



THE HEALING JOURNEY

A personal discovery of the 5 steps of healing . . .

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What is a 'healing journey?' Don't we get cured by the doctor and various medications? Do 'cure' and 'heal' mean the same thing?

Due to my own adventure with Post Polio Syndrome, diagnosed in 1989 after years of ignored creeping fatigue and muscle pains/spasms resulted in a total collapse while shopping with my daughter, these questions had great and important meaning to me. As I pondered them, I realized that for me, *curing* meant cessation of symptomatic effects within the physical structure, whereas *healing* evinced as a balancing of body/mind/soul not necessarily dependent on apparent bodily wellness. You could be 'cured' without true 'healing' taking place and you could 'heal' without evidence of physical 'curing.'

I think the concept of 'cure' stems from a Newtonian mechanistic absolutism (*which has produced techno-surgery resulting in transplants*) whereas 'heal' stems from the more current concepts of quantum physics (*which is producing a bodymind view of medicine sparked from experiments showing that electron pair-bonds, if separated, continue to act identically to the point of if one's axis of rotation is altered, the other's will alter also regardless of distance between them*), chaos theory and universal mystical/spiritual experiences.

Because of these forays into what is termed "chaos," our concepts of reality are being overturned allowing our perceptions to broaden radically. While the terminology is vastly different, no longer are we deriding ancient sages' human energy field models but, on the contrary, are finding them to be extraordinarily accurate. That which was revealed over centuries of meditation and observation, is now being confirmed in modern scientific research: Kirlian photography has proven the existence of the human auric, or piezoelectric, field; acupuncture or stimulation/sedation of points along energy meridians (energy veins, if you will) is so effective in various areas that insurance companies are covering its application; and the 'chakras' spoken of old are in the positions of nerve plexi and glands in the body.

What is becoming apparent is the interconnectedness of the human entity. Yes, there's plumbing and electricity and corpuscular 'soldiers' and parts of the whole, but we view these parts only in order to grasp the concept of the totality: to really 'heal' we must consider not only the physical parts, but the mental, emotional and spiritual aspects of this being called 'human.' There are no actual divisions within us; the divisions are only within our limited perceptions or in order to speak of or study parts of the whole in order to understand the whole. To address all factors is perhaps a more cohesive goal, and of the four (physical, mental, emotional and spiritual), I consider the spiritual aspect to be the 'driver.' It comes down

to the age-old questions of what am I here for? Why am I experiencing sensation? To what end is my purpose? And on and on.

Rather than a single answer, I believe there are a multitude of answers; perhaps as many answers as there are humans. Each of us has our own reasons – or lessons to be learned – for being embodied. Yet each of us, singular as we are, is also a part of the whole of creation; that is, if you validate the concept of the holographic universe which is a new physics possibility of bringing into reality the poetic beauty of the saying that "God knows the fall of every sparrow."

So what in the world does all this metaphysical jabber have to do with healing? After working with scores of individuals over the course of my adult life, including myself, it is my surmise that, without some openings of our personal 'doors of perception,' true healing, or integration of ourselves, cannot take place – we remain fragmented. And it is my belief that as we 'individuals' heal and integrate, we also are healing and integrating humanity as a whole – and perhaps even beyond. To stay strictly on the physical level is, I think, to become encysted, rather like a fly caught in amber. Far from denigrating the physical however, I see it as essential to the expression of our souls to which the healing journey can lead.

I came to these realizations after an intensive two-year adventure in healing myself, although it has taken me another dozen plus years to perhaps process that experience. In my forties, and with my three children grown and gone, I participated in what is commonly referred to as a 'mid-life crisis.' For me, the only answer was to follow the promptings of my soul and begin learning and putting into practice that which had been churning within me since I was a youngster. I was led to becoming adept in Reiki, massage therapy (Boulder School of Massage Therapy), neuromuscular massage therapy (certified in the Paul St. John method), kinesiology (Versendaal's Contact Reflex Analysis) with course-work in other holistically inclined methodologies (Upledger's Cranio-Sacral Therapy, Rolfing, Yoga, etc.) and thought I was pretty much finished and well on my way to really being able to help others on their paths.

Then a friend mentioned she required someone with whom to practice her newly acquired rebirthing techniques (a form of circular breathing of which I was ignorant at the time). I jumped in, as is my nature, with both feet - right into some raging rapids. How I lived through those two weeks until the appointment I will never understand: I was wracked by sweats and terrors the like of which, with all my previous 'releases,' I had never before experienced. Multiple times per day I went to the phone to call my friend and cancel, but only my knowledge that frequently as we draw close to an awareness our personas go into panic, kept me from actually doing

that. Many of my clients chuckle when I tell them to put on their diapers and leap, but believe me, I know whereof I speak – I had to ‘gird my loins’ and keep my hand from the phone. It was not until close to the end of my rebirthing session that I finally and fully experienced the cause of my persona’s abject terror: at five years of age, I was raped and strangled into unconsciousness by our family’s driver. In the 1940’s, these things simply were not spoken of so my parents hushed it up and it was never again referred to – Rudolph, the driver, was simply gone and I simply ‘recovered.’

But not until the breath-work session with the upsurge of that buried memory, did I really and truly begin to recover, to heal. With the awareness brought before me of what had transpired, I finally had the answers to so many aberrant behaviors I’d exhibited throughout my life – typical rape/abuse survivors’ behaviors of low self-esteem, promiscuity, fear of intimacy, addictive personality, suicide attempt, etc., etc. With the realization of the cause of all those ‘negative’ actions and thoughts came a great rage at Rudolph for destroying my childhood, adolescence, young adulthood and everything else for which I could possibly blame him. I felt no punishment was nasty enough for him and in my mind I decapitated him, had him rent by wild beasts, skinned him alive, set fire to him, boiled him in oil and pretty much perpetrated upon him every single torture I’d ever heard about and perhaps even invented some of my own.

Exhausted from my horrific efforts, I cried myself into grief: grieving the loss of innocence, of childhood, of so many lost opportunities – how different my life ‘should/could’ have been! But somehow, with the continuing flow of healing tears, my rage and victim-hood were washed away and I was awed to find myself forgiving him deeply and truly. It felt so good! I was smiling broadly with self-satisfaction at my gracious magnanimity when I was jolted by a tremendous reality check – hadn’t I just perpetrated upon him all the horrors of which human beings were capable? Granted, it was mental, all in my imagination, but that was only because he hadn’t physically been helpless before me. And I had enjoyed it totally, completely, and irrevocably! Was I no ‘better’ than he? No different in my heart?

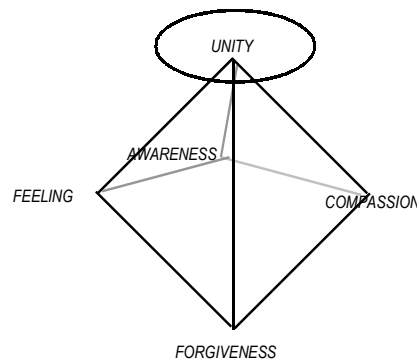
For the first time I understood to the depth and humility of my being that “There but for fortune go I.” I understood as never before, the relationship of predator and prey, each utterly and totally dependent upon the other, and all judgment fled in an overwhelming, reverberating compassion. My arms literally opened wide as I mentally embraced my tormentor and took him to my breast to hold him, to rock him, to shield him from his demons. As I did so, I realized it was not just Rudolph I was embracing, but the world; nay, the universe – but how could I embrace that which was I? It was no longer outside of me but was me and I it and there was no more I and it but simply being and then not-being.

This all took place in about two hours, but that brief ex-

perience of Unity has never completely left me, and, as I said earlier, it has taken over a decade to finally (perhaps!) process that transcendent day. It is now my belief that these steps – the first four of Awareness, Feeling, Forgiveness and Compassion forming the base of a pyramid with the final step of Unity as the pinnacle – I undertook so telescopically are universal; we may not finish them all within this mortal existence, but finish them we must in order to graduate from this earthly school.

While not all illnesses and/or accidents become seminal (many are just what I call ‘banana peels’ – not every happening is of cosmic proportions), it is true that frequently serious illnesses or catastrophic accidents supply the force necessary to call our personas to both heel and heal; that Zen ‘thwack’ with a bamboo rod, that hit upside the head with a 2 x 4” or even, sometimes, being run over by a Mack truck. And sometimes it’s nothing so dramatic as that – only a simple breath.

Be forewarned, however, that once the first step is taken on The Healing Journey, there is really no turning back . . .



1. AWARENESS

It is relatively clear that something is afoot when we’re involved in a serious car accident or have heard a scary and unwelcome diagnosis from our physician. In these cases, we are pretty much propelled into the second step of the Healing Journey in seconds – or even into Elizabeth Kubler-Ross’ stages of death, if there’s the opportunity. However, many of us, in order to survive at

the time, have hidden deep away life or sanity-threatening traumas which may be ready to have the safeguards released and to be gently withdrawn from their caves within us to be observed in the light of adulthood or reason or compassion.

These hidden caves are held deep within our cellular structure and are known to massage therapists and some others as “cellular memory.” This simply means that although the brain may have forgotten a certain event or events, the body itself – the bodymind – most definitely has not. An example would be an odor that almost literally takes you back to Grandma’s kitchen or Dad’s arms or that terrible car accident. According to some seers, the aura or the electrical charge surrounding the body caused by the cellular batteries (piezo-electric phenomenon), actually changes color at these sites of holding.

Interestingly, some researchers believe this to be the source of ‘phantom pain’ which many amputees experience; the vanished part still hurts or itches or causes some sort of bizarre awareness. Which then leads to the concept that transplanted organs, especially hearts, still retain their original charges enough to actually affect the organ recipient. There are on record some heart transplant recipients whose tastes suddenly change to include something never before liked but was a favorite of the donor and a change in the kind of flowers enjoyed. But these considerations, as fascinating as they may be, go in a different direction.

Often, this Awareness work seems never to be com-

pleted entirely while we're alive; there are spirals or, an apt simile because of the tears frequently engendered, layers of the onion. We deal with an issue and then, son-of-a-gun, here it comes around again to bite us in the rear while gleefully yodeling "I'm ba-a-ack!" All we can do is take a breath and gird our loins (put that diaper back on!), realizing that this round will go deeper yet. Sometimes as we gain practice, we can go through the steps more quickly, almost skating smoothly into Compassion. Sometimes just the awareness alone seems to do it and very infrequently, we're catapulted into Unity for no apparent reason whatever – although it's my impression that when that happens (I call it the Bodhi tree experience), there has been a yearning from childhood on, frequently evincing in some form of preparation.

My first experience of a cellular memory release happening on my table – outside the safety net of the classroom – was when I was still in massage school and a young college student across the hall had willingly donated her body for my massage practice purposes. This particular session followed an intense weekend workshop I had attended in Focusing, the incredibly simple yet powerful self-help technique formulated by Eugene Gendlin, Ph.D. As I was doing some deep NMT work on "Alice's" neck, she started exclaiming "No, this isn't happening. I don't believe in it; my church doesn't believe in it. What's happening?" I responded by paraphrasing her last question: "So, just what IS happening, Alice?" She said she was starting to experience something that had happened to her in a previous existence, but that could not be because there was no such thing as reincarnation. So I asked her if she could simply step outside of it a bit and view it as a movie – was she allowed to watch movies in her faith? She responded in the affirmative, and, with the help of the newly learned Focusing technique, we got through that unexpected session. Alice was profoundly changed, yet her faith stayed intact, albeit broadened and deepened. In fact, the next time her parents visited, they came over and thanked me for the new maturity and godliness they witnessed in their daughter.

What happened? I don't know if this awareness was a 'past life experience' or something pulled from 'cosmic consciousness' or 'racial memory' or an overactive imagination or whatever. At any rate, without making a judgment call to know for "sure," I accepted it as real at the time, worked with it accordingly and she went through from Awareness to Compassion during her session.

As a caveat, it is my surmise that occasionally some, but certainly not all (as per my own experience), expressions of 'remembered' childhood molestation, etc., may be similar – in other words, not necessarily an actual event from this life, but a happening brought forth to work on a particular lesson. This is being mentioned because many individuals are urged to confront their apparent predators personally, even to the point of court, as a means of empowering oneself. But to come from that place of blame can, in my opinion, actually result in a dis-empowering, plunging one headlong into the second step of . . .

2. FEELING

It is my belief that this is the Demon Forest of mythology – and the demons' names are Betrayal, Grief, Rage, Fear, Jealousy, Vengeance, ad infinitum – they are all here. But unless

we walk, however briefly, on this dark side, we really will not grasp our own totality. In Christian tradition, Jesus died and 'descended into hell' before ascending into heaven - I think this dark side, this Demon Forest, to be that self-same hell where he confronted all the demons and named them. A friend calls this aspect of my work "Dark Side Therapy" because of my insistence that we are not single-faceted "light-beings" but that we need to explore, accept and embrace the totality of our beings: the light and dark, the yin and yang, etc.

Why have I named this section 'feeling' and not 'emotion?' To me, feelings are of the heart and emotions are of the persona; the one is deep within soul level and necessary (even one reason for?) for this earthly existence while the other, albeit perhaps leading to the deeper level, is initially more superficial yet can be considerably more stubborn in non-movement and more volatile in its evincing – here lie Drama and Glamour. It is my belief that healing journeys are of the soul and heart and actually require a certain death and reconstruction of the persona which fights mightily to stay as it is. It can fight really dirty. In its effort to maintain the status quo, the persona itself creates these terrifying demons making us too petrified to move forward. Occasionally the demons spew forth so much invective that the ground beneath us turns to quicksand and we sink ever deeper into this vomitus. It becomes harder and harder to pull ourselves from this particular pit especially with those heavy demons riding on our backs.

Primal scream therapy emerges from this demon-infested forest. While this is a great lance, it still does not necessarily name the particular demons we are encountering. In mythology, to name demons is to have control over them – which I equate to the beginning of self-empowerment. This is an example of initial fragmentation being necessary in order to later integrate and heal. Here again is where the great tool of Focusing can come in to aid in that naming. With Focusing, resolve always occurs. Granted, it may only be the resolve of: "I'm not ready to look at you today, or even to name you right now, but now I know you're there, I'll check on you every once in a while" but a resolve, that definitely is.

A rather amusing story having to do with this, was one fellow who saw his demon and wasn't quite ready to name it. In order to effect resolution, I suggested we put the demon into a safe place so we could look at it later. His concept of a safe place was the trash can in the alley! After some intense discussion, we decided instead on a high shelf in the closet of his spare bedroom.

On the other hand, another fellow found his demon and placed it into the closet. He then decided to go in there with it – no door, no window, just a dark, dank closed cell. With much work, at last and at least we attained a door in that first session – no handle, just a door. Subsequently, it became swinging and that was the landmark breakthrough.

On the other hand, one woman I worked with had a left shoulder which had been giving her fits for years. Now this woman was a spiritual counselor who gave frequent self-empowering workshops and I felt a little intimidated initially, but she was very forthright and admitted to feeling 'held back' and 'not good enough.' We fairly rapidly discovered her in third grade with her teacher, a nun, standing over her left shoulder claiming that she was too stupid to advance

grade-wise and she'd never be good enough to go on in anything important in life. No matter what we did, however, there was that demon of Self-Doubt in the guise of the nun; she had become too familiar, thus 'safe,' to release at that time; perhaps she has since been successful.

Another woman I worked with, herself a psychotherapist, simply could not release her demons – and they were truly terrible. She took Victim and Vengeance on as permanent companions and stayed sadly lost within the Demon Forest. Yet another client who had experienced similar cult-derived molestations, was able to pass through. I have recently heard that the psychotherapist seems to have wended her way through most, if not all, of it and has been able to finally fully participate in her long-standing personal relationship.

[An observation here is that many individuals choose to utilize therapies such as hypnotism or some similar therapeutic form to be able to enact positively in the workaday world despite various phobias or demons. While these certainly can be extraordinarily effective in the short term, I do wonder about their long-term effectiveness as far as deep personal growth is concerned; perhaps the shorter route can deny us an opportunity for a deeper truth. And of course, perhaps not.]

What made the differences between these people? I do not know but perhaps it just was not time for those two 'unsuccessful' women to leave the Demon Forest and go on to the next step of . . .

3. FORGIVENESS

One of the most profoundly moving books I have ever read on the subject of survival is called *Man's Search For Meaning* by Viktor E. Frankl. Dr. Frankl was a German-Jewish psychiatrist, a student of Freud, during the Second World War. His years-long incarceration in the death camps enabled him to realize that he had something to live for – he had meaning in his life. He forgave his tormentors and went on to found the existential psychiatric school of Logotherapy in order to help others realize their own potentials and meaning. It is, perhaps, of interest to note that some people's meaning in life may be just the opposite of Dr. Frankl's: that of Vengeance.

In her book *Forgiving & Not Forgiving*, Dr. Jeanne Safer speaks of betrayal so deep that it simply can not be forgiven and she sites numerous instances of this being a healthy alternative to victim-hood. But upon close reading of examples of her premise, it is my impression that many of these individuals in fact DID forgive, albeit not in the normally accepted sense. Those who truly did *not* forgive, stayed I think, within the Demon Forest for that particular occurrence and perhaps that was their ultimate necessary experience. We can not know although it is my preference to move forward and to encourage those who come to me also to move out of the forest if at all possible.

Lest this thought be considered too altruistic to stomach, there is a saying: "what goes around, comes around." In other words, that which you put out, will most definitely come home to roost; sort of a re-vocalization of the Christian concept "what you sow, you shall reap." To me, a negative thought-form will eventually turn into a demon riding our back. Unlike a brother, this monkey demon becomes very

heavy and will weigh us down eventually so we can walk no further. Therefore it behooves us to forgive – pragmatically speaking, it is considerably less wearing and eminently more healthful.

However, there can be dangers even in forgiveness. Sometimes if we forgive too quickly, it could mean that we did not really experience the Demon Forest. If so, this can lead to a different Demon – that of Sanctimoniousness or Arrogance or Conceit – that which I call 'forgiveness with an attitude.'

On the other hand, true forgiveness comes from great humility stemming from the knowledge (as opposed to an idea or concept) that we ourselves are capable of, and perhaps have performed, great wickedness. This is what occurred with 'Alice' the college student. The "movie" she watched was of a Mongol horde engaged in extensive destruction which included rape, pillage, and murder of the most heinous kind. Rather than being one of the victims, she found herself being one of the perpetrators. *She* was the one performing these, to her perception, evil acts. She realized she could no longer have that slight sense of superiority with which her faith had imbued her, but rather that she had to forgive herself for performing those awful deeds, albeit she was simply being a product of that culture with no true evil intent. The godliness her parents perceived in her was that profound humble forgiveness and acknowledgement of the totality of self.

'Evil' and 'wicked' are judgmental terms I've heard frequently; applied, amazingly enough, even to horses and dogs! What is meant by them? To me, something evil stems from a conscious desire to destroy the soul of a being, whether human, animal, plant, whatever, for the purpose of self-aggrandizement whether through greed, selfishness, desire for power, or whatever. Perhaps wickedness is a step down being the will engaged more in desiring to cause problems or self-empowerment in a selfish manner but without the conscious desire to destroy souls. It is the belief of many that while that which is evil can never be forgiven (such as Lucifer, the Fallen Angel, who has become the Devil) because it seeks the death of soul, anything lesser than that can be forgiven. But if we follow that story to its end, it was Lucifer himself who chose to remain unforgiven - as did Judas in that later myth - rather than a judgment imposed by something or someone outside themselves.

It is upon this premise that the afore-mentioned Dr. Safer bases her theory of healthy non-forgiveness – some things simply cannot be forgiven. Years ago I might have agreed with her, but at this point in my life, I do not believe that I can make such a distinction, and that the forgiveness which leads to compassion is absolutely necessary at some time or another for all. It is my surmise that it is that very will to compassion that is one of the attributes that sets us apart from merely instinctive beings.

4. COMPASSION

According to Webster, compassion means: ". . . a feeling of deep sympathy and sorrow for another who is stricken by suffering or misfortune, accompanied by a strong desire to alleviate the pain or remove its cause. . ." (*Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary, 1994*). In other words, the way I see it, compassion takes forgiveness from statement to ac-

tion. If I have compassion for another, it necessarily must include my enacting in some way for the well-being of that person. Perhaps the most extraordinarily vivid example of compassion is that of Mother Theresa of Calcutta. Granted, it was not compassion towards one who had wronged her, but it was compassion on a scale towards the unfortunate that has seldom been seen.

Another word which could be used here is 'empathy' which Iyanla Vanzant in her delightfully meditative book *FAITH IN THE VALLEY: LESSONS FOR WOMEN ON THE JOURNEY TO PEACE* describes as "*The ability to stand in the circumstances of another and know the truth without judgment. To give to another what one desires for oneself.*" Her description of compassion is: "*The ability to see error without the need to condemn. An open and understanding heart with the ability to offer mercy, truth, and love.*" In order to get those three latter words defined by her, you will just have to read her book.

In my view, Compassion is the manifestation of our personal integration. It is the ability to 'be' rather than just to 'do.' Many of my clients chuckle when I say that after all, we are human beings, and not human doings. In this plane of existence which we call life, that generally results in some form of action, but it is still stemming from being; the doing is not the primary goal but simply a result of the being. It is the embracing of any Demon and renaming it Love.

I HAVE HEARD IT ASKED: "Yes, but can you love Hitler, or the rapist, or the school shooter, etc.?" While I can sympathize and even empathize with these sentiments, and find myself still, in many instances wavering on the brink, all I need to do is mindfully replay my own experience when I mentally opened my arms to my assailant. But of course that wasn't 'real' - just my overactive imagination. Yes, that may be, but it is also true that daily I find myself striving in physical real-time, to enact Compassion in ways too numerous to mention. As we find ourselves being able to embrace ourselves with all our own dirty little secrets and personal peccadilloes, we may find that this feeling grows into that of love too expansive to keep to ourselves and it flows out into others. A love that becomes almost overwhelming while performing normal daily tasks such as driving or cooking or answering the telephone at work. A love that goes far beyond the rather narrow limits of familial, romantic or fraternal love; beyond that which is termed "tough love" yet which still is totally respectful of our beings. A love that goes beyond "turning the other cheek" or forgiving "seventy times seventy times" to perhaps creating positive solutions to previously un-thought-of possibilities. It seems rather that our hearts are infinite, that there is no limit to that love. It is what can lead to the experience of . . .

5. UNITY

To me, Unity is the absolute knowledge that all is one. Not an idea, a concept, a perception, somebody else's vision, but a deep, abiding, experiential Knowledge of that Truth. It is the Truth of seers, visionaries and mystics from time immemorial. Although each experience is unique unto itself, the common thread is the non-being of Self; of the recognition of and the delight in the Illusion. It is the Truth of Heaven, of the Void, of Samadhi, of Enlightenment and Satori. It is the Truth

of the Holographic Universe and of where quantum physics and chaos theory is leading. It is the Truth of those, or at least many, who return from "near-death experiences." It is the Truth not of I and Thou or 'what goes around, comes around' for these are ultimately devisive - they separate where there is no separation - but rather that of real Unity and it really is an experience.

This experience of Unity is a common thread of NDE's or near death experiences. When I was eighteen and in my second, and last, year at college (CU in Boulder CO), I very deliberately chose a selection of pain pills including quite a number (I recall over two dozen) of three-quarter grain tiny, bitter codeine tablets prescribed for my overwhelmingly painful menstrual cramps. After swallowing them all, I lay down very carefully, composed myself and quietly died. When I close my eyes even now, over four decades later, I am immediately transported to my "heaven" of numerous unknown yet welcoming people with one glowing woman who clasped me to her and held and rocked me and with whom I finally felt at peace and at home. The music was celestial and I have searched in vain ever since for something that approaches it. Then I was cast out - it was apparently not my time to stay. I fought and screamed and pleaded to remain, but it was not to be.

I woke up by myself (which is not supposed to happen after eighteen plus grains of codeine) about three hours after lying down and when I told my experience to Joannie, the senior advisor in the boarding house, she of course told the school authorities. I was whisked away by ambulance to the health center where they pumped my stomach and placed me in a solitary room with some sort of grate over the window. The school psychiatrist was in attendance and followed me through the halls as I kept looking for my "home" and the beautiful music and the loving woman (no, she was not my birth mother who did not die until I was in my thirties as I found out much later; it is my belief that she was a feminine aspect of the Divine). They sent me "home" to California.

While I do not recall any tunnel sensation, I have absolutely no doubt that my experience was a true NDE and will always bless the day that I read Dr. Raymond Moody's then newly-published book entitled *LIFE AFTER DEATH*. For the first time, my experience was validated and I was able to finally get beyond the haunting specter of a diagnosed "psychotic episode/schizophrenic personality" or some such terminology.

It is my surmise that too frequently in this society, mystical experiences are considered psychotic (that is not to say that there are not psychotics, just that there IS a difference) and medical miracles become "mistaken diagnoses" or just plain mistakes. I was told I did not really take all those codeine tablets but was either mistaken in my estimation of the quantity or that I'd purposefully flushed them down the toilet. I think it would behoove us to bear in mind and believe in Shakespeare's oft-quoted phrase: There are more things in heaven and earth . . .

Whatever the so-called reality of this experience, it resulted in a total life change for me and an acceptance of death that has never left me, enabling me to work lovingly and comfortably at various times with dying individuals from geriatrics and AIDS sufferers to my own mother, mother-in-law and infant grandson, Nathan. Death is assuredly not the end,

but rather a new beginning. My later re-birthing experience was an enhancement and refinement of that truth and an awareness that the sense of Unity need not be relegated to a “happening” but rather can be within our consciousness at all times.

Naturally not everyone needs to die to experience Unity, nor will everyone necessarily experience it at all. However, the experience of Compassion seems to be critical for true healing. Ultimately each Healing Journey is, of course, as unique as is each individual on this planet. These steps are just a general guide to help you on your way as you begin the most important Journey you will ever take—that of Healing yourself.

Suggested Reading . . .

While there are literally hundreds of books which have, over the years, impressed my thinking, here are a few suggestions which I have found of particular interest and which I find myself loaning out over and over again. Some have been around for years while others are relatively recent.

Becker, Robert O., M.D. THE BODY ELECTRIC
 Borysenko, Joan, Ph.D, MINDING THE BODY, MENDING THE MIND
 Dossey, Larry, M.D., RECOVERING THE SOUL
 Frankl, Viktor, M.D., MAN’S SEARCH FOR MEANING
 Gerber, Richard, M.D., VIBRATIONAL MEDICINE
 Gleick, James, CHAOS: MAKING A NEW SCIENCE
 Gribbon, John, Ph.D., IN SEARCH OF SCHRODINGER’S CAT
 Grof, Stanislav, M.D., *et al.*, THE HOLOTROPIC MIND
 James, William, VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE
 Jampolsky, Gerald G., M.D., FORGIVENESS
 Johnson, Willard, RIDING THE OX HOME
 Hunt, Valerie V., Ph.D., INFINITE MIND
 Levine, Stephen, HEALING INTO LIFE AND DEATH
 Moody, Raymond A. Jr., M.D., LIFE AFTER DEATH
 Myss, Caroline, Ph.D., ANATOMY OF THE SPIRIT
 Talbot, Michael, THE HOLOGRAPHIC UNIVERSE
 Tiller, William A., SCIENCE AND HUMAN TRANSFORMATION
 Vanzant, Iyanla, FAITH IN THE VALLEY
 Wolf, Fred Alan, Ph.D., THE SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE