

Essential Energy

When to Let Go?

As healers, we are committed to the living. We would do anything within our reach to enable others to enjoy happier, healthier and longer lives. But as with anything, we must know when to let go.

I have two stories to make my point. One is funny. The other is sad. Both are important.

Until about two years ago, my oldest son, Michael, was the proud owner of our 1999 Jeep. I say “our” because, for years, it was a joint project.

I bought it when my youngest, Gabe, was only one year old, which would have made Michael about eleven. I drove it for five years. It was quite the mom mobile. People laughed when we passed by, as there were dozens of Blues Clues stickers on the windows. At age sixteen, Michael started borrowing it — you know how that goes — I never drove it again.

Off it went, toting him to school dances and then off to college, traversing the windy corn fields between Minnesota and Iowa. As time went on, Michael peeled off a few of the Blues Clues stickers, until finally, he scrubbed the remaining stubborn stickers off for his first job, which involved working for the state Senator.

There went the reminder of Gabe’s childhood.

After a few months, Michael called and asked if I would be willing to sponsor a new air conditioner — soon. I asked, “Why?” After all, the 1999 Jeep was probably on its last legs. Why spend the money?

Apparently, Michael had been driving the Senator around in the early mornings. So far, the summer daybreaks had been mild, but soon, Michael pointed out, he would have to take the Senator, in his suit and tie, somewhere in the afternoon. For the sake of our country, I needed to help.

The 1999 Jeep got a new air conditioner. And over the next several years, it acquired many other additional body parts, from a redone engine to several rounds of tires. It seemed that the Jeep would never die — or be allowed to die — for it was now more than a family vehicle; it also supported America.

One day, Michael called. By this time, he was living in Washington DC in the Congressional building. Every day, the Jeep was driven to work. There, it hung out under the Capitol building. I like to think it hummed the National Anthem until it was time to go home. But one afternoon, it did not start.

Out came my credit card, this time to sponsor the Secret Service’s fee for running a background check on the tow truck company. I also paid for the tow. But alas, it seemed that no matter how hard — and expensively — the garage worked on the 1999 Jeep, it was to never start again.

I cried. Gabe teared-up. Michael towed the Jeep to the street in front of his home and kept it there for months. Finally, we had to relinquish it.

I still have a picture of the 1999 Jeep in my living room.

It is not easy to let go of something embedded with memories. It is even harder to release a person to the inevitable.

When my father was diagnosed with lung cancer two decades ago, he underwent surgery. The doctor assured him that they got it all. Then they reversed their decision. He underwent radiation. Once again, they were optimistic.

My father had supported us all with his positive attitude, so I was surprised, when visiting him in the hospital after his last round of radiation, to find him glum. Despite his mood, the curtains were open and the sky was bright and blue.



"How is it going, dad?" I asked, trying to sound pert.

My dad simply asked me to close the shades.

"Why?" I asked, foreboding in my stomach.

"There is an airplane in the sky," he explained. "And I will never fly again."

My dad loved airplanes. Besides piloting single-engine planes, he used to rebuild them in our garage. They would be delivered, a carcass of broken body parts, and he would start his operation, much like a surgeon, putting everything together again. He would then gather the neighborhood men. First, they would haul the rehabilitated wings into the backyard, and then the gleaming new body that was soon healed and transformed.

Because we lived behind a highway, all the school kids would see our planes. It was cool, to be known as the "girl with the airplanes in the backyard."

As I closed the curtain, however, my dad's refusal to look for planes in the sky only saddened me. It told me that the

radiation had not worked. My father was tucking in his own wings, preparing to fly off elsewhere. He just needed my approval to begin letting go.

I held his hand, silently, and nodded.

As healers, we support life. We restore our clients so they can soar again, or at the least, we help them stand tall so they can breathe in the smiles of the sun. There is a time, though, for endings.

What can we say? What can we do? Sometimes, we have only to know that they know. And then, we stand by their side, holding hands. We know that they will fly again, but elsewhere. €



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