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Our True Nature

Jill Blakeway

Something had changed. The room was now filled with a warmer, encompassing light. It felt as if I were seeing everyone as pure energy. For the first time, I understood. In as visceral and complete of a way as I ever had, that our vitality, our animating force, the very thing that makes us vibrant individuals, is also, paradoxically, what connects us. We all share in this light, this energy. It is expansive, it communicates with us and it is essentially who we are. I was seeing, I felt, our true nature.

How did I come to see our true nature? Let me take you back to 2007, when Dr. Erik Peper introduced me to the work of Hiroyuki Abe. Dr. Peper, professor at the Institute for Holistic Health Studies at San Francisco State University, had invited Abe to be a guest speaker for his Holistic Health Western Perspectives class. After his lecture, in which Abe described his method, he offered to perform healings on the students. The students' reactions, astonishment by the almost immediate improvements they experienced, prompted Peper to formally research Abe's healing process. In the follow-up study, Peper found that after just one treatment, 65 percent of thirty students reported a reduction in troublesome symptoms.

Three months later, these students reported continued significant benefits from the treatment.

And if students were treated more than once, the results were considerably more pronounced.

When my husband, Noah, and I arrived at the Osaka airport, Abe was there to receive us with a translator. He does not speak English and, as I learned, is meticulous about being accurately interpreted. In fact, when he has a particularly nuanced point to convey or is being observed doing his work, Abe brings in a second translator from Tokyo.

Abe is a tall man with a kind face and an avuncular presence. He requested we first spend time together, getting to know each other and observing him in clinic, before I interviewed him about his work. After we had gotten to know each other socially, he allowed me to observe his work for two days at a clinic run by one of his students in a suburb outside of Kobe. Abe visits the clinic occasionally, to work with patients whom the student, working as a healer, or his staff of acupuncturists are having trouble helping. It was a wonderful whirlwind and, true to his word, we did not discuss the nature of his work until it was over.

It was the Shinto Goddess of Mercy who led Abe to healing. The first time he healed someone, a woman who was a swimmer with arthritis in her back and joints, Abe was instructed by the goddess



to do so. She told him what to do, including the distinct movements he makes with his hands to this day, snapping and tapping in combination, and the woman did indeed feel her pain dissipate. “Are you sure?” Abe asked her repeatedly throughout the treatment. As he spoke of this, I thought back to my early days in clinic and the disbelief I felt when my patients made measurable progress. This feeling had prompted the journey that found me here, sitting in Kobe, talking to this man, now a healer with enough experience to have a quiet confidence in his abilities.

Over time, he learned how to develop and hone his ability. He started to experience visions as he treated his patients, as if he could see into their bodies. Muscle glowed red; bone appeared as gleaming white.

performing a powerful chakra-opening ceremony that removes some of the impediments to channeling, and then allowing the student to further develop from there. His view of healing is surprisingly didactic in that he believes everyone can learn and that practice, not intuition or enlightenment, is what makes someone a better healer. He also believes his students have guides, as he does, but that not all of them are able to connect as strongly with their guides. I met three of his students while I was there. Each spoke admiringly, and gratefully, of the lessons Abe has taught them.

One of these students runs the clinic, just outside Kobe, that I visited to observe Abe work. Here, I watched as he saw a little more than a dozen patients

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But he wanted to be able to offer more substantial explanations to his patients, who had started to come to him through word of mouth. He began to study anatomy, physiology and pathology, and immersed himself in medical textbooks. All the while, the goddess helped him, too, offering insights and direction as he practiced; sometimes arguing with him. “She was bossy and old-school,” Abe amusingly complained to me of the time after she had first arrived, when they were often in conflict.

As Abe gained insight into the functions of the body and how it heals, he began to take on students. It is common in Asia for master healers to have apprentices, as the tradition is that skills are passed on by initiation. A similar model is used to teach Reiki, which is also a Japanese practice. He says he offers a kind of accelerated start to his students, by

in a day, several of whom he had treated before. All arrived with complaints of pain – fibromyalgia, lower back aches, frozen shoulder – and after Abe went to work with his clicking and tapping, identifying the pain and directing his energy, each patient reported substantial relief from their suffering. What fascinated me was Abe usually worked along the same points and meridians as I do, only he was tapping instead of inserting needles.

On my last day with Hiroyuki Abe in Japan, I again accompanied him to his student clinic, where he occasionally holds healing sessions. After several hours in a small classroom observing Abe and several of his students as they treated patients, we started to pack up to leave. At this moment, however, Abe stopped us from walking out of the classroom and turned to me, asking me through his translator if I



would like him to attune me to his energy and open my chakras, the very ceremony he performs for his apprentices when they begin working with him. I could tell from the reaction among his students that this was an unusual offer. I felt it was a profound honor and accepted.

Abe motioned for me to sit down in front of him. I did so and closed my eyes. I heard Abe snapping his fingers behind me and I could feel the motion of his hands along the back of my head and down my spine, though he was not actually touching me. Almost immediately, I saw a white light, and then bright colors appeared, swirling within the light. My body began to buzz with an electric energy. I felt an uneasy sense of anticipation, like the exaggerated version of the feeling I get when I am on an airplane about to take off. The colors continued to spiral like a kaleidoscope, and I took deep breaths, trying to calm myself. Needing to come back to reality, I opened my eyes.

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To learn more about author Jill Blakeway visit www.YinovaCenter.com

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image above: Hiroyuki Abe