



When I first started my journey in the Maker tradition, I was determined to go through the whole training program and be the *best* shamanic practitioner — the best seer, the most finessed healer, the most... well, everything. I envisioned myself as being a beacon of shamanic expertise, effortlessly mastering every technique and practice, confidently wielding wisdom like a mystical Swiss Army knife, ready for every possible question a student may bring up.

Turns out, I'm not a master of anything in particular. Not yet, anyway. What I **am**, however, is someone who moves with enthusiasm, tries new things with curiosity, and somehow manages to make most of my intents work. I'm a "jack of all trades, master of none," and guess what? I think I've finally come to accept it.

At first, I struggled with this realization. How could I truly contribute if I wasn't an expert? But as I've explored this tradition, I've come to see that mastery isn't the only way to make a meaningful impact. Sometimes, being "pretty good" at a lot of things is exactly what's needed.

One day, I might be leading a grounding meditation for a group in the pine forest. The next, I'm helping someone interpret for themselves the meaning of a peculiar symbol that popped up in their dreams. Later that same week, I might be creating sacred space for a ceremony or offering a basic shamanic journey for a friend in need. I'm not any kind of authority on these practices, but I am the person who can roll up my sleeves and adapt to whatever's needed in the moment.

And honestly, it's kind of freeing. I get to be fluid. I get to try things. I get to move where my intuition, curiosity, and authenticity take me.

The truth as I see it is, mastery takes time. A lifetime, even. And while I might not have achieved mastery yet, I'm on the path, step by meandering step. I've learned that I don't have to rush. There's no shamanic finish line waiting for me to cross it, no grand cosmic Pooh-bah handing out medals for integrating completely with my Other.

In fact, the freedom to explore has become one of my favorite things about this journey so far. Each skill I pick up adds a new thread to the tapestry of my experience. And if I decide to wander off into a new area, it's not because I've failed to master the old one — it's because my spirit is nudging me toward what feels most alive and authentic in that moment.

Over time, I've begun to figure out that this "jack of all trades" approach isn't a detour from my life's purpose — it **is** my life's purpose. What if my role in this world isn't to sit at the pinnacle of one skill, but to explore, adapt, and bring a little bit of everything wherever it's needed?

After all, shamans were traditionally generalists. They were the healers, storytellers, spiritual guides, and keepers of community wisdom. They didn't specialize in just one thing — they met the moment with whatever tools and knowledge they had.

So, here I am, continuing along my path, as best as I can. I might never master every practice in the Maker tradition, but I'm mastering the art of showing up — curious, open, and ready to learn.

And maybe that's enough. Actually, scratch that. Maybe it's perfect. Because maybe life isn't about checking off every box (*as much as I LOVE checking off boxes on my to-do lists*) — maybe it's about finding joy in the journey, trusting my path, and knowing that wherever I'm headed, I'm exactly where I'm meant to be. Intentionally, of course.