

The background is a vibrant, abstract composition of various geometric and organic shapes. It features a grid of blue dots, a yellow triangle, a green snake-like shape with red spots, and several green circles with yellow centers. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-century modern or pop art.

Apa Shanko
Book 4

**Into
the
Infinite**

EDUARDO ZOTZ

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Foreword

The initial 'inside' the human can reach is the psyche and memory of its experiences and reactions. The human mind is not alone on this inward journey, but always accompanied by the infinity of all it is a part of, even if it might not feel so at times. There is a fear of looking inside, so how do one turn the fear of looking inside in to answer the question, who am I?

The most giving method is when curiosity drives the search. By being determined, the mind can 'will' the dive into its wisdom. It may take many attempts of short dives before the inner realm becomes familiar enough to light the curiosity to explore this inner world.

The human mind slowly becomes wise about itself. It also gets wise about its relation to 'the outer world'. Curiosity signals a great openness to life, Some may call it courage, and indeed, it takes courage to face ones infinite self.

Infinity

“Endless” is a hard concept, our human minds can barely grasp it, and experiencing it with the help of a plant Spirit goes beyond words.

Life in this Realm is nothing other than a school, preparing us to face those endless Realms inside us, and even short glimpses of the unfathomable help us to prepare ourselves for the time when we will be awake!

When the vision opened up, I was seeing 360 degrees, in all directions at once; this is hard to conceptualize but so it was. I could focus in any mental direction, but all was the same. An endless extension, filled with rows and rows of diamonds forming curtain-like structures, stretching endlessly, crystalline light permeated the entire vision, and the diamonds were shining in all colors. I don't have a faintest idea of what they were, the vision was so amazing, my mind was speechless so I stood there, in awe.

When the vision ended, I felt a shiver of fear, pure fear, as my mind couldn't grasp the immensity of that vision, and was afraid of never being able to survive the plunge into it. I knew, one day I will have to face it, and in that ultimate Reality, I will be.

Our Spirit is like a drop of water, falling into an Ocean, how are we not afraid to become one more drop in that immensity?

To know that this is our ultimate destiny, still gives me the creeps; even knowing that Yagé keeps opening my mind to those Realms within. I still feel myself as a spark of fire, facing the Sun's furnace.

We, as Humans in this material Realm, knowing or guessing that, there's so much more inside us, we can hardly grasp that there's so much more to Life, and the school we are in, can't possibly prepare us alone, we will need

to graduate here, in this mundane life, only to start a new cycle, on the levels above, the wonders awaiting for us, I can't even begin to imagine.

I feel so small, and at the same time so blessed for having the opportunity in this life to experience the Immensity of God's creation. Everything else has become, just a few lines in a poem, trying to unravel the mystery and awe that Life truly is.

Blessed are the poets, for conveying this feeling to me.

The ship of a thousand dreams

We have been Souls, navigating the endless Sea. This life is just another port where we go on Land, make new friends, share laughs (sometimes tears), receive new lessons, dream and build. We explore new and old, and continuously educate ourselves until the Ship departs again, and we navigate the endless Sea.

As the Ship sounds its horns, we may still have a little time to say goodbye to all the friends, the places, the memories, and that's our only luggage; all we take onboard.

One night, grandfather Taita Pacho told me:

When we depart this life, we, Yagé drinkers, receive a last gift from the Creator. We go on a trip, and we pass all the places we had been while alive. We see all the people we made friends with for a last goodbye, we remember our entire life time, all we did, all saw and all we felt. Only then, we will travel ahead in our journey.

I was sitting in my mom's veranda in southern Brazil one afternoon, it was 2PM, and out of thin air I felt strongly the presence of Taita Pacho with me. I knew he was ill for quite some time, and I had last seen him half a year before, I was vacationing in Brazil at the time, and I thought:

Maybe something happened to him?

The feeling went away, but stood in my mind. The next day I read from a friend that he had passed away. He did, at the exact time I felt his presence, it was noon in Columbia, 2PM for me in South Brazil.

Indeed, he had visited me to say goodbye.

When we are on the ship, we dream a thousand Dreams, and we just wait for the ship to make it to a Port again. Through our next life, we won't remember all the dreams

we had, but our Spirit will, and it will come into our lives. And we think we are just having this dream now...

No, all have been dreamed before, on that ship in the endless Sea; all we do here is to remember, not knowing we are just remembering.

To make these dreams come true is the reason we are having this life, and it's so easy to go through life doing all sorts of things not even related to our dreams. Gaining complacency, only daydreaming and always planning to do it one day.

As a Dreamer, I have seen through my life, all the dreams I had in the ship unfolding, I never made plans, only followed my Heart, always, and today I can say to myself:

You have followed your dreams, and your Heart, always!

One day I will go back to the ship with my luggage. It will be light, as my life has been, and I will dream so many more dreams, and wait for the ship to reach a port again.

While I am there, I'm sure I will meet many of you, and we will be dreaming of our next adventure; on this lovely Planet or somewhere else.

So, follow your Heart, and follow your dreams...that's why you are here.

The realm of crystalline light

Once in your Dreaming you are able to leave the band of human thoughts, the source of the first level of Dreaming; you will move through a dark space with the Stars above, although still faraway, then you will come to the gate.

I drew this picture many years ago, after a Yagé ceremony, not knowing at the time what I saw. Today while looking at some old drawings I found it, and with a surge of energy up into my head I remembered. Like a piece of a puzzle falling into place I now understood, the last visions I have had in ceremonies are of the gate and what lies behind.

At a ceremony in the Chandia Naen, the vision began with a wall of hexagons, light yellow/cream in color. A whirlpool formed in the center and began to spin counterclockwise and the gate opened. I went through and on the other side an immense city made of solid white light stretched in front of my eyes with low buildings, alleys, little parks, and many, many buildings everywhere; it was amazing! I had never seen anything like this; geometric designs in all colors forming levels, structures, all with pure colors and I knew it was made of pure light, solid light.

I began to move while singing, my chant was guiding and propelling me forwards. In an open space I changed my chanting and pure crystalline light came from above and permeated the space I was seeing.

I came out wondering WHAT this place was...not so much WHERE was this place.

In the following ceremony I went there again. This time moving along a street, flanked on my left side by many doors, like the ones in red in my drawing. I then sank deep in my vision; a line divided the vision and I went down, pulled by an illness that needed to be addressed by the Taita and healed.

A couple of nights ago, just before dawn I went into Dreaming and back to the same vision; this time I opened one of the red doors and went through.

The place I saw, would have made my jaw drop, if I had one there. The Land was covered in green grass, many trees all over the place and clear water forming streams and natural ponds. I moved along seeing many fish, I even recognized some of the species, even eels were swimming in the shallow water, then I met people...

They weren't surprised to see me, and greeted me as a friend; we spoke English.

They were growing the fish for food, in a natural environment, and they showed me a pond with fish from the sea. As I quietly wondered how they could have salty water running over there, they told me they had added sea salt to the water, and the fish were growing healthy.

Then a bell rang in my head.

I am in the New Earth!

As if listening to my thoughts, they smiled and said:

"Yes, this is it!"

An overwhelming feeling of familiarity with the place made me wake up having goosebumps all over my body; I felt a chill running up my spine for quite a while. I have many memories of Dreams I had in that place, Dreams that had never made much sense before, of giant Trees and oversized fruits, of gardens so beautiful, all bathed by that crystalline light. If you ever looked through a clear Crystal at the light, you know what I'm talking about.

In my Dreams of the Mayan world, I saw a landscape with many streams, and floodgates that changed the direction of the flows, irrigating the land evenly, being controlled by a panel like table, made of green Jade. Upon pressing down some levers and others up, I was able to change the

water flow, and there were amazing gardens between the water channels, with oversized fruits.

Now I remember that the light bathing the landscape was also crystalline, I never saw a Sun in the Sky, the light was even, everywhere.

Memories are beginning to flood my head from forgotten Dreams.

I knew, one day, the gates would burst open, and I would start to remember. It's happening now.

Today, reading again one of the small booklets filled with notes of Dreams, it happened again, some of the notes triggered memories long forgotten. I remembered being gifted Eagle feathers three times, by two Taitas. I recall a Dream when I went to cut some Yagé to prepare it. The plant was lit with a beautiful light. On the ground I saw parrot feathers, I collected them and they changed into Eagle feathers in my hands. How could I have forgotten such a beautiful Dream?

I'm thrilled!

Aging

When you understand
That you are not here
To have
But to Be
That you came
To learn and share
And to teach
When you heal
And reach your hand
To others
Is when Life
Marks your face
With wrinkles
Of happiness...

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

I hope you have enjoyed the book and ask you to take a moment to make a short review on your favourite retailer website.