



Essential Energy with Cyndi Dale

by Cyndi Dale

The Busy Meditator

I avoided looking at my wristwatch, even as I averted my eyes from every clock face or digital timekeeper in the room. I could deal with being behind in returning phone calls and E-mails, but I was having difficulty dealing with the current trauma of the day. Lucky the monster puppy had hidden Gabe's and my shoes somewhere on—or off—the premises. In one minute, we would be officially late to baseball.

A few minutes later, I had fished my shoes out of the backyard pond. Gabe stood on the deck, dangling his, the backs smeared with dog slobber.

"They're too squishy to wear!" He complained.

"You'll run faster," I sighed. As typical, we would now be late to everything today, all because of Lucky's refusal to differentiate between food items and inorganic materials. Seeing as my New Year's resolution to meditate daily had already been "on pause" for six months, I figured another day would not make much difference.

Periodically—like a few times a week—people ask me about my meditation process. They assume that because I am in the spiritual healing business, I must have developed a robust prayer and guru-status meditation practice. By now, I should be able to levitate off the floor and pull gold coins out of the air. How surprised they are when I say, "Meditation? I took a yoga class once when I was pregnant. I could not bend, though, so I

just sat on the floor doing deep breathing exercises."

I hate to admit that modern life has gotten the best of me. The little time I can carve out of life's hustle and bustle, I would rather go to the movies than sit on a pillow with my legs crossed. (Besides, we have run out of pillows. Last month, they were Lucky's favorite snack.) This does not mean, however, that I do not meditate, in my own way.

There are many ways to meditate, and they do not all involve chanting mantras, twisting into yogic postures, or focusing in quietude. The methods of meditation are as varied as the individuals on this planet. In addition, there are countless ways to perform the two other counterparts to meditation -- prayer and contemplation. All three activities, when embraced with delight rather than a fateful sense of "have to," unite to form the basis of a solid spiritual practice, and equally important, a rich and splendid life.

Prayer can be defined as talking to the Divine, meditation as listening to the Divine, and contemplation as basking in the presence of the Divine. While many experts recommend that we separate these activities from normative life, we are not always able to do so. Sometimes our time truly is not our own. Rather, it is a commodity owed to our children, aging parents, or job. Sometimes we do not feel well enough to engage in strict spiritual venues. Furthermore, some of us lack the personality needed to engage in long, disciplined processes. Whatever the case, it is important to know that we do not have to refrain from these vital spiritual actions simply because we do not fit into a standard

religious or spiritual mold. Instead, we can shape our spiritual practices to suit our lives, rather than the other way around.

I consider every moment an opportunity to converse with the Divine. Isn't God as available to the person standing in line at the grocery store as the one bowed before an altar? As my son once said, "God sure has big ears -- to hear all of us at once." I'm sure the Divine is not going to reject my prayer because I am wearing sweat pants instead of my Sunday best.

Likewise, the Divine can get a message to us anyway He or She wants. My oldest son was once complaining that I was too old to remember what it was like to get a cavity filled. How could I possibly understand what he was going through during our drive to the dentist?

"Well, maybe I do not get it, but God does," I said.

"He doesn't have teeth," Michael remarked.

At that moment, a huge bus pulled up next to us, with two words printed in bold letters across it.

"I Understand."

Underneath those words was the kicker.

"From God."

Was this response not as heavenly a meditation message as one we might receive within the secure walls of an ashram?

As for contemplation, is it not the state I aspire to every time I engage with a client? To honor the spiritual nature of another person is equivalent to contemplating the Divine. What greater task could we energy healers fulfill, but this?

In the end, is not all of life a prayer, every medium a conduit for the Divine, and each person deserving of being contemplated? Whether your moments of bliss involve fishing shoes out of ponds, becoming the "om" in a soundless manner, or singing prayers at the top of your lungs, may you know that the Divine

is always listening, speaking, and responding - and sometimes - maybe even chuckling.

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

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