

Good for the Spirit



Back to (Energy) School

September always ends summer with a bang—or maybe, one of those darn "tardy" bells. We feel like we're going "back to school," even if we're not.

I enter the fall with trepidation. For so many years, the turn of calendar was a return to prison. Off went the flip-flops and on went the unbending loafers. Instead of a bike bag, a backpack. Replacing Nancy Drew and Hardy Boy novels, books with words too long, spines too stiff, and characters too boring for me to do anything but sigh. Summer provided just enough freedom for September to illuminate the loss of it.

I have to admit that sometimes, learning in general brings up the same attitude. It's not that I don't like educating myself; even researching, reading, and studying. I absolutely do. I'm simply tired of some of "life's lesson plans."

You're an energy medicine practitioner. Think of how many times you watched a client struggle through difficulties and felt prompted to say, "Let's look for the lesson in this situation." Likewise, count how often times have you've been reminded that life is a "school" or that your own personal challenges have something to "teach you."

Whenever my own mentor gently suggests we "take a look" and see what "the teaching is," I groan. I feel a little like summer is behind me and I've months of school ahead. I had to admit this, but all that enters my mind is this:

I know I'll never learn this lesson because if I could, I already would have.

Think about it. Have you ever *really* learned how to be patient, or simply how to hide your impatience better? You see what I mean.

We know that as energy medicine practitioners, we must continue to learn. Because our job is holistic, so are our "lesson plans." We are constantly acquiring knowledge about physical illnesses, pains, challenges, and healing processes. We are continually gauging our clients' emotional needs as well as monitoring our own.

We stealthily assess others' mental states, even while pruning dysfunctional beliefs like weeds from our own mind-gardens. And perhaps as a reward, the work itself forces us to constantly stretch toward the stars, opening to the grace that accompanies our prayers.

The question still remains: Does learning have to be so hard?

I recently reflected on this question during the first phase of writing a new book. Called *The Chakra Sourcebook*, I envisioned it as the go-to kitchen-sink book on chakras and more. To put it bluntly I began the project with attitude, as in egoism. *This will be easy*, I thought. *How much more do I really have to learn about chakras*?

Stalled for three weeks in chapter 4 and the Vedic Scriptures, the world's oldest written source material on spirituality, I knew the answer to my question.

I have a lot left to learn. Maybe too much?

I'd like to blame the so-called Vedic scholars, who don't seem to agree on much for all their expertise. Take the dating of the Scriptures. There is an 11,000-year gap between professional opinions about the origination dates of these scriptures. How is a suburban mom with too many dogs and kid baseball games supposed to figure out exactly when something as important as the Vedic texts were written, especially when the sages of the world don't agree; not only that, they seemingly have no idea?

Don't get me going.

For the first two weeks of my "back to school" project, I was testy. I couldn't figure out what I was supposed to be figuring out. Then I couldn't figure out why no one else had figured much out—not because I cared about the subject, but because I wanted reprieve. I arduously perused book after book, article after article, and actually attempted to figure out a little Sanskrit—until finally, I figured out that there really was something I was supposed to learn, and it wasn't whether or not the Aryans or the Harappans composed the Rig Veda. (I hope you're pretty impressed with that sentence.)

It's not about learning; it's about attitude.

With this awareness, the early ancestors started to come to life. I could smell their cooking, hear their hearts; even perceive what they were seeking from their gods. I could imagine myself walking with them, fussing over their children, sharing their fears of the afterlife. At that point, I stopped learning in order to get the chapter completed; I started caring because I was interested.

As an energy medicine practitioner, this is the shift I challenge myself to make when working with clients. Perhaps I first listen to their needs because I want to understand the facts. I then think about what I'm supposed to do. But then comes the change-point, when I decide to drop into my heart and simply care.

The heart knows so much more than the mind does.

This is something I must remember in my own life. When struggling, there is little point in asking myself, over and over, questions like these: "What's the lesson?" "What's the point?" "What am I supposed to gain from this?" There is no peace in this type of process. It infers a sort of wrongness, sending the message that I've been doing things wrong.

The truth is that none of us try to do the "wrong thing." We simply do, in each moment, what we know how to do at that time.

What if instead of searching only for what I'm supposed to learn, I simply start caring? This could involve caring for myself, that self who is going through difficulties. It might include caring for the others involved in a situation, and then only after true compassion has been shared, it can incorporate caring about the wisdom to be gain. Life is more than a series of lesson plans. It is an invitation to show up and care—to gain in compassion, love, hope, and humor. This is what we give our clients and this is ultimately, the gift we owe ourselves.



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