



Do Something. Be Here.

A True Story of One Dream That Changed Everything

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In October of 2023, I woke up from the worst dream of my life.

I was living in North Carolina at the time and, in the dream, I saw a newborn boy strapped down to a medical device called a circumstraint — a crucifixion board is more like it, because that's exactly what it is. Velcro at the wrists, the ankles, only his head left free. Two doctors stood over him. One leaned in and ripped the foreskin from his body.

The vision pulled in closer until all I could see was his face. He was in absolute shock. He vomited, while paralyzed by the pain — except his eyes. Slowly, he turned his head and we locked eyes. While tears ran down his face, we had an energy exchange where he spoke to me telepathically.

I need you to be present with what just happened.

Do something. Be here.

I woke up moaning, squirming, unable to make sense of what had just happened. A tsunami of fear moved through me, and the only thing I could think to say — to God — was *please do not ever let me come back as a baby boy*. It felt so real and so visceral. Think about it, a simple switch of a chromosome, and it could have been me strapped to that table.

I fell back asleep. In the morning I walked into the kitchen, locked eyes with my ex-husband as the memory of the dream returned, and collapsed into his arms. I couldn't speak. No words would come out — I was too devastated to formulate a sentence. It took over a week before I could even try to explain what I'd seen, and when I finally did, there was nowhere to put it. Who do you call and say *I had a dream about circumcision last night, and it has destroyed me?*

Nobody could hold space for that. Nobody could understand why this "crazy lady" was crying over something that "isn't that big of a deal." But

underneath the confusion, I knew: I'd been shown something much bigger than myself. That dream then became a doorway — the portal into a part of me I hadn't yet accessed.

I knew it was a calling. I just didn't know what to do with it.



The dream granted me a mission and handed me a question I couldn't put down: *how could I not do something about this? I have been granted the power to deliver others from this pain, and am I to just look away?*

Absolutely not.

Before I could even understand how, I had to go back into my own body first.

For most of my adult life I'd been on birth control, numbed out, disconnected from anything I'd call the true essence of my own femininity — ashamed of my own bleed, unsure why I didn't want children, running from parts of myself I hadn't looked at directly. My healing up to that point had been about reclaiming exactly that: teaching women alchemical sexual practices, making yoni oils by hand, helping women come home to bodies they'd been taught to be ashamed of. I thought that was the whole assignment.

Then that baby showed me otherwise.

Less than a year later, I sacrificed the life I knew. I left the world and a life I had created to follow and be of service to a little boy I'd only ever met in a dream. I went into a deeper wound work than I'd ever done — reclaiming more of what I still had left untouched within my own body, my own sexuality, my own capacity to hold something this heavy without

breaking under it. I needed to become grounded and more unapologetic than ever before.

I left my marriage and North Carolina and moved back home to Austin, Texas. When I arrived in Austin, I fell into an intense dark night of the soul and quite literally burned to the ground like the Phoenix — lost loved ones, lost friends, had no idea how I was going to make ends meet, was bullied, ostracized, talked about, and ended up completely, terrifyingly alone. I was on the floor with nothing left standing, and the only thing that got me up in the morning was the image of that baby.

He visited me many times in that period. He was the reason I kept getting up.



Eventually I got my two feet back on the ground. And when I did, I ran — trailblazing a topic nobody wants to talk about, picking up the baton and refusing to put it down. I entered the lives of men. I went deeper into somatic sexology, scar tissue remediation, energy healing — deeper into my own psychic gifts — until I could sit across from a man and actually feel where his wound lives, not just hear about it, and hand him back the keys to becoming the master of his own life.

That work eventually became something bigger than community calls and one-on-one sessions. I built the Alchemizing Academy — the world's first circumcision healing program — teaching men the psychic and psychological ingredients they need to alchemize themselves and manifest a life of true happiness, effective leadership, and alignment with their calling. It became the container for everything that dream first asked of me.

Here's the thing I've come to understand, and it's the whole foundation of my work now: trauma is a fact. It is not a truth. Nor is it real, because what is real is everlasting; it cannot be removed, changed, or altered, or taken away. You can heal trauma — it can be removed, changed, and altered — therefore it doesn't contain the properties of what is Real.

The identity a man builds on top of what happened to him is the attachment to *I am my body. I am my titles. I am what people think of me. I am unworthy of love. I am not enough.* — that's not who he is.

True wholeness does not need anything outside of itself to be complete.

That's the false self looking for things to survive. Underneath it, untouched, is the version of him that was there before anyone ever placed him on that crucifixion board. His true self is everlasting and was never cut.

I understand now what I didn't understand the morning I collapsed after the dream: I'd been called as a Divine Mother to carry this work. Not because I have all the answers, but because I know how to pour unconditional love and compassion from my heart and soul, and hold space from a grounded source of energy — for the wounded inner child looking for reconciliation and guidance from the Higher Self living inside every man I work with now.

In no way, shape, or form did I choose this topic because it was safe, comfortable, or good for business. It chose me and was delivered through a dream I still cannot fully explain. I would rather stand for something difficult, true, and lose it all than say nothing at all. If I have to die on this hill, so be it.



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