

I haven't written up a bufo or other 5-Meo experience since my first bufo experience almost 18 months ago, when I naively stated that I couldn't imagine ever having an experience that would exceed it (<https://www.elderslieplantmedicine.com/5-meo-dmt>). I have since exceeded it quite a few times, and have found that this is a common element of the 5-Meo experience – you come back and you think “there is no way I can go further or deeper than that”, and then you do. Again and again.

I started the weekend with kambo. I've found before that kambo in the morning is a beautiful way to lay the foundations for amazing experiences later in the day. Clears everything out, removes any blockages, and allows your medicine to work on a completely different level. It contributes to “set” in the most profound way. I was beyond stoked when I found out I'd be able to do frog and toad on the same day.

Our setting was rainforest. I was chosen by the facilitator to be first on the list. The weekend kept getting better. The first pipe was a decent sized one. Another wonderful thing about bufo, is how gentle the smoke is. Even people who have never smoked anything never seem to have trouble with it. I compare it to being similar to inhaling steam in the shower – no harsher than that. And it actually has a pleasant, nutty flavour.

A few of my other 5-Meo experiences had taken me to the Source; Samadhi - that point from which all things are generated, and to which all will return, before transformation occurs and the next round of conscious existence begins. This one though, took me to the moment of creation, that point where physical existence began to manifest. “This is the Garden of Eden”, that's what I brought back from it. I'd usually be very hesitant to use biblical references in any of my writing, but language has its limitations, and I needed to contextualise it somehow. As I was there, I could feel the expression on my face – open-mouthed, wide-eyed joyous wonder. I was experiencing a miracle, first hand. I've had this thought before. Miracles exist, and bufo is one of them. This was also the first time I'd had 5-Meo while standing up. I've seen the videos of course, with the participants taking their medicine while standing, and I didn't really get it, even thought it was possibly dangerous. Now I do get it. Totally. It allows a far more complete surrender. When you're lying down, you're in a state of partial surrender to begin with. Standing up allows a deeper surrendering, and a completely different experience follows. At some point, I was given a second pipe. I wanted to walk off into the forest, and actually started to, but being semi-naked, this wasn't a good idea, and I was told to “stay”.

Inevitably, I began the return to my physical body, and “normal”, 3D reality. I wasn't there yet though, and as I faced the facilitators, I uttered some words I had not heard before, and do not know the meaning of. This was a first for me, and I'm no newcomer. Speaking in tongues? Not really, but something close. There was a single word statement, a two-word phrase, and a single word ending. I think I've recalled the words, but I'm not writing them down. Something tells me that to write them down would be to dissipate their power and meaning.

The afterglow lasted longer than any other I could remember. I would say it was close to an hour. Lying on my back, looking up through the tree canopies, and watching and listening to the rainforest birdlife, was something I could have done for a long, long time. I love everything.

DAY 2

Very different.

The day started with a cacao ceremony, gathered in complete silence around a sacred fire. I received a clear message to “stop eating animals”. I’ve been on and off vegetarianism for a few years. I actually believe that eating meat is a sort of addiction, that it possibly fires up a certain part of the brain in the same way that some addictive substances do. To check that I wasn’t imagining it, I asked (silently) “Can I eat fish?”. The voice said “Yes, you can.” I asked again “Can I eat animals?” The answer was “Stop eating animals.” So, I will.

There was a pretty decent downpour the previous night, giving us and the land a symbolic and literal cleansing in between sittings. I was second from last to receive the sacrament this time. I remember receiving quite a lot more medicine, possibly as many as five serves over the course of this afternoon. For the first half (approximately) of my session, there was the same awestruck wonder at the pure primal beauty of the surrounding nature. There was some amazing birdlife on display. I think I even had to ask the facilitator if a flock of parrots was “real”. I was assured that yes, all of creation is real. Each living thing was its own universe – a self-contained hyperreality that interacted perfectly with its surroundings. About halfway through my sitting, things shifted. One of the facilitators had coaxed an enormous howl from me. I remember tilting my head back and just letting rip at the sky. After this, the facilitators had backed away, and I was standing alone, looking into the forest, with the Sun behind me. I became acutely aware of my shadow in front of me. The position of the Sun at that particular time made my shadow pretty much exactly life-sized, not elongated or distorted at all. It seemed that my shadow was also aware of me. I was quite certain of this. There had been quite a lot of march flies (horse flies) around all weekend – the ones that have a stinging bite. They’d been hassling everyone, as they do. As I was looking into my shadow, feeling its awareness, I started being hassled by the biggest one I’d seen yet. It was easily twice as big as any of the others I’d seen. I swatted at it, but it kept coming back. I said quietly “leave me”. It didn’t. I said it louder. It took no notice. I said it again, louder still, but it persisted. I roared “LEAVE!” and it finally went away. I was served more medicine. I hadn’t been aware of the facilitators for some time, but I did notice now that one of them, a woman, was no longer present, and only the male facilitator was working on me now. I was on the ground at this point, and I slowly started sobbing, tearlessly, letting out the remnants of what I had just expelled by yelling at it to LEAVE. I believe that the huge march fly was a manifestation of something within my shadow that I needed to expunge, and by telling it to LEAVE, I had released something, something which I no longer required, and that did not serve me. I had rolled over on my stomach, and was crying directly into the earth. Gradually, the crying turned to laughter, real laughter, joyous, and truly happy. The laughter continued, and lasted far longer than the sobbing had. I stood, and focused on a tree that was about 20 metres in front of me, making it my anchor point as I returned to my conscious 3D state. I walked slowly toward it, encircled it with my arms, and just hugged it, pressing each cheek to it in turn. I eventually backed away, dropped to the earth, and kissed the ground. Something had left me.

I was instructed to go to the waterhole to complete my cleansing, literally. The purity of the water in that place is phenomenal. It is the life.

We returned home the next day, New Year's Eve. I was in bed asleep by 9.30. When I woke up, it was 2019, the year I will turn 50.

A lot of things started falling into place over the next few days, small things, pieces of a much larger puzzle. There's not much point going into specifics, they're deeply personal things anyway, but they tell me that the path I've decided on, that I have been working toward, that has made me in turn doubt myself, and then truly believe in myself and begin the journey toward self-love and self-forgiveness, is open to me in a way that it wasn't before that weekend.

To everyone who made that weekend possible, my eternal Gratitude and Love.