



HOW THE CEREMONY UNFOLDED

On Summer Solstice, I went to the beach to complete a ceremony that had been forming for some time around the image of a circle, a hexagon, and a five-pointed star.

The ceremony was held at the Salish Sea floor's water temple, within what I have come to understand as the Dragon's watershed—a place where the land itself carries the shape and feeling of dragon, and where the receding tide had once revealed a circle of stones resting beneath the water. That revealed stone circle had become central to the ceremony. It felt like an older temple already present in the place, something

shown by the sea only after enough time had been spent sitting, watching, listening, and returning.

The prepared ceremony was called *Re-Membering the Field: Circle • Hexagon • Star: A Living Temple of Relationship*. Its central movement was simple: the circle represented the larger whole already present; the hexagon, marked by sand spheres, made a temporary relational field visible; the star was meant to move through the hexagon, touching each point in turn; then water would dissolve the sand spheres and return the temporary field to the larger circle.

The guiding riddle behind the ceremony was:

“Remember systems that break matter fall apart. Remember.

Remember stars cannot fall unless there is an understanding of others. Remember.”

Before I began, several people entered the field in unexpected ways.

One man, younger than me and dressed in a way that evoked what many people might imagine as a ceremonial or shamanic figure, was already further down the beach near the lighthouse. For a moment I wondered whether he was doing ceremonial work of his own and whether I should avoid setting up too close. Later, he walked directly past what I had created—the circle, hexagon, sand spheres, and star—and showed no particular interest. The moment became strangely clarifying. From the outside, someone may look like the role of “ceremonial practitioner,” while the actual ceremony may be happening through far more ordinary forms: a grandmother on the beach, carrying buckets, shaping sand, listening to the tide, and trying to stay aligned.



Another couple stopped while I was setting up. The woman was interested, curious, and encouraging. She and her husband spent time with me, then continued their walk. Her husband took a photograph of the sand spheres before they were placed into the circle, an image that later became paired with the poem I wrote after the ceremony.



Then came a dramatic interruption. A very tall man, walking with his teenage daughter, passed by the ceremony site. His daughter asked what I was doing, and I told them I was doing a Summer Solstice ceremony. A little later, as they passed back through, the man picked up the two-foot wooden five-pointed star I had made, lifted it over his head, and smashed it repeatedly against the rocks.

It was startling and strange to witness. He did not seem angry with me, and when he later looked at me, it was almost like the ordinary nod of a stranger on the beach. The action itself felt intense and unconscious, as though some force had moved through the field. I was relieved when he continued walking.

In that moment, I had to decide whether the ceremony could continue without the physical star.

Then the woman who had spoken with me earlier returned. Her presence was remarkably grounding. She was curious, encouraging, and unafraid of what had happened. At some point she gave me a heart-shaped stone, and that stone ultimately became part of the ceremony, placed in the center of the circle and hexagon field.

That felt important. One stranger had entered through force and interruption. Another entered through curiosity, encouragement, and relationship. After the star was broken, a heart arrived at the center.

I continued the ceremony.

Although the wooden star was gone, the star remained available through body, memory, intention, and movement. I walked the hexagon and made the motions I had intended to make with the star, pressing its lower points symbolically into each side of the relational field. The wooden form had carried the pattern beautifully, and when that form left the field, the living star continued through gesture.

This became one of the clearest teachings of the day: the star lives in more than the wood. It lives in the pattern, in the relationship, and in the field that had already been called in.

The interruption also changed how I understood the riddle.

The man's action physically enacted one side of it. The star was lifted and brought down into matter through force and impact. In that form of descent, the wooden star broke.



The ceremony enacted another possibility. The star descended through relationship: through contact, care, orientation, sequence, and understanding of the field it was entering. Matter holds differently when relationship is present. The star descends differently when there is an understanding of others.

So the ceremony became more than a planned symbolic act. It became a direct teaching about how spirit, pattern, or “star energy” can enter matter. Through force, it breaks. Through relationship, it becomes coherent.

At the same time, in another part of the country, Colby was having her own body-based ceremony without knowing exactly how it would connect to what I was doing at the beach.

She was jumping on her trampoline to music when she began chanting in a strong, embodied way. As she chanted, she saw a grid, including a hexagon grid in the sky and a hexagon grid in the sea floor. She saw the sea, sea animals, Africa, Earth, and sky. She sent love and high-frequency energy into the grid.

At one point, while “Bad Habits” was playing, her vision turned toward people struggling with addiction. What came through was: “Remember who you are. Remember who you are. Remember who you are.” Then she wondered whether she should wait until I did my ceremony, and she received the message: “You are doing her ceremony. You’re there right now because there is no time, remember?”

She later saw whales, dolphins, octopus, fish, ocean, sky, and the grid. The song “Golden” came on, a song already connected in other threads with “MH” and the larger field. Toward the end, she heard, “We are activating. We are activating. We are activating.” Then her hands came to a calm, peaceful stop just as the song ended.

So while the ceremony at the beach was moving through circle, hexagon, star, sand, tide, water, rupture, heart, and embodied continuation, Colby’s part was moving through rhythm, chant, body, grid, sea floor, sky, remembering, and activation.

Later, MiM appeared at the end and took some video. I was grateful he arrived after the most dramatic part had passed. His presence felt like another form of witness: not someone shaping the ceremony, but someone helping record that it had happened.

Afterward, standing in the shower, I found myself sending calm, peace, and love to the man who broke the star and to his daughter. That also felt like part of the ceremony. The work did not end with interpretation. It continued through the choice to send steadiness toward the very figures who had carried disruption into the field.

There was also the daughter to consider. She was about thirteen. She was the one who asked what I was doing. She witnessed both my ceremony and her father’s act of breaking the star. I



do not know what that moment meant for her, but I have the sense that she was part of the field too: young feminine consciousness watching two different ways of relating to mystery.

The next layer of understanding came through JK, who had earlier brought forward images connected to Buckminster Fuller, sphere-packing, and the spaces formed between closely packed spheres. We both noticed the timing when she showed them to me: 1:11.



The first image showed a sphere-packing model. What struck me was that the hexagonal pattern is not the fundamental thing. The hexagon emerges because many spheres are relating to one another in the most efficient way possible. Relationship comes first. The hexagon is one visible expression of relationship.

The second image showed the curved shape created between closely packed spheres. JK emphasized, “There are no straight lines.” That landed strongly because the ceremony itself used straight-line geometries: circle, hexagon, star, and words written in sand. Those forms helped make something visible, but the living field beneath them may be more fluid, curved, and relational than the visible structure suggests.



That opened another layer of the ceremony’s teaching.

At first, the ceremony seemed to be about the hexagon remembering it belongs to the circle. After JK’s images, I began wondering whether the circle itself is remembering that it belongs to the sphere. The movement may be:

Hexagon → Circle → Sphere or: Structure → Wholeness → Living Relationship



The hexagon may be the visible footprint of a deeper relational field. The circle may be the larger container that becomes visible from within the place. The sphere may be the living relational whole from which both arise.

By the end of the day, I felt that the ceremony had unfolded in more dimensions than I could have planned.

The prepared ceremony offered the structure.

The beach offered the living temple.

The riddle entered matter through the broken star.

The heart-shaped stone entered the center through relationship.



Colby activated the grid through body, rhythm, chant, and no-time.

Mitch arrived as witness.

JK brought the sphere-field teaching.

And the larger circle held all of it.

The ceremony wasn't a perfect enactment of the plan, it unfolded as a living field – including interruption, repair, witness, humor, humility, beauty, density, synchronicity, relationship, and the choice to continue.

The clearest teaching I am carrying is this:

- The star lives in more than the wood.
- The field answers force with heart.
- Relationship comes first.
- Geometry becomes visible through it.
- And what has seemed separate can be re-membered into the whole.