



# LEGACY

My Covenant With The Ancestors  
And Deliverance From The Abyss

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# CONTENTS

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PART 1 03  
My Covenant With The Ancestors

PART 2 14  
Deliverance From The Abyss

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## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

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When the leprechaun showed up many moons ago through the mystical doorway of the Alchemy Institute, he held for me a gift that was most rare indeed. This was our graduation ceremony for the month long Hypnotherapy Training. The Director of the Alchemy Institute, David Quigley, was taking us on a guided meditation journey to meet our future Self; but something didn't seem quite right. I thought I was in the wrong room and I even said out loud; "*This must be some kind of mistake.*" His response was quick; "*No laddie I can assure you that you are in fact in the right place!*" The twinkle in his eye compelled me to consider his words.

## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

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This wee-folk green man's gift was no ordinary gift; for it was a shimmering key to my not-so-distant destiny. *"You are to become a Golf Professional, without a doubt laddie; and you will teach many a wandering soul the mysteries of this royal and ancient game."* Truthfully I knew I was meant to be a teacher in this lifetime. And yet I had no idea at the age of 36 that Golf Instructor was the path before me.

I had been steeped in the studies of Shamanism and Creative Writing and I thought my future was moving me in that direction. I had always felt that the spirits of my ancestors were stalking me.

## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

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My apprenticeship with my Native American teachers taught me many things; how to speak with hawks, how to dance with wolves, how to listen to rocks and how to fly with my dreaming-body. And through this doorway on numerous occasions the perfect ally has shown up at the perfect time to change my life for the better.

I have oftentimes in these earlier days felt unworthy of such gifts. No doubt I did not feel worthy of such graces from above but fortunately for me the Great Spirit is much bigger, older and wiser than me.

It knew when to send me the proper guides and it has been my job to read the signs and intuit the correct path to take at any given time.

## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

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My mother taught me many years ago that my intuition was in fact the voice of my guardian angel. I am quite certain that the unique spirit of that voice has saved me on numerous occasions from imminent disaster.

And yet it was in my study within the cauldron of the month-long Alchemy Training where I learned how to polish and sharpen those intuitive capabilities. Nevertheless it was a completely shocking encounter to find a leprechaun from the British Isles sitting behind the doorway of my Future Self.

Throughout history the teachings of Alchemy have been passed down in a time-honored tradition from master to apprentice. So there was a distinct

## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

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feeling of déjà-vu when I met the old wizard David Quigley some 42 years ago. When I recited my first poem to him it was like the sending of a smoke-signal which co-mingled with the drumbeat of that old shaman's spirit. In fact that old wizard was like a mid-wife who helped me to give birth to a first book of poetry that we titled, "The Shaman's Song."

The book itself represents the cosmic wedding between the worlds of Shamanism, Alchemy and poetry. Through the process of writing my poetry David guided me through a ring of fire in the hills of Santa Rosa to my ultimate transformation.

## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

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My 40-year apprenticeship with this mysterious old wizard has brought me many tools and meta-skills; all of which have helped me to not only survive but to flourish.

David's work with modern-day Alchemy owes serious allegiance to the teachings of Carl Jung, the great Swiss Psychiatrist. Jung's philosophy revolved around the relationship of archetypes and spirit-guides, both totemic and angelic. It is within this sacred cauldron of dynamic relationships where the healing of my trauma has occurred. As I have descended with a high-powered posse of spirit-guides into the nightmarish shadows of my past; I have found liberation from my own self-imposed shackles.



## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

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The noble kindred spirits who showed up to free me from those darker tragedies were in fact sent from my higher Self.

Such has been the nature of my quest for the elixir of immortality. Let it be no secret that within the very flame of Alchemy I have forged my lead into gold. I have learned from David and many other teachers how to journey into the inner world by using very specific breathing and visualization techniques.

I have discovered the power of flight in this sacred realm of the dreaming-body. Over the last forty years I have been truly engaged in this mysterious art of turning my lead into gold.

## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

---

In this journey I have discovered the baggage of my pain and childhood grief lurking in my shadow; and I learned to transform that darkness into a healthy and balanced life. This process was orchestrated by these spirit-guides; Grey Wolf, Red Hawk, White Buffalo Calf Woman and the leprechaun Tam O'Shanter; and they have opened the doors to healing and empowerment. And like points of light in the constellation of the energy-field that is my Higher Self; they help to illuminate the pathways through which I have traveled to find lasting healing.

The Opus of the work of Alchemy is the creation of and the eventual perfecting of the Philosopher's Stone.

## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

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In the Alchemical process of distilling the Philosopher's Stone, it is critical to have a teacher or guide to assist one along the Way. Each time in the past when I have knocked upon the door, the proper teacher has appeared. And with each new initiation I have reached to higher levels of freedom, wisdom and love. The gifts that all of my teachers have shared with me over the span of years have shed crystalline light on the sacred mysteries of the dreaming-body. The inspiration from those teachers and their teachings led me some 13 years ago to create my own golf Instruction business. And in honor of that legacy of spiritual wealth, I have named my business Eagle Eye Golf Coaching.

## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

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I never even suspected at that time just how successful that Golf Instruction business would later become. Was it my first eagle feather that Selo Black Crow gifted me with during a Sweat Lodge ceremony in hills of Santa Cruz in 1985? Was it the old wizard David Quigley who gifted me with my first Certificate of Graduation from the Alchemy Institute of Hypnosis in 1996? Was it the publication of my first book of poetry; the Shaman's Song in 1994 which opened the gates? Or was it the leprechaun pointing to the pot of gold at my rainbow's end?

Who knows the what or why but I feel blessed to have carried the eagle feather and the healing medicine of the old

## MY COVENANT WITH THE ANCESTORS

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ways into the mission that is my current life's work as alchemist disguised in a Golf Instructor's attire.

## DELIVERANCE FROM THE ABYSS

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Strangely enough life never seems to let us rest upon our laurels for very long. When I discovered some 23 months ago that I was going to have to undergo heart surgery, I must confess I was afraid and a bit unprepared. Fortunately my teacher David knew it was time for an Alchemical intervention session to help me prepare for the surgery. Without that much needed preparatory session I do not know if the surgery in the physical dimension would have been entirely successful.

Even though the surgery by all accounts was a success and my Cardiologist did a fine job of installing two stents into my heart; for some reason I was not paying

## DELIVERANCE FROM THE ABYSS

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enough close attention to the gravity of my situation. Continued poor choices with my diet brought a couple of close calls after the fact which led me to seek out David's assistance once again for a post-op surgery on the etheric-plane; that sacred space many shamans call the dream-lodge. This was going to be necessary if I wanted to see another ten or twenty years on the planet.

The sounds of a Native American flute coupled with a rain stick turning provided some of the background ambience for my journey into trance. The sound of a drumbeat along with ceremonial rattles also helped to deepen my trance as David's rhythmic incantation of words flowed like a quiet

## DELIVERANCE FROM THE ABYSS

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river upon which the spirit-canoe of my intention traveled. When I stepped out of my spirit-canoe I walked through a doorway and into a room where a surgery would be performed. It was more like a cave where the roof and walls of the cave were formed with crystalline rock. This indeed was a healing and sacred space. I soon noticed some familiar faces surrounding the surgical table. My recently departed mother Oksana; my deceased father James Ernest Fish Jr., White Buffalo Calf Woman, Red Hawk, Grey Wolf, Mother Mary and White Eagle. Also showing up was my grandfather James Ernest Fish, a former Chief Medic in the US Army who saw



## DELIVERANCE FROM THE ABYSS

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the front lines of battle during World War Two. He was adamant that he was going to be the lead surgeon in this operation.

He let me know in no uncertain terms that he did not want to see me end up like he did as a crippled, old man bound to a wheelchair after suffering a massive stroke. This was a brave American hero who stood before the Japanese at Pearl Harbor; wielding his medical bag as Chief Medical Officer and leading the charge to save American lives. I could never thank him enough. So of course he directed White Eagle and Red Hawk to use and position the bone-like quills of the eagle feathers into the area of my heart where the stents had been installed.

## DELIVERANCE FROM THE ABYSS

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I could hear them singing a Sun-Dance song to call in the spirit of the great white wind out from the north, the Waziya. And then I felt chills all throughout my body as the great white wind came whistling through the quills of the feathers that were widening the arteries on both sides of my heart. Without a doubt it was the Waziya wind that was whirling through the cave and cleansing my arteries in that moment.

I had always wanted to know my crippled grandfather better than I did as a youngster. This surgery in the crystal cave was his way of showing me that we can still have a relationship and that I can call on him for assistance in the future if need be.

## DELIVERANCE FROM THE ABYSS

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The Native American Kachina dancers who seamlessly danced around the surgery table were there to add their medicine to my grandfather's medicine. How strange and beautiful it can be when people and worlds apart come full circle. Indeed this surgery in the Spirit World was one of the most transformative sessions in my life and I consider myself lucky to have been the recipient of so many healing sessions with the old wizard David Quigley. I am most grateful to be a student of the Way and that path is well lit by the inexhaustible flame of Alchemy. It is the key to my vitality and abundance and the pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

## DELIVERANCE FROM THE ABYSS

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When I consider the synchronicities and divine providence that have led me to this path, I realize there are no coincidences. The eagle feather that came my way once upon a time in a Sweat Lodge ceremony was not only medicine, but a symbol of a greater vision-quest which awaited me. The birthing of Eagle Eye Golf Coaching and its trajectory over the last 13 years has been my version of the Philosopher's Stone. For here in this cauldron burns the flame of Alchemy; forging many an aspiring acolyte into the sacred mysteries of Spirit, Golf and transmutation. This is my green man's path and I will stay on it for as long as I can, as above, so below.