

MESSAGES FROM THE
MAGIC KINGDOM



GREGORY DRAMBOUR

MESSAGES FROM THE MAGIC KINGDOM
MY SECRET ADVENTURES IN SEDONA

BY
GREGORY DRAMBOUR

SACRED BEAR PRESS

Published by Sacred Bear Press
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Moment of Fear

Yesterday, in the early evening, I went hiking and climbing for a few hours by myself in the big red rocks above town. I climbed up further than I've ever been. I stopped at a red-rock plateau way above the town. What a view of Sedona! I could see all the way to Court House Rock and its towering red rock spheres. I felt something pushing me to go further – so up I went. The degree of steepness and danger increased with each ten meters. I was scrambling on a lot of loose, unstable rocks. I had to crawl up a few sections because you couldn't walk upright and be safe. I hesitated for a moment wondering if this ascent was wise but then that gut-feeling that has served me so well said clearly, "Keep going!" I could see that I was nearing a towering red-rock face – something kept pulling me towards it.

When I got to the cliff face, I sat down and went into that place of stillness, trusting that there was something that Spirit wanted me to feel or see. After about five minutes nothing came and then surprisingly I felt inside it was time to descend. I would usually stay in a place like this for at least fifteen minutes but not this time. I wondered what this inner-guidance was all about. As you can probably tell this is a very dangerous place. The descent was steep and again I encountered a lot of unstable, little rocks and shale underfoot. I felt myself being *pulled* to the left. I would not have descended this way but it was only one hundred feet from the route I had come up. Following these inner-directions has always served me. So I went down, remembering to take very small steps, keeping my weight in my feet, knees bent, always being very careful. It's like your

grabbing the ground with your feet but at the same time staying loose. *Easy, Greg,* I said to myself. *Stay focused.*

I stopped to get some water and looked around. The area I was standing in looked totally unfamiliar and I couldn't see the way I had come up. Usually, when I climb, I always make sure I can retreat on the same "line." But I couldn't find it this time. Would I descend into a cliff-drop? A wave of fear ran through my body and I could feel that sinking "you're-in-trouble" feeling on the edge of my emotions, ready to sweep in. Having hiked a lot in the Sedona area, I know how easily you can get yourself into serious trouble very fast -- fifty-foot cliff-drops have a way of appearing out of nowhere. My experience hiking has taught me a great deal and it really served me well on this beautiful Sedona evening. Instead of panicking, I sat still for a few moments and did what all good climbers and hikers should do: I made a situation assessment and equipment inventory. I had about one hour max until twilight set in and enough water for at least three hours, plus a cell phone that was operational. I went quiet, listening for my inner guidance. After a few moments I felt compelled to explore the line of descent I was making another few hundred meters and if nothing appeared to show me a clear way down, I would back-track to the cliff face. The fear inside me had eased considerably. I made sure I greeted the little plants along the descent, "A Ho, brothers, A Ho my sisters," always remembering: If you honor them, they will honor you.

I kept talking to myself as I took one step at a time over the shifting gravel and pebbles, "Easy, brother, one step at a time." If I slipped or fell, it would not be good. When I got

to the distance I had marked, I could see that the topography appeared to be transitioning into the base of the mountain. Let me stress the word "appeared." It's not always as it looks. But my inner guidance said go for it. Within about ten minutes I was safely down at the base!

I was unsure of how far I was from the trail head but I sensed I was going in the proper direction. Again, I stopped to check how much light I had left and to make sure every two hundred meters I was heading the right way, not getting over confident. After about twenty minutes, I found the trail and stopped and looked back up the way I came and thought, *Wow, that was steep*. I felt grateful as I gazed up at the mountain and offered my deepest thanks, "A Ho, Old Ones, A Ho, thank you so much for keeping me safe. I thank my friends of the Rock and Plant People for supporting me and guiding me. I am honored, my brothers and sisters. Thank you, thank you. My heart is full."

Why tell this story? Over the years, I have seen this kind of scenario end up badly. I was determined that I wouldn't let fear get me un-centered. I felt the fear and didn't try and run from it. I let it motivate me to slow down and become even more quiet than I had been. I gave my experience a chance to form itself. I was patient and did not get ahead of myself. In the end, I made it down the mountain safely.

Ultimately, I was grateful that I followed my inner-guidance to climb as high as I did. I wouldn't have learned as much about myself, and trusting my feelings, if I hadn't. Spirit wanted to teach me something on this day. Spirit can get sneaky!

That's part of living here in the Magic Kingdom – you never quite know what a little early evening stroll will bring!

A Ho,

Gregory Drambour

Magic Kingdom, AZ

The Footprint! **(An example of being in inquiry)**

When clients come on retreat I encourage them to be in inquiry about a question I pose to them. This gives them a chance to let their innate wisdom respond freely, without getting caught up in their thoughts or analytical reasoning. Well, I thought I'd talk about one of my personal inquiries. Once a year, the red soil here in Sedona becomes very porous from the rains, so it leaves a very defined imprint of your shoe, which lasts for a few days.

Once in a while when I am out hiking on consecutive days I will run across my big 14-inch Lowa Hiking boot imprint in the red soil from the previous day and I feel a very strong pull to place my foot inside the imprint. And as always, I act on that impulse – something I talk about in my [Code of the Spiritual Video Series called “No Gap.”](#)

Bottom-line: there is no gap between getting a feeling to do something and then acting on it! Of course, if it's a positive feeling! So I lay my foot down gently and fit it exactly to the millimeter within the outline of the imprint. I don't know why but it makes me *feel good!* I chuckle and feel like a little kid; I feel giddy! I know it may sound wild but something inside me tells me this is important. At the time, I try not to go into my personal mind to figure out why. I just invite my wisdom or divinity to offer me an insight. I truly believe the more you do this in your life, the smoother life flows.

After a few days, an insight flowed up in me! When my footprint is left on the Mother Earth, she has a chance to heal the energy in that footprint – and thus me! When I go back a few days later and place my foot in that imprint, and feel suddenly giddy or

happy, it's because I am absorbing the healing that took place! It's like I sent my footprint off on retreat for a few days with the greatest healer of them all -- the Mother Earth.

Warriors are in inquiry, brothers and sisters; they give their spiritual intelligence a chance to work things out!

A Ho,

Gregory Drambour

Magic Kingdom, March

The Pumpkin People: Everything Counts

Every day for a few weeks before Halloween, I would drive by what they call "The Pumpkin Patch." I could see maybe 200 pumpkins for sale. The patch is actually the parking lot in front of a local church. Each time I passed by I would get this strong feeling to stop and buy a pumpkin. Halloween is a big thing in my house. But I usually buy the pumpkins at the grocery store, so I would always drive on, past the lot. Then, one day I was in a very good mood and I thought to myself, *That's it! I'm stopping at the church this time!*

I remember time suddenly seemed to slow down. There was no one around except two cozy-looking seniors watching over the pumpkins. What's funny was I became very aware of small things; like pulling into the parking space – I actually *enjoyed* the act of parking. Something inside me was excited in a different way. Later on, I understood why.

I got out and the two senior citizens explained to me the pricing and showed me samples of the sizes. There was something very friendly about them – their warmth seemed to penetrate me in a deeper way. I walked around examining each of the pumpkins, looking for one big one and three that were medium-sized. On the first go around, I really didn't see any that appealed to me – nothing with that perfect roundness and curved stem at the top. I made another circuit -- still nothing. I considered leaving and heading to the market and seeing if they had any that met my "criteria." Then something dawned on me!

The Pumpkin People are just like us -- not perfect! I would not offend the pumpkin people by leaving without one of them. They are as excited about coming home with me as I am about taking them home. They saw me drive up, get out, and probably said, "Yay, someone is here! We get to go on an adventure!" From this deepening feeling, I made another circuit around the pumpkins and found two that called out to me. I could "feel" them. Then something else dawned inside me. It wasn't the adult-me that felt them, it was the inner-child inside me. Every day, I drove by the lot, it was the little boy in me that had kept saying, "Stop there, let's go see the pumpkins!" The little boy didn't need a "perfect" pumpkin! That's the adult talking!

I carried the two pumpkins over to the checkout table and I could feel this pure sense of joy flowing up in me. As one of the seniors started to ring me up, I could sense the little boy in me, noticing the miniature pumpkins on the table. I knew he wanted one. So I bought three! The miniature ones are so cool-looking. I could feel him get excited inside, thinking about the special places he would put them in the house.

The wonderful senior gave me my change and said, "Oh, if you have kids, they might like these little Halloween decals -- they're free." I smiled and replied softly, "Yes, I do, I am sure he will really love them. Thank you."

Everything counts, brothers and sisters, everything. Keep listening.

A Ho,

Gregory Drambour

Magic Kingdom, AZ Halloween

A Christmas Story: The Family of Trees

Three days before Christmas I was hiking in the mountains and came to a special place I call the Family of Trees – it's group of nine small Arizona Cyprus trees ranging in height from three feet to six feet, standing together on the side of hill. There is actually a hollowed-out place in the ground where you can sit right in the middle of them. They surround you, hugging you! The view from this spot is spectacular with the red rocks towering in all directions. When I found these trees years ago, I could immediately see they were connected. People will ask me how I know that. I just felt it! That's my shamanism – feeling these things and believing them. The trees are my family now.

As I was saying hello to all the little trees on this day an idea occurred to me – that it was important to continue to show my heart to the Family of Trees. Well, it dawned on me that it would be wonderful plan to hike back up there on Christmas Day and read them a few chapters of my book, [The Woodstock Bridge](#). I have never done this. So I told the trees (out loud, as always) that I would be back on Christmas to read to them! What better way to show my heart.

Christmas came and that morning I was a little woozy. I figured out I was dehydrated — well, I was really wobbly! So, I hydrated with some electrolytes and waited till the late afternoon to go. I wanted to keep my promise to the tree people but I also wanted to be careful not to endanger myself because this is a tough, uphill, 40-minute mountain hike.

By 3:30 in the afternoon, I figured if I didn't leave I would lose the light so I made a quick assessment: Yes, I was still swaying around a little but I was getting better. Anyone who has been hiking with me knows how overly cautious I am, especially about dehydration.

I decided to give it a try and if at any moment I was making a wrong choice, I would turn around. I also, checked with my spiritual guides who have been advising me for 30 years – they said, “Go for it!”

The hike up was fine and I went slowly, taking the safer route, continuing to drink water with electrolytes. I got to the Family of Trees and greeted them, “A Ho, Family of Trees, A Ho my Brothers and Sisters, A Ho. I greet you on this special day. I offer you these humble words on this day.”

I sat in my favorite spot, feeling their embrace, and started from the beginning of my book, [The Woodstock Bridge](#), which is about my meeting with Sioux warriors and learning to deeply listen from my spirit. First, I began with the Acknowledgements of the special people who supported me. To hear their names spoken out loud and my words traveling across the red rocks – wow, it was unbelievable! To honor them in this way meant everything to me. I read the first two chapters and with each sentence I felt so grateful I could share my story with the Tree People. I hoped that my words would reflect my mission to encourage people to know that everything is alive: trees, rocks, plants...everything – we are all connected. I sat there among the trees, which always seem to be glowing and I was part of them. I could feel them smiling! I moved into a stillness and peace, and once again I was so grateful to have come to this physical and spiritual place in my life.

I finished and thanked them and made tobacco offerings to all those that support me. I knew I would lose the light soon and remembered to not cut it too close so I headed down. As I was coming out of the woods, I felt my heart go warm and thirty seconds

later, as I came around a corner, a beautiful deer with big antlers was standing in front of me!

“A Ho, Grandfather, A Ho. Thank you, Thank you.”

A Ho,

Greg

Magic Kingdom, Christmas Day

Commitment to The Rock-People

A few nights ago, I was watching the movie *Forrest Gump* (for the tenth time!) and I suddenly felt a rush of intense feelings during the scene where he is running through Monument Valley. The rocks there resemble many of the red-rock formations here in Sedona. I suddenly felt enormous gratitude to be part of this amazing place called Sedona. It opened a door inside me to many realizations about myself and my work here as a shamanic healer and spiritual teacher in the Magic Kingdom.

My relationship with the Grandfather and Grandmother Rock-People really started when I moved to Sedona. But when I look back over the years I realize that whenever I had the chance I was always scaling and scrambling over some rocks. It just made feel good to be close to them. I felt they were friends.

At first here in Sedona my relationship to the Rock-People grew without my even noticing it. Every day, I would find some new boulder field or dry-creek bed to explore. I felt at home among the rocks. I just kept following my heart and discovering incredible places. I saw how in a few tight situations the rocks saved me. People will ask, "What do you mean, the rocks saved you?" I can't explain that in words, only that I always seem to be guided over them to the safest route or one boulder was exactly where I needed it to be. It was a feeling that they were supporting me. I started thanking them for this help on hikes and climbs. I would stop and talk to them, asking how they were. And soon I began to hear them speak to me. My trust deepened that they would support me on tricky scrambles or boulder hopping. The Rock-People are strong and solid. They have much wisdom they want to offer you if you are open to listening.

On hikes, I always feel their support of the mission here in Sedona to guide clients back to their true-self. I honor their wisdom during shamanic sacred experiences with clients by asking for guidance; they always see the big picture. If I accidentally kick a small rock, I bend down and apologize, asking if it wants to return to its original location or begin a new journey. When I am “boulder dancing,” which is hopping quickly from one boulder to the next, I never worry about falling. I know the Grandfather and Grandmother Rock-People honor my intent of trust and faith and will not let me stumble or fall.

When I saw that scene of the red rocks in *Forrest Gump*, I heard myself whispering, “That’s my place, my place.” I feel so honored to be in a relationship with these grand rock formations. To have a place in my life that I feel deeply committed to, and to know that commitment is honored. My gratitude for these feelings is overwhelming. I have waited so many years to be able to have these rich feelings and to open myself and take these relationships to a deeper level. Perhaps most of all I am grateful to be who I am. I know many of you know what I mean. And if you don’t, come to Sedona and I will do whatever I can to guide you back to yourself!

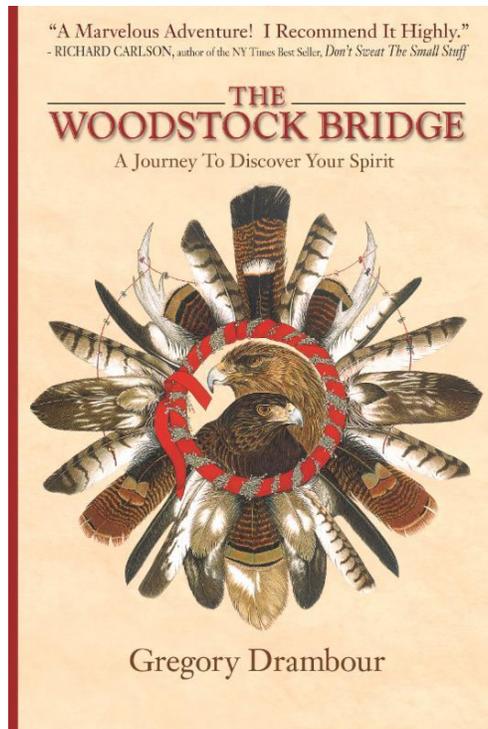
If you show your heart, my friends, if you acknowledge that everything has life, if you *trust*—you can experience these deep feelings of gratitude and honor, too.

So on this day in the Magic Kingdom, I say, “I humbly thank all the Rock-People and the Grandfather and Grandmother Rocks for becoming my friends. I am honored to be kin

to you, to be your grandson and brother. My heart is full. I am standing before you. I am standing before you. I go, you go. A Ho. A Ho."

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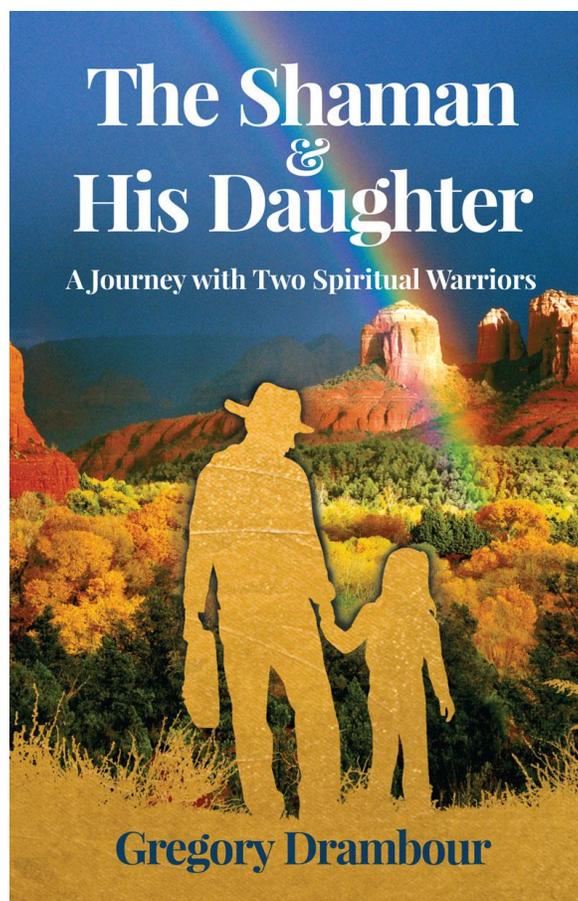
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Author Profile

Gregory Drambour, Master Shamanic Healer, Spiritual Teacher, Author, Owner of Sedona Sacred Journeys

“If you honor them, they will honor you.”

A Warrior Spirit lives within each of us! As a stage 4 cancer survivor and with thirty-six years' sobriety, Gregory embraced those powerful words and has been passing them onto thousands of clients in a healing career that has already spanned thirty years. At twenty-eight, Gregory was deeply honored to be taken under the wing of two Northern Plains Holy Men, who passed down to him eleven generations of shamanic knowledge and the warrior code. With that knowledge, Gregory began his life's work of healing and guiding clients on their Sacred Journeys and back to their innate wisdom. His first book, *The Woodstock Bridge*, endorsed by #1 best-selling author Richard Carlson, is considered a must-read for those wanting to go deeper into the world of old-school shamanism and practical spirituality. For four years in his early forties, Gregory was challenged with stage 4 throat cancer. His success utilizing both alternative and conventional therapies to heal himself has drawn cancer patients and survivors from all over the world to his powerful cellular memory work. Gregory is a passionate advocate and supporter of the National Association to Protect Children and Legislative Drafting Institute for Child Protection, the only two lobbying organizations that exist for children in the United States. He has sat across from an array of clients and seen how their painful childhoods have shaped their adult lives, so he strongly believes that parenting is the key to emotional and spiritual health.

In his teaching and writing, Gregory encourages us to remember that behavior is the truth – this is the code of the warrior. It's not what you do but *how* you do it.

Social Links

Shaman & His Daughter Site: <http://www.shamanandhisdaughter.com>

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