

Good for the Spirit



So, What Do You Do For a Living?

I was once sitting in a hot tub in Iceland, having just enjoyed an amazing massage. Sinking into the water, I barely noticed the man who slipped in next to me. We started visiting and after a while, he asked me "that question."

"So, what do you do for a living?"

Back then, I responded honestly. After muttering something that included the words "intuition" and "energy" and "healing," I found myself listening to his list of physical and emotional woes, a recanting that began with a fall at age two and continued throughout his many years of life. It ended with expletives about his latest divorce and a final question.

"Can you just heal me a little bit?"

I might have felt more willing to lend a hand if he were wearing more than a barely-there G-string.

Of course, there are many stopping places on the continuum. If one set of individuals is ready to parade their complaints, the other extreme heads to the hills. I will never forget the woman at my son's football game who blanched when I said I did "energy healing." She spilled both her popcorn and soda leaping off the bleachers, muttering Bible verses the entire way. It turned out okay, though. She left her blanket behind and I had forgotten one, a tactical error in 30-degree Minnesota fall weather.

Then there are the affects our work has on our loved ones. My oldest son once complained that he had nothing *reasonable* to say at school when the kids were inevitably asked what their parents did for a living. His father is a Ph.D. in animal swine management and as Michael put it...

"What am I supposed to say? My father is a *pig doctor* and my mother a *psychic*?"

In the end, he decided to simply tell everyone his parents were just a "dad" and a "mom."

Good enough.

Just telling people that we work with energy, intuition or healing is frequently enough to bestow us with super powers or merit the sign of the cross. At a financial seminar, a woman begged me to ask the ghost of her deceased husband if he had hidden any money in the Bahamas. (Um, the answer was probably "no.") Another man told me that only Jesus could do healing and I had better be careful, as he knew where I was headed. (I was actually on my way to the bathroom, at that moment, but I do not think that is what he meant.)

I slipped out before I was asked for the winning lottery numbers.

I am sure you have also encountered the group that sees five heads instead of one, when you state your job title. It is these people that respond with a question, maybe one of these:

"Does that mean that you stick those sharp needles in people?"

"So then you never take an aspirin?"

"Is that a special form of orthodontia?"

I am all for spreading the truth about intuition, energy and healing, as well as being honest. But I am also partial to my privacy and like all of us, my down time. These days, when asked what I do for a living, I kind of, sort of, well, lie—just a little bit.

If I feel relatively safe, I might say that I am counselor (which I kind of am, just not licensed.) I might admit to doing holistic consulting, if I am feeling particularly brave, or that I teach health. My kids tell people their mom is a "spiritual therapist," which is a great way to go. In a pinch, I imply that

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I clean houses. The answer is pretty much true, given the prominence of kids and dogs in my life. If I have nothing else to say, I sip at my drink and choke. No one wants to stand around when you are spitting fluid all over the place.

Being a professional is about doing your job well—with all your body, mind, and soul. But nobody said you have to write your job description on a name badge, now did they?



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