



DOCUMENTING MY INSIGHT ARTIFACT PROCESS TOWARD UNDERSTANDING NEXT STEPS

A Note on the Process

In this paper, I use “insight artifacts” to mean the dreams, meditations, synchronicities, somatic responses, images, encounters, and symbolic moments that seem to carry meaning beyond their surface content.

I do not treat any single artifact as a final answer. Instead, I work with them together, looking for patterns, repeated symbols, emotional charge, body response, and practical implications. This process helps me slow down, stay regulated, and discern what next step feels aligned, grounded, and real.

In this inquiry, the park ranger’s interruption, the unfinished beach artwork, the dreams, the meditation, the clairvoyant images, and Kristen’s invitation all became part of the same field of reflection. Together, they helped me move from feeling interrupted and watched toward understanding that the beach may have taught me a form that is now asking to travel.

Starting Point: The Interruption at the Beach

This inquiry began with an interruption on May 21, 2026.

I had been working at the beach in a way that felt increasingly alive, coherent, and multidimensional. The artwork had been teaching me through direct participation: sand spheres, flowers, seaweed, grass, driftwood, tide, wind, rock, and whatever the beach itself placed in front of me. I was learning how to work on more than one plane at once, with verticality, layers, motion, color, form, and relationship.

Then a park ranger approached me because someone had made complaints about what I was doing. The complaint suggested I was bringing unsafe materials to the beach, including fishing line, which was not true. I had always been using organic materials: rhododendron blooms from the park, roses petals I had bought, sand, water, clay, grasses, seaweed, and driftwood. The ranger was kind and ultimately clear that I was not violating anything, but the encounter still changed the field. My name, address, and phone number were taken and I was warned not to bring anything to the beach that wasn’t within a 10 foot reach of the tideline. I felt watched, warned, and put on notice.

The interaction took the wind out of my sails. It was not only about whether I could continue making art at the beach. It touched something deeper: the feeling of being interrupted while in a sacred making process, being misunderstood, and having a living relationship with place suddenly reframed through surveillance and complaint.



At the same time, there was a steady synchronicity. The ranger's business card included the number pattern 444411, which echoed the 1111444 pattern embedded with my own logo that carries my intention toward health and healing in a symbolic language. That number did not erase the difficulty, but it suggested the encounter might not be only an obstacle. It might also be part of the field speaking.

The Artwork as the First Artifact

At the moment of interruption, I had been creating a formation of sand spheres beginning near the tide line and moving upward over rocks toward a piece of driftwood that looked like the pi symbol. The final sand sphere was placed on one of the ancient black ledge pieces that had washed up on the beach, inside the open space of the pi-shaped wood.



This image became central.

The sand spheres began where water and earth meet, where sand and tide become one living edge. They then moved upward into rock, structure, height, and deep time. I didn't get photos, but the final sphere rested inside a symbol of pi, a form associated with circle, ratio, pattern, mystery, and the relationship between the measurable and immeasurable.



The image suggested a path of coherence: from unity at the tide line, into form, structure, ancient matter, and pattern.

Then, as the ranger spoke, the pi-shaped wood fell backward. I did not put it back before leaving. Symbolically, this felt like the threshold collapsing under the pressure of being observed or regulated. The artwork did not need to be repaired immediately to be meaningful. The fallen pi became part of the artifact: a sign that the old way of holding the threshold had shifted.

The First Integration: One Complaint Is Not the Whole Beach

A short dream about an election became an important counterweight. In that dream, a community was gathered in a marketplace waiting for election results. The person everyone wanted to win did not win, and many people were devastated. I was aware of their sadness, but I remained centered.

The insight that came from this dream was simple and stabilizing:



One complaint is not the whole beach. One interruption is not the whole work. One outcome is not the whole future.

This did not immediately settle my body, but it gave my body a sentence to move toward. The dream showed a capacity to remain coherent inside a public field of disappointment or distress. It suggested that I could feel shaken and still belong to the larger flow.

The Meditation: Where Should I Turn My Attention Now?

After the beach interruption and a weekend away, I did a meditation asking: Where should I turn my attention now?

The meditation brought several images: I sensed light moving through something like a camera lens or binocular-like goggles, but moving outward into the external world. Then I saw my left hand on a doorknob. The door was cracked open toward me, and a slim shaft of light came into the room where I was standing. Then I heard or knew the phrase: “the sky’s the limit.”

I was prompted through clairsentience to state what I wanted my next step to be.

I chose my next step to be working with water in circumstances that are creative, joyful, delightful, transformative, beautiful, confident, and abundant. I asked for abundance in the work itself, abundance in the path that brings me to the work, and an abundant sense of clarity and confidence as I move forward. I welcomed connection with the autists and welcomed being guided and directed toward the next steps. I asked that the work be fertile for my own success, the success of the project, the success of the environment it belongs to, and the well-being of seven generations into the future.

The meditation did not give a fully opened door. It gave a cracked-open door. My hand was already on the knob. The light was already coming through. The next step was not to force the door open, but to name the conditions under which I was willing to enter.

The Cracked-Open Door: Kristen’s Invitation

That morning, a contact I met through a contact in Suzy’s mentorship group sent an email about agri-fiber wastewater filtration balls taking shape on the southern coast of Mexico. The prototypes would use coconut threads with Moringa pods in the center, and a women’s collective in the region had said yes to making prototypes. Kristen planned to return in October or November and invited me to possibly join her.

This opportunity echoed many threads already alive in the work:

Water. Mexico. Natural materials. Spheres. Women’s collective. Filtration. Prototyping. Seeds. Seven generations. Practical usefulness. The possibility that the sand sphere form, first learned



symbolically and ceremonially at the beach, might now travel into an ecological and functional form.

The first insight was:

- The beach door closed or narrowed, and almost immediately a water-sphere door opened elsewhere.
- This did not mean I should automatically say yes. It meant the invitation deserved to be treated as an insight artifact.

Dream: Sweden Olympic Planning

In the Sweden Olympic Planning dream, I was in Sweden at an Olympics planning conference. I joined a committee focused on opportunities for girls playing tennis or a similar upper-body sport. I was surprised that I could understand the Swedish women's language. I wondered why I was there and how I could be useful.

The woman leading the group explained that they needed to bring in money to support training. There was also a parade, and she handed me one edge of a banner to hold with her and the children. I realized I could help with something simple and visible before offering strategy.

Then I began thinking about grants. I named possibilities from my own U.S. context, while recognizing that Pell Grants, Title IX, and parks and recreation funding might not translate directly to Sweden. The woman saw value in having me look at their system because I had an infrastructural understanding of how funding might work.

At lunch, corn was about to fall through a pass-through window, and I caught it in my hands and placed it into the salad. Everyone was happy a mess had been avoided.

This dream offered a clear model for the Mexico opportunity:

Do not arrive as the expert. Arrive listening first. Hold the banner. Help where useful. Translate infrastructure. Catch loose pieces before they scatter. Offer grounded questions and practical possibility without imposing a foreign system.

The contrast with the older American man in the dream was important. He wanted to be seen as an expert and became isolated. I was useful because I listened, helped at a basic level, and offered what I knew with humility.



Dream: Litter to Video Project

In the Litter to Video Project dream, I was in the back seat of a large black car. I threw chewed gum out the window, immediately wondering why I had done that. Someone saw me and began following the car. I worried I might be reported, but I was not caught.

The car then took me to a place where I was in charge of a cool, innovative video project. The project involved creative, funny, edifying conversations about different forms of intimacy over time.

This dream echoed the beach complaint, but reduced the “violation” to something small: gum. It suggested there may be an ethical refinement around care and what is left behind, but not a catastrophic wrongdoing.

The larger movement of the dream was toward video, conversation, intimacy, creativity, and leadership.

The insight was:

The complaint-field may ask me to refine my care, but it does not cancel the creative project. It may even move the work toward video, story, and conversations that teach people how to relate more deeply over time.

Dream: Mystery Solve

In the Mystery Solve dream, a small group was trying to solve a mystery involving people being killed. Investigators would gather some information and think they had done well, but then someone, sometimes someone from within the group, would roll a barely visible piece of a pill toward them, and they would die.

The dream became like a movie, and I knew the little boy in our midst should not watch it. I took him outside, even after briefly considering whether I was being too soft. Outside, another young boy seemed to do something concerning, but the little boy I was protecting pleaded with me not to hurt or punish him. I wondered if the two children had endured some trauma together.

While recording the dream, I saw the number 5556. At the end, I saw an acorn with windows drawn on its shell.

This dream warned that inquiry itself can become dangerous if the method is contaminated. People were trying to solve the mystery, but the act of investigating exposed them to hidden poison. In the context of dreams, clairs, synchronicities, and possible opportunities, the dream suggested that I must investigate carefully, without poisoning the tender parts of myself with too much intensity.



The acorn with windows offered the medicine image. The next form is seed-sized, but it already has windows. It already contains openings, rooms, and future structure.

The insight was:

I am learning to investigate mystery without poisoning the tender parts of myself. The next form is still seed-sized, but it already has windows.

Dream: Bullock Mess

In the Bullock Mess dream, I worked at a school that had gone downhill. The staff and faculty were discouraged. The person in charge was inauthentic and acted as though the school had a kind of magic it did not truly have.

I sensed that I did have access to some kind of new knowledge, possibly related to telepathy, and wondered if I could teach or assist with a short class. But it became clear that the institution could not authentically hold such work.

The infrastructure was chaotic and disrespectful. A low-paid laborer had been hired to remodel a room but was given no real space to make plans. Someone else was trying to prepare food on the same cramped desk. The queen's coronation dress tradition was degraded into cheap dresses being handed down as possible substitutes.

Then I saw young Sandra Bullock among the students. She noticed that the children were being encouraged to make a big mess and sent a message reminding the adults to be mindful of the people who would have to steward and clean the space afterward.

The dream was clear: I did not want to work there anymore.

This dream gave a strong discernment principle:

Do not bring sacred or new knowledge into a container that cannot steward it.

Real magic includes stewardship. Real transformation requires space, planning, respect for labor, care for the people who restore the room, and protection of the queen's true emergence. I am not meant to lend my gifts to containers that perform transformation but cannot hold the mess, labor, sacredness, or right timing of what wants to emerge.

Clairvoyant input: Goggle Light

The Goggle Light "clair" brought a sequence of images.

I saw a girl underwater with long hair, wearing cartoon-like goggles with three-dimensional light lenses, almost like light binoculars. Then I saw a glass plate extending between earth dimension



and water dimension. From underwater, I could see water lapping against the glass. On the water side, there was a funnel spinning downward along the wall.

The word “lasagna” came in, suggesting layers and the awareness that there are layers beneath the glass dish, perhaps underground where I could not see.

Then I saw a fish shape made from a triangle and a pointed oval balanced together. There was an X where the triangle and oval met, where the tail meets the body. I also saw baby footprints in sand, a heart-shaped arrowhead pointing downward at the boundary between earth and water, and finally a blasting five-pointed star exploding outward.

This vision mapped where to look next.

The girl underwater was seeing from within the water field, not from the land side. The goggles suggested illuminated, dimensional sight. The glass boundary was the membrane between earth and water. The funnel showed movement along that boundary. The lasagna image said: look at the layers beneath the surface.

The X at the fish’s tail-body junction suggested:

Look where movement becomes form.

The baby footprints suggested a new beginning. The heart-arrow pointing downward suggested sending love into the boundary between earth and water.

The insight was:

The next attention point is not simply water or land, but the living membrane where water, earth, love, movement, and layered perception meet. Look at the X where motion enters form.

Clair/Dream: Octopus Rescue

In the octopus image, people in a boat found an octopus inside a floating container, something like a milk crate or milk jug. They believed it was trapped and rescued it by cutting open the container and returning it to the water.

But I knew an octopus could probably have escaped through the opening on its own. The story did not seem literally realistic. Then the octopus returned to the boat, reached two arms over the edge, and someone said, “It wants us to follow it.” The people followed the octopus and were led to many other octopuses caught in a fishing net. They then freed them all.



This image suggested that the first visible problem may not be the real problem. The apparently trapped octopus may have appeared in a way that engaged human attention so they would follow it to the larger net.

The insight was:

The apparent blockage may be a signal-being, not just an obstacle. If I follow it carefully, it may lead me from one small rescue into the larger net that wants freeing.

THE LARGER SYNTHESIS

Across the whole process, a clear movement emerged.

The beach container narrowed, but the work did not stop. It changed scale and medium.

The beach had taught me the form: sphere, seed, sand, water, organic matter, boundary, membrane, witness, motion, and right relationship with place. The interruption did not erase that teaching. It may have marked the moment when the form began asking to travel.

The central sentence that brought excitement in my body was:

The beach taught me the form. Now the form may be asking to travel.

This excitement mattered. It showed that the inquiry had moved from loss into possibility.

What travels is not the beach art itself. What travels is the intelligence the beach art taught me: sphere, seed, filtration, water, natural materials, right relationship, listening first, practical usefulness, and abundance without overextension.

The Forward Concept

The emerging concept is this:

I am willing to follow the form as it travels, but only into containers that can hold reciprocity, stewardship, clarity, and right relationship.

This gives me a discernment frame for whatever comes next, including Kristen's Mexico water opportunity.

The question is not only: Is this exciting?

The questions are:

Does this opportunity let the form travel in a way that is joyful, useful, well-held, and abundant? Does it honor water? Does it use natural materials in right relationship with land and place? Are local women leading? Is there a clear role for me? Is there compensation or practical support?



Am I listening before shaping? Does this help heal water or support ecological repair? Does it serve the well-being of seven generations into the future?

Integration Statement

I began with the feeling that the beach work had been interrupted and perhaps taken from me. Through the insight artifacts, I came to see that the beach may have completed one phase of instruction. It taught me the form through direct participation with sand, tide, flower, seaweed, grass, driftwood, ancient matter, wind, and witness.

Now the form may be asking to travel into a new container: one involving water, spheres, filtration, natural materials, women's collective work, ecological usefulness, video witnessing, and grounded abundance.

I understand there's no need to rush, collapse or force the door open. My hand is already on the knob, the door is already cracked, and light is already coming through.

My next movement is to listen, ask grounded questions, protect the tender parts of myself, avoid containers that perform magic without stewardship, and follow the form only where reciprocity, clarity, and right relationship are present.

I'm happy to know the work isn't over, that the beach taught me the form, and now the form may be asking to travel.