

Sacred Sites of Crete

The Shaping of Temple

DRAGON WALKS, MEDICINE
WHEELS, AND THE MAKING
OF A LIVING TEMPLE

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A Note to the Reader

This is not a historical guide to Crete, nor a catalogue of sacred sites.

It is a record of lived encounter — with land, with symbol, with relationship.

What you will read here unfolded over years through walking, ritual, friendship, resistance, and devotion. Dragon paths were traced not as myth, but as movement across terrain. Medicine wheels were built not as re-enactment, but as conversation. Temple did not begin as structure — it formed gradually as field.

This book can be read in many ways.

As memoir.

As geomantic field study.

As documentation of ceremonial practice.

As invitation.

The land of Crete is specific — ancient, layered, alive.

But the deeper movement described here is not bound to geography. It is a way of entering relationship with place, wherever you are called to listen.

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The Ground Beneath the Temple

I was born and raised in Crete.

By eighteen, I knew I had to leave.

At the time I called it ambition. I wanted to study, to build something, to move toward a wider world. Only later did I understand that I was also creating distance — from a culture I did not know how to inhabit, from ways of relating that felt tight around me.

And yet, even then, something of the land remained untouched inside me. I had spent much of my childhood outdoors — by the sea, in the mountains, in terrain that shaped the body before it shaped language. That memory never left. It moved quietly with me.

For years I thought I missed only the weather and the light. It took time to recognise that what I longed for was something older than comfort — a form of belonging that had not yet found its container in my life.

For a long time, I believed that a good life meant achievement — a meaningful degree, a strong career, the right kind of success. I followed that path sincerely. I studied engineering. I pursued further studies. I tried to shape a future that made sense.

And then, in my mid-twenties, an unexpected doorway opened.

I was back in Greece for a year, living in Athens during a personal crisis I did not yet know how to name. One afternoon I read an article about eco-villages — communities organised around shared values, land stewardship, relational living.

I remember the exact sensation.

Recognition.

Relief.

Ignition.

Until then, I had not known such worlds existed. I did not have language for spirituality. I did not have a community that reflected my inner life. I only knew that something in me had always been looking for coherence between the way we live and the way we belong to the earth.

Reading that article felt less like discovering an idea and more like remembering a possibility.

What followed was not an instant transformation.

I returned to the UK and enrolled in a master's programme in sustainability — a logical bridge between my engineering training and the vision that had just stirred awake. I still believed that expertise would lead me toward the kind of life I imagined. I thought that if I could understand systems well enough, I might one day help build better ones.

But something else was happening alongside that effort.

The questions were becoming more personal than structural.

Less about models. More about meaning.

I began encountering language I had somehow avoided until then — meditation, embodiment, coaching, initiation. None of it felt foreign. It felt like something I had always known privately but had never seen reflected outside myself.

An interior turning took place.

Over the years that followed, that interior current strengthened. I trained. I unlearned. I gathered tools. I allowed parts of myself to surface that had no place in the professional identity I had once been preparing.

Eventually, that current led me into women's initiation work.

I joined a year-long women's initiatory journey in England, guided by Elisabeth Serra. There were twenty of us. For the first time, I experienced structured space for embodiment, ritual, relational depth. Something ancient in me recognised the pattern of gathering — but I was still at the threshold.

When that year ended, six of us chose to continue into further training with Elisabeth in Spain. A seventh woman joined from a previous cycle. It was in that smaller circle — seven women committing to maturity of presence — that the field deepened.

This is where kinship took root.

Shared devotion.

Shared vulnerability.

Laughter.

A quiet erotic vitality born from trust.

Ancient familiarity.

Emma was one of those seven.

We were not building a movement. We were learning to remain present with intensity. Learning to stay embodied when grief, rage, shame, surfaced. Learning to hold one another without collapsing or dominating. That season shaped me far more than I understood at the time.

While I was in Spain, another thread entered my life.

Through an astrology reading, I met Zuzanna. She introduced me to the Western Sidereal system and later invited me into mentorship. Through her, symbolism opened in a new way — the dragons as elemental intelligences, myth as a living field, the sky as map for deep orientation. The work with Elisabeth had grounded my body; the work with Zuzanna widened my cosmology.

Two lineages began weaving through me.

Embodiment and symbol.

Earth and sky.

Meanwhile, the question of Crete was circling.

I had sold my house in the UK. I had given myself time — walking land, studying stars, listening. For nearly two years I delayed returning. I explored other countries, other possibilities. Yet each time my body measured the land against something unnamed and found itself still oriented toward Crete.

When I finally returned in late 2017, the adjustment was not simple. Surface resistance was real. Old cultural wounds stirred. But beneath that, something unmistakable happened.

My body landed.

The nervous system softened.

The ground felt real.

Before my mind reconciled with the culture, my body recognised the land.

And yet I could not ignore what had been awakened in me — the field of women gathering with depth.

I did not want to lose that.

Around this time, through a series of beautiful synchronicities, I met Eledina. She was the first person I met when I came back.

There was an immediate, steady recognition between us. She carried artistic instinct, intuitive intelligence, and a natural devotional sensitivity. She was the only woman who began attending consistently the Temple Dance Meditation sessions I offered in those early months.

We began dreaming before we knew how to build.

Eledina inspired me to invite Elisabeth to bring the initiatory journey to Crete.

What followed was humbling.

There was no established community here. No shared language around embodiment. Being back on Crete felt simultaneously like returning home and beginning as a stranger. The effort to gather women, to prepare the ground, to host what we later called *Awakening Woman*, required a level of exposure I had not anticipated.

It dismantled parts of me.

It refined my discernment.

It clarified my boundaries.

It revealed where devotion was clean — and where it was still entangled with ambition.

Emma later returned to Crete to assist Elisabeth in the *Awakening Woman* journey. Her presence mattered more than she perhaps knew. She resourced herself completely to be there. It strengthened what was fragile and anchored what could have collapsed.

Through all of this, something in me was shifting.

I was not pushing for more intensity.

I was not forcing relational depth.

I was no longer trying to hold everyone together.

A quieter rhythm began to form.

One that listened before acting.

One that valued intimacy over momentum.

One that allowed structure to emerge slowly and organically instead of being imposed.

The temple I once imagined is being shaped in its own rhythm — emerging through the women who gather, shaping us as we learn to meet it with greater maturity.

What follows is the story of how the longing for temple met the land of Crete — and how the land answered by shaping us in return.

A Threshold

It began as a quiet pull.

Long before it had words, I felt the desire to walk along the southern coastline of Crete. It wasn't a plan — more a bodily knowing. A sense of familiarity with the land, as if I had lived there before. Over the years, this knowing reached me in different ways, through fragments of memory and sensation. I don't try to make sense of it.

At first, I thought I would simply do a walk in the summer. Nothing ceremonial. Just walking.

Around that time, I was in conversation with Zuzanna. When I read her chart, something stood out clearly: I perceived that she had the ability to heal through channeling.

Based on that, during one of our calls I asked her — almost demanded — to tell me how I could heal my toenails. I had been dealing with a persistent fungal infection for years. It was a very physical, very practical question.

Her answer came immediately.

“Walk your sacred land.”

The moment she said it, something opened. We both became emotional — not because of the words themselves, but because something larger moved through the moment. The response was visceral, and we sat with it for a while until it settled.

What came to me right away was that I needed to walk parts of that land barefoot — not everywhere, I would later discover, but in certain places. More information followed through Zuzanna: awakening the dragons of the land, healing and protection, blessing the waters and the air. It was about working not only physically, but also intentionally — even tracing the perimeter of Crete on a map as an act of protection.

She also mentioned a pillar – a vertical beam. An image of the island, without names, and a place where something rose straight up. As she described it, I could see it too — a column of light

anchored in the land. Later, Zuzanna called it Pillar of Light and identified its exact location by dowsing over a map of Crete.

I knew I couldn't walk the whole stretch at once. So I committed to walking it in parts, over time. I also committed to not planning how it would unfold. I would let it emerge.

Then I let it go.

The First Walk – Paleochora to Lissos

(later recognised as Air — Shamana)

E4 path | 9–10 May 2021

The Invitation

Some time later, while I was looking for a venue for the *Awakening Woman* journey, a place surfaced in my awareness — somewhere I had known for years. I had contacted its owner in the past and mentally ruled it out. Now circumstances had changed, and it made sense to reach out again.

He replied immediately. *“You can come now if you want.”*

It was Greek Easter.

I got into the car with Eledina and drove south.

As we were approaching his place on the hills near Paleochora, we began seeing dragon lilies along the road. They were everywhere, catching my attention. I took photos and sent them to Zuzanna. It felt as if the land was communicating through the plants.

Something clicked.

Awakening Woman.

Awakening Dragons.

Different expressions of the same movement unfolding.

When we arrived, the dragon lilies were all around his land. The man who lived there felt almost elf-like, and the environment reflected that — buildings made from natural materials, embedded into the rock, fully functional and off-grid. Cool in the summer, warm in the winter.

We ended up staying the night.

The Path Calls

The following day, we went to a nearby beach where the E4 coastal path passes. This long trail runs along the southern edge of Crete, west to east. Walkers passed through that stretch from time to time.

At one point, I said to Eledina quietly, “I think we need to start here” – by that point it had become apparent that Eledina was also going to join me for these walks.

We didn't decide anything. We just noticed it — and let it rest.

Later, while lying there, I noticed that three separate groups of people commented on the path.

First, a man walking the trail passed us and I woke up from my nap. Something about the moment caught both my and Eledina's attention. We exchanged a look and let it pass.

Later, two men with two young boys spoke animatedly about the path and where it led. Then another group mentioned it as well.

At that point, Eledina and I looked at each other and knew.

We said, simply, "Next Sunday."

The Walk

As the day approached, information began to come in.

People mentioned narrow sections and cliffs above the sea. I'm afraid of heights. I told myself I could always turn back.

The day before the walk, Eledina came home from her painting class with relevant information she was eager to share. She asked me to sit down first. One of her students had attempted the path and panicked, turning back.

That evening, at a gathering, I ran into a woman who was a student of mine online — someone from Germany I hadn't met in person before. When I mentioned my plan, she said that *Lissos is one of the light libraries of the world*.

I didn't know what to do with the information.

That night, I researched. I found fragments, but nothing conclusive, and I let it go.

In the morning, she messaged me without prompting. She had found the information in German and sent it to me. Reading it, something familiar stirred in my body — the same certainty I remembered from childhood, when I used to tell my mother that my role was to restore peace.

The morning we set off, the wind was strong.

Before we began, my bleeding started. I was wearing a light summer dress, and I removed my underwear so the blood could flow freely. I understood the gesture instinctively.

As we walked, the wind pressed against us. My feet hurt. My toenails hurt. My nose ran constantly from the force of the air. We used all the water we had brought.

The path itself felt safe, but the conditions were demanding. The land was not offering metaphor. It was asking participation.

Night at Lissos

We arrived at Lissos exhausted.

Lissos had once been a healing centre. There were hot springs there in antiquity, before a major earthquake destroyed the city. According to guidance Zuzanna had received, the hot springs had shifted and now flowed into the sea.

We hadn't planned for water to be an issue. I had read that there was a spring near a small church. I sent Eledina toward the harbour area, where I knew the church stood.

She later told me that in her search for water she ended up standing on a rock at the little harbour near the church. The rock was partially in the sea and as she stood on it she suddenly *knew* there was sweet water beneath it. She thought "well, if it's in the sea it is useless to me" and went on to search inland instead. Following certain plants she knew grew only near water, she eventually found the spring near another small church we hadn't known about.

Only later, when I mentioned Zuzanna's words about the hot springs moving into the sea, did it make sense to her. That was what she had intuited beneath her feet.

That night, neither of us slept well. The wind moved violently through the gorge. Eledina received intense impressions — histories surfacing through her body. At one point she became frightened, identifying with what was coming through. I helped her ground, reminding her that this was information, not a present danger.

The Offering

By morning, my body wanted to leave but something still felt incomplete.

I was carrying a citrine, and I also had another stone I had picked up earlier — a stone shaped clearly like a heart, on both sides. I felt repelled by an old stone structure nearby and drawn to it at the same time.

Near it stood an olive tree, its roots forming a hollow. Without planning it, I used the pointed end of the heart-shaped stone to dig a small hole. I placed the citrine there.

The words were not chosen. They moved through my body — prayers for forgiveness, healing, peace. Something was being held between past and present at once.

Only afterward did it occur to me that this structure had once been a place of defence, connected to conflict and outward force toward the sea.

I finished, and at the same moment, Eledina finished her own process. She had brought objects from home without knowing why, and each had found its place as she walked the land. We met naturally, ready to leave.

The Return

The return required climbing back up from the sea.

During the ascent, it was still very windy, but we were protected by the mountain. What concerned me was what might happen once we reached the exposed upper path. I wasn't sure we could manage.

As soon as we reached the top, the wind stopped.

The relief was immediate.

When we arrived back at Paleochora, we swam. We ate. My energy was gradually replenishing, though I was still tired. On the way back with the car we stopped for ice cream. After eating it, unexpectedly, my energy fully returned. By the time I went home, I felt surprisingly clear and alive.

We didn't talk about when we would walk again.

We didn't choose dates. It was clear to both of us that the timing wasn't ours to decide. We would wait — and when the next walk was ready, it would make itself known.

The Second Walk – Sfakia to Agia Roumeli

(later recognised as Water — Lover)

E4 path | 29–31 May 2021

It was the end of May — almost three weeks had passed since our first walk, and we began to feel that it was time to walk again.

It was a busy time for both of us. Although inwardly we knew the walk had to happen now, practically nothing aligned. We decided on Sunday, even though it felt rushed. We couldn't see another opportunity in the coming days.

The plans kept shifting until the very last minute.

In the end, a decision was made unexpectedly on Saturday morning, after some very last-minute cancellations, that *today* was the day we needed to walk. It felt a bit crazy that we had to respond and get ourselves ready so promptly, but it was clear that we were being moved by something bigger than us — as with the previous walk.

As we got in the car, Eledina checked her phone and saw that there was rain predicted.

We started the walk in Sfakia, and our destination was Agia Roumeli.

At some point on the route — I think we had just passed a village called Loutro — I noticed that Eledina's energy changed suddenly. She looked contracted and angry, yet still trying to hold it together. So I asked what was going on.

She started talking, and I sensed a lot of grief under her words. I told her that I was there and that it was okay for her to ask for support. Then she said repeatedly, *"I should be at home, I should be at home."*

"What am I doing here?"

I asked, *"What is it that you want to do at home?"*

She responded, *"I just want to sit and cry."*

So I said, *"Okay. You know, you can do this here if you want. This is your journey, and this is what you're going through now."*

She carried on for a bit, and then her body collapsed. She couldn't move anymore.

We were in the middle of the E4 path, and the terrain was such that we couldn't move ourselves out of the way. We were on the rocks, with the big wide sea right in front of us. At first she was collapsed and numb. I looked into her eyes, and then she started crying — crying and crying.

I sat behind her and held her. I knew she had never before experienced that kind of holding, and I understood that it was appropriate for her to be receiving this at that moment.

We sat there with Eledina crying, gazing at the sea, for about forty minutes before two walkers passed and asked if we were okay. I reassured them and prompted them, in my own way, to keep going.

Overall, we sat there for about one hour — just us, the sea, the rocks, and some goats that approached us. To our surprise, one of the goats came and licked Eledina's hand.

Soon after, we began walking again.

I kept receiving flirty messages from Boaz — a man who had just become my lover only two days prior to this walk, and who later became my partner. Boaz is one of the owners of a retreat centre in Crete and I had met him while looking for a potential venue for the *Awakening Woman*.

As we carried on walking, various things started to appear in our awareness.

We understood that this was the second segment of a four-segment journey from Paleochora to Sfakia. The first was Paleochora to Lissos. The second Sfakia to Agia Roumeli. We understood that the next segment was going to be Sougia to Agia Roumeli. So there would need to be one final walk from Sougia to Lissos. Then the full route would be covered.

Having the elemental map we use at the Women's Initiatory Journey as reference, we began to recognise patterns. We asked ourselves: *are we journeying with the elements?*

Given the weather patterns and the unfolding during the first walk, it clearly aligned with the Air element – Shamana.

In this walk, Eledina's grief, the predicted rain, the constant presence of the sea, the thread of messages from Boaz and the chaotic unfolding all aligned with Water – the Lover.

Another detail struck us: the first walk began at sunset, aligned with the west. This walk began at noon, aligned with the south.

This pattern recognition was an exciting moment for Eledina and me.

Eventually, we reached Agios Pavlos, one hour away from Agia Roumeli — our final destination. We had pre-decided that we would camp there for the night. We are friends with the people who run the taverna there, and it is a place we both adore.

While at the taverna, we noticed a strong theme around spring water. Our friend kept encouraging us to go and collect water from the spring at the beach — he repeated this several times.

Then, when we mentioned that we were planning to walk from Sougia to Agia Roumeli — the toughest and most dangerous hike on the entire E4 route in Crete — a strong argument broke out between two men in the taverna about whether or not there was spring water on that route.

In any case, we realised that we would need to plan and prepare well for the next walk. It could not happen in the same spontaneous way as the previous ones. Not only because of the terrain, but also because it was the longest stretch, and we would need to spend the night at a remote beach called Domata.

I had an additional challenge to address.

During these last two walks, I had been experiencing intense physical pain — my hips and ankles were suffering, and as a result my back was in pain. I have hyperextended ligaments, and no matter how much gym training I do, it does not resolve this specific issue.

Fortunately, I met a woman at the taverna — a physiotherapist — who explained that, given my condition, I should not be carrying any weight at all during these walks, and that I should be wearing proper hiking shoes with ankle protection.

There were many things to solve and prepare for before the next walk.

It was already beginning to smell like fire — the Warrior archetype.

I sensed that this next walk was not going to be easy for me.

By the time we went to sleep in our hammocks, we were exhausted.

In the morning, the rain woke us up as it fell directly onto us. We were so tired that neither of us moved. We just lay there, hoping the rain would stop.

It wasn't until my sleeping bag was completely soaked that I finally got up. Even then, I felt unable to move. I sat there, hoping the rain would pass.

By midday, it did.

I had a migraine developing. I began dancing Shiva Shakti — a tantric dance-meditation I practice and teach — to support my body. Then I went into the sea and asked for her support.

I was guided to make sounds while in the water. I followed the impulses in my body and made sounds until the migraine disappeared.

Later, Eledina told me that my sounds could be heard across the entire beach. Thankfully, there were not many people around.

After spending one more night at Agios Pavlos we walked to Agia Roumeli, where we would catch the ferry back to Sfakia.

With us, we had been carrying objects from a ceremony we had performed two years earlier, connected to our intention to manifest the Awakening Woman in Crete. We felt that it was time to release these objects – and with them to truly let go of any attachment to whether the Awakening Woman would take place.

At Agia Roumeli we went to the river, near the point where it meets the sea, and released the objects there.

My eye caught a small pearl-like ball, and I pointed it out to Eledina. She responded, “*Yes — the children who are going to play here will have fun discovering little things.*”

Later, I remembered Zuzanna's drawing of the water dragon carrying a pearl in his hands.

During this element, an old uncertainty resurfaced — the feeling of not knowing how my path was unfolding. After years of living in “not knowing,” I had recently begun initiating things again, hoping to build something more stable. Yet once more the ground beneath me felt fluid.

Releasing the objects was not only symbolic — it was a letting go of attachment, of control, of needing the Awakening Woman to happen in a particular way. Something in me softened.

I did not yet know what this surrender would make possible.

Later, as I shared my reflections with Zuzanna, a further theme emerged — one that asked for refinement within me. It had to do with how I offer support: how to discern when and how I give, while truly respecting my own rhythm.

I need to remember to slow down in order to clarify where and how I invest my energy.

Both of these realisations — the gifts of this walk — became profoundly relevant to what was about to unfold in my life in the short and medium term. And the *Awakening Woman* was about to become the container for this unfolding.

Of course, I did not know this at the time.



Goats as Witnesses

The Threshold – from Water to Fire

After completing the walk of Water, our intention was clear: within a few weeks, we would walk Fire.

This next stretch was known to be the most demanding part of the journey — long, exposed, and unforgiving. Preparation was required. I needed proper shoes. I could not carry weight, and yet I would need to carry water — enough for a walk that could last ten or twelve hours, possibly over two days.

We held the possibility that it could be completed in one day if we began early. Still, many people advised us to stop at a remote beach called Domata. We listened.

As I calculated what was physically possible for my body, it became clear that ten litres of water was my absolute limit. There was no margin for carrying extra things beyond that.

So we found another way.

We travelled back to Agia Roumeli ahead of the walk and left there bags packed with what would support us to stay overnight at Domata. We arranged with a local boatman — a water taxi — that we would call him from the route if we decided to stop, and he would bring our bags by sea.

At the same time, the warnings intensified.

The heat was already extreme. This was the toughest section of the E4 route, people told us that others had died there. We were advised not to walk without a guide. We were told, repeatedly, not to attempt this in summer.

We listened carefully. We were clear that this walk was our pilgrimage, and that we needed to walk it alone. Still, we understood that we should not force these walks.

So we postponed the walk and waited for the weather to soften.

By August, something else had also come to rest.

I had completely let go of the possibility of the Awakening Woman taking place.

A year earlier there had been momentum — a taster weekend with Elisabeth, women expressing interest, a sense that something might form. But one by one, for practical reasons mostly, the women dropped away. By then, very few were still interested, and I felt that I had done everything I could.

After the water ceremony of releasing expectations, I found myself in a place where I truly no longer knew what the next step was — and no longer tried to know.

It was from that place that I received a phone call.

Kleoni, who lived in Athens and had not been able to attend the earlier weekend, called to say she was in Crete with her daughter and would love to meet. We spent some time together. She told me how strongly her heart was in the journey and encouraged me not to abandon it.

I told her the truth — that I didn't know how to generate momentum anymore. We left it there.

Still, a seed had been planted.

A few weeks later — just before I became ill with COVID — Boaz spoke to me. He suggested that I invite Elisabeth to come anyway, that we gather whoever could come, and that we make it work. The retreat centre had just been renovated and had no bookings yet. He was willing to adjust costs to support the journey.

Then I became ill with COVID. While my body was weak, I found myself putting things in motion — inviting women, speaking the weekend into being. Elisabeth agreed to come, not knowing whether she would be paid, trusting that whatever gathered would be enough.

The weekend happened.

The number of women was still not quite enough — and yet something shifted. Most of those who came wanted to continue. Others expressed interest but could not attend that specific weekend. Momentum began to move again.

We set dates for November. We knew we needed thirteen women for the journey to take place. We were working out the numbers, holding uncertainty, waiting.

Two months passed, it was October. There was still movement, but no certainty.

And it was then — in that place — that we felt the call to walk the fire.

Fire – Warrior

Sougia to Agia Roumeli

E4 path | 8–10 October 2021

September would have been the ideal month to walk this segment.

My body, however, needed time to regain strength after Covid. By October, the weather was changing quickly. The temperatures were dropping, and rain was beginning to appear. We knew that if we didn't do the walk now, we would likely have to wait until late spring the following year.

There were many considerations around this walk. It was long and demanding. There was no water en route and I could carry only what I would drink. We knew we might need to sleep overnight on Domata beach and the weather was unstable.

At that point in my life, everything felt unsettled. My body was only just regaining strength after Covid. In an ideal world, we would have waited. The season was not offering that luxury.

A sudden change in the weather forecast forced us to decide quickly — with about half a day's notice — to begin. Looking back, it was a crazy decision. By that point, I had already had two almost sleepless nights.

We had lunch, packed the car, and drove to Sougia. The plan was simple: find a room, sleep, and begin the walk early the next morning.

Sougia

A big surprise awaited us when we arrived.

Renting a room was absolutely necessary. Sleeping on the beach wasn't an option — all our outdoor sleeping gear had already been packed and handed over to the taxi boat in Agia Roumeli. The plan was that he would deliver it to us at Domata beach if we needed to stay overnight there.

In Sougia, we discovered that there were no rooms available — not only in the village itself, but across a wide radius of surrounding mountain villages as well. This was completely unexpected. It was mid-October, the very end of the season. That simply doesn't happen. What was going on, we learned, was a music festival we had no idea about.

I began speaking to locals. Many of them owned rooms they rented to tourists, but everything was full. I kept asking: *Do you have a relative? A neighbour? A spare couch or room? We can offer money. We just need a few hours of rest. We'll leave early in the morning.*

I went from restaurant to restaurant, asking in this way.

Eventually, one woman returned reluctantly. She told us about an old man who used to rent rooms but no longer did. He wasn't well — physically and mentally, she said. The rooms hadn't been cleaned for years. They were in very bad condition. *He's a bit strange*, she warned. Still, she asked if we wanted to see them.

We had no other option.

The place was almost unbearable. The toilets were shared. The man himself lived in one of the rooms and used those same toilets. The mattresses were filthy, everything covered in thick dust. It felt more like a stable than a place for people to sleep.

We accepted it.

I took down one of the curtains — it was in better condition than anything else in the room — and used it to cover the mattress. We added a throw we had in the car on top. We slept fully dressed. I wore my jumper with the hood over my head to avoid touching anything. We shared a small blanket.

Underneath the rooms was a restaurant. Music and noise continued until early morning. That night became my third sleepless night in a row.

The walk begins

We got up at 5:30 a.m. and managed to get breakfast at a local bakery. It wasn't the nourishment I would have chosen for a walk like this, but it was what was available.

And so we began.

We relied on our phones to understand how much ground we had covered and how much remained — to calculate pace and resources. There was very little signal, but we caught it in places, enough to check occasionally.

Despite everything — the lack of sleep, the poor nourishment — the landscape was extraordinary.

We were present. We were enjoying the way.

I was carrying a personal challenge that deeply occupied me. Along the walk, something shifted. I managed to let go of something that had felt very hard to release. It brought clarity and a sense of freedom.

Domata

We had started early, hoping to complete the walk in one go. Still, we knew there was a real possibility of staying overnight at Domata beach.

As we got closer, fatigue became intense. By looking at our phones, we still couldn't tell exactly how much further we had to go. We began questioning whether finishing in one go was realistic.

We decided to call the taxi boat captain and ask him to bring our sleeping gear to Domata. Another surprise followed.

The sea was rough, he said. He couldn't come to shore. He would have to put our things in a plastic bag, and we would need to swim out to get them.

We continued walking.



Toward Domata

Two hours later, we arrived at Domata beach completely exhausted. Eledina couldn't take another step.

The captain had advised us that we still had daylight and suggested continuing. He said the remaining walk was around three hours. I looked at Eledina. That might have been true if our bodies were rested. They weren't.

We went into the sea. The water was indeed a bit rough. At that point, it became clear that swimming out to retrieve the bags wasn't an option anyway. And even if we did, the captain told us he wouldn't be able to come back the next day to collect our things as we had agreed, due to the weather.

We were at a dead end – no shelter, no gear, unable to carry on.

I remember staring at the sea — empty. Surrendering my will to whatever was unfolding.

I switched my phone on briefly to check something — time, weather, I don't remember — and Boaz called immediately. I told him I didn't have time to talk. I explained quickly. He said: *Stay there. Find shelter. Light a fire. Keep warm. Do you have water? Do you have food?*

I hadn't even been thinking like that. The wood was right where we were, but the area wasn't sheltered.

I suggested we look for a cave. The land there is full of them.

Eledina couldn't move. We explored the place briefly for shelter, but we had to give up. Even if we were to find shelter, I couldn't carry the wood alone. I would have needed her help.

We lit the fire where we were.



Before the Flame

The Night

Very quickly, in front of us rose a big pillar of fire, extending all the way up to the sky. We could not believe our eyes — it was the tallest fire I had ever seen. Thankfully, the forest was quite far in and we were surrounded only by rocks. Nevertheless, I still felt a slight worry. The wood was extremely dry, which is what created this effect. But of course, this was the Fire dragon walk.

We let the fire settle, yet we kept it fairly big to keep us warm. However, we were out in the open next to the sea, and no matter how big the fire was, we could not keep warm enough.

I was too cold to fall asleep. Eledina's period was about to come and she was feeling weak, so I stayed up and kept the fire going all night long to keep her warm — so that she could sleep, at least.

That made it my fourth sleepless night.



Domata – Before the Long Night

The Cliff

We resumed walking in the morning.

My body was failing. I felt I might fall asleep while walking and I had to stop often. Eledina was supportive throughout. Despite everything, my mood was surprisingly good. The land felt familiar, alive, and welcoming.

Hours later came the narrow path.

A cliff of around five hundred meters dropped away to one side. The ground was unstable, the stones small and loose. Falling here could mean falling off the mountain.

What frightened me most wasn't the height — I didn't look down — but my inability to trust my body. My legs were wobbling, my ankles painful. In the past, I'd fallen on similar terrain — but never above a void.

I clung to the rock like a spider, moving sideways, inch by inch.

Eledina was more confident, but when she wobbled she made a sound, which terrified me. I asked her not to. My fear transferred to her — suddenly she felt she couldn't wobble at all, which was not helpful to her.

Two men passed us confidently, well-equipped, relaxed. Seeing them helped. It reminded me that not all of what I was experiencing was external.

I regained some trust and picked up my pace a little. Yet the whole thing still felt endless.

We could see the village far below for hours, yet never seemed to approach it. The path descended, then rose again – several times. It played with perception.

It took us seven and a half hours. People say it's a three- to four-hour walk.



Close, Yet Far

The Paradox

At some point, I felt despair and I started crying. I had no sense of where we were in relation to the end of the path. I didn't know how much ground we had covered or how much was still left. I only knew that time was passing and that the boat would not wait.

I switched my phone on again and, once more, Boaz called immediately. He became very concerned. He said, "I'm coming to get you. Where are you? Just tell me where you are and I'll come now." I remember thinking how impossible that was — that he would need a helicopter to reach us.

What I couldn't see then was that we were already close. We agreed that he couldn't help, and we hung up. We walked a few hundred more meters and saw the entrance to the side of the village.

We swam, collected our things from the taxi boat, and caught the ferry back to Sougia. Everything happened just in time.

Earth – Mother

Sougia to Lissos

E4 path | 20 October 2021

It was the day of the Full Moon in sidereal Aries.

We started in Sougia again — the same village where we had begun the Fire walk.

This time, we were going to walk west, in the opposite direction.

As we were about to start the walk, we bumped into an old friend of Eledina's. We had also encountered him at the exact same place just before our Fire walk.

He is quite a wild man — living in caves in the mountains, with unusual ideas about preparing himself for what is to come.

He was happy to hear that we had completed the previous walk. We told him that we were about to walk to Lissos and return in the dark, with the Full Moon as our only torch.

He knows that path very well. He told us it is easy to walk during the day, but that one can easily lose the way at night. He tried to offer us sleeping bags in case we got lost, but we explained that we were being guided and declined the offer.

Still, his reappearance felt like support.

Eledina came to this walk with a hip injury. She was struggling to walk and was in pain. We bought her a walking stick from the shop — it was the first time that we had taken a walking stick with us.

I checked with her to see if walking while injured still felt right. She said that she felt aligned, and so we began.

It is an easy hike, but we had to take it slowly and very gently. I assisted her the whole way — just as she had assisted me during the second part of our previous walk.

We arrived at Lissos. It was a cloudy day, with a slight chill in the air.

We went to the healing sanctuary of Asclepius. Someone had already set up a small altar there, so we added our offerings.

We sat on the mosaic floor and entered silence.

At some point, I felt the ground shaking beneath me.

The day before, a 6.1 earthquake had struck in the east. Smaller tremors were occurring around Crete — none that could be physically felt. Still, I made a mental note to later check whether what I was experiencing could be another earthquake taking place.

I turned to Eledina and told her about the shaking I was feeling. Within a few seconds, she said she had started to feel it too.

It lasted for some time, and we both felt it stop at the same moment.

When I later checked my earthquake app, it confirmed that there had been no earthquake recorded at the time we experienced the shaking of the ground.

Was the experience ours? Or something older moving beneath us?

We waited for darkness after sunset.

At some point, there was enough reflection for us to sense that the Moon had risen. We could not see her yet, as we were still at the bottom of the hill.

We began walking back.

We lost the path quickly — we couldn't see it in the dark. With Eledina's injury, walking back up was challenging. As we couldn't find the path to walk up, we had to climb the hill instead.

I maintained confidence, but it was harder for Eledina. I had to pull her up, but we made it to the top of the hill.

We found the path again and reached the flat plateau at the top. Soon, however, we realised that because the path is so obvious in daylight, it is not marked at regular intervals.

We kept losing and re-finding the path as we walked.

Eventually, we went off-track for quite some time.

I formed a loose plan in my mind — to keep walking until we reached the edge of the cliff, then follow the cliff edge until we located the entrance to the gorge.

Eledina was very nervous about this plan. She was in pain, and the idea of walking much longer without certainty was deeply unsettling for her.

She stopped.

She remembered that there had been trees along the path earlier. We noticed some trees in the distance — we were unsure, but she urged me to walk towards them.

I listened.

As we approached, we realised they were not the trees we had remembered. Still, walking in that direction led us back to the path.

After that, we did not lose it again.

We found the entrance to the gorge and began our descent towards Sougia. This final stretch of the path was well marked.

The sight of the Full Moon was magnificent.

When we reached the car, I knew I could not drive back. I was exhausted and hungry. I suggested that we stay somewhere overnight and return the next day.

We found a place by the sea and had the most delicious vegetable soup — exactly what we needed to feel nourished.

After eating, Eledina felt well enough to drive and suggested that we return home.

The drive was very difficult.

We were both exhausted. It was dark — the road mountainous, full of curves, poorly lit. I was drifting into sleep. She was struggling to stay awake behind the wheel.



Full Moon – Our Only Torch

It was probably one of the worst experiences I have ever had in a car.



Within the Sanctuary of Asclepius

With the four elements now completed, the fifth — Ether — lay ahead of us.

This would include the activation of the Pillar of Light.

Ether – Whole Woman

The Pillar of Light

Various locations near Spili, Rethymno

31st October 2021

A few days after she said “Walk your sacred land,” Zuzanna woke in the threshold state where she often receives guidance.

She later told me she saw Crete — not as a map, but from above: a living body of land surrounded by sea. From one point, a vertical pillar of light rose upward into the sky.

For her, the message was clear. This was something that needed attention.

Around that time, I had sent her photographs of the Lion Fountains of Spili, knowing how deeply she was immersed in her work with lions. Later, studying a physical map, she realised the point from which the pillar rose was very close to Spili.

Weeks later, as we integrated the four elemental walks, the image returned. This time she saw a waterfall — and something resembling a civic fountain. Searching online, she found a gorge named Agia Fotia, not far from Spili.

When I read her message, something aligned.

Agia Fotia — Saint Fire. From Fotini, “the luminous one.” From *fos* — light.

Pillar of Light.

For Zuzanna, this was clear guidance. She spoke of it as participation — not something to discover, but something to activate. I did not fully know what that meant, but I recognised that we were being pointed somewhere specific.

We knew that Ether — the fifth element in the map we follow — remained.

This next movement felt different. It was not another horizontal journey along the coastline.

It was vertical.

And so, on the 31st of October, we drove south of Rethymno toward the gorge of Agia Fotia.

We arrived at the nearest point where we could park the car close to the Agia Fotia gorge. There was a spring near the parking area and, on the other side of the road, in the opposite direction of the gorge, a small church of Agia Fotini. We felt that we needed to visit this little church before leaving the area.

We began walking towards the gorge and soon arrived at what appeared to be its entrance. We saw a very clear waterway but, to our surprise, it was dry. The gorge climbs upward, and from the shape and positioning of the rocks it was obvious that a waterfall would form there when water was flowing.

It was the end of October; many rivers in Crete run dry through summer and autumn. Still, we felt certain this was the correct place for the activation of the Pillar of Light.

We identified a suitable place for the ceremony. As always, we dropped into a receptive state and spoke the words that were coming through. When we felt complete, we returned to the car.

Eledina carried a star-shaped glass bottle that she keeps for ceremonial purposes. We filled it with water from the local spring, and in that moment decided that this bottle would travel with us throughout the Awakening Woman Journey, which was due to begin a few weeks later.

Indeed, this bottle of water was present at every weekend gathering of the Awakening Woman programme.

After visiting the spring, we went to the church of Agia Fotini. Yet even after our time there, we did not feel complete. There was a sense that something more was required in relationship to this element.

We looked at the map and located a beach just south of our position, also called Agia Fotia. We decided to drive there.



Ceremony at the Dry Riverbed

On the way, we came across an area covered in serpentinite. We stopped the car, feeling the need to interact with the ground, with the stones.

Standing on a hill of serpentinite, words began coming out of my mouth — words of acknowledgement and gratitude. It became clear that I was honouring the Earth element and our experience of walking the Earth Dragon. When that felt complete, we asked for permission to take a few stones with us, and we did.

Since we were on our way to Agia Fotia beach, we understood this was where we would acknowledge the Fire Dragon walk. In that moment, it became clear we would complete the full mandala of elements before the day ended — and so we did.

At the beach, we lit a small fire from sticks we found there. We spoke words of remembering and honouring our experience during the Fire Dragon walk. When that was complete, we returned to the car and drove back towards Spili.



The Lion Fountains at Spili

We stopped at the Lion Fountains of Spili — to honour our Water Dragon walk and to bless the waters. We carried flowers and herbs, offering them into the flow.

We did not know where we would go to honour our experience with the Air Dragon. That uncertainty felt very typical of the Shamana archetype, associated with the air element. We trusted that the place would reveal itself.

Soon afterwards, I remembered that on the road back from Spili there was an ancient Minoan cemetery I had long wanted to visit. It was the 31st of October — Samhain. It felt like the perfect day of the year to enter such a place.

By then it was already dark, and the cemetery was closed. Still, I felt certain this was the right location. I moved with confidence.

The gate was locked. The fence, however, was not too high. We climbed over and walked around, familiarising ourselves with the space.

Eventually, we identified the grave that would hold our ceremony. It was larger than the others. We stepped inside; there was light within.

We honoured our experience with the Air Dragon and spoke words of gratitude. With that, we concluded the day. We believed we had completed the Ether element.

We were now ready to embrace the Awakening Woman Journey that was about to begin.



Minoan Grave – Air Ceremony

Only later did we acknowledge that something still felt unresolved — a subtle dissatisfaction in relation to the Pillar of Light activation. We did not yet know what to do with that awareness, but we registered it.

The vertical had not finished with us. It would return — not again as geography, but as relationship.

A Second Threshold

January 2022

The Awakening Woman journey began in November 2021 – two weeks after completing what we believed to be Ether: the activation of the Pillar of Light.

At the time, we considered the work complete – and yet, quietly, something remained unresolved.

On the evening of January 29th, I returned home after an event and found Eledina in the dining room. She had just finished a painting of Crete — the island surrounded by deep turquoise sea, encircled by a golden thread looping protectively around it.

The thread was meant as protection.

As I stepped toward the painting, my hands activated.

It is a sensation I know well — a concentrated tingling, as if energy is running through my palms. The first time this happened was years ago, at an ancient site in Mexico. I had no idea what it was. The sensation remained for hours after I left, and a bee landed on my right hand, staying there for the entire drive home.

Since then, I have learned how to consciously activate my hands when offering healing. But the involuntary activation — the kind that comes on its own — has occurred only rarely, usually at ancient sites.

Now, standing in front of Eledina's painting, it returned.

And in the days that followed, every time I approached the painting, my hands would activate again.

Eledina told me that earlier that day she had been on a call with Zuzanna. During the conversation, it had become clear to her that she needed to paint Crete surrounded by a protective field. Years before, another woman had asked her to create something similar — a shield around the island — but Eledina had declined. This time, she knew she had to respond.

The painting did not feel merely symbolic.

It felt alive.

For Eledina, it was clear that this was the Blessing of the Waters we had attempted before. Something about the previous ceremony had not fully settled. Now, through this painting, something did.

And yet another question arose.

Why protection?

Why were we being shown that Crete needed guarding?

That night, as I lay in bed, a thought entered plainly: *Look up 1856.*

I searched “Crete 1856” and found that on October 12th of that year, a massive earthquake had devastated the island, nearly destroying Heraklion city and causing great loss of life.



Eledina's Painting – The Protective Field

As an astrologer, I cast the chart.

When I compared the planetary positions of that earthquake with the transits of 2022 — particularly September through early November — the similarities were striking.

I did not rush to conclusions.

But I could not ignore what I was seeing.

When I shared this with Eledina, she told me that while painting, she had repeatedly been striking the canvas against the table and turning it in different directions, though she had not known why. The movement had been rhythmic, almost forceful.

We began to ask ourselves what we were meant to do with this information.

When I asked Zuzanna, she said she was clear: we were being called to perform Medicine Wheel ceremonies.

Years earlier, Eledina had trained with a shaman who had studied under Rainbow Thunder Heart, known for conducting Medicine Wheel ceremonies in places facing natural disasters.

In the days that followed, Zuzanna studied the map of Crete and began tracing the villages that sit around the foothills of Mount Ida (Psiloritis). As she moved around the perimeter, she realised that the points formed a clear five-pointed star with the mountain peak at its centre.

We decided to follow that shape.

During the Dragon Walks we had moved along the western coastline — something we later understood as the feminine axis of the island.

Now we were being drawn east – into the mountain.

Another layer of work was beginning.

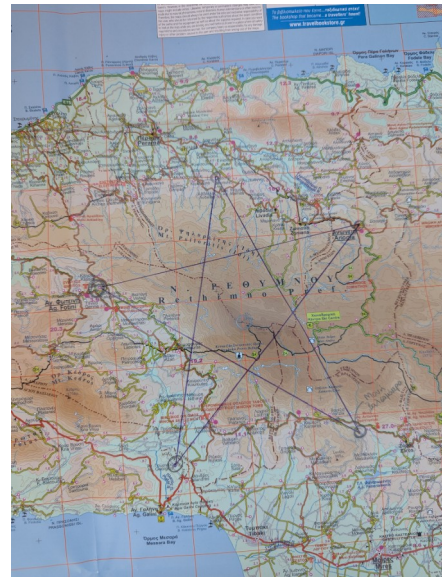
Mount Ida Medicine Wheel Ceremonies

A geometrically precise five-pointed star was drawn around the foothills of Mount Ida, with the peak at its centre. Each point marked a place where a Medicine Wheel ceremony would take place — following the protocol Eledina had been trained in years earlier.

Medicine Wheel ceremonies create relationship with land — through prayer, offering, and alignment with the directions and elements. In some traditions they are used when facing disruption — not to control events, but as an act of participation: listening, asking permission, and offering support for the most harmonious unfolding.

At first, we thought we would simply visit the five points.

We did not yet realise that we would end up tracing the full star — returning to the place where we began.



The Five-Pointed Star

At each location, we never remained at the exact geometric point. Once in the area, we moved until we found the place where the energetic current felt most alive — as the trained protocol of the Medicine Wheel instructs — recognising that the point of greatest potency is not always identical to the point drawn on a map.

What follows are the places where the ceremonies unfolded.

Ceremony 1

St. Nicholas Gorge, Rouvas

16th February 2022

We had initially intended to begin at Anogia – the northeast point of the star.

But around that time, Zuzanna had been very clear about something else: before anything else, we needed to acknowledge the wild cats of Crete and ask for their support.

Crete holds a mountain wild cat under extinction — locally called the *furogatos* — living in remote, high-altitude terrain. When I researched where they were most often sighted, the area of Rouvas, high on Mount Ida, stood out.

We were asked to bring an offering — a whole rabbit — to honour the land and its guardians.



The Medicine Wheel

Heavy snow made access to the higher altitudes impossible, but we drove toward Rouvas anyway and settled at St. Nicholas Gorge, at the mountain's foothills.

It felt right.

Here, before anything else, we made the offering.

Only later did we realise something subtle: although we had intended to begin elsewhere, Rouvas marked the southeastern point of the star. From that point onward, the natural movement would trace the star like we do when drawing it.

Following the Medicine Wheel protocol, Eledina set the space carefully. I spoke the words as they came, and we anchored the work into the land.

Ceremony 2

Kalogeros, near Thronos

22nd May 2022

Ceremony 3

Near Zomythos, Anogia area

28th July 2022

Ceremony 4

St. George Church

25th September 2022

The days leading to the fourth ceremony were intense.

Eledina and I had been clearing an old dynamic between us — one that had quietly shaped our collaboration. I had taken the role of the parent; she had stepped into the child. I would over-

function; she would appear helpless. We both recognised how this fed something in each of us that was no longer serving.

The night before the ceremony we took a room together. I barely slept. Something was moving through me — not dramatic, but steady and undeniable.

In the morning we spoke plainly. We named the pattern. Each of us took responsibility. We consciously chose a different posture moving forward — two adults standing side by side.

Even reaching the church required persistence.

Google Maps led us down a dirt road that eventually became impassable. We turned back and considered abandoning the attempt. We explored alternative spots nearby, but my body refused to settle. None of them felt right.

Back at the car, I zoomed into the map again. One route — longer, indirect — appeared marginally possible. We took it.

It was the correct path.

The church was ancient. Faded murals lined the walls — St George on horseback, though without the dragon visible. There was something fitting in that.

The spot itself was perfectly held.

Church to the East.

Sea to the South.

A large, fragrant bay tree to the West.

Mountain rising in the North.

For the first time, I invited Eledina to open the directions together with me. Until then, I had been the one leading the prayers. This time she stepped in fully. There was no hesitation.

Together, we spoke. Together, we lifted the sword.

The ground was rocky. Eledina doubted the blade would stand. It entered cleanly and remained upright without support.

The atmosphere shifted immediately — dense, potent, still.

As soon as we completed the act and began to take photographs, a car approached. We packed quickly and sat as if we were merely visitors admiring the view. Two people greeted us casually and moved on.

When we returned to the car, a grasshopper rested on the windscreen. It remained there as we drove along the dirt track, only leaving once we reached the tarmac and prepared to accelerate.

Something had altered in the dynamic between us.



Piercing the Rocky Ground

Ceremony 5

Assumption of Mary Church, Kastri

26th September 2022

The following day we travelled to a small hilltop church dedicated to the Assumption of Mary.

The view was expansive. Wind and light at that height gave the place a particular clarity.

We felt immediately that the ceremony belonged inside.

We entered the sanctuary — the innermost space, traditionally closed to women. There was no rebellion in the gesture. Only recognition.

We set the wheel upon the altar.

The intention was simple: to acknowledge the feminine not at the margins, but at the centre. Not symbolically — physically.

The act was quiet. Direct.

With this, we had completed all the Medicine Wheel ceremonies.

Mount Ida stood as it always has.

Whether this work altered anything in the collective field is not something we can measure. Earthquakes move according to geological laws beyond our understanding. What we know is that we responded sincerely to the guidance we received, and in doing so, something in us shifted. The outer and the inner are not separate — but the scale at which each moves remains mysterious.

A final movement remained – the closing of the star (the return to the origin point).

A Surprise – Ether Phase 2

Hilltop near Kissos, South Rethymno

1st July 2023

We still had one final ceremony pending around Mount Ida in order to complete the star we had traced. Ether, as far as we knew, had already been addressed. We had gone to Agia Fotia in 2021. We had performed what we believed at the time to be the activation of the Pillar of Light.

And yet. Somewhere in the background, there had always remained a quiet sense of incompleteness.

Nearly two years passed.

Then, through an entirely practical and ordinary chain of human connections, new information arrived.

Through my work at the retreat centre, I met a man named Sotiris, who mentioned a friend of his — a dowser named Dimitri. In conversation, the Pillar of Light near Spili came up. When Sotiris asked Dimitri about it, Dimitri responded that he knew exactly the area we were referring to.

He had grown up near Spili. His grandmother used to speak of an Orb of Light that appeared fifty days after Easter, travelling between two small churches on two hilltops opposite each other. The Orb left behind what she described as a luminous horizontal trail. Everyone in the village used to know about this when his grandmother was alive. Throughout their lives, they waited to witness it year after year. It was very important to them. Nowadays, the phenomenon is no longer observed.

Dimitri drove us to the hilltop area where the Orb was said to originate.

We walked to the small church at the top. He pointed towards the opposite hill where the Orb of Light would end. The path of light was not exactly east–west, but diagonal — southwest to northeast. A horizontal current across the land.

Then we began walking around the small ruined chapel perched on the edge of the cliff.

Eledina paused first.

“Here.”

It was a narrow point between rocks, close to the edge. One by one, we stood there.

The sensation was clear. Vertical. Strong. Rising through the body.

It felt different from the waterfall attempt two years earlier. That had felt aligned but incomplete. This felt calibrated.

As Dimitri later explained, in his experience, the visible focal point of a site and the actual energetic axis are often slightly offset from each other — close, but not identical.

We performed the ceremony together — for the first time with both men and women present. The horizontal and the vertical were both acknowledged.

When we completed, there was no surge of emotion. Just steadiness.



The Church Ruin on the Hilltop

On our way down the hill, Dimitri suggested that we drink from the mountain spring that feeds the Venetian Lion Fountains of Spili. We did.

Afterwards, he shared something that surprised us.

For years, he had been trying to sell a property he had inherited in Crete. He had renovated it, listed it, lowered the price — nothing moved. He wanted to return to mainland Greece, but the sale would not go through.

He told me that shortly after agreeing to take us to the hilltop — after the phone call about the Pillar of Light — his estate agent called. The property had finally sold.

He was deeply relieved. He asked me to thank Zuzanna. In his view, the timing was not accidental.

At the time, we felt that the Pillar of Light had finally been located and activated.

And once again, we believed that Ether was complete — unaware that another unfolding still awaited us further down the line.

The Closing of the Star

Agios Minás Chapel, Rouvas

14th July 2023

We had intended to go higher up, to the Forest of Rouvas — further above the location where we had begun the Medicine Wheel ceremonies around Mount Ida. I had entered the exact location into Google Maps.

And yet, for reasons we still cannot explain, Google Maps took us back to the original place of our first ceremony.

From there, reaching the Forest of Rouvas would have required driving all the way back down the mountain and around. It felt unnecessary. We paused. Then we trusted what was unfolding and began to walk towards the place where the journey had started.

The river — which, during the first ceremony, had been flowing strongly — was now completely dry. We knew that some rivers in Crete dry during the height of summer, yet the sight still surprised us. It was difficult to imagine that so much water could simply vanish.

Because the riverbed was dry, we were able to cross easily to the other side. There, we discovered a small chapel we had not visited before.

It felt right.

We went inside for the closing. We spoke the words that arose. We gave thanks — to the land, to the directions, and to the wild cats whose support we had invoked at the beginning of this work.

Before arriving, we had bought some salami from the local village — an offering in honour of the cats. After the ceremony, we spread it around the land.

The words that came through us were clear and tender. We found ourselves recalling the entire journey — the Dragon Walks, the star traced around the mountain, the many thresholds we had crossed over the past year and more.

It felt complete.

Afterwards, something in me wanted to visit a nearby ancient site: Gortyna.

It is the only sacred site in Crete known to have housed a temple to Egyptian deities — Isis, Anubis, and Thoth (Hermes in his Egyptian form). A temple to Pythian Apollo also stands there. The site has always carried a certain fascination for me.

We drove there in the late afternoon.

At the time, Eledina and I were co-creating a line of jewellery we call *Oracle Jewellery*. She creates the pieces; I hold them and receive their names and messages.

We had thought to photograph them on ancient stones for a flyer.

At the main guarded entrance, I attempted — somewhat boldly — to place a few pieces on stones just outside the protected area. A guard immediately told us off. I had half-expected it.

We continued exploring. Behind a rubbish bin we noticed a small snake — a quiet, brief visitation.

After asking for directions, we crossed the road to the unguarded part of the site, where the Egyptian temple is located. Archaeology students warned us it was overgrown with brambles and “not worth it.” They suggested we visit another structure instead. Their suggestion did not resonate.

I felt certain we were meant to go there.

It was almost sunset. I told Eledina that if needed, I would jump the fence. She was ambivalent, but I was unwavering.

When we finally reached it, we discovered that the gate was already broken open.

We stepped inside.

The energy was strong and immediate. We stayed through sunset. Neither of us wanted to leave.

We found a place to sleep nearby and returned early the next morning. In the quiet light, we placed the jewellery on the ancient stones and photographed it properly. The images were simple and yet potent.

Later that day, while I worked on designing the flyer during a relentless heatwave, something else was moving.

Eledina entered a deep personal process that had begun at Matala earlier that day. Old parts of her surfaced — parts ready to die, to be shed. It felt intimately connected to the words that had come through us during the ceremony. Something was ending. Something else preparing to begin.

Looking back, the journey carried a double movement.

On the surface, it was the completion of the star — the return to the point of origin.

Beneath it, something new was already germinating.

The co-creation of the jewellery felt symbolic — beauty born from shared work and integration.

We ended that trip with a gentle recognition: a cycle had closed, and something unnamed had begun to spiral open.

The Vertical Becomes Relational

Holy Spirit, near Spili, Rethymno

29 May – 2 June 2024

Emma arrived from the UK at the end of May. She had stepped in during the Awakening Woman journey at a crucial moment, when support was thin, enabling it to continue and complete. Now she was returning for a post-completion gathering — a tending of the field.

Elisabeth was also on her way to Crete.

Eledina and I picked Emma up from the airport. The day after her arrival, the three of us visited the Archaeological Museum in Heraklion.

Each room holds a different layer of the Minoan timeline, and we moved through them slowly.

In the first room, with its Stone Age figures (7000–3000 BC), there was a softness. Rounded bodies. Earth-heavy forms. Something humble and open. All three of us felt it immediately; our bodies relaxed there.

The second room, early Bronze Age (2000–1700 BC), introduced greater precision — more geometry, more structure. We stood before the famous bee pendant from Malia, that ancient symbol of cooperative order and feminine intelligence. The atmosphere still felt coherent, still relational.

But from around 1500 BC onwards, something shifted. The forms became sharper, leaner, more refined — yet less warm. It became clear that the culture had changed – not only in aesthetic but in orientation.

After leaving the museum, we felt drawn to visit the archaeological site at Malia.

As soon as we arrived, we met a woman working in the canteen who told us she had grown up on the site. Her mother had been adopted as a child by French excavators and raised among the ruins. She spoke passionately about her connection to the land, the bees, and the ancestors.

Before we had even begun walking around, she shared something else.

Her parents had once seen three balls of light hovering silently above a church on the hill overlooking the site. The spheres hovered without sound and then suddenly shot upwards into the sky and disappeared. Her parents had hidden behind a tree, frightened. Later, when they described what they had seen, someone told them they were “extraterrestrials” — a word they did not even understand at the time.

She told the story with conviction and familiarity, as part of her family history.

We walked the site and eventually encountered an oval-shaped stone half-emerging from the earth. A guard had recognised our receptivity to the place and pointed it out to us, saying, “This is a sacred stone.”

The stone resembled an omphalos — a navel, egg-like in form. When Emma and I placed our hands around it, we both began to cry immediately. We each described a sensation of nostalgia for something sacred and ancient.

I wanted to take Emma and Eledina to places I had visited in 2016, starting with a cave in the Lassithi Plateau.

Only upon arrival did I remember that the saint who lived in this cave was Agia Fotini — the Luminous One. The same name that had followed us throughout the Pillar of Light work.

We entered the cave and soon found ourselves in complete darkness. After a while, our eyes adjusted. A large upright stone became visible in front of us — shaped like a pillar. The altar of the chapel was placed before it.

We began to sound together — deep, resonant tones filling the cave. Emma guided us in singing a song she had written. Afterwards, we danced Shiva Shakti, a practice we share.

Each of us had a different experience inside the cave. When we stepped back into daylight, we shared what had moved through us.

Instead of continuing to Dikteon Andron as planned, we decided to head south.

We drove through Arkalohori, a village that had been struck by an earthquake during the period of our Medicine Wheel ceremonies. I was drawn there after noticing artefacts in the museum in Heraklion that had been discovered in the local cave — many of them related to war.

We found the cave, but its entrance was sealed with stones. We stood there for a moment nonetheless, outside the threshold that would not open.

By the time we reached Tsoutsouros, it was late afternoon. There we visited the cave of Eileithyia — ancient goddess of childbirth and protector of women in labour. Historically, women had travelled across Crete to make offerings there for safe births. It was a place of fertility, beginnings, continuity.

Now it was barred. No access. Rubbish inside.

I managed to slip fully through the bars, but what I found in front of me was a very steep descent. I would have needed rope to continue.

I sensed a gentle, receptive atmosphere. The sealing of the cave felt symbolic.

We performed a small ceremony outside. After speaking with locals, we were told that efforts to reopen the cave had repeatedly been blocked by authorities. The archaeology department regularly checks the site to ensure no one is entering. There is a story dating back to the 1950s associated with this cave and significant archaeological findings. Several articles about it can be found online.

The image stayed with me: a fertility cave sealed.

The village itself felt subdued. We spent a short time on the beach and had a quick swim, but the energy did not invite us to remain, so we moved on.

From Tsoutsouros we travelled to Matala.

We had been there the year before, immediately after completing the sixth Medicine Wheel ceremony. At that time, something had opened for Eledina — a deep personal current — but it had not fully completed.

We stayed the night. The next morning, Eledina and Emma went up into the ancient caves carved into the cliff face. I remained behind; I had visited them several times over the years.

Eledina and Emma noticed that the caves act as amplifiers – of sound, of emotion. The architecture itself seems to hold memory. In earlier times, these caves were places of worship. In more recent decades, the amplification has taken other forms — alcohol, drugs, hedonism — a distorted echo of the human longing to step beyond the linear mind.

They moved deeper into a section less exposed to the activity of the beach below. There, Eledina re-entered the current that had begun the previous year. This time, it moved through fully. Emma stood beside her as witness.

When they returned, there was a clear sense of completion around Matala.

We all felt the urge to head back home. The original plan had been to stop at Festos on the way, but in that moment it did not feel right. So we did not go.

We took the road back home.

On the way we stopped at Spili to collect water from the springs. That was when Emma pointed to a sign above us and asked, “What is this?”

“Path to the Holy Spirit – 2 km.”

I do not know how we had missed it all these years. The moment I read it, the words came out:

“The Pillar of Light. This is it.”

We had already performed the activation. Twice. And yet, in that instant, I recognised the quiet sense of incompleteness that had never fully left me.

“We need to go,” I said.

It was not the right moment then, so we returned home. The next morning I woke up with certainty: we had to go back.

We drove again to Spili and waited until early evening to begin the hike. Eledina was resistant.

“We have already done this twice,” she said. “Why again?”

The path was not clearly marked, and it took time to orient ourselves. Soon we came upon what looked like a dried riverbed — an echo of the original image of a waterfall from years earlier.

We followed the waterway. Two kilometres later we arrived at the small Church of the Holy Spirit.

Along the way, Dragon lilies lined the path — the same flowers we had encountered at the threshold of our Dragon Walks.

Outside the church stood a large rock that immediately called our attention. Inside, the floor formed a geometric mandala pattern — four corners, ordered and precise. It was beautiful.

Yet it was clear that the rock outside was the place.

We each found our position upon it and settled.

In my body I knew this was the moment to complete the activation. Words began to flow. I thanked Eledina. I thanked Zuzanna. I thanked Elisabeth. I thanked Emma.

Five elements. Five women.

Afterwards we entered the church and chanted again, consciously linking the previous sites — Agia Fotia gorge, the hilltop near Kissos, and the more recently visited cave of Agia Fotini.

This time there was no questioning in me. It felt complete.

We walked back down easily. In the village, I asked a few locals whether the small river along the path ever carried water. They said it flows only when it rains.

We returned home and began preparing to gather again with the women in the days that followed.



Map showing all pilgrimages and the actual location of the Mount Ida ceremonies

From Activation to Embodiment

Alethe did not begin after these journeys.

The vision had lived with me long before the Dragon Walks, long before the name was spoken aloud. The name itself came during a ceremony Eledina and I shared, when we recognised a mutual longing — to live in close relationship with the land, and to gather in ways that honoured that relationship. We built a simple website. We placed the intention into the field. Then life continued.

During the Dragon Walks, Alethe was present but unstructured. The women’s journey unfolded alongside the pilgrimages — one current moving through landscape, the other through relationship. I did not yet understand how they belonged together.

Looking back, it feels as though we were being shaped by something we had already named. The walks grounded my bond with the land. The women’s journey revealed what it takes to tend a living relational field. The Pillar activations anchored the vertical. None of this was called “temple.” Yet something like temple architecture — invisible, relational, alive — was forming.

When we stood inside the cave of Eileithyia in Tsoutsouros — that ancient place of fertility and birth — and saw it sealed, barred, inaccessible, something in me registered the image. A goddess of beginnings, closed. A threshold not yet reopened. I understood the symbolism, even if I did not yet speak it.

Shortly after that visit, momentum shifted.

Alethe, having long existed as devotion began asking for structure in the visible world. I began shaping it more deliberately — refining language, clarifying offerings, learning how it could exist in the world in practical and sustainable ways. Not as an abstraction, but as something embodied.

The third activation of the Pillar of Light confirmed Alethe.

Since then, it has been taking visible shape — through retreats rooted in place, through one-to-one work that restores coherence, through journeys for those who come to Crete seeking more than surface.

And quietly, something else has also begun.

Some of the women who once gathered in initiation are returning — not because a program requires it, but because belonging asks to be tended. We sit. We listen. We practice remembering together.

There is not yet a physical temple – there may be one day.

For now, there is a field.

A-lethe – the absence of forgetfulness – *is* an ongoing remembering.

Relational Pilgrimage

An Invitation to Walk Differently

Crete does not need to be conquered with information.

It does not ask to be consumed through sites, collected through photographs, or reduced to mythology as concept.

The island is alive.

The goddess is not located at a single ruin. She is not confined to the Minoan past. She is present in wind, stone, dryness, bees, abandoned chapels, riverbeds that flow only when it rains.

Conversation does not require spectacle. It begins with attention. It begins with slowing down.

It begins with asking:

How do you wish to meet me?

Every gorge, every cave, every mountain path carries elemental intelligence. Some places amplify grief. Some amplify clarity. Some soften the edges of fear. Some expose us to what must change.

You do not need to perform ritual to enter relationship.

Intention is enough.

Walk with respect.

Sit longer than you think necessary.

Listen without demanding response.

If you come to Crete, come in conversation.

Not to extract. Not to verify belief. Not to reenact history.

Come to participate.

The land responds differently when approached as partner rather than destination.

Thresholds Where Belonging Is Remembered

Crete is full of places that listen and speak back.

Below I am sharing my experience with a few that are close to me – physically and relationally.

These places are not “destinations.”

They are thresholds with distinct tones.

You do not need elaborate ritual to meet them.

You need attention.

You can go alone or you can choose to be guided and witnessed.

In any case go slowly – take time to listen.

Lake Kournas

Reclaimed Feminine Sovereignty

Lake Kournas is the only natural freshwater lake in Crete. Two kilometres from the sea, yet untouched by salt. Sweet water held near brine.

The surrounding sand is pale. The White Mountains rise behind it. At certain hours the lake appears emerald; at others, deep blue. The atmosphere shifts with the light.

Two legends linger here.

In one, a young woman is pursued by her father. To escape him, she calls upon the earth to flood the land. The village disappears beneath water. She becomes the spirit of the lake.

In another, she alone survives a deluge that takes all others.

In both versions, something collapses — and something remains.

When we come here, we begin by entering a receptive state. Breath slows. The nervous system settles. The land is not approached as scenery but as presence.

I invite each person to ask:

Where in my life have I felt powerless?

Where did I disappear in order to survive?

What am I being called to reclaim?

There is no need to arrive with answers. The listening comes first.

Each person then walks alone — some along the shore, some slightly up the hill, some staying close to the water’s edge. The lake becomes a mirror. What surfaces belongs to the one who meets it.

When the time is right, I drum them back.

Only then does immersion happen.

The lake holds sweet water — unexpected, contained, patient. Entering the water is not symbolic — it envelops what has been met and supports the integration. Some enter slowly and steadily; some with tears. The body remembers differently when it meets water this way.

When they return, we name what is ready to be reclaimed — not intellectually, but somatically. The body is invited to take on the posture, voice, and inner state of that reclaimed part. We practice it until it becomes memory.

What emerges is rarely dramatic. It is often quiet — but unmistakable.

If you visit Kournas alone, come early, before 9 a.m. — before conversation becomes noise.

Walk slowly and ask what in you survived the flood and what in you is ready to return to the centre.

Enter the water only if and when you feel invited.



Ceremony at Lake Kournas

Douliaana Chapel & Woodland

(Dismantling External Authority)

Hidden within a small wild woodland near Douliana, this chapel dedicated to Saint John the Baptist is built directly into rock. The path to reach it winds through trees that feel older than their size suggests. The air is filtered green. The earth is uneven, leaf-covered, quiet.

The place feels intimate, almost secret — as though one has stepped into a story.

The chapel itself is carved into stone. Christianity is present here, but it is inseparable from the rock that holds it. Forest and structure meet. Wildness and doctrine touch.

Energetically, this site speaks of authority — inherited, absorbed, unquestioned.

It invites a different question than the lake.

Here, I ask:

Where have you given your power away?

What authority are you obeying that is not truly yours?

What are you ready to reclaim?

The ceremony begins in the courtyard outside. Participants enter receptive stillness and wander through the woodland or remain near the chapel walls, listening. When clarity arises, we perform a cutting-of-ties ritual — symbolically releasing what no longer serves: a pattern, a relationship, a belief, a hierarchy, a habit.

After release, we walk silently through the forest, each step taken as if already moving toward the life that wants to emerge. Later, standing on a slightly elevated place above the chapel, each person speaks their vision in present tense — not as hope, but as embodiment.

The act is grounded. Declarative.

This place teaches sovereignty rooted in earth — not power over, but power claimed.

If you come here alone, sit quietly and notice what you feel compelled to obey. Is it expectation? Fear? Approval? Pause. Place your hand on the ground, on the tree, on the stone. Ask what is truly yours. Then walk — slowly — as though your future is already forming beneath your feet.



Ceremony Outside the Chapel

Imbros Gorge

Crossing a Threshold

In the wider region of Sfakia — a land marked by rebellion, endurance, and history carved in stone — Imbros Gorge cuts through the mountains.

The landscape is raw and beautiful. Rock walls rise and close in certain places, then open again. Trees grow from impossible angles. The earth is pale and dry. It is a place shaped by pressure.

Unlike the lake or the chapel, the ceremony here is the walk itself – the path becomes the initiation.

I do not frame it with a dramatic name, but there is always a clear intention. Before entering, we identify the question the person is carrying — often something around loss, confusion, or a decision

that feels heavy. Sometimes it is grief. Other times it is the quiet erosion caused by an inner critical voice. Sometimes it is the aftermath of saying no to something that once defined them.

I accompany them for the beginning stretch. Then, when the moment feels right, I acknowledge the opening of the walk and ask them to continue alone.

The gorge is not narrow at the entrance, nor at the end. It narrows in the middle. There are passages where the rock walls draw close and sound changes. Breath changes.

As they walk, they listen in relationship to their question. Then layer by layer, what needs to surface does.

By the time I meet them at the other side, something in their posture has usually shifted.

The embodiment work begins there.

We name the distorted warrior — the inner persecutor, the judging voice, the force that has been misdirecting fire inward. Sometimes it appears as harsh discipline. Sometimes as rebellion. Sometimes as self-attack disguised as protection.

I support them to stand in their body and meet that energy directly — not collapsing, not performing strength, but occupying their ground.

From there, clean fire can re-emerge: clarity without cruelty. Boundary without violence. Grief without collapse.



The Path at Imbros Gorge

This is not a ceremony to attempt at the height of summer or during unstable weather. The walk takes approximately two hours and requires basic familiarity with hiking terrain. It is more comfortable outside of the hottest months and never to be attempted during rain or wind.

If you walk this gorge alone, go with a clear question.

Enter in silence.

Notice where it narrows, where you tense, what voice accompanies you.

And when you exit, do not rush away.

Stand – let the landscape witness what is moving in you.

Plakakia Coves

Sovereign Softness

Stone arches opening to turquoise water. A cave-like threshold framing sea and horizon.

Sudden depth. Rock, sky, ocean meeting without hierarchy.

This is a convergence field.

When the sea is calm, it receives.

When the wind rises, it clears.

Either way, something unnecessary falls away.

The rocks anchor the body more deeply than expected. The nervous system drops. The breath widens. For some, the experience is expansion. For others, quiet sensual aliveness. For others still, a grief long submerged finally surfaces and softens.

Sometimes we arrive here after Imbros — when fire has been stirred and needs integration.

Sometimes we come here directly.

We always begin in receptivity.

The ceremony emerges from what the body reveals.

Here, themes often include:

- honouring the feminine ancestral line
- reclaiming sovereign softness
- preparing the body for deeper clarity
- meeting grief without collapse
- remembering dignity without armour

If you come alone, come without agenda.

Lay on the warm pebbles until you feel your breath slow.

Enter the water only when invited.

Notice what softens and what no longer needs defending.

Leave slowly and let the landscape remain in you longer than the echo of your thoughts.



Plakakia Coves

Kiliaris River

Continuity · Renewal · Returning to Flow

Kiliaris moves steadily throughout the year. Even in summer, when much of Crete runs dry, this river continues.

There are sunlit stretches and shaded enclaves. Tall trees arch overhead. The water is clear and shockingly cold. The current remains steadily alive.

Unlike gorge or sea, here it feels intimate. Contained. Devotional without spectacle.

If the southern coast dissolves you into vastness, the river gathers you back into continuity.

Here, ceremonies often lean toward:

- renewal
- integration after intensity

- playful return to the magical self
- reclaiming beauty in sisterhood
- loosening threads that no longer need tightening
- remembering that flow does not disappear simply because we tense

We begin as always in receptivity. Slowing. Listening. Sometimes guidance is spoken. Sometimes silence is enough.

Immersion requires intention — the cold asks you to choose it consciously.

Full submersion happens horizontally;

If you come alone, come quietly.

Sit until your mind softens.

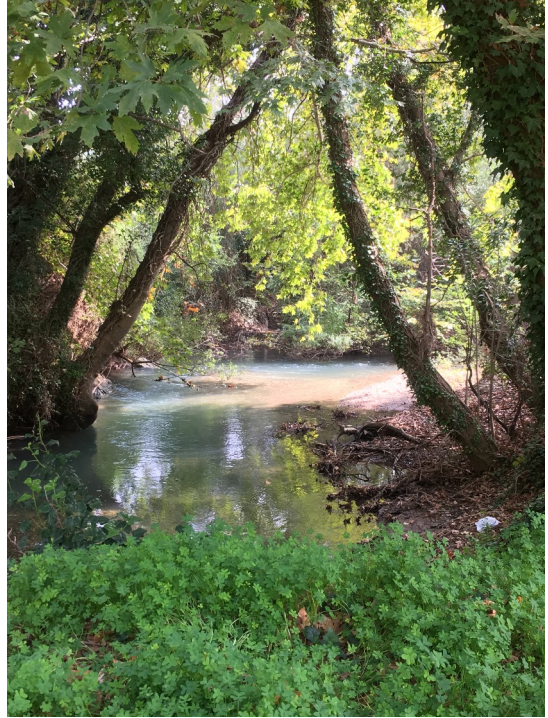
Let the cold teach you pace.

Ask:

What in me is still flowing, even when I believe I am stuck?

What wants to continue?

Allow yourself to feel supported — steadily, in this threshold of continuity.



Kiliaris River

The Temple, For Now

There is not yet a physical temple.

There is the village where we live.

There is the wild nature that surrounds it — the mountains, the rivers, the coast that has become our field of practice.

There are women gathering with intention to remember together.

There are thresholds walked in relationship with the elements.

The temple, for now, is relational.

It is the practice of remembering belonging in the presence of another.

It is the courage to listen when the land speaks without spectacle.

It is the willingness to stand without intermediaries between one's breath and one's knowing.



Remembering Together

What will form five years from now, I do not know.

What I know is this:

Belonging is rarely something granted by culture.

It is something we discover in relationship.

Alethe — the absence of forgetfulness — continues as orientation more than structure.

If you feel something stir in you as you close these pages, do not rush to define it.

Sit with it.

Walk somewhere slowly.

Listen.

The temple is not elsewhere.

It grows each time we choose not to abandon our own ground.



Our Village

Those Who Walked With Me

This work did not unfold in isolation.

It was shaped in dialogue — through friendship, mentorship, friction, devotion, and shared thresholds. What you have read is my lived experience, told in my voice. And yet many hands and hearts have touched its formation.

I want to honour those whose presence shaped this journey — each in their own distinct way.

Elisabeth

I met Elisabeth at a time when something in me was already searching for deeper coherence.

Through her women's initiatory work, I encountered structured ritual space, embodied practice, and a container strong enough to hold intensity. It was through her guidance that I first experienced collective initiation — and later, the deeper training that formed the kinship circle of seven.

Bringing the Awakening Woman journey to Crete was a humbling and formative chapter for me. Elisabeth agreed to come without certainty of outcome, trusting process over guarantee. For that, and for the foundation she helped lay in my maturation, I remain grateful.

You can find Elisabeth's current work and offerings here:

<https://authenticecstasy.com/>

Zuzanna

Zuzanna entered my life through astrology — and widened my inner sky.

Through her, symbolism opened differently — dragons as elemental intelligences, myth as lived pattern, the sky as a map for orientation. The dragons and the first articulation of the Pillar of Light entered my field through her perception.

Her capacity to read patterns without imposing meaning has shaped my discernment in ways that extend beyond astrology. If Elisabeth grounded my body into ritual field, Zuzanna widened my cosmology.

You can explore Zuzanna's work here:

<https://zuzannavee.wordpress.com/welcome-to-cycles-of-healing/>

Emma

Emma was one of the seven women with whom kinship deepened during training in Spain with Elisabeth. Later, she returned to Crete to assist in the Awakening Woman journey at a moment when we were thin on support.

She resourced herself completely to show up. Through her humility and commitment she strengthened what could have remained fragile.

Her presence carried a steadiness that softened intensity without diminishing it. She bridged intensity and coherence, devotion and practicality. Generous, musically attuned, quietly strong, she made complex moments feel smooth and breathable.

Emma is a visionary artist, healer of various modalities, intuitive herbalist and offers unique experiences combining all her gifts in Devon, UK.

You can explore Emma's work here:

<https://linktr.ee/emmamooncave>

Eledina

Eledina was the first person I met when I returned to Crete. Our meeting unfolded through a series of beautiful synchronicities.

From the beginning, we recognised something steady and devotional between us. Through Dragon Walks, Medicine Wheels, shared ceremonies, moments of strain and recalibration, and creative co-creation, we have been shaped alongside one another.

Her artistic instinct, intuitive intelligence, devotional sensitivity and willingness to grow relationally have been essential to the unfolding of Alethe.

Our collaboration continues to evolve.

You can find Eledina's creative work under her artistic name:

[Eledinart](#)

Boaz

Boaz entered this story at the very beginning — before the Dragon Walks had found their rhythm. His presence has accompanied this work in ways that are not always visible on the surface.

During the Awakening Woman years, the retreat centre that housed our gatherings was partly his. He made space where there was none — holding rates low, cooking for our gatherings, allowing adjustments that made the work possible.

When I stepped into the unknown to shape Alethe without certainty of income or direction, he encouraged continuity rather than retreat. His support has often been practical, sometimes invisible, always present.

This book carries his steadiness within it.

Alethe

Alethe is a living field of remembering — emerging, relational, rooted in Crete.

At present we offer primarily solo retreat experiences and Mystical Journeys — day-long guided immersions into specific places on the island, not as tourism, but as conversation. We also offer online sessions.

Each offering is designed with intimacy rather than scale in mind, with the land as an active participant.

You can explore current offerings here:

<https://alethe.space/>

Closing

If something in these pages resonates as recognition, you are welcome.

We enter conversation — with ourselves, with each other, with the land.

Crete is ancient, but the conversation is always now.

Walk slowly. Listen.

Belonging is not granted. It is remembered in relationship.

If this speaks to the work you are bringing to Crete, I welcome your reach.



alethe
Soulful Retreats & Journeys

Part travel chronicle. Part ceremonial fieldwork.
This book traces a lived relationship with the
sacred geography of Crete.

THIS BOOK DOCUMENTS A
MULTI-YEAR CEREMONIAL
JOURNEY THROUGH CRETE —
TRACING DRAGON PATHS,
ACTIVATING GEOMANTIC
THRESHOLDS, AND
REDISCOVERING TEMPLE NOT
AS STRUCTURE, BUT AS
RELATIONAL FIELD.
THAT'S WHERE CLARITY
BELONGS.

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