to myself 12 hours later.

Next day it was easy to find out what had happened to me, we had enough literature about Amazon shamanism to know that a virote or chonta had been shot against me and was also clear who had done it.

It took for me more than 20 painful days until I found taita Pacho and he got it out from my body, very, very painful days indeed. And I knew that if I couldn't get it out of my body, I would die, it got through my back and broke a rib in my chest, remaining inside, from what I read, if it had gotten through, it would be very difficult for someone to save my life.

Thanks God it was still inside of my body, was retrieved and I recovered.

Many, many years later I was offered to learn how to shot chontas, to what I refused, and I know I had accepted, my path today would have been also of a sorcerer or Brujo, we meet many enemies on our path, and having such a weapon would have made almost impossible not to pay back damage done to us, so the best way to avoid doing harm to others, is not having the ways to do it, until the day we learn to control our anger, and we are clearly walking a path with light.

Today I've learned the lesson, and anyway, there are very important lessons to be learned when someone does harm to us, forgiveness being the most important.

Chontas have two aspects, one material the other being energy. The material aspect it an object, it can be the torn of the chonta palm, a tooth of a fish, even a glass shard, the amount of energy a sorcerer has is what makes it really dangerous, and the precision he has shooting it against a person, some people never recover and die, others remain ill for a long time, with that pain always there.

Recently my healer friend Janeth took one from my left foot, an old one, that was there for years, I always had some pain while walking long distances on my left foot, and had never found the reason, finally it's gone also the pain.

I remember a ceremony when I saw a small protuberance in my chest, like a red volcano, and upon working in it to remove, I saw the face of a friend, and I understood: he had shot that into my chest one day, angry because I didn't lend him my harmonic, his energy wasn't enough to get it inside my body, so it stuck there and I retrieved it easily.

Also wearing protection in a necklace is quite helpful, something like a quartz Chrystal or even a chocho, a special seed, red and black, after being prayed by a Taita, it becomes a very effective protection.

The New Sun



Looming out of the mist, the first Sun rays begin to cut the fog, the path seems brighter in the twilight, a chill runs down my spine, as a memory of the darkness inside the forest still lingers, slowly the memories fade, not so much the memories but the energy that was attached to the bad memories, lightness begins to take hold of an old body, silence permeates the mind, the strength seems to have worn down, time to sit quiet, and to wait for the Sun to rise.

Dew drops begin to glitter, hit by the rays of the rising sun, spreading rainbow colors through the forest, the forest awakes with a maze of bird songs, a soft breeze brings the perfume of the flowers and trees, peace fills the moment, welcoming the rising of the Sun, the new Sun.

Under the new Sun, a sequence of thoughts line up, of life experiences, of mistakes made, of lessons learned, the once powerful Ego shames and hides, so wise before, now striped of its clothes, lies there in a corner, naked...

How many times it played its silly games, for own gain, how often leading me in trouble, just to smile silly at the outcomes, when pride was taken as character trait, and arrogance permeated my days, now naked and without a place to hide in the shadows of my soul, I can feel its shame, I can see it cornered there, bent and hopeless.

The Sun rays begin to warm my body, and the feeling changes from regrets to encouragement, now I can clearly feel the energies that were tied up and are being released, I can see the foolish that is to go around giving advices, always pretending to know better, I can feel the heaviness of being critical to others, and angry at being criticized, it's all part of the same silly game, played endlessly by the Ego, clouding our understanding.

Now the Sun is out, under the full power of its rays, there is no place for shadows anymore, its light bathing my soul now gives a clear sight, no reason to make the same mistakes again, I can almost hear my mind saying: from now on, mind your own business.

Under the light of the new Sun, the world is not clouded anymore, people can't wear masks again, their faces are bare, and their souls are naked, no silly words will ever have the taint of true, lies have their own smell now, so easy to be perceived...

Decisions are no longer clouded by fear and doubt from the mind, as the silence grows, the mind stops with its endless chattering, and clear signs appear, in a bird's fluttering wings, a rainbow in the Sky, a number in sequence in the phone, synchronicity all the time, thoughts begin to fly on the wind unhindered now, reaching the person I need to connect, and I can feel when they are reaching out to me, so simple, it was always there, now I can touch it, now I can feel the connections, like a spider web of energy, connecting us under the new Sun.

I look back into the forest and I see, many shadows of other walkers still crossing in the darkness, fighting their own battles, learning their own lessons, and a voice whispers in my ear:

Leave them alone, they have to make it through, on their own.

I stand up and I begin to walk, I look at the world and I have two images in the same space, one under the old Sun, filled with sorrow, pain, Illness, with people suffering and learning, the other is the world under the new Sun, with people awoken, helping each other's, teaching, healing the sick, comforting the fallen, sharing, absolutely sharing the gifts life has given them.

When I look into the world under the old Sun, my mind once used to linger into negative thoughts, receives a bolt of energy that comes up my spine, along my neck and into the head, it's a painful surge of energy, like a hot buzzing feeling, and instantly my thinking stops, to let it follow up, its painful, unbearable painful, so it has to stop at once, then I think good about it, I send good energies that way, I send love to all the living ones under the old Sun.

As I walk further under the new Sun, mother nature embraces me, I can feel her love, I can connect now with her children, little birds come to sing to me every morning, waking me up for a new day, I can feel joy in the breeze, I can feel her Heart beating in unison with mine, I can feel the presence of the divine creator in everything, and the connection grows stronger day by day, it permeates my dreams, and soothe my Heart.

Now it's time to walk under the new Sun, to share the path, others are coming out of the forest, and we will sit around a fireplace under the stars, one of these days.

Soulmate

The Yagé is an inexhaustible source of mystery and wonders that is revealed in dreams, in ceremonies and also in everyday life, but those of dreams are much more interesting, since they are visions of the future.

A few nights ago, I met my soulmate again, with her bright and charming smile as always, I was reading a book, happy to see her again I asked her:

What are you reading?

She said:

Your latest book, "Inside the Infinite"!

Wow, that's one I haven't written yet, I thought, so I asked:

Did you read "Pathfinder into Inner Realms"?

Yes, she said, and I loved it!

I came out of the dream wondering, is that the one I'm going to write? Or is she referring to what is coming my way? Well, I guess it could be both.

As the nights go by, new elements appear in my dreams and visions that have a strong parallel with the visions in the ceremonies, my spirit seems to be often wandering in higher Realms, the Realms that are only accessible when we drink Yagé, one night I met two beings of pure white light, something that had never happened before.

Also, memories of ceremonies from many years ago are coming back in a different light, it is quite difficult to remember everything we see and experience during a ceremony, we often only remember a few highlights in the

morning and are left with the feeling that it happened. a lot, but we don't remember ...

I suppose that the stronger we have the connection with our Higher selves, the better we will have access to those forgotten memories and that is what I am experiencing now.

The changes in my physical body are now appearing to my healers when they are healing / cleansing my body, today Janeth saw my back painted with pinta colors, the designs that we see with Yagé, many points of colored light all over my back, wonderful said.

I wish I could have seen too, clearly changes are coming to my physical body as well, only to be seen by someone who can see.

The twin soul has come in my dreams many times, there is always a very great happiness in our encounters, and the taste of mystery, which I will only unveil the day we become one.

I remember other meetings and long talks, there the two of us on the grass, in front of a beautiful lake, under leafy trees, the feeling of always having been together, of knowing each other forever, but when I came out of sleep, the memory of what we talked about, stays on the other side and only the feeling of having been beautiful remains.

This life is so short and so full of experiences and lessons, I am sure that one day I will realize that everything has only been a dream and I wake up on the other side, so everything will make sense.

By the way, soon "Into the Infinite" will be out there as well.

About the Author



Eduardo Zotz was born in the south of Brazil, a Traveler by passion, and a Yagesero. He lives in Ecuador and works as a Jungle Guide.

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The End

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