

Epilogue



Samara may not be ready for a true epilogue to these chronicles yet, but everyone has experienced the sense of a kind of *'pull from the future'*. This pull has been mentioned in a few of our purpose-practice sessions. What we can do now, with all the inspiration, energy and trust we are building, is to translate our developing sense of a *Massive Transformative Purpose* into a *Vision of The Future*.

Such conversations and perspectives have already started to emerge. Here is one such example:

**Context: Bongji and Joachim were chatting on Discord about places to go and Joachim mentioned that the famous pilgrimage on the Camino de Santiago was on his bucket list. Out of this came a spontaneous "conversation from the future".*

“ Bongji: "I now have a dream to meet you on the Camino, Joachim!"

Joachim: "Hello there, I know you from somewhere", "Ah, yes, that was back in the Samara days", "Let's walk together and tell me how the paradigm shift happened."

“ Bongi: "Ah yes! Those days! What days of uncertainty and change. We didn't know the magnitude of what was happening or the pathways and forks in the road.

Much like this Camino journey we theorized about maps and pondered routes on candlelit evenings, but walking it is a different thing. Tell how the shift happened? If you can reflect back your wisdom as we walk I can make a start old friend:

For me it started with that smell around us right now; soil and diverse plants and flowers basking in sun. that smell and the birds singing has transformed subtly but entirely since the Samara days and I hear her spirit in it all.

It started with the magic of quorum sensing in the soil: when more than 10 species share the same root zone, a new kind of magic happened based on quality, not quantity: a quorum that reaches a tipping point of complexity and somehow sends a wave of trans-formative information through the surrounding areas. No one of the trillions of micro-organisms know what is happening per se, but they each live soaked in the proto-percipient intelligence of everything.

Somehow this unlocks with diversity and a complex culture and they become part of a magic journey. A journey which suddenly shifts toward organic balance, towards clean air, clean water, regular rainfall. All from the soil.

We became part of something like that and through us all a new culture was birthed. We got to watch the wave of change and soak in gratitude and awareness as we shifted and responded in the moment to the surfboard beneath our feet and the winds in the sky. A privilege to witness and channel the blessings of; much like the flow that comes in the many hours along this Camino path sometimes. Aware, acting, responding, and also witness; hot breath and aching muscles, but within a field of flow and an open gratitude.

How was it for you wise one? Yess I haven't forgotten that nickname; the truth-joke always nudged you in those days and I can't help it after enjoying the humour of the region-island they used to call 'England'. All that natural food and fasting and still no walking stick I see! Maybe we change it to Eternal One?

*See the waystation over the next hill dear friend? Lets go. What was it again!?!
Ah yes! Onward Team Human!"*

Joachim: (takes a deep breath in, the rich smell of the soil, the flowers, the buzzing of the bees all around us on this hot summer day)

Yes, I remember it. It all happened so quickly, none of us expected it, it felt slow at the beginning. But the field was there, almost tangible, reachable, we could sense our energies around us, it was beautiful. I recall the first time of the shift, the subtlety, almost unnoticeable, yet captivating and traversing through every vein in your body. I think the teacher we had talked to way back when it started (don't quite recall her name) pointed to that shift every time she sensed it, not unlike goosebumps on your skin, but going somehow through your body (I couldn't quite grasp what that really meant at that time).

Oh, yes the waystation, our old departure port, the light house, the green light beams going into the dark of the night every night, I wonder if that is still operational today. When we instantiated the first stations around the globe and started to connect them with the conscious field it was like waves set in motion as you describe it, some kind of magic machinery, yet with humans at the control board (if you can call it that, more like a sensory machine). Let's get closer and have a look, my old friend.

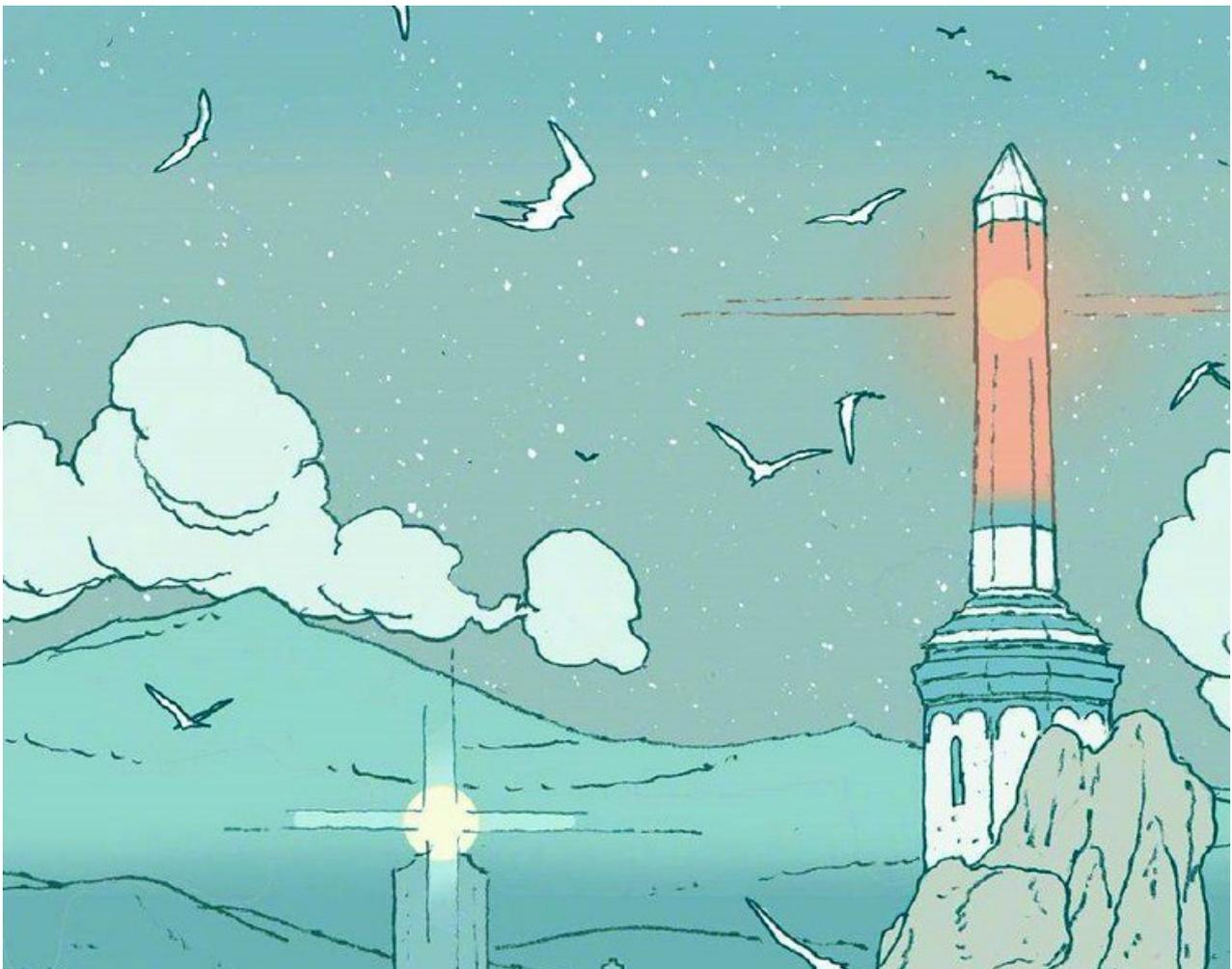


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