



Essential Energy with Cyndi Dale

by Cyndi Dale

Unusual Profession: Unusual Mentors

Being a healer isn't always easy. The idea is often more glamorous than the reality.

Besides the constant struggle of explaining what you do, there is the fact of working on invisible energies with usually invisible methods. How many times have I wondered if I was really helping or doing more than waving a magical wand and uttering Abracadabra? For these and countless other reasons, energy healers need mentors and ongoing guides as much as do allopathic healers; maybe even more, because of the "weird" factor.

Through Healing Touch Program, you are provided an amazing and brilliant source of mentorship. One of the Program's strongest assets is its built-in system for ongoing development via the elders and instructors. The truth is, though, that all Healing Touch Program practitioners are of such a caliber everyone learns from each other, just different things and in different ways. I only wish Healing Touch Program had existed when I started my journey as a healer almost thirty years ago. I believe my healing path would have been much more smooth and even.

The meandering nature of my path did, however, teach me to be open to unusual founts of guidance, many outside, not only inside, of the "box." As an example, one such teacher lived deep in the darkness of the Amazon. I met "him" when leading a group to Peru.

Our objective was to study with a particular shaman, Don Hermon. For his part, Don Hermon wanted to introduce us to his instructor of eight years. He asked if we could journey to his

teacher's home, and I said yes.

Journey we did, in wooden canoes that barely floated on the water. After disembarking, we hiked for what seemed like hours through the jungle, a young man clearing the path with a machete, as we slowly and miserably proceeded. We finally reached a clearing.

"This is my teacher," Don Hermon said proudly, pointing to a tree.

I wondered how the group participants were taking this, but they seemed kosher with the idea. Then suddenly, the tree seemed to stir and a nest of bugs flew out, surrounding one of the participants and stinging her everywhere.

I felt as if the tree were guiding me toward a solution, encouraging me to actually trust the belief in healing that I professed. Taking out my lip balm, I covered the participant with the camphor and assured her that she could be healed. The welts immediately disappeared.

I didn't stay in the jungle to continue studying with the tree. It was a "one shot deal," but the lesson went home with me.

From that time onward, I welcomed the variety of teachers (and lessons) the Divine set on my path. The year of the tree, I also consulted a financial therapist, who helped me structure my business. A new therapist provided me insights on boundary setting. A chiropractor took me under his wing and taught me the link between physiology, symptoms, and spirituality. It seems now that I'm constantly being "assigned" healing teachers, even when I don't think I need one. As a case in point, my oldest son Michael recently taught me an important lesson about the relationship between energy and practicality.

At his encouragement, I decided to “give up the ghost” and buy a new car. I’d been puttering around in my mother’s eighteen-year-old Pontiac Sunbird, and as he pointed out, “There’s no healing power in the world that can fix that thing, Mom. Besides, there’s something kind of spooky about driving a car that’s so loud the dogs are too scared to jump into the backseat.”

Michael came along to test-drive Jeeps with me, but I still couldn’t decide between two vehicles, so I called a friend for her opinion.

“Wow, Cyndi! I think you should get the Compass! It will help you find your direction in life, and it’s red, so your first chakra will get a huge boost.” (And this is from a lawyer.)

After hearing this advice, my son rolled his eyes and said, “Mom, this is why you have me around. Not everything is about energy and healing. Let’s just stick to safety and the bottom line, okay?”

I drove away with a new red Compass that day, not only because of my first chakra and the energetic meaning of the Jeep, but also because it was a great buy. Lesson learned! There are lots of teachers in life; I simply have to stay open to what they have to teach me. And who knows? That Compass might point me toward vacationland any day!

About the author:



Cyndi Dale is the author of *The Subtle Body: An Encyclopedia of Your Energetic Anatomy*, and eight other bestselling books on energy healing, including *The Complete Book of Chakra 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

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