



I find myself returning to the Strategic Plan I first shaped on May 29, 2026. At that time, I was intent on moving beyond old limits and seeking new forms that could hold more truth, more color, more water, beauty, and abundance. That plan was an intention and invitation to myself to enter a broader landscape in which possibility might take root.

Ever since then, the work has developed a life of its own and has become a kind of dialogue between me and the practices I have gathered: waking and dreaming experiments, Soulacybin writing, hydrating the symbols and metaphors presented to me through beyond-verbal channels, ceremony, body awareness, creative practice, relationships, and the ordinary situations of daily life.

I realize my question has gone beyond simply asking what can hold me. I am now wondering what might move through me in a genuine, beautiful, and useful way, and what kinds of containers, channels, relationships, and structures help that movement stay clear.

Things are happening more quickly nowadays. What once took months or years to surface can sometimes be seen in a matter of days. As I move from waking into dreaming, I carry questions, images, phrases, and intentions with me. Something returns — perhaps a dream, a brief image, a surprising word, a sensation in my body, a waking-life connection, or a new pattern among things I had previously regarded as separate. Rather than immediately trying to work out what it all means, I pay attention to what arises and look for patterns, relationships, changes, and the forms that gradually emerge.

I am coming to see this more and more as a **living circuit**, rather than a one-way act of receiving.

Intuition, imagery, embodied knowing, dream material, and creative perception arrive through a vertical movement into my being. What arrives can then enter language, relationship, art, collaboration, ceremony, physical making, and action through a horizontal movement.

The Still Point lies where they meet in me. It is more than a safe place to retreat from action. It is a place where I can remain true to myself amid movement, letting something become clear before I introduce it into the world. What occurs to me does not have to be acted upon immediately; I can listen to it, give it time, and let it develop. Only then can what truly comes alive move toward the people, projects, relationships, materials, and forms where it belongs.

What we are seeking is not accumulation. I find myself increasingly drawn to the idea of **coherent circulation**, where what moves through is in harmony with what returns.

This updated Strategic Plan represents another change for me. I am evolving from being mainly concerned with finding direction and pursuing healing. Healing, boundaries, grief, and truth still shape the landscape, but the focus has shifted toward movement, creation, relationship, embodiment, reciprocity, and prosperity.

And perhaps the clearest way to describe the evolution is this: **The Medicine Wheel is moving from being primarily a system of orientation into becoming a method.**

In May, I was using it largely to locate myself: What direction am I facing? What needs attention? What kind of container can hold who I am becoming?



Now I am also using it to understand how the work itself moves: how something is received, clarified, related, embodied, returned, and circulated. The Wheel still helps me orient, but increasingly it also describes how insight becomes relationship, action, art, structure, and lived experience.

I want to broaden my earlier intention of developing an enriched inner life into a way of living in which what passes through me can become beautiful, useful, tangible, and generously supported in the physical world.

The Quill I understand myself to be stewarding in this lifetime needs a supported physical life to function. Prosperity is no longer something sitting at the edge of the plan. It has become one way I can recognize whether the circulation is truly reciprocal.

I used to ask of whatever came through me: **“What is this communication asking me to provide?”** Now another question sits beside it: **“In what way is this relationship supporting the woman through whom the work exists?”**

That is a small but significant change. Reciprocity is not something I am demanding from the unknown, nor an agreement I am entering into with life. It is something I am learning to notice. I can recognize, receive, celebrate, and circulate what comes back.

The waking-and-dreaming experiment gives me one of the clearest ways of observing this. I may carry a question, image, phrase, or experience into sleep, and what returns may take the form of a dream, threshold image, bodily sensation, word, or waking event that echoes the original material. I do not try to determine precisely how these connections arise. I pay attention to what appears, how it changes, and what unfolds when I meet it with curiosity and care.

The Soulacybin materials have become part of this same process. They are writings I produced during an intentional psilocybin journey in June 2026, without any expectation that I would write anything at all. Rather than treating those pages as something to resolve once and for all, I return to them as a **living score**, preserving their original language, rhythm, wordplay, imagery, and provenance while noticing what becomes newly legible from where I stand now.

I call this process **hydration**. For me, hydration means staying with each phrase long enough to make a real connection with it, noticing my body’s somatic response, bringing context and association, and allowing enough time for its structure to reveal itself without forcing it toward a single meaning.

The dream experiments and the Soulacybin writings are increasingly speaking to one another. Dreams offer new ways of reading the earlier writings, while the writings provide language, images, and structures that recur or evolve in both dreaming and waking life. Present experience illuminates older material, while older material helps me recognize what is arriving now.

I have begun to think of this less as interpretation and more as **spiral reading**. Something can return without simply repeating itself. A symbol may reappear with a different function. A container may become a channel. A room may become a Still Point. A thread may become a stitch, the beat of a wing, the turn of a crank, or the length of a cord. Meaning does not always replace what came before; sometimes it stretches outward into new territory.

And increasingly, it isn’t only psychological or symbolic. **It wants hands.**



Dream and threshold material is beginning to appear in artwork, writing, ceremony, arrangements of stones and water, weaving, visual compositions, storytelling, physical objects, and the way I make real decisions. I have become increasingly interested in the moment when meaning gains enough structure to become matter.

One of the major changes represented by this version of the Medicine Wheel is that what began as a way of orienting myself has become a method I can actually use. It is becoming an **operating system for circulation**.

North asks which structures allow an aligned life to take root. East helps me name, track, and articulate what is happening. South protects beauty, desire, play, color, and the creative life-force through which something can take form. West teaches me to receive, hydrate, listen, notice return, and remain in relationship with a current I do not need to control.

At the Center, orientation becomes practice. It is the Still Point where vertical intuition meets horizontal circulation. From there, I can receive without pursuing everything, create without forcing, enter relationship without losing myself, recognize possibility without automatically turning it into duty, and notice whether what I am giving is also part of a living return.

This updated Medicine Wheel Plan now represents a living system through which I can **receive, clarify, relate, embody, recognize, celebrate, and circulate** what feels most alive.

Rather than a closed circle, it feels more like a living spiral — always moving, always returning in a new way.

And beneath all of it is a principle that feels increasingly simple:

The work and the woman doing it are both meant to prosper.