

Report of a travel, an experience...

As we agreed to meet again in the Park of Study and Reflection Mikebuda Park we talked about the possibility to visit new places, which we choose because it was resonating within our interior as a search for new experiences.



The reports and comments of Silo and friends of different places about the city of Crete awakened our interest. We didn't have the idea to do any investigation, research or monographs, just getting to know certain places, like the Cave of the Minotaur, if its exist at all, the caves of Zeus, the ruins of the Minoan civilization and other points that could appear on our road.

So, together with Rita we departed to Greece, and from this moment on different anecdotes experiences and comprehensions appeared. On this crossing we had not habituals contacts, and profound registers.

Between my things from Brazil I brought a Guide Book which was describing certain myths of the different civilizations. On the way from Budapest to Greece we were interchanging and studying some of the myths. It was penetrating and attractive what we shared and how they were resonating in us these stories.

During these talks started to take shape an adventure and a kind of opening, just we didn't count on that we will have certain difficulties, which will produce some discussions. But on the way it was understood with a big experience of mobility, advances and regressions, disconnection and distension, with release and joy.

Good. Lets go back to our story. We arrived to the airport of Athens around 22.30, we had only the phone number of our friend Christos, whom we got to know on the inauguration of Mikebuda Park. He helped us how to get into the city, which transport to take and where can we try to find a place to sleep. We had a possibility of an apartment, which we wanted to rent via internet, but they did not confirm it, so we didn't have luck in this last moment.

So we were there with our smart phones nearly discharged, late at night and without any direction of a hotel. We went to the station of the airport bus and waited front of it. I saw that some people are already sitting inside and the light was off. It seemed that will take a time until the bus departs to the city center. We were waiting, then Rita went to ask a person if we need to buy a ticket or we can pay on the bus. The driver, a Greek, who was at the end of his working hours, looked very tired, worked all Sunday, responded: - "there ticket office". So Rita went to buy them and in that moment the bus left without waiting. She came running to my direction shouting: - "Hold the bus, put your leg into the door at the front!" Me, a Latin person find very strange and confusing in that situation, how would I put my leg in front of a Greek, with a not friendly face, I didn't have any response to this person, ask him to stop? I was paralyzed, didn't even know where to start, should have use the sign language, because I speak just a few English, imagine Greek...

And then arrived the other bus, and we departed to the city center, discussing about what happened, it took one hour to arrive to the city. It was already after midnight, and my landscape of formation put me into alarm mode, because at this hour in any South-American country, with baggages and with a clear outlook of a tourist puts you in an attentive state while walking on the streets. Rita, next to me pronouncing with her voice full of accent, saying "relax, relax"... it was a strange sensation... saying for a Brazilian to "relax":)))) believes were falling. I felt like fish out of the water!

After walking a bit and asking for informations we arrived for the first hotel. We had luck, they had places, but sharing it with others. The young looking sympathetic guy, making the roll of a good hearted Greek asked us to come back a bit later and he will see other possibilities of a room for two. So we went around to search other places. Went to 3 hotels and non of them had free rooms. Walked through the narrow streets of Plaka at 1 o'clock in the morning, seemed like a labyrinth. In silence we were walking on these beautiful streets of this region, arriving to a big avenue facing the first monument which we saw from a little distance. The next day we got to know that they were the ruins of the Temple of Zeus.

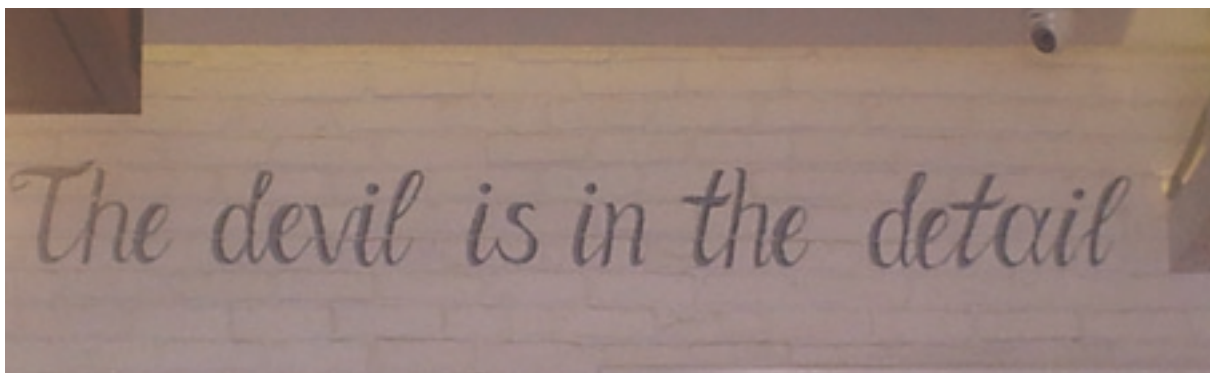


Going back to the first hotel, sighted the receptionist who was looking at us with a big smile on the face and informed us that there is a possibility, but first we have to see the place. So he asked Rita to go until the room and see if it is oke with us. I stayed at the reception and the only thing I could think was to ask that all will be fine, and we can accommodate ourselves. At this point my adventures were sold out... After a while she came back with an expectant look and said: - it's a labyrinth Ro, :)))) and me who was asking my guide for a place ... please a good bed, a hot water... and now the image which appeared was a wet place, small light and everything full of dust.

At this point I already could face any situation... we filled in the papers and went to our hole, ascending, descending, passing through corridors, remembered a guided experience, descending on spiral stairs

and arriving to the subterranean. Entering the place I find myself in a clean room, with various beds, newly painted walls and without ventilation of air because there were no windows. After all we were happy to find this place. Accommodated ourselves and went to drink a good coffee in a 24 hours bar, a rich cappuccino, and a sandwich of the Gods served by a very friendly and sympathetic waiter. Tasting our nice food and talking about the day, enjoyed ourselves and were thanking to our guides for the received hospitality. It was already 2 o'clock in the morning when we could relax and rest our bodies .

The next day when we woke up it was still dark. I called Rita and we realized that it was already 10.00 am, but as there were no windows in the room we didn't see that it is already daylight. We prepared our bags and left to find a place to stay because in this hostel they could not give any good place for the next days. A discussion started at this moment , where to go?? the signal of the wifi at the hostel was terrible and there were no lan house around, only coffees and above all we had to charge the laptop as all the informations were in that little machine.... a plug in, internet and a coffee, all what we needed, we started to search. After walking some corners, with baggages and backpacks ... we find some places, but there were no plug ins near the table, and in one of this place we saw a phrase: "The devil is in the details"



We saw in each others eyes and our looks corresponded a truth... in this moment we relaxes and continue looking after this plug in, the small coffee and a good connection with the virtual world.

Very fast we find a hotel, accommodate ourselves and in the afternoon we went out to see some ruins. The first one which we find was Keramicos, we penetrated in its internal space and started to walk, read-

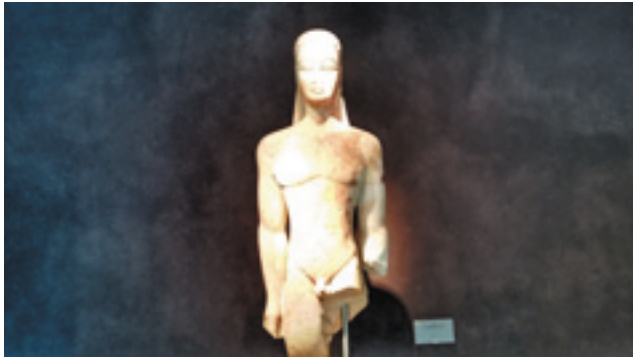


ing the informations, and realized that it is resonating with our interior, there were something mystical in this place. In its history was telling that there was a gate here for the secret road, which was meeting with another road, called the road of the tombs, a cemetery, and in this crossing of the two roads there was a sanctuary... full of Olive trees and a Fig tree.



We didn't propose ourselves to study history of this civilizations, but yes, having a little context and put the focus on the experiences which we are getting with the places, which gives us some signal with the images and the registers.

Going around the whole place we entered to the museum and watched the objects made out of marble, clay, pottery and bronze, statues and pendants. Everything in this collection delivered the knowledge of the antic history of this place... with its period, its artist and its evolution...



We left this place inspired and with gratitude and went to treat and feed the body, which needed the substances. We discovered places, streets, squares, foods etc. passed near by a simple restaurant with a very happy waiter invited us to eat there a beefsteak with chips, but as we wanted to eat salad thanking his kindness we left. When we were on the other side of the street, he was coming after us with a piece of meat, for tasting it as it was the specialty of the house. We thanked again and continue walking, sensing the aromas, the different foods exposed on the walls of the restaurants and the habitants coming from different parts of the world. At this moment we find a market full of fruits, vegetables and all kind of olives. We were in heaven, there were so many things that just by looking we were delighted by the happiness to see so many colors, such a diversity and tastes... we were in the middle of an antic Greek market, "Dionysus presented himself"!

The next day giving continuation our inspired visit we went to get to know some other places, passing by the Temple of Zeus, it's gate and it's ruins. Walking to the Stadium of the first Olympic Greek games and passing through a big public park, where we realized an atmosphere of connection in our presence, by the discoveries and sensations of the evaluation of history. Although lots of these places could represent other things, but we felt connected in this search, without expectations, without forcing...



The night we left for Crete, one of our principal objective, or we can say the principal. Arriving to the port, where our gigantic ferry would depart transporting dozens of cars and hundreds of passengers.

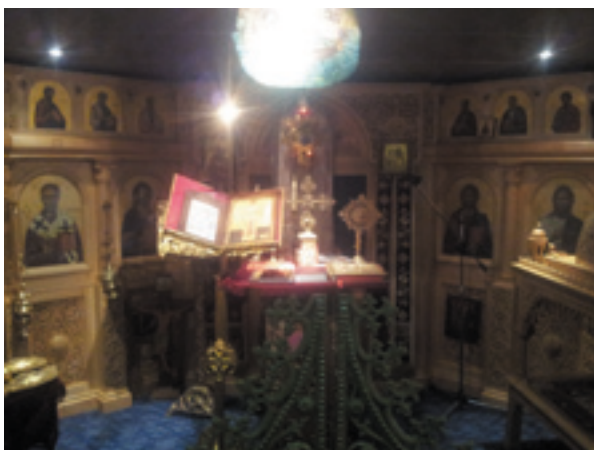


We bought the tickets and took the bus inside the port, to reach the place where the majestic transport were anchored. We took off the bus and after 2 minutes Rita asked me: - Where is your backpack?

I forgot it on the bus, I think there were so much glimpse by going to this place that I got distracted. We asked an office which was next to us and they gave the information that the bus will go to the end of the port and come back soon the same way. So we stayed waiting and when the bus arrived back the driver gave us the backpack and said: you had lots of luck!

Entering the ferry it seemed like we are in a cruise, with the receptivity of various attendants, carpet floor, escalator.

Our trip was approximately 9 hours. Rita with her enthusiasm and curiosity left to get to know what is inside of the ferry. When she returned commented that there is a huge salon of coffee bar and restaurant with comfortable sofas and an altar with various images, one of them the image of Poseidon. I went there and made an asking that he accompany us in this trip.



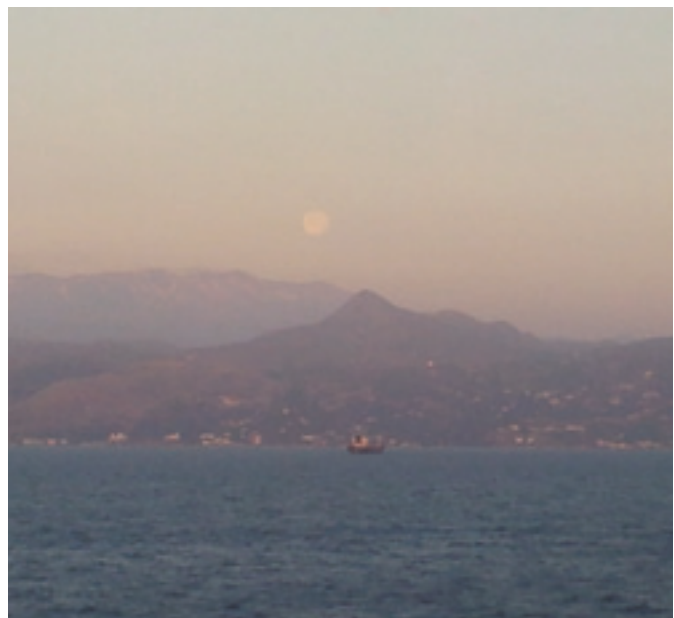
Enjoying the scenery on the deck, chatting about various topics and with gentle joy we were entering the night, people were coming from different places, we couldn't take account of the different languages ...

It was after midnight when it was getting cold in the Mediterranean, we decided to come down to our seats. Entering the room, we found that we could not stay there, the stench of sweat and foot odor was unbearable. We decided to look elsewhere, and called our attention that the sofas had luggages, hand-bags, sweaters, occupying empty spaces people were sitting without consuming and with space between them, which had the size of a body. We stayed a while, took a coffee and then we went outside, feel the breeze and see the night

When we got back we no longer saw any little head, all were lying on the sofas, and some were looking for a place to sleep. The waiters firmly staying in their function, trying to get some customer. There were no more room in that huge hall, we found a place on the floor in another compartment one of the few that was left. It was enough for two lying bodies. As the floor was all carpet, we thought we'd stay comfortable, but when we lay down we realized the vibration of the engines of the majesty, our bodies were shuddered. I had several attempts to try to find a comfortable way of lying, I looked at the others on the floor asleep and thought, there should be a way and remembered the camping times ... exhausted and with a little trick we could sleep a bit.



At the rising day, the landscape greeted us at the top of the majesty with a present. On one side there was the sun, with a radiant color, appeared to celebrate the day and announce its arrival. On the other side the full moon was descending to her place. It was harmonious and respectful, as kind bodies which open spaces in the sky to bring life and nourish the beings of the earth. Not opposed to each other and complemented each other. For a moment we were contemplating and allowing the best feelings and thoughts floating in us, ..." how much discovery and knowledge was acquired by humans through these celestial bodies".



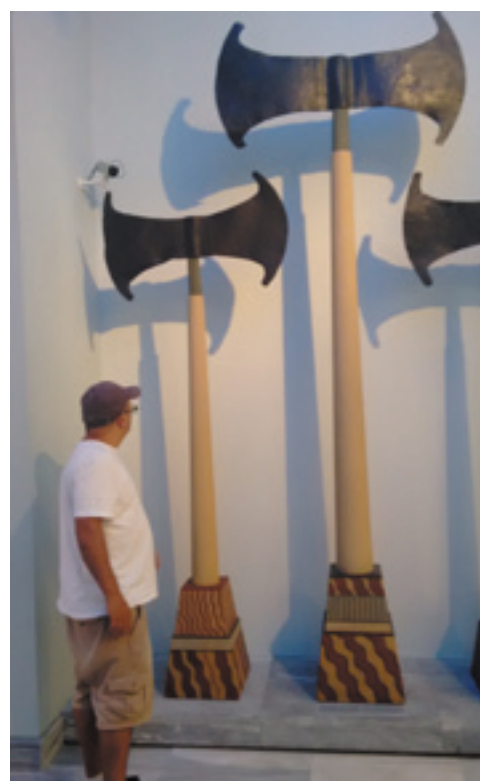
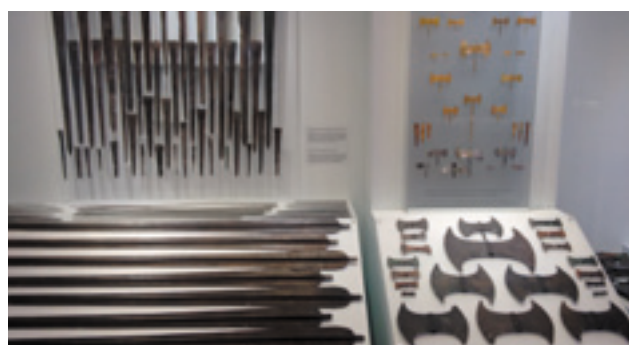


Crete was at our view and we were content entering its land. Went to our rented house in Iraklion. Arriving there we saw that it does not match the description and we didn't realize while renting it that it doesn't have internet. For us it was important because we wanted to search for places, study, watch some videos, materials etc. Again we needed our little machine, a connection and of course a good coffee. We spoke to the owner, decided not to stay and searched for another apartment. Rented quickly, closest to the center and with all what we needed. Appeared given situations, and we discussed how to resolve them, and we realized that we surpassed them and while doing it our interest became more clear each day.

The next day, we went to visit the Palace of Knossos, the Minoan civilization. In its ruins we could feel their presence in our history, through its buildings, its painting, their knowledge, their rituals. Antiquity accumulated of the deeds of human process. Surrounded by some hills, the remains of this civilization left us in the register of the development of its mystique, in their best periods we recognized their discoveries, experiences and advances. We could realize the knowledge gained by this civilization after going to visit the archaeological museum and looking at the thousands of pieces produced by them, which surprised us and made us happy.



We began to feel more strongly that we were in the Cretan land and feeling the presence of a living history, suspected that there were things to experience, places of contact with the sacred, with the myths and how we would translate them within us.



On the following morning , as we arrived very tired the day before with many images, and registers to be integrated, we slept longer and so, we woke up later. This day the proposal was to go to a cave. We were interested in the cave of the Minotaur, if it's exist at all. We started to discuss and I went to take a shower, and then I hear Rita shouting:

- I found the cave! I get out of the shower with joy and she shows me on the internet, we began to re-search and the information was saying that there were evidences that it could be the cave of the Minotaur.

Regardless if it was or not, it was not important, we were connected in our search and resonated in us. We only had the name of the place, Skotino... Arriving to the center we decided to ask in the archaeological museum how to go there, surely they must know. The first person we asked told us that she lived close to this place and gave us all detailed information about how to reach our destination. We were inspired, our way was full of lightness and an encounter was waiting for us, which we wanted to find out elevated. 700m walking, we reached the starting point of the bus. We traveled for twenty five minutes, until the fifteenth stop, the place called Gouves where our right were the hills and its mysteries and our left side Poseidon regaled us with Mediterranean and Zeus gave us a clear blue sky. If this was the place of the gods, we were well accompanied ...



At this stop we found a transport that could take us to the cave temple, they told us that it would be very expensive, that it is a long and difficult path. It wasn't convenient to go with them, as we did not feel the contact with these drivers. Perceived that it wouldn't be nice nor inspiring to reach our destination with them.

On the other side of the road, close to the sea, we saw other means of transports which we could take us to the dear place. Arriving there, we met with an old women, who traveled a lot and looked us with wisdom. With warm and vibrant atmosphere she told us about her life and said that we were good people. With a big generosity and disposition she was showing a map, drawn with her old hands, transmitting a lightness in the movements while drawing us the way.

We entered our transport and drove towards the hills, in the direction of our destination. With every meter closer we felt a deep joy, it was the atmosphere that this search generated in us, and the experience we were experiencing.



Following the guidance of the old lady, following the path, passing through villages, roads and curves, which reported to ancient times, the beauty of life and the human architecture, until arriving to the top of the hill. From a distance we saw a small chapel, arriving we realized the entrance, there was a board with the name of the cave, called Paraskevi, a group of young people while leaving greeted us.

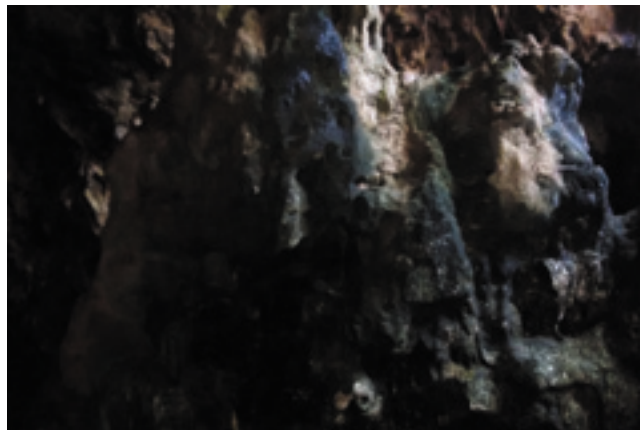
From this moment on we were alone . At the entrance, we looked at each other with an air of satisfaction and silence, turning our look to the cave, each of us prepared himself internally to penetrate its depths.



At first, I was seeing and feeling the humidity, its darkness, its stones and walls with various forms of stalagmites and stalactites. There was signals of the light at the beginning, and as we entered more deep the light diminished, with little view of the place.



It was a rare environment with strange sensations, we had to walk carefully. We felt a mixture of excitement and fear. While observing the place, a world of sensations and associative chains arrived to me. The shapes of the stones, the attributes of the allegories were represented produced a commotion which connected and involved me. At the bottom of the second level of the cave we find some stones, where we could sit comfortably and put ourselves to meditate and give ourselves to the profound.



At first, given the darkness and the humidity of the place with all the charge which were representing this space I started to loose the contact with my body, as if it were without tensions, quiet, resting. After some time, leading me to a mental silence, I called my guide, to accompany me. Passing a few minutes, the questions appeared ... For what did you come here? What are you searching? And meditating, letting

the heart express itself, from a request for help, from an immense wanting ... responded spontaneously with a register of huge necessity to destroy all my contradictions, overcome the rough desires and the internal violence ... After in a silence I listen inside of me "this minotaur that you are persecuting is in your past and contaminates your future "... After a long time while images of my life were passing, I asked my guide to help me strengthen my direction to find joy and peace. In an act of acceptance, affection and modesty, I felt luminously involved with my guide, with his strength, his wisdom and kindness. From this moment I registered a strong need to leave all false hopes and the attachment to the illusions



It was a register of internal freedom, deep and smooth, like the sun and the breeze of a spring morning. I was in this state for some time, until I realized that my work was finished. I thanked my guide for everything. For his kindness and understanding, for his confidence of never abandoning me, no matter how many times I had left him losing my faith and the contact with my center. Finally I ask him to strengthen my inner faith and I stood up slowly, still very connected, I saw two opposite paths: the one which is at the bottom of the cave, in the darkness of obscurity and the confusion and the other, the exit, radiating light and hope. I express my gratitude once more and propose to myself to act with internal unity and to give continuation of the construction, through these experiences, of a new reality.

At this moment I observe Rita, who was a few meters away. With a great affection I wish her the best, she was in her work, in the same search...with care I got up and moved away, and I waited until she finish...



We walked towards the exit of the cave inspired, talking. We stayed inside a little bit more and while leaving we passed through a pleasant grove of dry straw on the floor and pine trees. Listened to the sound of the wind and the birds, a Phoenix flew above us and contemplated with the landscape we felt in the harmony. We had the idea to do a fire workshop in this place ... new visitors arrived, greeted us and we left.



On the way back, we met with the local people, the typical elderly of this village, we welcome them and received their greetings of a good afternoon .

This night we met our friend Kostas, we talked about our experiences, about our projects and the inspiring inauguration of Mikebuda Park, with a nice "fredo" cappuccino and with a tasty Greek sweet. He commented on an experience he had in a cave called Eileithyia, referred to the Goddess of Childbirth, he said that pregnant women go there to ask for protection and to have a good delivery. This place awakened the interest in us, but the next day was the last day that we would be in Crete. We commented this and Kostas offered to take us there, even he would have a very busy day.



The next day Kostas was calling that he cannot make it, and that we can say good by later to each other at the port of Crete.

We were inspired and still had time, as we had to return only at 21.00, the time when the Majestic returns to Athens. We decided to search the place and see how to get to the cave. We find it out and we were in search of another experience. We took the bus to the central station and took another bus to take us to another city. We did not know exactly where we had to take off, only had indications of a more or less near hotel which was in the same region. We warn the conductress but she didn't listen to us and we passed the place, going far 2 km away from it.

We waited another bus to return and get off at the exact point we wanted. In this place we asked in a small business where was that place and told us how to get there towards the hills we continue walking and saw a small board indicating where was the cave, we were going up a driveway in many curves and contemplating the scenario that was opening up in front of us, the high temperature and intense sunshine made us tired ... at a moment there were no more board to show the direction and we intuitively agreed that our way was on the right.



After walking for twenty minutes up on the hill, we saw a sign written on it: Eileithyia cave, we look around and there were nothing, just a fig tree in the middle of the hill, we thought to go a bit more up, climb a little bit more, but we were tired by the walk under the radiant sun. We took some water and it gave me that urge sensation of wanting to pee. I went behind the tree and took a hot piss, relaxing my bladder. I saw a small entrance with grid, and commented to Rita who was at the top. She came to me and said that is the entrance of the cave, we felt a strong smell of rue which made me remember the healers. Shit, I just realized that I pissed on top of the cave of Eileithyia Goddess, daughter of Zeus, Protector of Childbirth and the most ancient and sacred plants cultivated by man, what a rudeness! At that moment Rita laughed and I tried to argue that there was a medicine that was treating some diseases by their own urine while laughing we enjoyed to find the cave and the way it had happened.



We went into the little cave , the entries were always ceremonial, the contact, the asking, the silence. Immediately we saw the image on the rock that looked like the belly of a pregnant women, as Kostas described. We were contemplating and making our asking, we were already placed with the atmosphere of the place and with a great disposition to get in contact. More deep in the cave there was a kind of altar, our observation was an act of discoveries and resonances . The feeling of humidity and temperature was the same what we felt at the first visited cave. But we realized that there were other registers, here I felt safe, warm, the emotional charge was quite different.





We sat in the back of the cave, with little ray of light, where each of us took their time to their work. At its end we went out to take note of what had passed inside the cave. The registers we had were very similar, it was something very comforting, a deep agreement, an apology for all blunders committed and a meeting with a reconciling peace that flooded and was making in us grow the compassion and good treatment, the internal communication with a true memory.



Sitting on a stone and talking we watched the beautiful nature that presented itself ahead of us, above from the hill... the sea and its landscape around. I remembered this phrase: "the admission of failure opens the hope for a new reality." A moment later a flock of sheep greeted us, dozens of them passing in front of us. In this scene, invaded within us a great joy and made us comforting!



Return to Athens, taking again the majestic, thanking the days passed in this inspiring place, we tried to ensure a couch for us for the night, this time we had more luck and we could have a more relaxed night sleep.

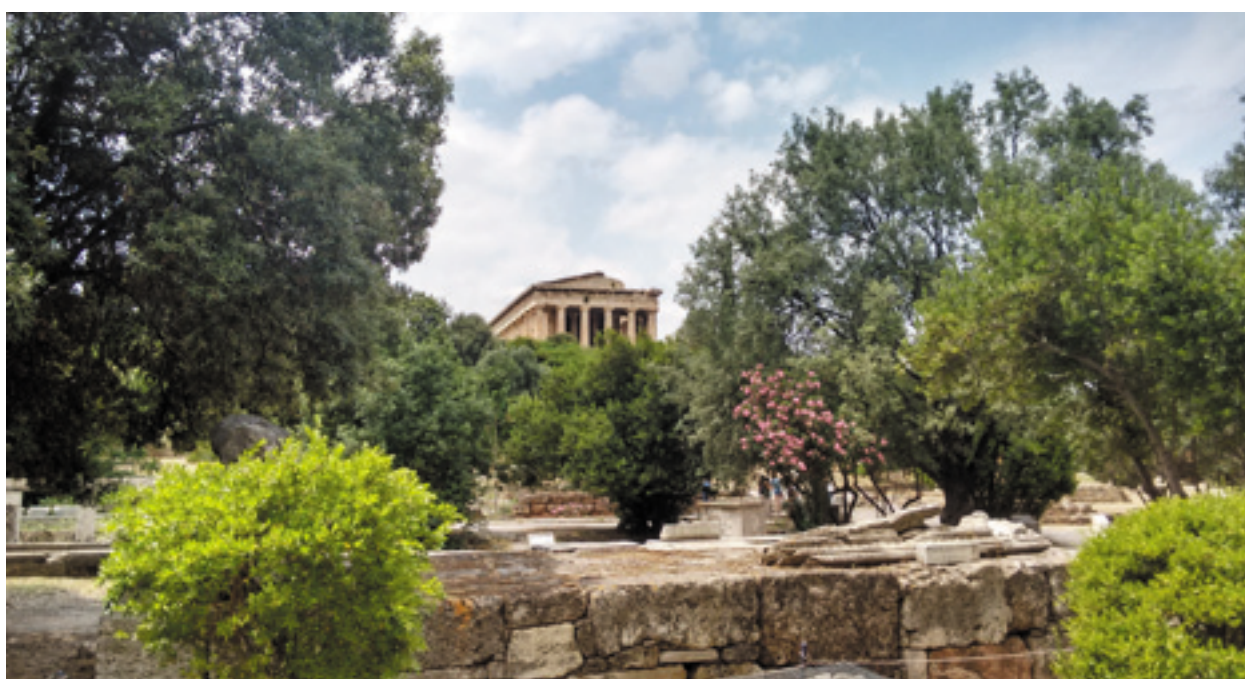
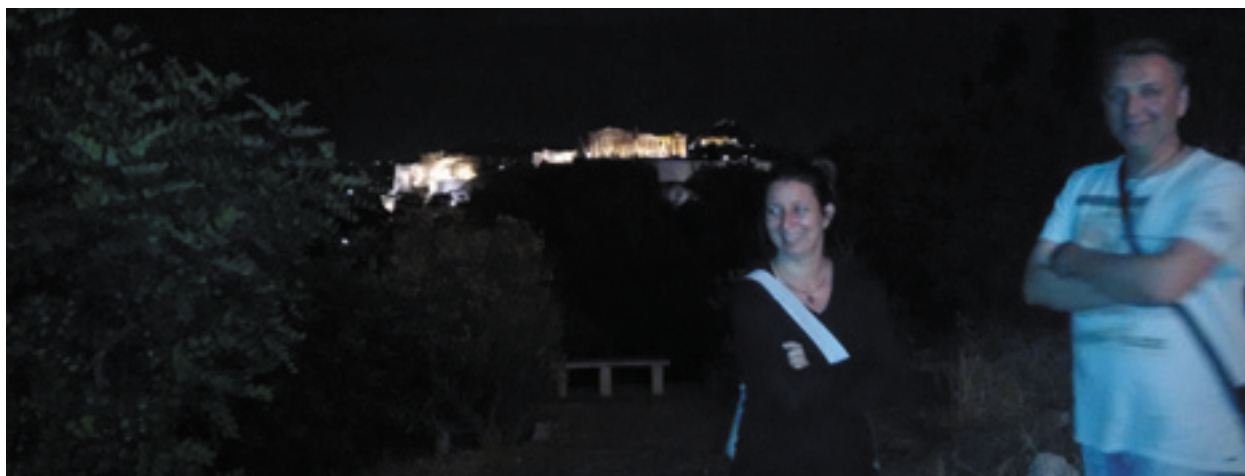
Arriving to Athens, we were greeted by a new Greek friend, a tango teacher who rented us his apartment. As we stayed some days we could talk with each other and strengthen friendship, his sensitivity and the reciprocal interest enabled us to talk about the message and invite him for a ceremony, going into deeper conversations, he told us of an experience he had had, for some time. He invested his money in stocks, after winning a small fortune, he would buy a house when came a new opportunity to invest in the market for a short period, stocks plunged and he lost all his savings. In a desperate act he went up to the last floor ready to jump from the top. There he stopped for a while "...felt that the Gods had touched his heart", so he returned, thanked inside of him and went home.

On the second night, pleasantly staying, around two in the morning, we felt a strong earthquake, Rita woke up slightly scared and asked what is happening? I said that the earth was shaking. It sometimes happens in this region and that I already experienced it in the mission in Guatemala, it was the same destabilizing register then now, but this time we were on the seventh floor, the ground was more far.



In our last days in this region, we have been participating in the meeting with ceremonies in the house of Mara, along with friends of Athens, where we were immersed in a warm, cheerful atmosphere and meaningful experiences, in addition to the taste a tasty Greek sweet. We could also visit some other historical and mythological places like the Acropolis, the Temple of Hephaestus ... stopping in front of this temple reminded me myth of Prometheus and meditated about selfless giving, the help and the valid action the path of life and the internal unity.

The region called Agora and the trees of Greek democracy, Socrates's prison, presented by our friend Christos, engaged in a conversation with joy and gratitude that accompanied us in this last moments through our tour.



Describing this story, I have summarized some aphorisms and registers of this trip, on the edge of this time and space.

As we passed through the way signs appeared in areas of brightness and shadows, where the consciousness liberated himself from its own battle, giving place to a force coming from behind, from the best aspirations of the human process, this force that drive towards the future and transports us to a bright center, connecting spaces without time, in infinite directions in which manifests the sacred.

After these experiences I gave account of other forms, conducts and energetic spaces that were opening up, as the interest were put on what is really needed, felt and understood. Accumulated unity and the purpose appears on daily bases. A center that is strengthening and lighting itself. An imagination accompanied by strong registers, carrying all knowledge of this time for the future, reminded me of many teachings of Silo, Master of Sacred Spaces .

I felt the registers of these two spaces, duality of these sensations produced comprehension the real importance of perceive between sacret and profane, between the important and the secondary, between experience and denial, between inner truth and confusion, between sense and illusion, between what was done and what we need.

In this process, distilling its contents, he came to see the light that arose in essence, cleansed in high temperature giving a new meaning. The female and male merged in a moving body, released, turning into an evolutionary unitive spirit.

The scene represented a large allegorical theater, attributes were being built intuitively in an affective image, the intention to discover the depth of sacred spaces moved me and awakened me, immortality opened the way to eternity.

The register based on experiences of this time of history that surrounds us at this moment that touches us to live in this space, evidenced the certainty of another reality, the human search for discovering immortality. I didn't feel that it was written on walls, or in pictures or statues, olive or fig trees, but it was sensed in the spiritual horizon of necessity, that impulse all humble and unselfish act that illuminates the direction of meaning in our lives.

Back in Budapest, still feeling the consequences of this unforgettable experience, I was connected with the profound and with the energy directed to the high desire to advance, learn without limits and communicate to the other all the good that had happened to us.

After some days, while finishing this report I had a dream:

I imagined a huge suspended Hall on the high mountain ranges of Punta de Vacas, it was a radiant day with lots of light, certainly I heard a voice saying: "Comply Simple Commandments...", the four entries of the Hall were open and people were entering to its inside. I didn't recognized anyone, only luminous beings, transmitting a great joy. At this moment in the center of the intensively light Hall, appeared the image of Silo with his contagious smile and serene look and welcomed everyone saying: " Here we are again !! "

25/07/2015

Thank you friends, thanks to this ambit, thank you Silo!

Rogério Ceroni
Caucaia Park