





TLDR: After completing a Medicine Wheel plan that helped me clarify the kinds of containers, relationships, and ways of being I want to inhabit moving forward, a series of dreams, symbols, hikes, and synchronicities led me into a deeper inquiry. What began as a question about trusting my ability to perceive patterns gradually became a recognition that the qualities I associate with intuition, imagination, beauty, resilience, and symbolic seeing have been present since childhood.

The first phase of the work culminated in the realization that "the one who sees" has been here all along. The dreams that followed shifted the inquiry from seeing to standing—occupying my place within the field of my life with greater ease, belonging, and embodiment. Ultimately, both the dreams and the unfinished action items from the Medicine Wheel converged at a Soil-Water Dragon Track marker, where the central insight emerged: the field already exists, the color already exists, the belonging already exists. The question is no longer whether I can see these things, but whether I will allow them to enter deeply enough to become part of the living system. In a single arc, the work moved from recognition, to embodiment, to participation.

PROCESS LOG

20260602: After the Medicine Wheel: A Personal Reckoning

When I finished the [Medicine Wheel plan](#), I remember feeling something close to completion. It was a rare and quiet sense, as if I'd finally gathered a hundred loose threads into something tangible I could hold in my hands. This wasn't the kind of completion where everything is solved. In fact, it was far from it. It was more like a deep exhale, the feeling you get when months of dreams, beach walks, late-night conversations, stubborn symbols, frustrations, and scattered insights finally find a place to sit together at the same table. The Medicine Wheel became that table for me. It helped me name what I'd been circling for so long: the kinds of containers I wanted to inhabit from here on out, and the ones I knew I needed to leave behind. I share all this because I know, for many of us, there's relief in finding language for what we've been quietly circling ourselves.

Life, of course, had its own ideas about timing. A friend invited me to see Brandi Carlile at the Gorge. I asked myself if that was where I was supposed to be the night of the full moon. I decided, yes. On paper, it might have been just a concert. But in reality, it became one of those rare nights when beauty shows up in such volume that you can't quite tell where the landscape ends and your own heart begins. Brandi's music has been a companion for decades. Standing under the full moon in that vast amphitheater, hearing songs that belonged to younger versions of myself, I felt time fold in on itself. The





woman I was and the woman I am stood together, sharing the same patch of earth, the same soundtrack. Maybe you've felt that too, those moments when the past and present quietly shake hands.

I caught myself watching Brandi as much as listening. What moved me wasn't at all her name or the "presentation" aspect of the performance. What really moved me was the way she stood in her gift, fully herself, without taking anything away from anyone else. There was room for everyone up there. She honored her bandmates, the artists who came before her, and all of us in the crowd. There was confidence, yes, but even more, a generosity that radiated outward. Somewhere during the evening, it dawned on me: I wasn't just admiring her from afar. I was recognizing something familiar in myself.

The next day, still humming with the music, we took a hike near Ingalls Creek. At some point, I happened to look up across the valley and saw what appeared to be a giant X on the hillside. It was so improbable-looking that I stopped walking. Once I noticed it, I couldn't stop seeing it. Part of the shape appeared to be in shadow on the rockface. Part appeared to be the remains of a burned tree. Another tree leaned diagonally across the scene as though it had been intentionally placed there.



Of course, it wasn't intentional. It was simply a landscape being itself. And yet it had that peculiar quality certain things occasionally acquire, where they seem to step forward from the background and ask to be noticed.

My first thought was almost childlike in its simplicity: X marks the spot. But the image started to shift. I found myself sketching a circle around it in my mind, mapping north, south, east, and west. Suddenly, the X felt less like a crossing out and more like a center point. At the time, I didn't connect it to the Medicine Wheel I'd just completed. That realization came later, after a few more breadcrumbs appeared. One came in the form of a dragon. I know, it sounds a little strange.

If you'd shown me a photo later and asked, "What do you see?" I might have shrugged and said, just a tree with a funny shape. But standing by the creek, I saw a dragon right away. It wasn't a storybook dragon, rather a quiet presence, balanced on a log, keeping watch. The surprise wasn't the image; it was my own reaction. It felt a little like running into an old friend at the store. No drama. Just a gentle, "Oh. There you are." Even now, that's the truest way I can describe it.





The creek was moving quickly beneath it. The dragon seemed perfectly balanced above it. Running through the trunk itself was a spiral grain that reminded me of so many other spirals that have appeared in my life and work over the years. Standing there, I had the strange sense that the dragon, the water, and the spiral were all speaking the same language.



A little farther along the trail, I encountered a long log with multiple terminus points. What struck me immediately was that it reminded me of a vision I had recorded before leaving for the weekend—a driftwood log with sand spheres and golden keys placed on top of its various terminus points.

That's when I started paying closer attention. When the world starts echoing your inner landscape, it's hard not to lean in a little more. And this wasn't the first time something like that had happened, either. Maybe you've had those moments, too.



Before leaving for the weekend, I had already recorded a series of dreams, images, and symbols. There were phrases like "Helen of the Mists". There was a visual I'd seen in my mind's eye - an unusual crescent moon illuminated from above. There was the eye glyph. There was the trail dream, a star flower, a circle with the Earth-to-Air quadrant highlighted, the vivid blue vivianite ceremonial line, and the image of a log with multiple endings.

Then I went out into the world and on this hike encountered landscapes, forms, flowers, and experiences that seemed to echo what had already appeared internally.

Let me pause for a second. I'm not trying to prove a theory here. I'm just sharing what happened. What really stayed with me wasn't that I could find symbolic meaning later, but the sequence itself. The image would come first, then something related would appear in the world, and then there would be that moment of recognition. It happened often enough over the weekend that I couldn't ignore it.



By the time I sat down with a reflection tool called Venn to sort through all the images and artifacts, I realized the question wasn't whether I could see. It had quietly shifted into whether I trusted what I saw. That theme ran through almost everything that followed.

One of the clearest examples came from a dream I'd recorded before the hike. I was walking through the woods, and as I moved forward, beautiful organic artwork appeared high in the trees around me. What struck me most was that I wasn't creating it in the moment. I could see it already there ahead of me. Somehow, I was both the creator and the discoverer. As I later explored that image, I realized it spoke to something happening in my life right now. Maybe you've had moments like that, too—where the future seems to be waiting for you, already full of possibility.

For most of my life, I have been accustomed to generating movement. If something needed doing, I did it. If a path didn't exist, I built one. If a system needed holding together, I held it together. The dream suggested another possibility: that some beauty already exists ahead of me, that not everything must be forced into existence through effort. Maybe part of my work now is learning to recognize what's already emerging and having the courage to walk toward it instead of forcing the river.

The phrase "Helen of the Mists" appeared around the same time, accompanied by an unusual crescent moon illuminated from above rather than from the side. The phrase immediately brought to mind both my unknown biological mother, Helen, and *The Mists of Avalon*, a book that had deeply shaped me when I was younger. I had always identified with Morgaine—not because of power, but because she seemed to belong to a world where imagination, mystery, and unseen realities were treated as legitimate parts of life.

The moon felt similar. It wasn't a full moon; it wasn't revealing everything. Maybe you don't need everything lit up at once. Maybe you just need enough moonlight to take the next step.

I also worked on a "David Tennant" dream in which I explored another facet of the same territory.

At first glance, it looked like a dream about attraction. The longer we sat with it, however, the less interesting that interpretation became. What stayed alive in the dream wasn't romance. It was companionship. The image that lingered most strongly was the experience of sitting together, watching something, thinking about it, assessing it, and making observations together. There was warmth, collaboration, ease, and engagement.

What eventually stood out was the attic. In the dream, I deliberately went upstairs as a test. Historically, attics in my life have not been places of ease. They have been places of responsibility, survival, loneliness, caregiving, and figuring things out. What surprised me was that the companion, humor, creative and connection that followed.



Tucked in that realization was the possibility that meaningful companionship doesn't have to be separate from the work that matters. Maybe it can walk alongside me, maybe alongside you, too. The bee-nest ladle appeared around this same time. It seemed beautiful and impossible all at once, a ladle made from material so porous it would absorb whatever it carried. At first, it simply struck me as an intriguing piece of artwork. Later, it began to feel like a description of a lifelong pattern: carrying nourishment, ideas, healing, stories, and support while simultaneously absorbing some portion of whatever was being carried.

Then came the flower. The image was simple and unforgettable: a bloom was emerging from what looked like dragon jaws. The moment I saw it, I knew they were dragon jaws, and I also knew they were not threatening. The teeth were formidable, but they felt protective rather than dangerous. The bloom wasn't trapped inside them; it was being held, anchored, and issued forth by them. Initially, I understood the image as a strength protecting vulnerability. Later, after everything else unfolded, I came to see something different. The dragon and the flower were not separate. The toughness and softness were not separate. They belonged to the same being.



The eye glyph deepened that realization. When it first appeared, I wondered if it belonged to some tradition I didn't recognize. Only later did I realize I could see echoes of 1111 within it, which immediately connected it to my long-standing relationship with the symbolic number sequence represented in my business logo. Around the same time, I remembered something else: for decades, my moniker had been Eyes Sunlit. The eye gradually stopped feeling like a symbol I needed to decipher. Instead, it began to feel like a portrait. It wasn't about what I should become, but about what I already was. The one who sees.

The final dream brought all these themes together.

It involved executive leadership, mentorship, a tent, handcrafted boots, visibility, and belonging. The boots fascinated me because everyone seemed to want them. The tent fascinated me because it held real life: family, projects, work, transition, and messiness all together. The exposed upper body carried emotional charge because it seemed to ask whether the whole of me could be visible and still belong. It wasn't just about the competent part, but also the imaginative, intuitive, symbolic, and feminine parts as well.

Then, while recounting that dream, an unexpected image arrived. An annoyed-looking James Marsden appeared briefly in my mind's eye. Alongside him came





a half-circle stained-glass window, the word “lilac,” and a backward question mark. For a while, none of it made much sense. Then I remembered the lilacs.



When I was very young, my bedroom was in an attic that was unbearably hot in the summer. Down below the house, near a creek in the gully, was a deep-purple lilac bush. At night, I would sit by the tiny window in that attic, listening to the creek below. Sometimes the scent of the lilacs would drift upward through the darkness. As I explored that in connection, tears came not because the memory was sad, but because it was tender.

I found myself seeing that little girl with new eyes. She wasn’t waiting for dreamwork or the Medicine Wheel, or for dragons, symbols, ceremonies, or frameworks. She already knew how to do this. She listened to the creek, followed the scent of flowers, imagined possibilities beyond her immediate circumstances, found beauty where she could, created beauty where she couldn’t, and somehow remained both tough and soft at the same time.

Looking back, I can see three threads weaving through all of this. The first was the Medicine Wheel itself. It provided the orientation, language, and container that allowed everything else to be seen more clearly. The second was the recurring pattern of inner imagery preceding outer encounters: again and again, dreams, symbols, and visions appeared first, followed by corresponding experiences in the world. Whether that reflects intuition, synchronicity, unconscious pattern recognition, precognition, or some combination of them matters less to me than the fact that it happened often enough to deepen my confidence in my own perception. The third thread turned out to be the oldest and most emotional of all. Beneath the dreams, symbols, Medicine Wheel, dragons, flowers, and visions, there was a child sitting beside an attic window, listening to a creek and smelling lilacs. The Medicine Wheel helped me name what she already knew. The dreams illustrated it, the weekend had demonstrated it. But the roots had always been there.

In the end, what surfaced wasn’t so much a new understanding as a recognition. It was a homecoming to something that’s always been here. The one who sees? She’s been here all along.



20260603: Standing at the Confluence: Two Dreams, a Dragon Track, and the Question of What Enters the Roots

After finishing the reflections above, I thought I'd reached the end of something. The work had led me back to the attic window, the creek, the lilacs, and finally to the recognition that the one who sees had been present all along. It felt complete, the way a circle feels complete.

But then, two dreams arrived. What surprised me was that neither seemed especially interested in seeing. Instead, both were preoccupied with standing.

The first dream opened across the broad fields near Wenatchee, Washington. The landscape was marked by a giant geometric pattern, all intersecting lines and triangles, as if someone had unfolded a paperclip and let it sprawl across the earth. What fascinated me was the sense that there was a single spot: a place where, by standing, a person could touch every part of the structure at once. The moment a foot touched that center point, the entire field lit up.



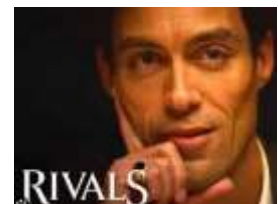
It wasn't about the geometry. The real focus was the act of standing. I would only realize how important that was as the dream continued to unfold.

These dreams felt different from the insight artifacts that came before. The day before, my work had carried me back to my roots—to the child at the attic window, the creek, the lilacs. Through that, I rediscovered that so many of the qualities I associate with intuition, imagination, beauty, symbolic seeing, and resilience were present long before dragons, ceremonies, Medicine Wheels, or any dreamwork frameworks. At the heart of it all was recognition. Something essential had always been there.

These new dreams seemed to pick up exactly where that realization left off.

As I explored the Wenatchee dream, the geometry became less an object and more an underlying architecture—a pattern that shapes my life. The dream kept showing that the shape could stay connected or be pulled apart. The overlap mattered. The separateness mattered. The relationship between them mattered. But the strongest feeling in my body didn't come from looking at the pattern. It came from standing in it. Revisiting the dream, I could feel warmth rising from the soles of my feet into my root—a sense of being plugged into something much larger. Activation happened through my feet, not my eyes. That distinction stayed with me.

A striking figure appeared. She was a feminine version of Rupert Campbell-Black from the series "Rivals." At first, I described her in terms of beauty, confidence, strength, and determination. But as I worked with the image, it became clear that the real charge was not beauty at all. It was ease. She moved through the world with a natural presence—commanding, but never forced. She simply belonged where she was.





What surprised me was realizing that ease no longer felt unattainable. A few weeks earlier, I might have seen a figure like her as distant, unreachable. Now, I recognize her in myself. The dream wasn't showing me someone I wished to become. It was showing me a part of myself that was finally becoming visible.

That understanding deepened with another image—a peacock feather. At first, the feather appeared dull brown, its color hidden. Then, as I stood in the geometry, color began to emerge. It wasn't being created; it was simply being revealed, as if it had always been latent, waiting for the right moment.



This became the central insight. The field was already there. The geometry was already there. The color was already there. Activation happened by occupying the place where everything came together.



The dream circled back to images of convergence. The geometry crossed itself. The center connected all parts of the pattern. The landscape itself was the confluence of the Wenatchee and Columbia Rivers. Memories surfaced: signing my divorce papers there, noticing 1:11 and 11:11 for the first time. Gradually, confluence became more than a place where rivers meet. It became the place

where different aspects of self meet. The practical and the imaginal. The strategist and the dreamer. The executive and the artist. The tough and the soft. The one who sees and the one who stands.

The dream seemed less interested in whether I could see the pattern and more in whether I was willing to occupy my place within it.

The second dream circled many of the same themes, but from a different angle. I was back at my old boarding school, but not as the younger version of myself who had to make do with limited resources. This time, I knew I had enough to buy my own breakfast. I moved toward the cafeteria with confidence, seeking nourishment rather than survival.

A significant figure appeared—a Black woman, strong, healthy, warm, completely at ease with herself. As we explored the dream, it became clear that she represented a mature, deeply personal feminine energy that knew how to create a sense of belonging.

There was a brief passage through a dark, hidden room, a space that brought up old memories of confusion from adolescence, of spaces tied to spiritual authority. But the important part wasn't the room. It was my response. I left quietly, without drama or argument, without trying to fix anything. I simply recognized it wasn't where I belonged.



What struck me was that the woman followed. Healthy feminine guidance left the unhealthy space, too. She took me to her apartment—a small, welcoming, deeply human place. When I lay down on her couch, my shoulders relaxed. I didn't have to carry anything. I was free to think about whatever I wanted, because there was no need to be vigilant or responsible for everything.

It felt remarkably like the life I've been living since stepping away from the old leadership role—not a life without responsibility, but one where I'm no longer carrying every system, every crisis, every outcome.

The apartment also held a healthy masculine presence: her brother. Like the companion in the David Tennant dream from our last chapter, his energy was comfortable and unobtrusive. Everyone belonged. No one was proving anything. No one was negotiating for space or carrying more than they needed.

The dream's final movement raised questions about transportation, inequity, and social suffering. I recognized the familiar feeling from years in behavioral health, facing problems bigger than any one person can solve. The phrase that came was, "circular but not spiral." A spiral returns, but at a different level. A circle just repeats. Much of the suffering in the dream felt like the circle: recurring, resistant to resolution, larger than any individual. But the dream didn't ask me to solve it. Instead, it showed me belonging, discernment, companionship, rest, and home.

At first, I thought the central lesson of these dreams was embodiment. The Wenatchee dream emphasized standing. The boarding school dream emphasized belonging. Both moved beyond seeing, toward inhabiting.

And then the Soil-Water [Dragon Track marker](#) came into the story.

What started as a future action item from the Medicine Wheel unexpectedly became part of the dreamwork itself. Months before, I'd stumbled on the marker while carrying apples for a horse. The horse kept nudging me toward a marshy area in a field near the Chinese Gardens in Port Townsend. Thinking some animal might need help, I followed. The ground grew soft, blackberry thorns snagged my sleeves, and suddenly, the footing grew firm. Suddenly I saw a post with an empty interpretive sign, and next to it, a dragon track marker I didn't



know existed. It turns out there were [several dragon track markers](#) created and put around the [Dragon Watershed](#) in Jefferson County WA [in 1991 as a way for people to learn about water.](#)



Later, I learned the marker I'd found represented the soil-water phase of the hydrologic cycle—the spot where rain enters the forest floor and moves through sand, peat, and clay, part of the living exchange between water and earth.

The more I sat with the marker, the more it extended the dreams, rather than just echoing them. The Wenatchee dream showed activation; the soil-water marker showed what happens next. The field, the geometry, the color, the belonging—all already existed. But activation isn't the end of the story. What matters is whether what has been seen reaches the roots.

At first, I saw the dragon track as a symbol. Then I realized it was a footprint, a place where something had stood. The connection to the Wenatchee dream was hard to ignore. Again and again, the dreams emphasized standing. Activation came through the feet, not the eyes. The dragon track commemorated contact: earth and water, foot and ground, vision and embodiment meeting.

And then there was the blank interpretive sign. For a while, I thought its emptiness required explanation, but now I wonder if that's the most accurate part of all. The process it points to is mostly invisible. Water enters the ground. Roots receive it. Life responds. The evidence comes later, sometimes somewhere else entirely.

The dreams began with seeing. They moved toward standing. The soil-water marker led me toward participation.

That might be the thread connecting all of them. It isn't about creating something new, or chasing after a future version of myself. It's about recognizing that much of what I've been seeking already exists within the field of my life.

The question now isn't whether I can see it. The question is whether I'll allow it to enter deeply enough to become part of the living system.

Standing at the Soil-Water Dragon Track, I don't feel like I've arrived at an answer. It feels much more like arriving at a threshold.

In just one day, my understanding shifted. I moved from seeing myself as "the one who sees," to discovering what it means to be "the one who stands," and finally to arriving at a new place—the one who participates. Looking back, it feels as if both the Medicine Wheel and the dreams were quietly guiding me toward this destination, the Soil-Water Dragon Track. As I mark this this leg of my journey, I found myself writing a poem to be read at the marker itself.



Poem: **At the Soil-Water Dragon Track**

The sign is empty.

A blackberry thorn catches my sleeve.

Another finds my hair.

Twenty feet back,
the ground gives slightly
beneath each step.

Here, beside the marker, it holds.

Out on the lagoon,
a pewter-colored heron
stands in water

Nearby, last year's gumweed
holds a few seed heads above the grass.

The dragon's track is fixed in stone.

Rain enters.

No one watches.

A redwing blackbird
sounds across the marsh
metallic note melting to buzzing trill.

Then only wind
moving through willow leaves
until their pale undersides show.

The sign remains empty.

The lagoon does not seem to mind.

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