



My Vision Quest: Deconstruction and Desire

Day 4: The Dragon Lands

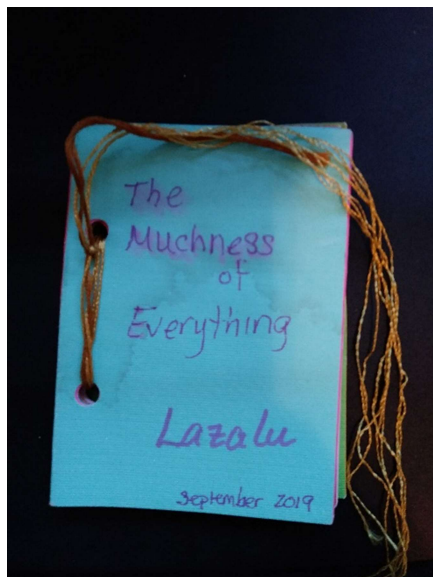
I had come on this quest wanting to know what I want and even how to know what I want.

Clearly I want experiences that are aligned with those fierce values that poured out. And aligned with my Divine Coordinates. That expand my capacity to be fully human. And I'm newly-committed to pursue them in ways that allow my soft, sweet inner creatura to participate.

Scout observed that a nest is the place to nurture the dreams you're birthing. And that the form of nurture changes over time.

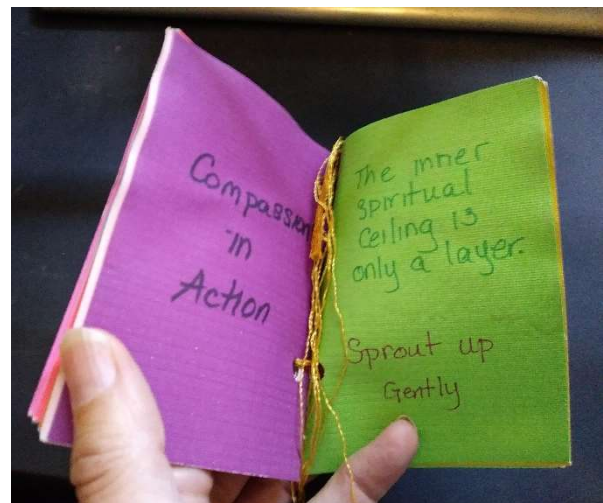
We had an excellent conversation after breakfast about the design principles of permaculture. Far too much to share here – watch for future writings on this! Some of the best had to do with what's on the

growing edge and **how to design so you have lots and lots of edge!**



I spent the morning reviewing my journal and collecting the best bits into a small art book to carry with me and remind me what I had learned.

(Unfortunately it got a bit soaked in the van on the way home...)



Never Expected This!

It has been said deep transformation begins at four days. It takes three days for the old ways to crack open so that the new can emerge. That afternoon in the hammocks proved it for me.

As Scout was doing some more parts-work with me, we brought in the antithesis to Guido's puffed up demands to keep me safe. What is the part that doesn't want to follow the rules of safety?

*And immediately a giant, familiar dragon "flew" into the picture! More than just into the picture – right down into the core of my pelvic chalice and settled back in. **My personal power, which had to leave while I was sick so my physical body wouldn't be in danger, returned and embodied with wisdom, confidence, and certainty.***

I cried.

I had come on this quest to face into learning to live as so much less than I'd known myself to be in the past. And indeed, I'll not be returning to that one. But to have the unexpected grace of this return overwhelmed me.

As I explored this renewed connection, I recognized how often I had shielded the world from seeing how big and fierce that power within me was, to help others feel safe. And perhaps the ways I had known of carrying that fierceness in the past were dangerous – or perhaps I simply feared them to be. But in the interim, I've gained a lot of compassion and humility and contentment. There's no need, nor interest, in "blasting" anyone. My power simply is. Nothing to prove.

*So rather than withhold or diminish my image on the outside, how about focusing on the intensity of love, and excitement, and joy preceding me like a prow wave? It can create enough room for me to move without being "dangerous." **I'm willing to BE that powerful with my advance energy!***

*Dragon-self and I had a conversation about wisdom, too. The dragon declared, **"I do not have wisdom, I am composed of wisdom!"** Wisdom is in the embodiment itself. Sometimes wisdom can appear inconsistent to others, but she is anchored in her own wisdom, consistent unto herself. It's pretty much guaranteed to look inconsistent to others. But her commitment is to her wisdom. The "others" can move to their own rhythm. It's the diversity of expression that makes it Art.*

*So I asked her, now that she's back with me, what she desires (desire having been a key theme of this quest and all). She desires **to stretch her wings...beyond the edge and into the unknown... and bring back more gems of wisdom** to share.*

The conversation continued with me journaling furiously. I'm sure you'll hear more of it over time! How shall she share her wisdom? What does going beyond the edge look like? What is the embodiment of such a power? What are the qualities of conscious re-engagement?

For me, it has been enough to recognize that **I'm not re-creating my old world, nor settling for a diminished life.** There's a new world that works for all of us – and all of us within me – that we get to explore together. Loving what we love and moving with our own rhythms.

Containing Grace

So much transformation needs time to embody, to come to earth. So we agreed it was a perfect time to drive up to the lake beyond Lazalu.

Up above Lazalu the road twists with vistas across Zion National Park.



Between those ridges, the river flows. Flowing water that cuts into rock to make its own path. Raining water that seeps through layers, washing out soft spots and causing immense rockfalls. **Soft water that continuously changes the landscape even as it nourishes.**

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Water that collects into mountain lakes



Where heart-shaped rocks remind us of the loving within the flowing



And sometimes we're fortunate enough to have a Scout skilled enough to guide our Journey through the inner landscape as well as the outer.



Epilogue

I hope you have enjoyed reading my "trip reports." If you've been inspired in some way, I would love to hear from you! Please [drop me an email](#) or friend me on [Facebook](#) so we can keep in touch. I'd love to let you know when my next magical adventure takes shape!