

## The last ikaro of Rosa

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On March 7, 2022, one year ago, Rosa left for other horizons, free as a bird. Since then, many people have perceived her presence in dreams or during daytime, especially in moments of healing. She is very present, comforting souls and hearts. To relatives, close people, friends, patients, colleagues, and numerous people who crossed her path at some time, she left a mark of kindness, joy, and simplicity, as well as great spiritual power. Hundreds of messages poured in from everywhere. Despite the geographical distance or very brief encounters, some people felt very close to Rosa's "energy" and she made herself present to them in order to convey something of her spirit. Rosa's message is that she is fine, that she has never been happier, that there is no need to cry, and that she will always be there in the same spirit to offer comfort, healing and teaching.

Rosa's last ikaro has its genesis and passed through several of those people with whom this mysterious bond was established.

Psychologist Elizabeth García accompanied Dr. Rosa Giove for several years in the stories and masks workshops that she carried out in Takiwasi with patients in treatment. She tells how she began to pick up a melody linked to Rosa that resembles the way ikaros appear:

*"When the funeral was over, I rushed to leave, I have trouble with funerals. As soon as I left the cemetery on my motorcycle, I began to hear a flute sound very clearly, very soft, and in tune with how I was feeling at the moment. I thought about Dr. Rosa, I thought it was the way we were saying goodbye to each other, how I closed my cycle with her, I thought that every moment should have their music, it has happened to me before. Then, parallel to my thoughts, I began to see very clearly the image of a green bamboo forest and a young, handsome, long-haired man dressed as the Japanese imperial era. He was as if suspended in the air, playing the flute whose sound I was listening to. I was very touched and surprised by the clarity of sound and vision, even though I was riding my motorcycle. As soon as I got home, I started recording the sound the best I could. Now the sound comes and goes at any time, I find myself humming it many times."*

I transmitted this recording to my musician friend Alejo Rodríguez so that he could try to set Elizabeth's recording to music and based on the use of a flute according to her description. Alejo was doubly moved when he received my message and the recording of the melody. A few months before Rosa's departure, his friend Simon, saw in an ayahuasca ceremony that Rosa was going to receive her last ikaro, corresponding to the last chakra. In her long journey with the plants, Rosa had already captured spontaneously six ikaros following the scale of the energetic centers described by the oriental tradition. Alejo, marked by that premonition of Simón, immediately thought that the melody captured by Rosa must be this last ikaro.

His astonishment grew when he heard the recorded melody since one of his friends, Mélanie, who had participated in a *dieta* in Takiwasi and felt close to Rosa, had sent him songs for 2 years that she had heard while in the river and which he naturally whispered in his moments of relaxation. Mélanie came to visit him a few days before Rosa's death because she was worried about Rosa, even though she did not know anything about her state of health. One of those

melodies transmitted by Mélanie seemed to be the same as the one perceived by Elizabeth. He then listened to Mélanie's recordings again and it was exactly the same melody.

Those coincidences or synchronicities were comforted when, a few days ago, in an interview in Takiwasi with the psychologist María Virginia, addressing the issue of Rosa's spiritual heritage, in the silent hours of the night, we both heard a melody coming from outside. Moved, I immediately recognized the melody of Rosa's last ikaro while María Virginia, who had never heard it, commented "it sounds like Japanese music".

This ikaro corresponds to the coronal chakra where there are no words to translate the spiritual vision, only that calm melody fits. Thanks to Alejo for the musicalization of the ikaro, Rosa had prepared it beforehand...

Jacques.

