

## **My Uchu Sanango 10-Day Isolation Dieta at the Rainforest Healing Center in Peru** **By Bruce Manaka**

*My Dieta took place during the Summer of 2015. I continue to remain free of Lyme Disease. The following account was written four months after the dieta to the Facebook Group: "Rainforest Healing Center Chakra Alegria de Amor Future and Past Guests" Community*

Hello Medicine Tribe!

It has been four months since my Uchu Sanango Dieta in the Rainforest at Chakra Alegria and I wish to share some of what I experienced during the dieta along with the insights and changes I have noticed in myself since leaving the jungle.

First of all, I am deeply grateful to Omar, Shaman Pedro and staff at Chakra Alegria for holding such a beautiful and safe container to work with the sacred plant medicines. It had far surpassed any expectations that I may have had!

It was the culmination of a long-held desire for my wife, Patty and I to do an isolation dieta with Uchu Sanango in the Rainforest. After much research and soul-searching, we felt deeply drawn to Chakra Alegria. My main intention for undergoing the Uchu Sanango Dieta was for physical healing. A few years ago I had contracted Lyme Disease and was dealing with some chronic symptoms, mainly of the joints, nervous system, etc. I also had some chronic lung issues (bronchitis) that had plagued me for most of my life. Now, Patty and I had worked many dozens of times with Ayahuasca over the last six years and I found much help and relief from the somewhat debilitating symptoms of Lyme and Bronchitis. However, I felt the call and need to do a more focused and deeper clearing and cleansing in order to get to the root of these chronic issues...and the Uchu Sanango Isolation Dieta seemed to "fit the bill."

We also went in with the intention for the medicine to pull out any stuck or blocked energies that impeded our growth and spiritual evolution. From the information that my wife and I gleaned over the internet and from the Chakra Alegria website regarding the Uchu Sanango Dieta, we committed to doing it knowing full well that it could be "tough." Well, I've had some very difficult Ayahuasca ceremonies over the years, but nothing could have prepared me for the hellish world I was about to enter with Dr. Sanango!

Please understand that the medicine, at least from my understanding, is different for different people. Patty shared with me afterwards that her experience was not so difficult for her. I also want to stress that the difficulties that I experienced I now see as a small price to pay for the life-transforming results that I presently enjoy! Would not want to scare anyone away who might be considering working with this sacred medicine.

Anyway, back to my story. On the second evening of our stay at the Rainforest Retreat we drank Ayahuasca with the group that we walked in with. Very strong medicine and a great way to begin the Isolation Dieta. In the morning Patty and I bid adieu to the group and to each other. We would not see each other for eight days! The only person we would see during that time was the Shaman, Pedro. Throughout that time he tirelessly brought our medicine, food and water...and for eight days, the only food we were allowed were two hard boiled eggs, rice and one plantain.

No condiments. Three times a day! However, twice we were served boiled chicken. It was divine!

The day after the first Ayahuasca Ceremony, I began my Uchu Sanango Isolation Dieta. No reading materials, no electronic devices, no interaction with other people, no use of soaps, toothpaste, etc. Just me and my journal and pens.

#### First Day: Purgatory

In the afternoon, Pedro came by with a bunch of Uchu Sanango roots and he had me scrape the bark off of them. The scrapings would be soaked in water and I would drink the brew the following morning at 3am. This would be done three mornings in a row.

Throughout the day I took a number of "Bucket Showers" from the stream. We were told to do this as it would help remove toxins during the dieta. I found the waters to be soothing and healing, even at three in the morning!

Waiting for the first drink to arrive, I started to feel a little nervous, as I really had no idea how I was going to react to the medicine. The night was interminable, getting dark at 6pm. I had no clock or timepiece and so had no way of knowing what time it was. I tried writing in my journal for awhile, underneath the canopy of the mosquito netting on my bed, but little insects started to swarm around my head, attracted to my head lamp. I ended up sitting in the darkness, listening to the drone of insects, the song of birds and the footsteps of creatures that I could not see due to the thickness of the jungle outside of my tambo. And I felt perfectly safe!

I did not sleep much that night and it was kind of a relief when I heard footsteps in the distance and saw lights dancing in the tambo from the headlamp of Pedro who was quickly approaching. It was finally 3am! "Hola Bruce Lee!" This became one of Pedro's endearing ways of greeting me through the day, along with "Hello Brother!"

He brought the first cup of medicine in a glass, which seemed to be about six to eight ounces. We sat down on the floor facing each other and he started to pray and sing over the medicine along with blowing tobacco smoke over it. He then handed it to me. I said my prayers and then gulped it down as fast as I could. I was glad that it was of watery consistency, somewhat spicy with a "rooty" kind of taste.

Pedro then told me to take a bucket shower and to "hold the medicine down" for at least an hour or so, which was easy enough to do after having taken my shower. I sat on the floor with my bucket and waited for the medicine to "kick in."

The purgative aspect of Uchu Sanango was quite stronger than any Ayahuasca purge that I was familiar with. Anyway, after what seemed like an hour or so of strong purging (from both ends), I settled down in my bed to rest. I started to feel a gentle tingling sensation throughout my body. I thought, "This is kind of nice." The vibration then started to slowly increase in intensity, requiring a lot of deep breathing on my part to accommodate the now strange sensations rolling through the body, felt especially strong in every joint. The vibration continued to ramp up, and with racing heart, I started to get a little worried.

At a certain point, I found it very difficult to move, as though my body was slowly going into paralysis. My body started vibrating as though a strong electrical current was running through it, especially felt from little finger to little finger, across the shoulders and shoulder blades. The sense that I had was that the medicine was purging my body of toxins and mainly the residue of Lyme Disease and all of the "entity" spirits involved. I'll explain my experience with the entities a little farther down.

Some of the symptoms that I was told to expect: crossing of the eyes, difficulty in walking, getting hot and losing some motor control of the body. Yes, yes, yes and yes! What kind of caught me off guard was the intensity of the physical vibration moving through the body along with very bizarre sensations, ones that I have no past reference points for. The actual vibration itself felt electrical in nature and seemed to target areas of the body that needed healing: lungs, shoulders, certain joints, etc.

When Pedro came by, after having delivered the medicine to Patty and sitting with her for awhile, he asked how I was doing. I remember having mumbled over and over, "Too much! Too much! Too strong! Too strong!" It seemed so strong that I actually had some concerns that I might die. Pedro looked at me with a smile and said, "Good medicine," indicating that this is how it was supposed to work.

The medicine kept ramping up in intensity for what seemed like hours. It was like being tossed into the spin cycle of some cosmic washing machine! I was very worried about Patty, sending prayers her way, because she was usually the one to suffer most during strong Ayahuasca ceremonies. Little did I know that her experience was not nearly as difficult as how mine was turning out to be!

It must have been around evening time that the medicine started to wind down. I did not eat breakfast or lunch as I knew it would not stay down for long. I felt weak, disoriented and wondering to myself, "What did I get myself into?" I felt raw and broken down, disassembled. The thought of having to drink two more times was unbearable! Dinner came by and I forced myself to eat one egg and some rice. I knew I needed strength.

Again the interminable night came so soon! I told myself that I just needed to get through the next couple of days. I comforted myself with the thought that surely the first day must have been the "tough" one to get through and that the next two days would be easier. I even fantasized that Pedro would make my drink weaker, considering how difficult my first day was. My sleep was fitful and not very deep.

Day two: Hell!

Again I was already awake when I heard Pedro's voice: "Hola Bruce Lee!" My body was already starting to feel nauseas just by looking at the drink in Pedro's hands! After the prayers and singing, Pedro handed me the drink. My body shook and contorted as I forced myself to drink the spicy brew. It took all I had to not purge right then and there! I showered and then waited...

After an hour or so, I purged a little, not much. I lay down to try and rest. The medicine started coming on full force, even stronger than on the previous day. Pedro, who was with me, got up and said he was going to check in on Patty.

I got up to take a drink and then...had the purge of a lifetime! My body started to heat up, especially my lungs. Again, the Uchu Sanango "ramping up" effect was taking place. I started to feel hotter...and hotter...and hotter! Like I was on fire from the inside. Intense, searing pain was rippling through my lungs and shoulders, nose and throat.

At first I tried doing my Yogi "thing" of just "gutting it out," trying to stoically detach from the body using the meditation techniques that I had learned when I was a monk living in an ashram. As the pain continued to intensify, I started writhing in agony, pounding the bed, my moans turning into screams.

I prayed to the Gods, the Gurus, the Father/Mother Great Spirit, to the Archangels...to any deity that would consider helping me! I especially prayed to the Mother for help; and as the pain continued to intensify, I remember mumbling deliriously: "What kind of Mother are You! Leaving me here like this!" My bizarre dialog with the Mother went on like this for quite some time, intermingled with moans and screams. I was caught in a black hole of helplessness!

Pedro then walked in, sat near me on my bed and started singing icaros. I screamed, "This is too much! Too much!" He helped me outside and had me sit cross-legged on the ground. He went down to the stream and brought a bucket of water up...and very slowly poured it over my head. Sweet respite! But short-lived! The fires within were just too hot. He made many trips, up and down, bringing buckets of the cool waters that he then poured over my head.

He helped me back inside the tambo and continued with his prayers and icaros. The pain continued on unabated. At a certain point, I remember going into a kind of delirium where my vocalizations sounded like some wounded animal. I could hear myself howling and snarling.

Although I was quite "out of my mind" with pain, the "observer" part of me was still intact. I remember vividly all that transpired. Even during the episode of howling and snarling, wringing of hands and pulling of my hair, the fundamental Self was still intact. And it was from that "wider" space of the "observer" that I have a fuller understanding of the "entity" aspect that I wish to convey at this point in the narrative.

In the moments prior to my "breakdown/breakthrough," when my screams turned to howling and snarling, I felt a kind of energetic contortion, a twisting of my body, neck and head upwards and back, as though something was being ejected out of the body. As these energies were being released, I could hear myself hissing and snarling. I could also feel my face contorting as these energies were being released. Entities? It would seem so.

I never thought of myself before as having entities attached to me. I realize now how easily they hide and insinuate themselves into the fabric of our energetic bodies and manifest as unease and illness. When I first contracted Lyme Disease three years ago, during my worst moments of high fever, I saw and spoke with the Lyme entity. I felt its power and intelligence. I asked, "Why are

you doing this?" It answered, "This is what we do." I also understood its attitude of, "How dare you ask!"

I also felt its unearthly, alien vibration that was totally devoid of human warmth, compassion and love. Later on, I thought it interesting that its head looked to me like a Nazi helmet.

Anyway, I digress. Back to the Rainforest. At some point during all of my writhing and flopping around from the pain, something within me broke, or rather cracked open...I was reduced to a puddle of tears. In an instant, I felt the presence of the Mother! And in that instant I also came to understand that it was not only I who was crying but the Mother too was crying with and through me...and it was only our tears that finally put out the fires of my pain, which then started to subside quickly.

A question arose spontaneously from the depths of my heart, "What have we done to our Beautiful Mother? She who nurtures and sustains us?" Even as She was healing my lungs, She showed me in a torrent of images and feelings, how we humans—Her children—are destroying Her lungs through the degradation of the air, lands and waters... and especially of the Rainforest.

I felt an overwhelming love and gratitude for the Mother, along with deep sorrow for what I (we humans) have done to this beautiful planet and to each other. There was also a tremendous "down-to-the-bone," aching longing to "Return home" (home in Spirit).

In the midst of this little drama taking place I saw myself, my body speaking and praying to the Mother in a language I could not understand, but I understood the gist of what was being communicated to me and it was this:

"When you were going through your deepest suffering and calling to us, understand this: We were all there with you, compassionately witnessing your terrible suffering! If you thought we were not helping you, it was only because your initiation was not yet complete. There were still overlays of toxic residue and "karma" that could only be removed by this ordeal by fire. Our beloved Pedro helped you by pouring cool waters over your head. It was a baptism so-to-speak.

"The inner baptism occurred when your tears flowed, inundating the fires that caused such suffering. Please understand also that only when your tears flowed for me (The Mother) were the fires put out. Your initiation was complete!

"You have our attention! We walk with you, from within and all around! Do not fear! You cannot fail!"

It must have been evening time when I started to regain some semblance of normalcy. I felt totally spent, drained and yet relieved that I was no longer in physical pain. My voice was not working though. My words came out in little squeaks. I also could not drink without the water going down into my windpipe. I had to sip very slowly, shuddering at the thought that I would have to down the third and final cup of medicine in little sips! The thought was unbearable. I prayed for strength.

Day three: Rebirth!

"Hola Bruce Lee!" Pedro came into the tambo with a big smile. Like the previous two nights, I was already up. I had tried sipping on some water and found, to my great relief, that I was able to swallow the water normally. My voice was also back to normal.

The final drink! Pedro prayed, blew tobacco smoke and sung his icaros over the medicine and then handed me the drink. I steeled myself to gulp the brew down quickly. Glug, glug, glug! Just as strong, even more difficult to get down than on the previous two mornings! My arms were shaking wildly and my body and face contorting in reaction to what was once again going down into my stomach. Finally, as I got to the last drops, Pedro said, "That's enough." I immediately put down the glass and smiled in celebration of finishing the third and final drink! I was so happy! Pedro gave me a big hug and then told me to go down to the river for my bucket shower.

I waited for the purge. After an hour or so, it came quite suddenly and easily. I prepared myself for whatever was to follow. Again, the eyes crossed, the energies ramped up, etc. But this day was quite different from the previous two. It was like a great storm had already passed and I was sailing on smooth waters. The day went by quickly and without struggle!

Day four: Heaven!

I woke up with clear sight and clear mind. I walked down to the shower area and doused myself a dozen times or so with the cool waters. Ah! It was so nice to not feel nausea. So nice to not have to drink the powerful brew! The Uchu Sanango Dieta was definitely the most difficult thing I've ever done! And I was glad and grateful to have gone through with it.

My mind was struck with all the symbolism that could be applied to the experience: purgatory, hell, rebirth, three days and nights of darkness, etc. On day four, I wrote prodigiously in my journal, not wanting to forget what I had just been through. Many times I wrote with tears streaming down my face in gratitude for all the insights that were being revealed to me about my life and life in general.

It was heaven here in the jungle, surrounded by jungle sounds and the sheer beauty of the jungle itself! Never before had I felt such clarity of mind and sharpness of senses! Regarding the senses, my sense of smell became ultra-sensitive. The smell of my colored pencils were too strong for me to work with. I had to make sure and hold my ink pen well away from my nose while writing. Even regular tissue paper was over-powering! I was able to understand why we were enjoined to not have any sprays, perfumes, toothpaste, etc. during the dieta.

The smells of the jungle, though, were divine! As well as were the sounds! All very healing. There was the constant drone of insects: crickets, frogs, birds, etc. etc. They seemed loudest at night, a cacophony of buzzing, croaking, cawing, chirping, whooping. Some of the sounds were like people laughing. Another sounded like an alarm clock. One sounded like a missed-call dial tone. There were rare times of near silence, usually in mid-afternoon.

I meet Dr. Sanango

On the fourth day, I met Dr. Sanango in a dream vision. He had long brown hair, combed back. He was tall and wore spectacles. He looked like a combination of the actors James Coburn and

Leonard Nimoy. Very cool looking! With a sweep of his head, he whipped his long hair back over the top of his head. There were a growing number of insects congregating on a large wall and ceiling and he then proceeded to place his eyeglasses up to their eyes. As he disappeared into the insects, he told me that he watches over all of his patients through their eyes, which are all over the world!

He also mentioned that there is much that we humans can learn from the insects: their ways of swarming and droning, their ways of moving through the jungle. He said we can connect with them by attuning to their resonant frequency, by feeling into the energy of their drone, which can be healing to our bodies.

Dr. Sanango said that much of what I was to learn was about fine-tuning my feelings and tapping into the sublimely fine frequencies of the body and environment and creating expressions of those subtle energies in the world.

"You are learning the very fine art of even-mindedness. When truly even-minded, you will be able to navigate any inconvenience or worse with a mind that can see solutions or different ways towards balance. Just move forward with confidence that the way will be shown as you step out in faith.

"It can be difficult to remain calm and centered when plans and desires are thwarted. However, understand how reactive patterns of behavior have never benefited you and are cause for downward spirals of feelings. Imagine how different, transformed your life would be when you have learned mental equanimity.

"Life is calling you to begin this practice now! It isn't a pushing down or repressing of anxiety and worry, but rather a deep mindfulness of what is felt in each moment, whether anxiety, fear, joy, etc. When you allow yourself to just feel the vibrations of worry or anxiety and follow them to Source, then your relationship with difficult circumstances shifts to calm even-mindedness."

Days five through eight: The fine finish carpenter

Wrecking ball and jack hammer are apt metaphors for the first three days of Dieta. The body was ground to dust, so to speak and feelings of overwhelm, pain, confusion, doubt, etc. were common throughout the days. There was, however, an inner knowing and trust (albeit shaky at times) in Higher Self that guided me to the jungle in the first place. I also trusted Shaman Pedro, who was always loving, patient and strong...a beautiful soul!

The days after the last drink were like being worked on by a fine finish carpenter, slowly, gently restoring my strength and vitality, fine tuning my senses and body. A lot of work was done on my lungs and shoulders, most likely addressing my lifetime battle with chronic bronchitis, as well as with my most recent challenge with Lyme..

Integration

As mentioned, it has been four months since leaving the jungle. Dr. Sanango continues to work in my body. Somewhere on the Chakra Alegria website, I remember having read that Uchu

Sanango goes through the body like a glacier. I very much agree with this assessment. For me it is like a "glacier" covered in silk. I feel this vibratory presence at all times, a sublimely subtle sensation that imparts a feeling of wholeness and bliss.

The greatest change that I've noticed in myself is in my awareness of extremely fine nuances of vibrations/sensations that move through the body and especially the spine. My sense of how I experience the world has shifted in that I feel more deeply without overlays of toxic impingements.

Regarding Lyme disease: the imprint or entity of Lyme has been ejected. The physical bacteria, I believe, was previously released with the help of my regular ceremonies with Ayahuasca. The imprint or vibratory "hooks" of Lyme required a deeper release, which Uchu Sanango was able to accomplish, albeit in a very painful manner.

At present I deal only with the physical weakness of muscles and joints, but there is a tremendous difference. I feel as though a huge weight has been lifted from my shoulders. There is a different quality of energy running through the body, one that can be described as most "delicious."

My lungs feel healthy and clean, like never before. Again, I believe that my previous work with Ayahuasca purged the toxins from my lungs and Dr. Sanango "fried" any "vibratory seeds" of bronchitis that may have still been lurking.

In my work with Ayahuasca, my approach before, during and after ceremony has been to "meet the medicine halfway," meaning that I do my part to make myself available and to be in resonance with how the medicine wishes to work in the energetic field of my body/mind. In other words, I do not expect the medicine to heal/change me without my also doing my part to be (as best I can) in consonance with the Divine Spirit, which the medicine helps open us up to. This means for me regular meditation, being in Nature, doing art, playing music, eating healthy, exercise, etc. This is also my approach in integrating Dr. Sanango in my life.

I had noticed in the weeks after our return from the Rainforest that Dr. Sanango required a strict observation of continued dieta regarding foods, movies, environments, people we hung out with, etc. We cleaned out our home, our shed...and then cleaned them out again and again. Things that we had previously gotten used to in our environment were now felt as heavy weights that we felt a strong need to get rid of or donate. It felt good to do so.

We also started getting into super foods like royal jelly and bee pollen... along with more organic fruits and veggies, etc. We also began regular clearing of ourselves with sage, palo santo, copal as we became more sensitive to toxic environments.

There is much more that I could write about the post Uchu Sanango Dieta integration period, but I would like to leave that for another time.

Thank you all for allowing me to share!