

Who am I?
Angelique Boas



Over the past months I have been asking myself this question many times and found out that there are many more layers to explore.

It is not about 'what' am I. I could answer: 'I am almost 70 years old and a mother of one girl and two boys, grandmother of four amazing little ones, Shamanic practitioner / Circlekeeper / ceremonial leader, artist, architect and more namings with which I

can introduce myself . However, this is not what really matters. There has to be more underneath the surface. For me, all these different titles say nothing about WHO I am as a human being who is living her Soul on Earth.

I was invited to write a chapter of five pages as my tribute to an ebook of amazing shared stories from other dear sisters. The morning after I wrote this piece I woke up crying and knew that it was not what I had to share. I realized that the challenge of writing a chapter for this book was an invitation to go as deep as possible to retrieve the plain truth out of the depths of my soul.

Feeling proud of being Woman and at the same time realizing the weight of my (and of all women's) genetic background, my Ancestors and what they have been going through ever since our first existence. Born and living in the Netherlands, Europe, there is a deep inner knowing and remembrance of what has happened to many who lived just a couple of centuries ago. Not only women but also men were hunted for their beliefs and, or alleged ideas. Lies and false accusations spoken by Justice were believed to be true. We all know about the horrific results that followed. Witch hunts were considered to be a normal way to eliminate, torture and murder every person who lived her or his inner wisdom and powers, who spoke for themselves. Knowing all about nature and her healing powers from plants- and natural extracts and Medicine instead of offering poison or dangerous unhealthy methods with wrong of no effects at all. These wise ones were considered by church and other powers to gain too much power and the easiest way was to eradicate them from the Earth. The witch hunts in Europe started in 1450 and ended in the year 1750. The last of this kind of Witch hunts took place in the southern Netherlands, from 1740. Accused of being witches or criminals, 1200 people who were called 'Bokkenrijders' (Goatriders, mainly men) were accused of making a covenant with the devil. Finally 500 of them confessed under torture and were killed. The terror ended in 1798.

These and more horrific collective methods still resonate in my bones and what is worse; still exist today.

With what is happening within and around us over the past decades, I know that when I wish to participate as the one I really am, some inevitable choices have to be made now.

Over the past months there is growing a different, strong awareness within me. Not only because our beautiful world is changing, our Mother Earth transforming. All lies and illusions we have lived are dissolving slowly in thin air. To be ready to make a comprehensive present shift we have to leave all unnecessary luggage behind. Also my illusions and the lies, told to me, those I still carry around have to disappear, these have to die. It has always been clear to me that we, before coming to Earth, chose to learn from our experiences in order to possibly live our highest potential. To understand and embrace love in all forms and to acknowledge every obstacle in our way as a challenge, a Gift of Life.

From birth I received many challenges and recognized many of these as a Gift of Life to be grateful for. My life journey begun when I came to Earth with eight months, not completely ready to be born yet. Because of this birth trauma I had to overcome some serious issues physically, mentally, spiritually and especially emotionally. Like for many of us, my childhood was one with deep trauma from the start.

As a little girl I was strongly drawn to Nature. Tree and Stone people were my safety and dear friends with whom I shared my deepest inner thoughts; they shared their unconditional love with me. My soul-companions. Growing older the interaction with nature, especially trees and stones became deeper by taking pictures of them. The more I connected with them the more they invited me to photograph their image, showing to me their inner spirit. It could happen that one visible spirit being caught my attention at first and afterwards, more of these ones became visible on the image, manifesting themselves. I honor and cherish this incredible gift of our planetary relatives, considering this as an ultimate Gift of Life!!

I developed an intense curiosity and was always looking for answers and visions. I grew a strong need to understand the WHY, longing to live my highest potential.

One of my teachers once told me: 'beware what you are requesting; what you send out to the spirits.' I began to understand what this meant after having experienced several very painful situations which were deeply resonating with the energies of the Witch hunts of the past. However each one of these almost too hard to swallow life-lessons brought to me a deeper understanding in the end about the path I am walking.

Over the past year my situation has unmistakably thrown me back into myself. My Mom with whom I had to break all contact after a series of very painful and false accusation maneuvers was on her last journey on Earth. She was 98 years of age. We had a hard time of meeting each other from the start in our heart and soul. Suffering from a narcissistic personality disorder she has been one of my most important wicked teachers learning me about what love truly means. There was no way where I could feel safe, protected and loved from early childhood. After this three-year period where we had no physical contact I had made an inner shift of not needing anything from her anymore.

In the summer of 2020 all was clean and open to start visiting her again. Her mental and physical condition weakened fast and it turned out to be that I became her only caretaker. Because there were no more expectations or needs from my side, she resonated and begun to rely on me, to behave softer. I wanted to just be there for her, providing whatever she needed. There grew something new, something beautiful in between the two of us. In her last month, at the very end, she asked me to forgive her. The moment I spoke the words of forgiveness from my heart, I felt and saw a deep energy shift coming over and passing through her tiny, almost gone body as within me as well. She was totally relaxed, her eyes closed. There was nothing more needed to say or to stay for in the physical. She left very peaceful some hours later. That was last June 28th This moment

of pure Love and Light with her was something I had been longing for my whole life ... there is peace now for both of us. And thinking of her is with Love and no regrets.

There was a state of deep relief and gratitude ... This feeling of peace and quiet and space to mourning for my Mom lasted just a few hours; what then happened within my family has revealed to me a tremendous shock and has revived all trauma and energetic memory of the Witchhunts from 'only' a couple of ages ago.



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Waking up that specific morning I missed my daughter and cried, as on many mornings over the past 4 Moons. All contact with my two eldest children and our 4 grandchildren has been broken by them on the day my Mom had just laid off her Robes.

I unexpectedly was accused by my two eldest children with violating assumptions and lies, existing in their experience only, nothing was clear nor logical. I was in shock and up until today I do not know why this has happened. I can just feel the situation resonating in my bones, reminding me of the collective wound of the Witchhunts from the past. Is this happening again? Finding new ways of sharing our emotions are impossible since they have blocked all communication.

By moments I gasp connecting with what really happens. I have been cast out and am accused. I am not only in mourning for my mother but also for my children and grandchildren.

Giving thanks for every new day with my morning ritual, simultaneously there is this deep grief underneath. A raw wound lives in my Heart; part of my soul seems to be frozen in time. By moments this teared me apart however I can now also feel an invitation to transforming into wholeness.

For three Moons I had lost all inspiration. Feeling empty, hollow without intention. A few thin dreads kept me connected. Like the ClanMother teachings from Jamie Sams which are always offering to me the welcome support and healing of each moment. Feeling lately my spirit is slowly healing and my focus is with the Divine Feminine again.

I pray to the Mother Earth, in order that her transition may bring new, bright balance for her and all of humanity; that her re-forestation and restoration may flourish for ever in accordance with the Divine Plan. I pray for peace for all Brothers and Sisters in the Four Directions and the next seven generations.

I now also and especially pray for the emotional health and love with my children and grandchildren. May they find new opportunities for their own solutions and a way to be in harmony with all and each other again.

I pray for peace within and for answers and solutions to come, praying to have enough courage to leave my children on their own as long as needed.

I pray for healing within my family of origin and all Ancestors involved.

Who I am:

I am Woman! I am all Women! I am Gaia!

she who deeply loves, honors and gives back to the Mother Earth and all her, our Relations;

the one who walks with ecstatic joy and deepest grief in the same moment;

she who embraces all grief experienced, in order to offer healing to our collective Mother wound;

the one who is not afraid of Truth; who speaks and lives this despite of accusations or rejections;

she who rejects all projections and lies, choosing to speak Truth, also when this hurts; in order to support healing of the collective.;

the one who is aware of the grief of Humanity and that this collective wound can only be healed collectively;

she who trusts in healing of the collective field and who loves to trust in healing of my family of origin;

a grandmother who misses her grandchildren dearly and who's heart cries

I am the artist who loves to create Truth in all creations which are born from within;

she who has set her feet on a new Path of discovering; open to receive all answers and visions necessary to be of service to the Divine Plan.

I am a strong, and vulnerable Woman, enjoying all Beauty of Life and giving thanks to the never ending abundance of the Mother.

I am a Grandmother, a mother of three and grandmother of four, Circlekeeper, Ceremonial Leader, Creatress, a true friend, lover, wife and a Sister

I am a Treesister and Member of the Sacred Ground Collective

With all Love,
Angelique

Addendum



I feel ok with sharing it in private with my sisters of the Sacred Ground Collective as a tribute for the Witch hunting Course.

I pray this may be of service for you in any way possible as it has served me and brought to me new insights which I love to share now.

What came to me and what I consider to be a possible energetic shift is this:

At the very moment my mom was laid out in in the room I was sitting with my partner and daughter on one side; my two sons on the other. All of a sudden, I was completely left out by my eldest son and daughter, as if I didn't exist. This sudden realizing was so overwhelming that I broke down and burst into tears. I left the room out of respect for my mother. I felt I went into deep shock and could only cry.

After a while I was back into the room and sat back on my place. My eldest son immediately began to accuse and scold me with such force, all over my mother's body.

Shortly after my mom's funeral I received a message from both that they no longer want me in their lives and that they should protect their children from me.

Shortly after I had written the piece, I received the image of what I wonder possibly may have happened on the moment when my

mom was laid out in her bamboo basket. The image remembers me at the scene in 'Lord of the Rings' when Gandalf the White ran above the abyss on the bridge and at the very last moment was pulled into the abyss with a blow by the tail of the creature from the underworld.

I have seriously wondered if one last movement in my mother's dark energy during her life that had been with her and mainly directed towards me, was now looking for and finding a new host in my eldest son who was extremely connected and devoted to her.

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