



# Essential Energy

Cyndi Dale

## Signs of Spring

We have a new puppy. As are all puppies, Honey the male Golden Retriever is wild, adorable, and tricky. All my son Gabe has to do is drop a sock, paper, or cap, and off goes Honey into the wilds with it. So far I have uncovered six mismatched socks, three chewed baseball caps, and all our missing pencils under the melting snow.

I was not looking for a puppy, but Honey was looking for us. Our family has had three male Honey Golden Retrievers, all equally mischievous. One day the last Honey was actually delivered to our home in a City road sweeper. Apparently he had run off and discovered the workers' lunches sitting on the front seat. The neighbors immediately knew whose dog had "done it."

Honey II died about three years ago and I decided we had enough Honey dogs. We were happily raising Lucky the yellow lab, but life—and Honey—had a different plan. I started getting dreams about a new Honey dog. I said nothing to Gabe since I was not too keen about another puppy. Then one night, Gabe was cruising the Internet and accidentally came across a puppy named Tank being sold by a breeder in Pennsylvania. We live in Minnesota.

For the next several weeks, everywhere that Gabe and I went we spied signs of tanks. There were at least a dozen billboards advertising sewer, gas, and diesel tanks. There were circulars for GI Joe and Sherman tanks. We ran into Hummer tanks on the streets and turned on the television one night

to hear a man talking about "being tanked." Then there was the array of everything from license plates with acronyms for Golden Retrievers to the honey that got delivered one day, unordered.

The final sign occurred when I was talking to my mentor. Just before leaving her office, I said I needed one more omen, to prove the point. A dog walked up to me in the hallway, no person in sight, carrying its own leash—which it handed to me.

Needless to say, Honey III is now tearing up our universe.

As we search the environment for signs of spring, it is a perfect time to remind ourselves about the power of opening to less "reality" based signs. Also called omens, warnings, and portents, these mystical communiqués are certainly not taught in med or nursing school, nor considered appropriate instruments for the traditionalist's doctor bag. Even in energy circles, they are sometimes only discussed under the breath and while in conversations at seated tables, not via speeches directed from the lectern. Yet every healer that I know, at some time, has relied on some sort of otherworldly sign for self or client.

These mystical creatures of chaos are supposed to appear when we need them. Signs can appear as animals, storms, or other beings and forces of nature. They can cloak themselves as books that fall on our head or a friend who calls with a phenomenally fitting comment. They might insert themselves into a television special that quells our fears or a nightly dream that forecasts the future. Not only can a sign serve us personally, but we can also compel a sign to assist a client.

A sign is never supposed to take the place of ethics, integrity, training, or common sense. It is too easy to see what we want to see, rather than what the greater universe might be sharing. Nonetheless, if we are working with a client and wondering what chakra on which to work and a red cardinal appears on a tree branch outside our office, we might want to concentrate on the first chakra.

Recently I was wondering if I should take on a potential client or not and was not getting anywhere with my rather burdened brain. I simply turned the question over to my intuition and asked Spirit to help me. Later that day I sat at the mechanic's office, waiting for my car to be fixed. Arbitrarily I selected an arbitrary magazine and an arbitrary page to read. There was the first page of an article outlining criteria for when to turn away a patient or client. Based on the advice, I decided not to work with the client.



Asking for a sign does not necessitate a certain religious or spiritual belief. Years ago, the Institute of Heartmath released a video that showed two views of the same few minutes in time. During the first clip, we see a person watching a city street, several harrowing events threatening to capsize his sense of safety. The images are equivalent to watching the ball on a crane swing—perhaps toward a boy's head. A man's fist is raised—perhaps to hit another person. During the second view of the video clip, we are assured of the uniformity, the very melody, of the world. The crane swings in an arc while the boy points to it, laughing in glee. The raised fist descends upon another man as a happy pat on the shoulder. All is well.

Signs are those moments in which we have given ourselves permission to notice the notes that make this world a concert rather than a dissonant cacophony. They are less about the outside influences than they are about our internal posturing and attitude.

With this in mind, I frequently propose that my clients ask for signs to resolve some of their own issues. If they believe in a god, I suggest they approach their Higher Power with prayer, meditation, or simply the pose of curiosity. If they have

knowledge of their intuition, I ask that they present their query to their own intuitive self. Then I ask them to pay attention to what small or large portents come their way.

I like this process because it empowers clients to use their own mystical gifts and perceptions to help themselves. It also affirms this world as a good and loving place, one in which everything and everyone is interconnected. This recognition alone can compose a healing. At the same time, it assures the client that their healing or transformation is not dependent on me, much as they might like to think.

Spring is a wonderful time to open to any and all signs of nature! Who knows what beautiful tune that fair-weather songbird might have waited all winter to sing for you! It might have all sorts of wonderful things for your future—maybe even a puppy. €



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).