

# SOULFUL DOULA.

...It took me a few years to integrate the orgasmic experience of my daughter's (re)birth, and to recognize the Sacred Union in myself and others, to further develop conscious channeling from the 0 point of neutrality, the eye.

Further, it took me two more years with CWBS to obtain the vocabulary in order to be able to communicate it...

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# D I P L O M A   C A S E   S T U D Y

# SELF.

Birth of my daughter as a catharsis of my sexual opening, blissful remembrance of my body as a sacred vessel.

The crowning moment when my yoni is stretching beyond what men can imagine possible, opening in blossom with urge, one after another. Long strokes of Shiva lingam as my baby descending from upper realm to earthside, penetrative energy is piercing through the veils and beyond Sahasrara into orgasmic union with the Creator.

“Ring of fire” is the spiral, circuit gripping around my thighs, belly, chest and neck - constant flow of prana, birth axis, two direction dance of Shiva and Shakti, the telluric energy.

My body as transmitter of my soul desire to express, carrying both earthly blueprint and macrocosm - the innate wisdom. My mind is nothing else but the constant flow of thoughtforms emerging spontaneously, appearing and disappearing in the void of all creation. When floating on the surface of that river of this incarnation in the dark of the night, inert, ignorant, the flow will take you to the rough corners, sharp stones...

Overwhelmed and scared you feel like drowning, trying to survive till you eventually do drown. But how, is your choice. Do you let your body go, abandoning it in the whirlpool or do you fully embrace it, diving deep in that black hole, in trust, with courage and surrender at the same time? Reaching the rock bottom - the earth that will always catch you, you push yourself *up up*, opening your eyes in wonder to see the light under the layers of dark water.. *Up up* feeling the strength of your body, moving it now consciously channeling the divine impulse - the light from within yearning to collide with the light above. *Up up* the rush of hot blood within polarizing the cold waters around. *Up up* you burst through the surface and the first deep inhale marks your birth. Welcome my child, welcome back! In full light you now swim, walk, and fly.. to the Source, burning with aspiration to dissolve all of you with all around you.

One such (re)birth of Self is impactful, but needs to be sustained, as the body is feeling tired every now and then, and thoughtforms like clouds might be consuming, like fog misleading.

KMRT providing the necessary grounding through embodiment, the Light entering through the sacred geometry grid and energy moving in circuit upwards, transmuting it and subliming it into fuel for consciousness expansion.

## D I P L O M A   C A S E   S T U D Y

# SELF.

Born on the full moon I have the capacity to hold 99% of her illumination. Therefore, receiving and sustaining Light is natural, even essential for my energetic structure and vitality. Choosing Uzbekistan as my country of origin with average 320 sunny days in a year, and after 10 years in the Netherlands, I moved to Andalucia, Spain with more than 300 sunny days on average. By implementing the KMRT trine I was able to restore my vitality within a few weeks, which provided further rise of kundalini shakti, her journey through different prisms showing multidimensionality and my response - ability, and beauty, and synergy with All.

The prayer is self love, surrendering to bliss opening for free rising of Kundalini shakti, merging masculine and feminine, bursting through the crown of orgasmic union.

The devotion is Sadhana offering the best of you to you, transfiguring yourself as Maha Shakti, the primordial being as holy, as it is powerful - for creation or destruction, holding both light and darkness. The Act of offering to God is your unconditional serving to yourself in alignment with your soul's unique purpose and natural cycles of Earth, reflecting the macrocosm in microcosm - to integrate the divine in the vessel of body and intangible nature of mind.

In the first five years of motherhood I had my period about three times. In fact, I got pregnant while breastfeeding my almost two year old firstborn. From the beginning and till after the birth of my daughter my period was irregular, painful. The shift started to occur when I noticed that I miss my blood manifesting as a sign of health and fertility, the reflection of my cycle with the cycle of the Moon reflecting on Earth. I was ready to stand as a clear mirror to reflect Shakti embodying her at the same time.

I remember longing for the intensity of bright colors, feeling the sexual context.

The longing itself was arousing and inspiring. I was ready to reciprocate my fluids to the Earth, as she gifted me my pure existence, and to witness the alchemy. The day arrived and a little red snake crawled out of its cave, slowly teasing, finding its way to the ground. Ecstatic I felt once again in the flow dissolving all of me with everything around me. My creativity awakened when connection with my blood - ceremonies would be held, art made, and songs were pouring out, all celebrating **one cell** each month.

It didn't take me long to notice I am ovulating and menstruating according to the moon. For about a year I was bleeding with a full moon, enjoying my wise wives' ways shamelessly and wild, the moon illuminating through the bright color of my full womb shedding with no regret. Full and vital breaking through the surface of my ancestral menstrual flow. I was thriving, growing stronger and becoming louder in the visions, both mystical and those of soulful expression.

# DIPLOMA CASE STUDY

# SELF.



*After I made radical changes in my life (like separation from my partner after 10 years of marriage and moving into a new country), I started to bleed with the new moon. The shift got me in my surrendered and receptive era. The connection between individual human and Earth cycles is stable, the flow of energy is constant and tempered.*

*Tantric love making with my beautiful partner brings me back to that moment of orgasmic melting into sacred union, blissful state, back to the emptiness that fulfills.*

*Regular Sadhana, yoga and meditation practice sustains the neutral opening, sensitivity in the safe field of the observer, receiving the grace of supreme revealing the True Self. Practice of consecration is what directs the energy by setting the intention and maintaining a grateful attitude. Watching my reality unfold in front of me where I am responsible for its manifestation through resonance. Landing at the heart, focus and refocus on Anahata.*

## D I P L O M A   C A S E   S T U D Y

# SELF.

After my daughter's birth, and as I entered my Saturn return cycle, the mystical and shamanic essence of Earth would reveal itself through direct experience in connection with my ancestral lines. Descending from the nomad tribes of mountains, steppes, forests and deserts of Central Asia, as if I felt every child of my lineage being born and raised under thoughtful watch of grandmother Umai\*, sheltering All in her yurt. Her heartbeat I could easily recognize in the rhythms of shamanic drums. I was drawn to the open fire, stars and rivers to feel the joy of beings conceived. It is when the Goddess appeared and asked me: "You can choose now: sex as you have known it till now, as much and as often as you want, or only once a year, intimacy on the level, depth of which you have never experienced, but you know is possible..." - "Once a year!" - me, with zero hesitation.

Shortly after moving to Spain I met my new lover.

It was kind of a day filled with emotional turmoil from the past and I found nothing better to do, but to sit with it all in meditation, moving the energy upwards with breath. Unexpectedly, my whole body lit up in bright white light, my appearance no longer recognizable. Profound and simple, all the density vaporized creating space. High-spirited, I looked up the events happening that evening in town, a guided meditation was the one I headed to, confirming there was a spot for me at the last minute.

A young man was providing the workshop, and so it happened, was meditating that day at the same time as me. He was delivering tapas to Mother Kali calling upon her with love, faith and humbleness to reveal his lover and a romantic relationship, which would bring him closer to God. He heard one bing from his device, while still consumed in erotic fusion, the frequency of Kali Ma. As soon as he finished his practice, he read my message and confirmed my participation, intrigued by my appearance and what that "bing" might mean.

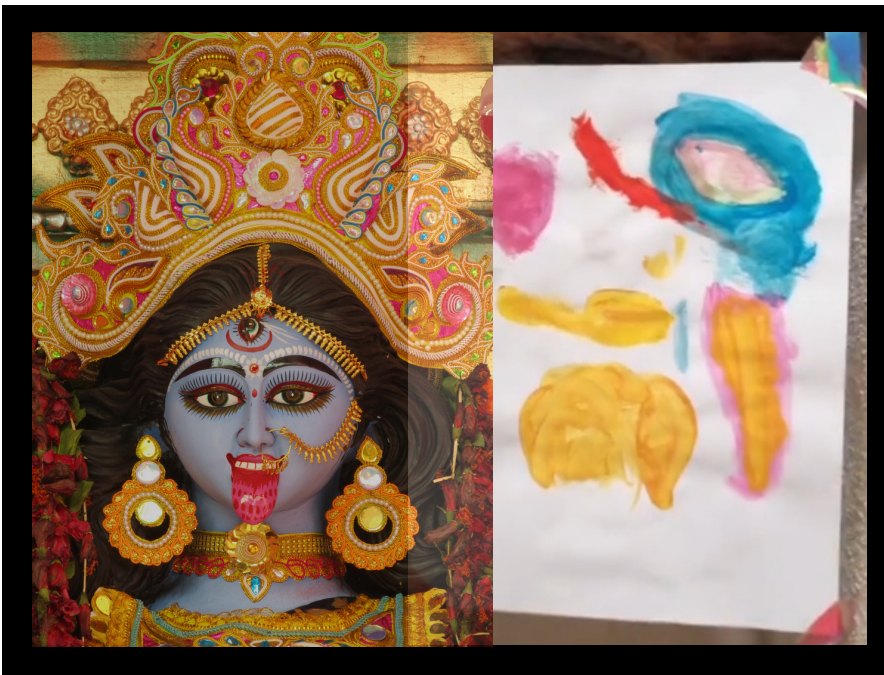
The workshop was as brilliant as my meditation earlier that day. We were coming back from the depth of our journey, and I opened my eyes, gently moving them up and in front of me was he, and the indigo blue image of Shiva projected like a holograph.

The magnetic heart resonance, weaving the Matrix of being.

He took the gentle lead initiating me over and over again into my natural state of feminine embodiment: relaxed, receptive, intuitive.

\*Umay or Umai is the goddess of fertility in Turkic mythology and Tengriism and as such related to women, mothers and children.

# SELF.



About two weeks before meeting my new lover, Kira, my daughter was only four years of age at that time, one day she was listening to Kali mantras with me and drawing with water colors. Kira managed to depict the symbolism of Kali without ever seeing her image.

## EARTH

You are the Earth, your soil is rich  
And you teem with abundance of life  
Flowers sprout from your fingers  
And trees weave between your limbs  
You birth magnificence in every moment  
Bringing splashes of color to drab skies  
You are the Moon  
So round and ready to receive  
Standing so luminous  
Suckling millions of beings from your teet

You are She  
The Mother that squeezed out a cosmos from her yoni  
You are Kali, and Tara, and Lakshmi  
You are the ocean  
So deep and full of mystery  
And I plunge into your waters  
So completely  
You are Maha Shakti  
And we dance this polarity  
Spinning universes into being  
But yearning to be One again.

The lover, Charlie W., 2022