



How Much Time is Needed to Heal?

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It is 7:00 a.m. My back feels sore, so I do my regular Reiki routine and then start to get up. Immediately, I realize something is not right. Pain in my back and hips and weakness in my legs immobilize me as I try to move. I grab onto the bed stand and dresser to get to the bathroom door. Spasms make me feel like my legs might give out. Grasping the tub ledge, then the shower door and the counter-top, I make it to the toilet.

What could it be? Two days ago, it had felt like I had pulled a muscle in my back while rushing around, so I went to a chiropractor for the first time yesterday. I was not in pain before his adjustments, only my lower back and hips were tight, but this morning is a whole new ball game. Deciding to see if an Epsom salt bath might help, I do not even have enough strength to lift the bag of salts. I drag it across the floor. It is like I am in an alternate reality. It takes all my determination to bend down to plug the drain, take my clothes off and get my legs over the edge of the tub.

I lie in the warm bath, no longer in pain because I am not moving. Outside the big window over the tub there are quail chattering on top of the fence. I love watching them and hearing the noises they make to

each other. Like with all the animals on our property, I talk to them. Back to reality, I realize it is possible I may not currently be strong enough to get out of the tub, but I remind myself to practice loving what is, as taught by Byron Katie. Somehow, I enjoy the time without worrying about what will happen next.

When the water starts to cool, I attempt to stand up but there are still jolting pains as I feebly lift first one leg then the other out. I hang on to the tub, too weak to dry my body. I ask for strength to get to my bed. Once there, I collapse with the towel laying over me.

I stay in that position, Reiki hands on heart and core, then giving myself Quantum-Touch around my hip until I hear my son get up. I call to him asking for a pain reliever and my cell phone. Getting dressed seems like an impossibility. I call the chiropractor who treated me yesterday, but he is not available. I text my Reiki teacher. I also send messages to two friends I met recently in a series of Quantum-Touch classes in northern California. They are part of a Healing Intentions circle we have recently put together. Our first meeting is this afternoon, but they will not be joining us because of the distance. I laugh to myself — the cosmic irony of life; I had planned on being an intender, not an intender of our first circle together.

Then I call my good friend who lives two streets



over — we trade energy sessions and she is part of our healing circle. She practices Energy Medicine as taught by Donna Eden and Reiki. I am thankful when she offers to come an hour before the meeting to see if any blockages in my body can be cleared. This eases my mind and I accept. In the meantime, I test my ability to walk by hobbling to the window to raise the blind. I try some light stretches. I am learning quickly to breathe deeply instead of tensing up and holding my breath in anticipation of the pain. Walking with deliberation, hanging on to the counters, I make it to the kitchen. With difficulty, I prepare some coffee and a quick breakfast. Even the weight of the coffee cup

through my body. She senses a blockage at the second chakra and does techniques she has learned for clearing it, like making long sweeps across my hips and down my legs with her hands. She holds points on my feet and toes. When I tell her I feel a heaviness between my third and fifth chakras, she gives me Reiki there and on my back and head. Forty-five minutes later, with my feet on the floor I am able to stand up straight. I take a few tentative steps, but there is no pain, no spasms, no weakness and no restriction of movement. Smiling from ear to ear, I hug and thank my friend. She humbly says, “You are welcome, but it was not me who healed you.” We go together

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alone is too much for me and I need to ask for help.

On the patio I try to relax with an ice pack wrapped around me. I feel more secure knowing that soon my dear neighbor will come and then the other friends for our circle. This is the opposite of my normal strength; I cannot remember ever being this weak. Generally, I consider myself to be in good physical condition — playing beach volleyball and hiking each week.

The chiropractor returns my call just as I am getting up on the table for energy work. Yesterday, I went to him because it felt like I had pulled a muscle. My movement was restricted before I saw him, but I had no pain. It was the first time I had ever been adjusted. I do not blame my current condition on his treatment; many of my friends have been helped by chiropractic care. After hearing the details, he suggests that my nervous system might have been overwhelmed by the adjustments he did, which could have caused an adverse reaction in my body. He suggests I use salt baths, a pain reliever good for inflammation and ice — the things I have been doing. We hang up agreeing to talk soon.

On the Reiki table, my friend helps the energy flow

to welcome our friends at the door.

There are seven members in our Healing Intentions circle — five who are able to participate today. While forming the idea of this circle in my mind and taking steps to bring it into manifestation, two of our group members’ mothers had been affected by serious physical challenges — one a brain hemorrhage and the other a severe bout of an autoimmune illness. Our recently-formed circle rallied through emails and text messages, each of us doing our healing intentions individually for the two women until we could meet in person. During this time, both women noted an improvement in their symptoms. This is what I had hoped for, but still I am always so thankful when anyone gets relief from a condition they are experiencing.

Before starting, one friend lights sage, allowing it to create a sacred space, and then lets the smoke encircle each of us. We have decided to structure our intention work loosely on the studies done by Lynne McTaggart in her book, *The Power of Eight*. Each member brings an intention to the circle for us to collaborate on together. We go around the circle, one by one giving the details of our chosen intention. Then as a group we spend ten minutes on each



request, using distance Reiki, praying and/or using other healing modalities. I sit cross-legged for an hour and a half with no discomfort. The energy between us has a beautiful, peaceful feeling.

Now, after everyone has left and I have made dinner for our family, I am resting and writing this incredible story. How do I convey the gratitude I feel for the joint powers that helped me heal so quickly? I am grateful for the chiropractor's part and for him reaching out just now in a text to ask how I am feeling.

I contemplate what I have learned from this experience. First of all, I learned to slow down. When I pulled something in my back, I realized it was from rushing too fast. I remind myself that since Reiki came into my life I have a new understanding of time and there is adequate time for everything. Being unable to do daily activities this morning will make me remember to have more compassion for others who suffer physical limitations. I gained an even greater appreciation of my normal health and well-being. When we have robust health, we are often lulled into taking our bodies for granted, assuming they will always respond the way we want. Above all, I was graced to be a firsthand witness and recipient of an instantaneous healing that has infused me with a clearer vision of the possibilities of working with energy.

October 5, 2018

Two weeks ago, I was pleased with the "happily ever after" ending to my story. Yet not long after that spontaneous healing, something happened, offering a second part to what I had written. But I was not excited to tell it. In my mind, it took something away from my original account and made it seem less valid. I wanted to hang on to my enchanted ending. Then I asked myself — *What would serve most — reading a story about an immediate healing and leaving it at that or also giving an example of a healing that took longer but was just as miraculous?* My answer came, and here is the rest of my story.

Instead of giving my body a few days' rest to soak up

and adjust to the healing I had experienced that day, I went right back out into the fray. We think we are invincible, right? I helped with preparations for an annual rummage sale put on by our non-profit group and found myself to be sore at the end of the days I contributed despite being conscious of my movement. I used my bag of tricks again: baths, essential oils, stretches and an occasional pain reliever. The morning after the sale, I played volleyball on the beach, and again two days later. Looking back, maybe it was too many hours and too soon after an injury. The pain that had only lasted a few hours a week before was a distant memory and I even started wondering if I had imagined how intense it had been.

The next morning, ten days after the original back pain, I woke up feeling fine. An hour later I was doing my daily morning exercises and all of a sudden, I was hurting again. The same debilitating pain and spasms, only this time it seemed stronger and radiated into the opposite hip. I thought, this cannot be happening again! As I crookedly tried to walk, pain radiated into my hip and down my leg. Not being able to do anything else, I rested, gave myself Reiki and cancelled my plans for the day.

The following day I had a prearranged appointment for a massage with my Reiki teacher. My son took me because I was not strong enough to drive. To reach her office, I had to walk very slowly, hanging on to his shoulder. This time as I stood up from the table there was no spontaneous ceasing of pain, not then or later in the afternoon when the same friend who had given me Reiki ten days earlier came to give me another session.

Three days after the second onset of pain, there was a First-Degree Reiki class taking place at my house. It had been difficult to arrange a date when everyone was available and I did not want to cancel. All of the people in the class had come to me at different times for Reiki, and as they began arriving, I could see their surprise at how I had been slowed down by this physical problem. There can be a common perception that energy workers do not get sick or hurt, and if they do, they can heal themselves. Even I am guilty



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of believing that. Yes, I have had experiences of very quick healings giving myself Reiki — sore throats that disappeared after hours, cuts healing rapidly and strained muscles and joints feeling strong right away, but sometimes healing just took longer. No matter how hard it is, I believe there is a grace in accepting our experiences however they play out.

More than a week has passed and I am feeling much better. After the third day, the intense pain let up. I have received two more Reiki sessions and given myself Quantum Touch or Reiki every day. Now I just have a little tightness and feel more tired than usual. In both incidences of pain, the circumstances were similar — the same giver and receiver — the same symptoms. Why did I heal immediately the first time and not the second?

Perhaps there was more insight to be gained. Watching my son help me caused me to reflect on my feelings as the caretaker — first for my grandmother, then my father and now my mother. I made my thankfulness for having less pain and more mobility part of my morning meditation. Canceling a week's worth of activities and plans was not easy, but those days became a sort of retreat — more time for reading, writing and contemplation.

At first, I was partial to my story of immediate healing. But I realize now both stories are important. Those who have worked with energy for any length of time know the possibilities. I have had clients who have healed with one session, but others who have needed more. It is the nature of the beast — one of the great mysteries of life. I am in awe that potential healing can happen in a moment but equally thankful for the miraculous wonder of a body, which through the intelligence of the Universe, needs more time to complete the journey of restoring itself. €



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