



Plastikos Plastic & Reconstructive Surgery
Plastikos Surgery Center
Millennium Healthcare
Avatar Industries
4370 Georgetown Square
Atlanta, GA 30338
(770) 457-4677
www.plastikos.com
www.millennium-healthcare.com
www.templeofhealth.ws



PACHACUTI MEDICINE WHEEL
(RECEIVED IN GRACE BY AUMDOC)
BY RICHARD J. CLOFINE, DO

This medicine wheel is dedicated to the healing of all mother earth's children, in a time of upheaval, and a "turning upside down" (Pachacuti) of our world.
Being turned upside down, this wheel starts from the center and moves backwards.

To the rainbow spirit energy of the CENTER, Ho K'uychi
(rainbow energy essence of all life)....

I call us all into the essence of our beings, the spark of our consciousness.
I call us all into the void, the center, the bindu.

Here, in the void, love is unmanifestly supporting all vibration.
Here, we are dissolved and devoid of our ego's, our history, our drama, ourselves.

From which all arises, and to which all dissolves.
From the pure essence, which holds NONE of our human drama.

Within ourselves we dive deep into the ecstatic center of vibration.
Within Great Spirit, whose holy name is unspeakable.

A great quiet pool, collecting the liquid intent of our prayers, awaits us.
A great quiet pool, filled with soulescence, filled with the song of our despachos, our offerings and prayers.

To the upper world of the NORTH, Ho Wirachoca
(GreatSpirit Lightbody)...

Let the winds of the North blow through this humbled servant!
Let the winds carry me High Up the axis mundi, into the upper world of Celestial Beings and Ancestors.

May the wisdom of the ages be purified and descend upon us, as a Lightning Bolt of Mystical Illumination.
May that Saiwa, that shaft of light, burn through our conditioned way of being.

Burn away the conditioned way of responding to pain and terror and fear.
Burn away our collective ".isms" toward race and age and gender and nationality.
Burn away the tide of anger that breeds through our tribes, over generations.

Burn it all! Burn it away! Burn it all!!

Great Condor-Eagle, grasp me in your talons and take me high above the landscape.
Great Condor-Eagle, clear my vision of the tangled forest floor, flying high above Pachamama, seeing the beauty of the whole.

In the North, Great Spirit brings SPIRITUAL HEALING, through the instruments of our dear ancestors, grandmother and grandfather.



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In the North, our protection and wisdom come from ascended masters and celestial angels and starbeings. Let us be instruments of thy peace.

To the middle world of the WEST, Ho MamaKilla
(MotherSister Moon)...

Let the waters of the West, come and flow through me!
Let the waters rush over me, and take me to the middle world we live in.

The waters that fill my body and cells, the water that fills my veins, is the same blood that fills the rivers and oceans, the blood of my mother... my Pachamama.
The waters that move my emotions, the tides of my emotions that are so turbulent, whipped to a frenzy by this heartache of pain and terror.

Ho Mamma Killa, great mother Moon. Pull on the waters of my emotions, and bring the tides to steady order, so i might face the challenges ahead of me.
Ho Mamma Killa, bring to my brothers and sisters the EMOTIONAL HEALING, so desperately needed in the drama of our lives.

My blood is water. and water is my blood.
My blood is your water. and your water is my blood.
Our blood is water, and water is our blood.
Our blood is our water, and our water is our blood.

Water sac from which we come, that bursts at birth, and brings us into this world.
Water sac from our mothers womb, burst and let us again be born anew.
Born anew, to see that we are all one family, glowing in Mama Killa's light.
Born anew, to see that we are all one family, crawling on Pacha Mamma's skin.

To the lower world of the SOUTH, Ho Pachamama
(Mother Earth, Gaia)...

May the earth of the South bury me..... yes, bury me deep in the body of my mother.
May the earth of the South bury me.....I want to crawl back, deep into my mother's dark womb.

Deep into dark quiet spaces, where i hear your heartbeat and your blood flow.
Deep into dark quiet spaces, protected in my mother's belly.

Pachamamma.... do you cry for your children?
Or do you look down with the loving knowing of how small immature children fight over their toys?
Pachamamma.... you are always there for us, giver of life and all nourishment.

Oh great Spirit Serpent, great Anacanda, who always hugs mother earth with your belly, please teach us your healing lessons.
Oh great Spirit Serpent, come wrap us in your coils of light, and teach us your ways of being. Show us how to shed our skins and become anew.



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Bring us PHYSICAL HEALING, and strength to bring compassion into our lives.
Bring us Physical Healing, and strength to bring compassion into our lives.

Pachamamma, We are all your children, one family, all of us, brothers and sisters.
Pachamamma, We are all your children, help us to outgrow our sibling rivalries, and to grow in the wisdom of Munay, of heartfelt love.

In the East we see FATHER SUN arise at the dawn of a new day, new beginnings... HO INTI !!!!! Welcome Father Sun.

Shine your fire flame energy of life and love, down upon us.
Shine your fire flame on us, drown us in it, burn us to our core with it.
Obliterate us in your life giving warmth.
Obliterate the "me" in "us", so we might learn to give our light as you do, selflessly to all , without question, without judgement, without comment.

In the East new things arise with vision. An innocent vision that holds all possibilities, not conditioned by our worldly experience.

In the East the dawn breaks, the spring begins, the seed is planted.

In the East the tantric union occurs, where two become one and the spark of conception again initiates our worldly walk.

In the East, lovers merge till no separation exists.

Let us hold new seeds in our hearts and minds, to be nurtured with the fertilizer of love;
watered with the kindness of compassion; and cultivated with the work of right actions.
Let us plant new seeds in our hearts, Let us grow new seeds that bring us MENTAL HEALING.

We pray to see with innocent vision, seeing the possibility of new ways of being.
We pray to see the world with eyes unconditioned by hate and fear.

Thank you Father sun.
Thank you Father sun.

By gathering together, we solidify our intent, to be Warriors of the Heart.
Our weapons will be the guns of compassion, the sharply honed knives of righteous discernment and missile's of love.
Our strategic mission will be to acknowledge that we are all Pachamamma's Children,
and to manifest that knowing in our actions.
Our munitions supplier is Father Sun and Sister Moon.
Our victorious celebration is the daily conscious knowing and acceptance, of our breath, as the gift of life.