



# Essential Energy

Cyndi Dale

## Lessons From The Pretend Baseball Season

Although I love the heat of summer, spring is my favorite season. After a winter spent under ice, we Minnesotans flee our homes and our Michelin-man wardrobes as if escaping a prison. It is not unusual to find men, women, and children alike wearing shorts and flip-flops while avoiding dollops of still-melting snow.

For many, the best part of spring is baseball season—kid baseball, that is. By the end of March, moms (like me) have loaded their cars with boots, sandals, protein bars, umbrellas, blankets, sun block, and equipment spanning Little League to traveling baseball years. While we might hide beneath a blanket as often as coat ourselves with Coppertone, there are at least a few days of warm breezes and happy sunshine.

However, that did not happen this year. While we are now firmly ensconced in summer, we pretty much skipped spring. It just plain kept snowing, which means that even though dads continued to schedule spring games, optimistic creatures that they are, the chances of pulling off a game was, well, as sure as a snowball surviving you-know-where. Overall, I nicknamed this spring the season of “pretend baseball.”

Because I am a healer, I had fewer problems with this spring than did many other parents. After all, we healers are often playing “pretend baseball.” We schedule a client. We prepare

for success. We show up - but - despite our best efforts, sometimes nothing happens. The “weather gods” are against us, causing a streak of ineffectiveness that can go on for weeks or even months.

It is tempting to ignore our ineffectiveness. Failing that, we might push harder or explain circumstances away. The other option is to embrace it for what it is—a spiritual truth, a law of reality, and the paradoxical key to healing.

The cause for our seeming lack of effectiveness is the same as the reason we can not control the weather—or weather the storms. It is our ultimate and terribly wonderful powerlessness.

We cannot make our clients well or leave a harmful relationship or stop suffering. We cannot compel them to quit drugs or examine their childhood issues or oblige their own divinity. We cannot do these things for the sole (and soul) reason that our humanity is firmly anchored in the very powerlessness we so often despise.

Don't we do everything we can to fight our powerlessness, our inability to use our will like a crowbar that should force reality to budge?

We try to control our thoughts. We monitor our emotions. If we are tired, we drink coffee. If we are lonely, we get on Facebook. Fundamentally, we buy into society's assertion that for every problem, there is a microwavable solution.

Hungry? The Golden Arches are a few blocks away. Sleepless? There is always Ambien or Lunesta. Need money? That's a bit harder to come by, but many people think it works like my son Gabriel did when he was younger. “*What do you mean you don't have money, Mommy?*” He asked one time. “*The bank gives it out for free.*”

Acknowledging our powerlessness does not feel good. It is scary. It makes us feel unimportant - but - it is also wondrous. Our powerlessness enables us to need others. Because of it, we ask for help, open ourselves to guidance, and are humbled to such an extent that we might very well find ourselves astonished by the grace that pours to and through us.

Our powerlessness also accomplishes the following, as shared by Henri Nouwen in *The Road to Daybreak: A Spiritual Journey*:

*“When we honestly ask ourselves which person in our lives means the most to us, we often find that it is those who, instead*

*of giving advice, solutions, or cures, have chosen rather to share our pain and touch our wounds with a warm and tender hand. The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares."*

Our powerlessness invites care. It encourages compassion and altruism and dependence on a higher authority, which in turn, leads to dependability. It inevitably calls for surrender, a willingness to be carried, transported, and cultivated into being.

A seed can only be grown if it is surrendered into the ground. There it must trust that the rain will fall and the sun will shine and that it will eventually become the flower it is meant to be. As healers, our job is to help our clients surrender to this very process of growth—of love.

After all, the season of "pretend baseball" did more than frustrate baseball aficionados. It prepared the ground for the summer flowers. ☺



Cyndi Dale is the author of *The Subtle Body: An Encyclopedia of Your Energetic Anatomy*, and eight other bestselling books on energy healing. She has worked with over 30,000 clients in the past 20 years. To learn more about Cyndi, her work, books and products please visit:

[www.cyndidale.com](http://www.cyndidale.com)